

TRY OUR FAMOUS REMEDIES

PAWNEE INDIAN MEDICINE Co., 937 HOWARD ST., S. F.  
TOO-RE, Pain Balm, Cough Balsam, Magic Salve, Worm Destroyer.

244980

# The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME IX.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 1892.

NUMBER 6.

Country Orders Solicited and Promptly Filled.

## NEUMANN BROS.

# Furniture and Carpets

### ON EASY TERMS

Second Hand FURNITURE, PIANOS, STOVES, Etc., Bought, Sold and Exchanged



BEDROOM SETS,	- - - - -	\$14.00
PARLOR SETS,	- - - - -	30.00
FOLDING BEDS,	- - - - -	25.00
RANGES,	- - - - -	6.00
BRUSSELLS CARPETS,	- - - - -	.65
OIL CLOTH,	- - - - -	.25
SHADES,	- - - - -	.25

Lodging Houses, Restaurants, Saloons, Etc., Furnished, also Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

**117 SIXTH ST., SAN FRANCISCO**

SINGLE COPY, 25 CTS. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50

# KELLY BROS.

Dry Goods and Cloaks

SOLE AGENTS  
 "SICCARDI"  
 KID GLOVES

947-949-951 MARKET ST.,

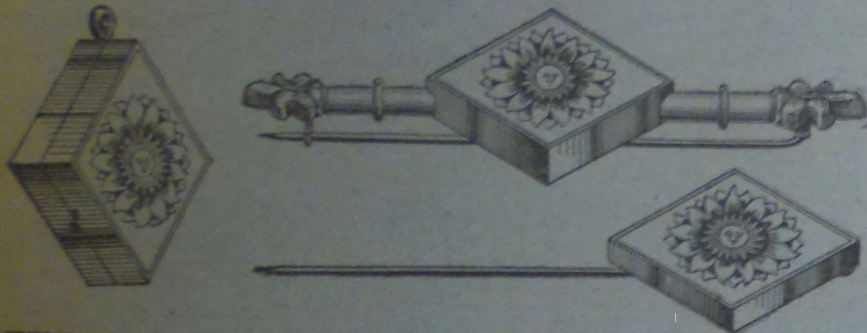
SAN FRANCISCO

SOLE AGENTS

Z. Z. and D. P.

CORSETS

## SPIRITUALISTS' BADGES



IT IS NOW OFFERED  
 TO RESIDENTS OF THE  
 PACIFIC COAST AS FOL-  
 LOWS:

- The Sunflower Badge, \$1.00
- " " Scarf Pin, 1.00
- " " Lappel Button, 1.00
- " " Cuff Button, pair 1.75
- " " Lace Pin, 1.50
- " " Locket, 1.50

### The SUNFLOWER JEWELRY

— MANUFACTURED BY THE —  
 C. D. HAINES COMPANY  
 ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

The Editor of the CARRIER DOVE has been appointed Agent for the Pacific Coast for the sale of the Sunflower Jewelry, and is ready to fill orders by mail or express. Samples can be seen at the office.

### SIMPSON TABER,

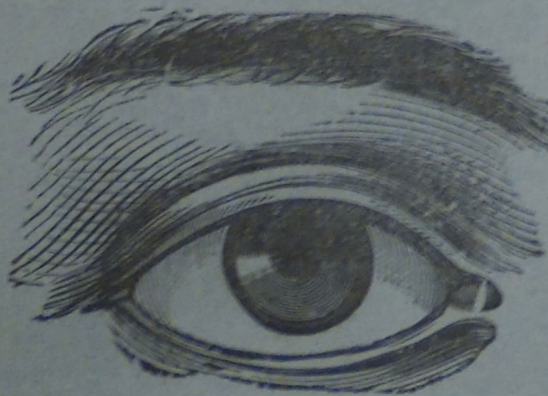
288 Main Street, Dallas, Tex.

### OPTICIAN

Send me the distance in inches from the base of the nose to where you can see common newspaper print, with price of the kind of bow you want. Steel \$1.50, Spectacles Gold from \$5 to \$12. Eye Glasses same price.

These prices are for fine work for I do not deal in any work that I cannot guarantee. For fine Watch work the price will be in proportion to the character of the work required.

Can send to any part of the country by Express C. O. D.



### HIGH GRADE FOOTWEAR

AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

Our Leader in all Styles of Fashionable Lasts  
 at \$2.50 at

### CONREICH'S

No. 840 Market Street,  
 SAN FRANCISCO.



### Mrs. Eggert Aitken,

THE WELL-KNOWN

### CLAIRVOYANT AND TEST MEDIUM

715 Post Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Circles on Sunday and Thursday evenings.

### Mrs. M. J. Hendee,

PSYCHOMETRIST, TEST, BUSINESS AND  
 HEALING MEDIUM.

Circles Tuesday and Friday Evenings, Par-  
 lor Readings for Spiritual Development,  
 Wednesday 2 p m Thursday 8 p m  
 Sittings Daily, 10 a m to 9 p m

Cor. 8th & Minna Sts. Entrance 667 Minna



A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.

### YES YOU CAN

Be cured. Send six two cent stamps, name, age, sex, lock of hair, one leading symptom, and get a free diagnosis by Spirit power through the Gifted Magnet. Healer Dr. Thayer, Detroit, Michigan, Box 90.

# The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME IX.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 1892.

NUMBER 6.

## Original Articles.

### The Temple of Truth.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

Three children once played together in a broad, green valley through which flowed a deep, wide river. It was a beautiful valley, its fresh turf studded with daisies and buttercups, while around the roots of the trees, in the edges of the forests which bordered it, the white and pale pink anemones lifted their shy, innocent eyes.

In the curves of the winding river there were deep, still pools, like ponds, where the water lilies lay in great shining clusters. Lovely indeed were these blossoms with their waxen petals, pure and white, and their deep, warm hearts of burning gold. Beside these there were many other flowers bright-hued and beautiful.

From one side of this valley stretched a level, sandy plain which seemed illimitable. It was said that the inhabitants had come to the valley from across this plain; but none, not even the oldest and wisest, could remember the journey, nor tell from whence they had come. Some there were indeed who sometimes ventured to affirm that they had vague and fleeting recollections; but this usually angered the others, and they were compelled to remain silent.

On the opposite side rose lofty mountains, range upon range and peak upon peak, until the last seemed lost amid the overhanging clouds which covered them as with the folds of a softly clinging mantle.

These clouds wore various aspects, at one time rolling in heavy dark masses along the mountain sides and at others resting in still, moveless grandeur, their summits and white edges tinged with crimson, purple and gold. But the children loved best to watch them in the early morning or at evening, for at the rising of the sun it seemed that great waves of light broke over them and rolled down the mountain sides crowning with radiance the peaks which lay below and even filling the valley with a soft luminous brightness. At sunset it was the same.

There was also a legend, chiefly current among those who believed they still retained recollections of crossing the plain, that there was a temple upon the topmost peak, though it had never been clearly discerned, and was only occasionally so dimly outlined that the more practical declared it could only exist in the imaginations of idle dreamers and they were annoyed that it should even be mentioned.

However, the story was whispered about, and the younger ones and the little children heard it, and often they spoke of it one to another and wondered greatly if it could be true.

Ernest, Rupert and the little Hilaire had listened eagerly to every word spoken within their hearing, and when they were alone, playing in the green valley, or resting under the great trees which grew along the banks of the river, they talked of all they had heard, wishing and almost believing in their hearts that such things might be.

Indeed it had been told them by the grandmother of Hilaire, who was now dead, that the temple really existed, and that

she herself had seen it quite plainly on more than one occasion. Moreover, it was said that the moment most propitious for catching a glimpse of its great flaming crystal windows, gleaming pillars and porticoes, and its lofty dome which shone like a sapphire against the background of fleecy white clouds that enveloped it, was at the rise of the sun or at its setting.

The children believed this, and it became a custom with them to come together morning and evening and watch the distant mountain peaks to see if perchance they might catch some glimpse of the glorious temple with which it was crowned.

There was also a tradition that there had once been a road, broad and straight, leading from the valley up the mountain side to the temple on its summit; but this was vigorously combatted by many. Of course those who denied the very existence of the temple could not see the need of a road. Nor would they recognize the light which streamed down from the temple morning and evening. They declared it was nothing more than the reflection of the sun's rays from the clouds which always rested upon the mountain top.

This difference of opinion caused many divisions and ceaseless disputes among the inhabitants of the valley. Those who disbelieved in the existence of the temple claimed that they had the best of the argument, and indeed generally silenced their opponents, who, as they said could not prove that the temple was there except by showing it; and could no more prove that the light came from it instead of being a simple reflection of the sun upon the clouds.

On the other hand, those who maintained that the temple and its light were real things affirmed that many had seen them, and that they themselves at times saw dimly, as through a glass; and that they felt the warmth of the light which was quite different from the ordinary beams of the sun. Also from time to time there would arise those among them who would openly declare that they had seen the temple in its dazzling beauty, that they had bathed in its effulgent glory and could never more walk in darkness. They were listened to reverently by those who believed and desired to reach the heights where they too might see; but they could not lift up others to that height. Each one must climb toward the light for himself. None might bear him forward.

Those who denied the temple and its light received the words of the seers with derision, or with scorn and contumely. "They have seen nothing," they said. "There is nothing to be seen, else we ourselves could see it as clearly as others." So they set upon them, wearying and tormenting them in many ways; and indeed their persecutions sometimes grew to such violence that the unfortunate seers were put to cruel deaths. But even this culmination did not prevent others from believing their words and striving to gain a sight of the temple, and desiring with increased yearning to warm themselves in the glow of its light.

The children heard these tales repeated often and again, and they awoke in their hearts a deeper longing to know the truth for themselves. Many times indeed, as they watched, the clouds would seem to roll away until something flashed before their eyes which they thought must be a gleam from the crystal windows; or a tall, stately column would stand out for a

moment quite distinctly, or they would catch a glimpse of the sapphire dome which was bluer than the sky above or around them. But it would be but for one brief, fleeting moment, and then the clouds would close in again more thick and blinding than before.

"O," sighed the little Hilaire, "O, if the clouds would only roll away!"

"If I could only seize them and tear them aside," said Rupert, "or force my way through them!"

But Ernest was silent. He had a feeling which he could not explain to the others that the clouds would neither roll away of themselves, nor be torn aside by the hands of Rupert, nor anyone else. Deep in his heart stirred the feebly fluttering consciousness that the power of vision which could pierce the clouds and behold the temple in all its beauty lay folded within his own being.

Years passed on until Hilaire had grown a tall maiden, and the other two had become sturdy youths. And they had listened more and more to the tales told of the temple and its light, and still ever deeper in each heart grew the yearning to seek out the path which led to the distant mountain height.

One evening, as they sat as usual on a grassy mound at the foot of a tree beside the river, they spoke, as was their wont of these things.

"I am sure the temple is there," said Rupert, "for I have seen it—or portions of it—at different times. And this light—it is not of the sun."

"No, truly," replied Hilaire, "See how different the color—how soft, how luminous! And then its warmth! The sun at this hour does not give so much heat."

"I know not of the heat—but the color—there I note a difference."

"But I know it is from the temple, because of its warmth," persisted Hilaire, "And I am certain I have seen nearly all of the temple distinctly outlined."

"O, no!" responded Rupert, "you imagine a great deal. Though the temple is really there, none of us have seen it, and we never shall until we climb up the mountain to its very gates."

"Why should we not climb to its gates?" asked Ernest, who had been silently gazing on the mountain, while his large, deep eyes grew clearer and brighter as he gazed. Just then it appeared to him that the clouds were lifted, and for one instant—only one—he saw the gates of gold and the windows above blazing like diamonds in the last rays of the setting sun.

Hilaire also caught a glimpse of the dazzling splendor; but strange as it may seem, though both were looking at the same moment, it appeared to Ernest as though the clouds still concealed all but the gates and crystal windows, while she caught the flashing of the sapphire dome and saw nothing of that which lay beneath.

But Rupert saw neither gate nor dome; only a gleam of unusual brilliance lit up the surface of the river on which he was gazing.

"O, the dome! the sapphire dome!" cried Hilaire, "Did you see it, Rupert?"

"The windows of crystal! the gates of gold!" exclaimed Ernest, springing up and stretching out his arms.

"I see nothing," cried Rupert, "only indeed an added light; I do not understand how it is that you and Ernest always see so much more than I can. Sometimes I think you must imagine a great deal."

"No, indeed, dear Rupert," replied Hilaire gently, "Did you only imagine you saw the light?"

"But that is different," he said, "Any one can see that."

"Not anyone," said Ernest gravely, "Many on whom it daily falls deny it and its source. But you, Rupert, know that it is the light of the temple."

"Yes, of that I am sure; but I want to see it nearer."

"So do I," cried Hilaire, "Though I might scarcely dare to enter the temple or even approach its steps, I would gladly stand before its gates. Ernest, they say that before the road was lost pilgrims were wont to journey thither. Had I been here then I would have journeyed with them."

"But is there no road now?" asked Rupert; "Think you, Ernest, that it is entirely obliterated?"

"Nay, I know not; but if it is, could not we find out a new way?"

His companions looked at each other and were silent. Then they all fixed their eyes upon the distant mountain. The sun had now gone down, and the last faint rays of twilight were fading from the river and from the still, shadowy valley. But in the dusky gloaming the clouds upon the lofty peak sent forth a soft, warm glow, while at intervals points of pale, wavering flame seemed to leap upward toward the brooding sky. The light and the flame could be seen by each one; but it seemed to Hilaire that direct rays came quivering through the air and entering her heart illuminated her inmost being with a divine radiance. To Ernest the clouds appeared to shape themselves into dimly seen and wavering forms with floating garments and beckoning hands.

While they stood thus, the heart of each burning within him, the silence was broken by a voice which asked:

"Why stand ye here silent, gazing so intently upon the distant mountain? What seek ye among the clouds which rest upon its summit?"

They all turned, and near them stood an aged man in the garb of a pilgrim.

Ernest made answer: "We gaze upon the clouds because they hide from us the Temple of Truth."

"But see ye not its light?"

"We do," they all replied, "and feel its warmth."

"Then make of its rays a pathway by which you may climb to the topmost peak, yea, even to the gates of pearl and gold which shall open to the touch of those who find them."

The three gazed at each other in wonder; then they turned with one accord to question further of the pilgrim, but he had vanished.

"Surely," said Hilaire, "he means that we should find the road."

"Or make a new one," said Rupert. "Is it not so Ernest?"

But Ernest shook his head. After a pause he said:

"I shall begin the pilgrimage in quest of the Temple of Truth."

"I will go with you," said Hilaire.

"And I, too," echoed Rupert; "We cannot miss the way. The mountain is before us, and all we have to do is to travel straight toward it."

"That I do not know," replied Ernest; "We may be forced sometimes to turn aside, and sometimes the mountain may be hidden."

"But we shall always see the light," said Hilaire, "and if we keep our faces steadily toward it, we cannot go astray."

"But the way may be rough—too rough for you, who are but a maiden and have not our strength."

"Nay, fear not for me," she said confidently, for she still felt the glow which the ray had awakened in her heart. "Fear not. A voice within tells me that I shall find a way to the golden gates. Nothing shall ever separate us. We will all travel the way together."

"Of course," answered Rupert; "We have always been together. What should part us now?"

But Ernest held his peace. Only he felt that strange things might befall which none of them could now foresee.

When the sun rose next morning, they were all standing by the river ready to begin their journey. Rupert carried a stout

pick which he judged might be useful in removing obstructions from the pathway. Hilaire had an armful of the fragrant water lilies with their snowy petals and golden hearts. But Ernest carried an ancient volume written in a language of which the inhabitants of the valley had little knowledge, and full of strange symbols and emblems which none of them could explain. Some of the people, and especially those who denied the existence of the Temple of Truth, believed the book a very simple thing indeed, and affirmed that they understood it perfectly; while others again declared it to be but a foolish jumble of contradictions and inconsistencies, and that its symbols and emblems had, in reality, no meaning at all.

However, those who had tried to read it by the light from the temple said that it was the key to wonderful though hidden wisdom, and that all its symbols veiled a deep mystic meaning.

Some held that if it could only be read aright, accurate information concerning the temple and its light would be found therein, with full directions to pilgrims as to the road which would lead them to its gates.

Though Ernest had spent many hours pondering over this volume, he had not yet found the key to unlock its mysteries; albeit he could not bear to leave it behind, feeling certain that a knowledge of wonderful things was concealed among its pages.

They stood together in silence beside the smoothly gliding river waiting for the rising of the sun. The eyes of all were turned toward the mount whose summit was slowly kindling under the first rays of the dawn. Brighter and brighter grew the light. Clearer and softer became the atmosphere. At last the first beams of the rising sun fell upon the masses of cloud, touching them with a golden splendor. Fairer, more radiant they became, until suddenly they parted as if drawn aside by invisible hands, and the pearly gates and glorious temple stood revealed. But even as before the scene upon which they all gazed wore to each a different aspect.

Rupert's gaze was fixed upon the gate-way and the sculptured forms which stood on either side. Ernest saw the wide pillared entrance, and above it a symbol which he thought like one of those in the ancient volume; but it was wrought in precious gems whose dazzling splendor almost blinded him. Before the vision of Hilaire again flashed the lofty parapets and the dome of shining sapphire.

Although the mountains had always seemed so near at hand, the pilgrims found that they were in reality far distant. For a long time they journeyed on over smiling plains where the paths were smooth and straight; or they passed through pleasant vales where the sound of murmuring waters fell upon the ear; and often vineyards, orchards and fruitful fields bordered the wayside.

But easy as the way appeared, the constant travel soon became wearisome. They were stained by the dust of the highway and drenched by the showers which frequently fell. They were chilled by the dews of evening and scorched by the noon-day sun. Still the mountain was ever before them, though it seemed scarcely nearer, and they were cheered by the light and occasionally caught glimpses of the glorious structure which the clouds concealed.

But the time came, when footsore and weary, they emerged upon a long and narrow plain on the further side of which the mountains rose like a solid wall of rock before them.

"O," sighed Hilaire, "how shall we ever be able to climb to the temple?"

"We must cut our way through the rock," said Rupert.

"Nay, by searching we shall doubtless find some pass," replied Ernest.

So they went on until they came to the wall. Running straight up was an indistinct line which seemed indeed a con-

tinuation of the path by which they had come. But the almost perpendicular rock afforded no footing. To the left ran a narrow, tortuous path covered with stones and fringed with briars and prickly shrubs; while to the right a huge opening yawned, its interior swallowed up in darkness.

"We must turn to the right," said Ernest, "and examine this passage."

"No! O, no!" cried Hilaire, "I fear the darkness."

"We must turn neither to the right nor the left," affirmed Rupert, "We must go straight onward."

"But indeed we cannot," said Hilaire, "I cannot climb such steepes, and if I tried I should be in fear of a fall."

But Rupert had already commenced cutting steps in the rock by which he was rapidly ascending.

"Follow me," he called to Hilaire, "It will be easy enough for you when I have already cut the steps."

But he did not see that each step vanished as soon as he had taken his foot from it, leaving the wall as difficult as ever for others to scale.

"I cannot! O, I cannot!" wailed Hilaire, wringing her hands and letting fall the last of her lilies which indeed were now withered and scentless.

"Come with me, Hilaire," cried Ernest, "Here is a passage which you can easily enter."

She turned toward the point from which the voice proceeded and caught a dim outline of his figure at what seemed the mouth of a pit of blackness. No ray of light came from within or penetrated to its depths from without. Only through the dense darkness a few faint red sparks were glimmering.

"O, Ernest! I dare not," she cried, "The darkness is too deep. I fear it. I cannot walk in it. Do not you enter it, but return and walk with me in the other path."

"Nay, I cannot go back," answered Ernest, "There is nothing to fear in the darkness. Only follow me and I will guide you safely."

But even as he spoke, his voice sounded fainter and farther away, and his form was lost amid the shadows.

Hilaire looked back to speak again to Rupert, but he was already lost to view behind a projecting rock. Weeping bitterly and with slow, reluctant footsteps, she turned toward the path on the left.

Ernest stood before the opening, feeling that no matter how dark the way, in it he must walk. As soon as he had taken the first few steps it appeared to him as if the darkness grew less dense; and looking up he perceived that a great archway of stone, high and massive, stood at the entrance to the passage. While he stood gazing at it, the shadows separated still more until the arch could be quite plainly discerned.

In the center, on the very keystone, was graven a six-pointed star, formed of two triangles woven together, and in the center of this star was a key. What the meaning of this symbol might be Ernest knew not, but he called to mind that he had seen it in his ancient volume and also over the door of the temple.

Without longer tarrying he pushed on. The shadows were thick and blinding, and he often stumbled over obstacles which lay obscured by the darkness. The red sparks still floated round him, but at first they emitted little light; yet he observed that the farther he advanced the larger they grew, and their rays changed from a murky red to a clearer, purer glow.

In some places the passage was steep and winding, and so narrow that it was with difficulty he could force his way between the sharp, jagged rocks. Again it would widen out until he felt lost in a sea of darkness. Then at times his heart would faint within him, and he felt that the way was long, very long, through the lonely, winding passage. Sometimes he would hear the voice of some other traveler calling out

from amid the shadows for help and guidance. And sometimes a hand groping through the gloom would cling to his for a moment while he helped the unseen comrade over some dangerous place.

At such times he always noticed that the light increased and the way became easier.

At length he could see before him the dim outlines of a ponderous gate. But how should he open it without key or other implement to work with? Approaching the gate he laid his hand upon the lock to try its strength, when lo! in his hand was a key like that he had seen on the keystone of the arch, while above his head shone the pale, pure luster of the six-pointed star. Placing the key in the lock, he turned it, and the massive gate swung wide.

Rupert had gone bravely on, cutting his steps one by one; but the sun shone hot and the toil was severe. Oftimes he grew faint and dizzy, yet found no place to rest. Sometimes he would have retraced his steps, but he could not. When he attempted to put his feet into the steps he had left below he never could find them. Then he noticed with those about him what Hilaire had seen, that the niche vanished as soon as the foot was taken from it; so no one ever could climb by steps cut by another. Occasionally they came to little plateaus covered with verdure, and where there were springs of water. There were also trees which bore fruit and mountain berries. These were pleasant places while the warm season lasted, and many pilgrims halted at them, refusing to go farther.

Hilaire had found the narrow path a toilsome way. Her feet were bruised by the sharp stones, and her hands wounded by the briars and thorns. Feeble women and many aged ones looked to her for help and comfort, and little children clung weeping to her garments. Often, by the windings of the path the mountain was hidden from her view, and it was seldom that she caught a glimpse of the sapphire; yet the rays of light still reached her and warmed and cheered her heart.

Though she longed inexpressibly for the rest and peace of the temple, she could not withhold her aid and sympathy from those more weak and helpless. Thus, in stopping so often to soothe and sustain others, she had been forced to relinquish her hopes of speedily reaching the mountain top.

But one morning, to her surprise, she found herself standing on the summit, with the temple all gloriously beautiful before her.

Hastening joyfully toward it, she saw one approaching from a path on the right hand. He drew near and lo! it was Ernest. While they stood in glad greeting, another also came near, and turning they beheld Rupert, the companion of their youth.

And then the beautiful gates swung open, and these three who had journeyed by such different paths entered in together.

### Literary Work and Sleep.

Those who exhaust their brains by much literary work naturally require more sleep than the ordinary man of business whose duties are of the executive, rather than the imaginative order.

It is not unusual for a literary man who has been working at high pressure for several days to spend four and twenty hours in bed.

Henry A. Jones, the author of the "Silver King," indeed, invariably indulges in prolonged slumber after a bout of work. On one occasion he retired to bed on Monday evening, giving the servant instructions to call him on Wednesday morning.

Thackeray was a great sleeper, as was Dickens, though the author of "Pickwick" preferred to refresh his brain by long walks on breezy cliffs instead of by long sleeping.

### Spirit Instruction—Written by Dictation.

BY RAYMONDE.

No. XII.

A SUMMER MORNING IN SPIRIT LAND.

MY BELOVED SCRIBE:—If you are pleased to accompany me, we will walk together through my garden. At least I will try to make you more familiar with it by retracing my morning steps.

The glorious sun was upon the beautiful landscape as I awoke after refreshing slumber, and I hastened to the outer atmosphere to inhale the fragrance of the awakening flowers. I stood upon the broad steps and gratified my eye with the lovely bloom, pausing a moment in silent prayer and thankfulness that the Creator had been so generous with that which most satisfies the mind of his growing children. Ah, my scribe! you yet know not the privilege of birth and immortal life. It is a grand life that follows the earthly one. But the time of entering the higher spheres will depend on your willingness to prepare yourself for them.

My home is upon rising ground overlooking valley and winding streams of flowing water. It is quite apart from my neighbors, a very quiet and restful place for a teacher. I have told you that my time is given to classes of students, and I enjoy the seclusion of my heavenly home when the duties of the day are removed. If you have ever entertained the erroneous idea that spirits are a band of homeless vagabonds, dismiss the thought now; clothe us decently and house us comfortably. I would be very unhappy without my abode. The love of home is indigenous to the human heart. Frequently it is uprooted by false training and wrong living; but any well organized mind pictures a retreat from the public gaze where he can commune with those dearest and most congenial. Were it not for straying too far from our subject, I would at this point write a sermon on homes and their influence on human society. It is sad to note the growing tendency of the restless people to abandon privacy for large hostelries of contention and giddy amusement. Spiritual instruction will turn thoughtless minds into clearer walks, diverting them from idle pastime to necessary duties. To shirk responsibilities is to harden the finer sensibilities, for which you will repent when you enter the spirit world. Therefore, surround yourselves with the accessories of comfort and contentment, live within your income and rear your children within the quiet of your own domicile. It may entail more labor and care, but it is the duty of parents to make a Garden of Eden for their offspring, and those who neglect nest-building are guilty of public and private delinquency. It is not hotels and boarding houses, but the pretty dwellings that make a place attractive and suggest refinement and contentment. A beautiful home is the desire of an orderly minded spirit man where he may gather his own unto himself. But he must labor diligently for it. It is not his by command. I have worked long years for my peaceful retreat, and I appreciate the privilege of being able to work to maintain it. Every day go I forth with a willing heart to do what I can for those about me, for much I owe others for what they have done for me. We have no circulating currency. There is a system of equitable exchange by which we receive our blessings. It was my wish, long before I obtained my present residence, to be worthy of such surroundings, and I prayed and toiled diligently in my field of labor to render an equivalent for a beautiful structure similar to one I had once seen and admired. There was an unoccupied rise of ground not far from my daily tasks which I desired, if it was considered best for all that I should have it. I made public my ambition, and it was made possible that it should be mine to adorn. What exquisite pleasure has been ours since that decree! With the

hand of love has every improvement been made. Every tree is sacred, and the silver brook which runs like a thread of life across the hem of the garden is to us an emblem of the ever flowing love of the great spirit, our eternal Father and generous Benefactor.

After my short prayer of thanksgiving when I emerged from the open doorway, I sauntered along by the brilliant borders of the wide avenue that lead to the thick grove which we call the Temple of Song. Thither the family go when they feel like communing within themselves, and after an excursion to this singing enclosure of waving boughs, one always departs therefrom refreshed and tranquil. I sat me down upon a bench of many curious curves; near me was a smooth slab supported by a twisted pedestal. In a box thereon was writing material and a few books. I took out one belonging to your great grandmother, my own precious mother. On the leaf, written in tall, slanting characters, neatly formed and very plain, I found two stanzas of poetry which she had written the day before. It was a tribute to the grove and showed the effect of the surroundings on her mind. I closed the book with gentleness as I thought of her who wrote the pretty lines, and took up another which related to the cultivation of the spiritual nature. In it were beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed. There were two other books—one of rhyme and another of botanical instruction. The latter suited my mood for the moment, and it occurred to me that I ought to make you more familiar with our Flora; but it will not be expedient in these letters to become prolix, and therefore remain unread; and in more private writings must I unfold to you the mysteries of our leafy kingdom.

The birds were rendering their morning song in unison when I entered the grove, and as if glad of an audience, they continued to the end of my sojourn amongst them. I heard them twittering confidentially to each other as I walked away from their auditorium—whether in praise or censure of me I know not, but my thoughts of them were complimentary to their ability to sing and their willingness to entertain.

When returning to the garden I met your dear grandmother whose voice is always like a bird-song. "What a fair morning," she exclaimed, as she advanced to greet me more affectionately. "I saw your early departure for the grove and came to meet you that we may gather the nosegays for the day together." I took her hand in mine after the fashion of children, and we walked leisurely toward the summit around whose sloping sides smile in profusion the fragrant gifts of God. She carried a pretty receptacle in which to place the severed blossoms, which I gleefully filled to overflowing. As each dainty token of the Father's generosity was carefully plucked, she bent upon it such a look of tenderness and admiration that my heart leaped with love, and I pressed several kisses upon her fair cheek which she accepted with the same gentle grace that she received the flowers. I am not sure that I shall escape being called sentimental by my mortal readers who look upon a grandmother as one possessed of dignity and long passed the age of a lover, and consider a grandmother too old to be loved by any but grandchildren. The spirit never grows old, nor does the spiritual body ever retain marks of age. Perennial youth is the inheritance of those who love God and strive to live according to his revealed law. Therefore if I continue to be the lover of my earthly partner and she consents to be my sweet-heart, who shall say us nay, or laugh at our affectionate ways? We are happy. I love her as I never did on earth, because I was not then wise enough to understand her lovely character. When my spiritual eyes were opened, I beheld more clearly the purity of her spirit, and resolved to be her guardian until she should come to me, and then to woo her again with the same ardor that made her my dear companion and counsellor during our earthly journey; and if she should

consent to longer be my helper, to show her by unvarying affection that true love never dies. What can there be amiss in dwelling together in peace and unity, and why should those of mature years be thought foolish if their love grows stronger with time? Your grandmother and I will continue to work together as long as God will permit, and to that end do we cultivate the deeper spiritual love that outlasts the banns of earth. Mortals do not appreciate the beauty of soul love, and there are so few marriages contracted upon that basis that marriage and giving in marriage is robbed of solemnity and degraded in the sight of God and man.

When we reached our cheerful house my companion sat upon the garden steps arranging her collection whilst I stood near admiring the beauty that encompassed us. To our right were the majestic buildings of the colleges surrounded by extensive and attractive grounds. Here and there were nestled amongst trees and flowers the picturesque abodes of professors and pupils; and yonder was the great temple wherein the learned of both sexes congregate for the interchange of scientific and religious thought. The scene was inspiring, and I exclaimed involuntarily: "The glory of the Lord covereth the land." Your grandmother said, "Shall we ever know who or what our God is except through his wondrous works and loving mercy?" I replied, "I know not. No man hath seen God at any time. Nor yet have the angels of the spheres beyond to whom we look for instruction; but in spirit we lift our minds to the Creator and preserver of our happiness, and ever must we strive to imitate his ways making our lives of benefit to others."

She then asked if I had thoroughly impressed upon the mind of our grandchild that the story of a Savior, as told by Christians, is not true; that only by personal effort and strict obedience to spiritual law can a soul enter a condition of joy at death. "Because," she added, "I do not want my kin to meet with the disappointment that awaited me when I found that my Christian belief was without foundation. For many years the memory of my faith in a Savior was uncomfortable, and as it is not a truth, I would rather they were undeceived now."

Fear not, good wife, I said, "I do not neglect an opportunity to dispose of the fable, and at the hazard of repeating myself regularly, I explain the true way of salvation in my frequent writings and many conversations.

"The Incarnation was once to me a wonderful story," she continued, "and I loved to read it and believed it implicitly; and often I wondered if it were well with you, because you said it was false and rejected it. Long after you were buried, I strove to quiet my fears concerning your soul. To the end of my life on earth was I distressed, because you could not preach Christ and him crucified.

"Now it seems very strange that I could have accepted such an unjust religion. Like tens of thousands I never questioned, but with love and gratitude availed myself of a means of escaping the wrath of God. Now we know God hath no wrath; that he is perfect Love and Wisdom, and would that we knew more of his commandments that we might keep them. Tell our granddaughter that the spirit world is a brighter picture of nature, a clearer reflection of beauty. That God is not visible to our eyes except through the grandeur of his marvelous worlds. That the trees and flowers are more beautiful here, the fields fairer, the fruits more delicious. That spirit life is a revelation of the Father's infinite mind, and the glories that await us beyond are unspeakable."

Her face was radiant when she ceased speaking, and I promised to repeat her words to you. Remember them my dear pupil and tell them to others.

We entered our open door quietly, but all was astir within, and we soon commenced our daily duties. I do not desire to

be too personal in public letters, therefore I omit much detail that might be interesting to you, but perhaps not agreeable to others. We broke our fast in family gathering. To each one was given a cluster of blossoms fresh and pure as a morning greeting. Spirits love flowers, and see in them much that is to mortals hidden. Although they are everywhere, we do not grow many of them nor cease to gather them daily for the interior of our dwellings. The perfume is invigorating that exhales from a dewy nosegay. We know the value of flowers when inspiration grows languid. A stroll through bright gardens and by blossoming hedgerows yields us the elements that we have exhausted. This is a suggestion that mortals might follow with great profit. I have often thought that clergymen would draw more eloquence from an outing than from calf-bound theology; more poetry from the roses and lillies than from thorny creeds, and more agreeable prose from the deep forest than from the catacombs of orthodoxy.

My dear friends, the sermons of modern preachers are like sounding brass, somewhat noisy, but they lack spirituality and do not satisfy minds that crave knowledge. Therefore the empty pews and the loud complaint. In the Spiritualistic ranks there are comparatively few who are qualified to speak wisely, and their work is limited for want of suitable places of gathering. The angel world is often offended and publicly disgraced by the unwise utterances of itinerant spiritists who delight in publishing foolishness,—alas, at the cost of the cause they proclaim. They may be honest or they may not be. Sincerity is not a synonym for wisdom. Spiritualism has suffered untold wrong through ignorant advocates, quite enough to have destroyed anything less true.

I do not know how much longer I can continue my letters with profit if you object to these frequent leaps from the subject. When I perceive that you have grown weary and others have learned all that is necessary, I shall abandon our present method of instruction and seek another plan whereby more may be reached and awakened. I endeavor to make our lessons very plain. Readers may object to them on that account, feeling that my remarks savor of personality, but I trust they will not be so much aggrieved that they will not profit by whatever random allusions I may have made applicable to their individual needs.

Much has been written through spirit minds that untutored and unscientific mortals cannot comprehend. Such complaint cannot be made against these letters. I think they come within the scope of an intelligent child. Simple, spiritual lessons are productive of more good than those weighty with the strange vernacular of spirit land. I have been governed by those who have had more experience than I, reducing my teaching to the requirements of beginners in the study of the spiritual philosophy. Had I written beyond your understanding you might have greater confidence in my ability. It is often the case that those who surround themselves with a halo of mysterious occultism are considered wise beyond human ken. But as I have no desire to laud myself, I am willing to be classed amongst those who are more anxious to help than to be thought great.

The short description of a morning hour which serves as a heading and a frame work upon which to pin a few essential truths, will I hope give my readers the idea that our lives are true to nature, not lacking in sociability nor a dreary monotony of perpetual idleness. That we are not peculiar beings, with wings like representations of Cupid or old Father Time, but men and women of growing intellect and increasing love and wisdom, residing not afar amongst the stars, but so near that we can easily watch over our friends and direct their thoughts if they will but look to us for guidance. The ideal heaven has been placed too far from earth. Did you know the close proximity of the spheres to the terra firma of your plain I

fear some would be more embarrassed than gratified because of the publicity of their supposed private transactions. When you all realize that you are ever subject to spirit vision it may have a beneficial effect on your daily lives. But do not think that we are actuated by curiosity or selfish motives when we come into your atmosphere, pressing ourselves so often upon your notice. We call for an audience that we may tell you how to live that you may escape remorse. We present our busy and pleasurable days for your study and consolation. Nothing so fills the human mind with dread and anxiety as a possibility of the loss of individuality. Comfort yourselves beloved. Individuality is your eternal inheritance. Make it what you will it is yours. I cannot say that you will not be ashamed of it at first. Examine your hearts and judge for yourselves, remembering that although you may conceal much now, that in spirit life every thought is revealed; the past an open page, the present what you are, and the future yours to carve. Truly life is a responsible trust, a magnificent gift, and endless existence is a blessing increasing in wondrous power and grandeur as the soul approaches its Maker and Preserver.

Draw near unto us as we draw near unto you. Remember, we are not far apart. You are in the shadow and we in the brighter light of truth. Our existence is more real and solid than yours. We are living in greater security and comfort. The earth plane is only a fragment of creation. The spheres beyond you shall one day behold with their wealth of spiritual beauty. Eternal progression is man's inheritance, and everlasting happiness his to enjoy. Thus saith,

A SPIRIT MAN.

### A Prophetic Dream.

THE SINGULAR INCIDENT RELATED BY LADY DUFFERINE.

Apropos of the revival of interest in ghost stories and the "uncanny" generally, it may be mentioned that Lady Dufferin in her *Canadian Journal*, published the other day, gives particulars of a singular occurrence which happened within her own ken. A man servant of Lord and Lady Dufferin was, during their excellencies' tour in the great Northwest, drowned at the Mingan. They knew nothing about his people, and were unable to communicate the news of his death to them, so Lord Dufferin ordered any letters that might arrive for the dead man to be brought to himself.

"The first of these, which we have just received," wrote Lady Dufferin at the time, "was from a servant girl he was attached to at Ottawa, and was dated exactly seven days after the day of the accident. In it she said: 'I have been in my new place a week and like it very much, but I had such a dreadful dream on the day of my arrival. I dreamt that you and Nowell were upset in a boat together, and that Nowell was saved, but you were drowned.'"

As the spot where the accident happened was an uninhabited region on the coast of Labrador, more than 500 miles distant from Ottawa, without either telegraphs or posts, it was impossible, as Lady Dufferine points out, that the girl could have had the news of her lover's death when her letter was written.—*Pall Mall Gazette*

"I believe that there are only two things in the universe—matter and energy. Matter I can understand to be intelligent, for man himself I regard as so much matter. Energy I know can take various forms and manifest itself in different ways. I can understand also that it works not only upon but through matter. What this matter is, what this energy is, I do not know.

"However, it is possible that it is simply matter and energy, and that any desire to know too much about the whole question should be diagnosed as a disease; such a disease as German doctors are said to have discovered among the students of their universities—the disease of asking questions."—*Thomas A. Edison*.



## A Criticism.

BY E. J. SCHELLHOUS.

EDITOR OF THE CARRIER DOVE:—In the March number of your magazine there is an address by H. O. Pentecost, entitled "Parents and Children" which appears "by request." It was first published in the *Twentieth Century*, which is a more fitting place for it; but to see it in the CARRIER DOVE whose readers are cultured, refined and spiritualized, was a surprise to me.

The author is a man whose mind was trained in the school of theology; and although he has turned his back upon its dogmas, he still follows its method of denouncing everything it does not accept. While he is to be commended for his fearless attacks upon many existing evils, he lacks that serene, gentle, sympathetic and generous spirit that wins by the logic of its love. He has discovered that theology is false in its assumptions, and has therefore come to the conclusion that religion is a horrible superstition.

He sets out by saying: "A large majority of parents are unfit to have children." What is gained by that assertion? Who is benefited by it? He then makes an assault upon marriage by denouncing it as "arbitrary and inhuman," a "system of contrivance" for the "torture of men and women." This statement is unjust, unfair and cruel. It is not a "contrivance;" it is an institution necessitated by the very nature of humankind, and is the best, *under the present conditions of society* that can exist. It is quite common for reformers to denounce laws and institutions; they are the outcome of present conditions. The marriage institution is well enough for wise and virtuous people; its evils are manifested only when people do not conform to the conditions of true marriage. True marriage will come with true conditions in society.

Mr. Pentecost makes another useless assertion in saying: "This world has never been, and is not yet a fit place for a woman to live in." Yet women do live in it, and have exerted an influence for good beyond the power of language to express; and if they were better, the world would be better still. This world is what we make it; we have no better to offer them, and I am quite sure, were the alternative to accept it or be stricken off the earth, they would not long hesitate which to choose.

In speaking of children, he says, "We start with the idea that the child is under responsibility to us for bringing it into the world and caring for it while it is unable to care for itself; and hence we make all sorts of demands on it, and preach to it the gospel of the duty of children to parents. *A child is under no responsibility to a parent.*" Benefits conferred imply duties. Let us see if the child receives any benefit or service from its parent. A man or woman having just attained majority has lived under the kind and protecting care of his or her parents. From earliest infancy the child has been watched over with anxious, tender care which was absolutely necessary to its existence—services that no money could purchase. The mind has been trained in the ways of virtue and wisdom. This subject of parental care has reached maturity with all the qualifications necessary to a long and prosperous life. Ask that person if his life, his bodily vigor and wealth of mind are of no value to him, or if he feels no sense of duty or responsibility toward that parent. Now, for all that he is he is indebted to his parents. Only a heartless wretch would fail to feel the glow of lasting gratitude and a sense of obligation and responsibility toward his parents. The doctrine of no sense of duty or responsibility is demoralizing and degrading.

Even if the parent has failed in his duty, there is infinite cause for gratitude and duty to the parents on the part of the child. Life, itself, is a boon greater than man can ever conceive, even though baptized in tears and doomed to suffer

tortures for thousands of years. Man is the repository of infinite possibilities, and by the inherent law of his being he can never be robbed of his glorious birth-night. After having progressed for millions of centuries, there are still before him countless billions of eons. Each moment of his life he is advancing higher and still higher toward perfection; though always advancing he never reaches it.

When he reflects that his existence is the fruit, the toil and the care of his parents, his heart *must* be filled with a sense of responsibility to them. That this sense is not taught during the existing relations of parent and child is a *lack* of parental duty.

Another remarkable assertion our author makes is "The voice of reason declares that for a child to obey its parents is impossible, and that if it were possible it would be, and in-so-far as it is possible it is, *injurious to both parent and child.*" In this assumption he ignores the wise and beneficent relation that exists between the parent and child. Coming into the world perfectly helpless and dependent for many years on the support, care and guidance of others, who is so well qualified for these offices as the parent? The parental heart warms with love for the infant, and to care for it is both a duty and a pleasure. Indeed, it would be deemed an act of cruel injustice to deprive the parent of this privilege. The child is ignorant and impulsive, and without guidance and training would be sure to go astray, because it is only in after years that the moral sentiments are developed. The parent, by his superior wisdom and experience is qualified to direct and control the wayward and impulsive nature of his child, which his parental love prompts him to do. The natural affection of the child and the confidence it has in the parent renders obedience ready and cheerful, and yet Mr. Pentecost tells us with dogmatic assurance that *obedience is injurious to both parent and child!*

He goes on to tell us further that "The moment a parent tries to make a child conform to his wishes or will, it is the same in effect as if he were trying to do something in mechanics utterly ignoring gravitation. It is as impossible for a child to obey its parent as it is for an unsupported body to remain poised in the air." This may be the height and perfection of philosophy, but I am too dull to comprehend it. He tells us that in-so-far as they do obey it is injurious, and now he says it is utterly impossible to obey.

Again he says, "The parent should make it quite plain to the child that he should never obey anybody in the universe, but that he should understand what consequences follow certain actions or certain habits of thought, and in the light of what are erroneously called the laws of nature \* \* he should follow his own desires and the monitions of his own will."

This idea of teaching morals through the intellect is the mistake of Christendom. On another page of the same number of the DOVE you quote from G. H. Lewes, this grand and significant thought: "There never will be a philosophy capable of satisfying the demands of humanity until the truth be recognized that man is moved by his *emotions* and not by his *ideas*; using his intellect only as an eye to see the way. In other words, the Intellect is the servant and not the lord of the Heart; and Science is a futile, frivolous pursuit, unworthy of greater respect than a game of chess, unless it subserves some grand religious aim—unless its issue be in some enlarged conception of man's life and destiny." Mr. Pentecost would depend wholly on the intellect for moral training. The world is full of such teaching and also full of crime and misery. Society, religion and government will be better when the individual grows better, and not before. It is feeling, emotion, that rules the life, and not the intellect.

Mr. Pentecost would have us "understand the difference between the careful teaching and training of a child, in order to develop its power of making wise choices of conduct, and the arbitrary forcing of the will of the parent on the child for no reason except the bad one that a child should obey a parent." In this quotation is conceded the necessary authority of the parent over the child that is needful for the discharge of parental duty; for, how can he teach and train a child without direction and control over it?—not that obtained by arbitrary and tyrannical means, but that by virtue of the love and confidence of the child. No words can be employed to condemn too strongly the forcing of the will of the parent on the child merely for the sake of obedience. Such is not obedience in the true sense of the word, it is submission. Obedience is a means necessary to the proper "teaching and training of a child," and is never considered as an end.

He thinks all punishment is wrong and all restraint is tyranny. The object of punishment is reformatory by the imposition of a species of restraint. It appeals to fear. If there is not love and a sense of duty to appeal to, it is better to employ restraint than to allow the wayward child to "follow his own desires, the monitions of his own will."

While punishment is sometimes necessary, it should be inflicted with the greatest care and judgment. The child should be made to feel the necessity of it, and that it is not prompted by spite or revenge. If a child is permitted to follow its own inclinations, the feelings that give rise to them will grow and develop by exercise; and thus habits detrimental to its future life will be formed that may require years of effort to overcome. Mr. Pentecost ridicules the idea that we restrain, and if necessary chastise, those whom we love, yet it is true, and every intelligent and conscientious parent feels its necessity in extreme cases.

The present age is characterized by a certain degree of *laissez faire* in the management of children that promises little good to the parent or child.

There are two important duties too often overlooked and neglected in the training of children—the formation of *the habit of industry*, and the cultivation of *the sense of duty*. These, well incorporated in the mind, will carry anyone through life safely, unless extraordinary circumstances arise.

The sayings of *Poor Richard* should be studied and practiced as they were in the days of Benjamin Franklin. The mind of a child is ever active; if it is not employed in the right direction it will be in the wrong direction, and habits will be formed almost sure to be destructive to the happiness of the individual. There is an inseparable connection between industry and morality.

A sense of duty is a safeguard against temptation in proportion to its strength. In consideration of the multitude of temptations that surround modern life the value of this feeling cannot be over-estimated.

There are many other points in the address I would like to mention, but space forbids.

---

Whilst James Ferguson, the self-taught experimental philosopher, was delivering a lecture in London in 1770, his wife entered and maliciously overturned several pieces of his apparatus. Ferguson, who lived rather unhappily with his wife, on observing the catastrophe, turned to the audience and mildly said—"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman."

Sympathy may be considered a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in many respects as he is affected.—*Burke*.

## The Rights of Woman.

The *Banner of Light* of March 5, 1892, contains a discourse by Willard J. Hull, delivered before the Woman's Progressive Union, at its hall, 525 North 9th street, Philadelphia, Pa., January 20, 1892.

In our opinion Mr. Hull has given the subject a most thorough and masterly consideration. He has considered all sides of the question, and has shown where woman is capable of doing the most good. He also correctly defines what her inherent and political rights are. We feel that we cannot do better than to quote a portion of what he says:

"Why, if all persons born or naturalized in the United States are citizens thereof, should male citizens only be allowed in the basis of representation? I answer, because the men who framed that sacred section, deaf to the entreaties of some of the noblest women this country ever produced, failed in their duty, and perpetuated in the national constitution a libel upon woman. They were afraid to give to woman the same rights they assumed for themselves. They were afraid to grant to woman the rights they accorded to the black slave, who, through the life-giving, life-sustaining power of woman alone, which gave the country its soldiers and heroes, the slave was made a free man. Why did they do this? Because way back in the musty past, when a King's rod was law, and serfs groaned under the weight of oppression, Paul told the women to keep still and be in all things subservient to their husbands.

"I am not unmindful of the progress made during the last century in the cause of woman's emancipation. She stands to-day in many respects the co-equal of man; but the basis of her powers rests largely upon sentiment, not upon justice. All statutory provisions for her relief are founded upon a protectorate without equity, which is unjust. There should first be equity, then protection.

"Whenever she has entered the field of intellectual or industrial labor she has succeeded. Nothing higher can be said of any man whose career adorns the pages of history.

"To be sure she does not make the best pugilist; she cannot put on that lofty air which, in company with the paste diamonds, distinguishes the average saloon-keeper; she cannot mix gentility and knavery in sufficient quantities, or the proper proportion, to cope with the average lawyer or politician. The number of women who attend dog-fights is never figured among the distinguished gentlemen whose names frequently adorn the police blotter the next morning.

"All these mephitic pursuits belong exclusively to the lords of creation; those superior beings who, by virtue of higher brain-information, are peculiarly adapted to frame either an exegesis of law or blow whiskey rimes in the face of woman.

"The fact is that through the influence which woman has exerted upon the thought of the times her opponents are in the minority in the popular thought. It is the exception, not the rule, to hear any serious argument against her ability or her right to assume equal share in secular or political affairs.

"Woman has achieved success because her cause is just; no cause has ever succeeded in being perpetuated on any other ground.

"Her demands ask nothing she is not entitled to. If she is a free moral agent she is a free political agent. If she is a citizen she has the rights of a citizen, otherwise the constitution is a mockery so far as she is concerned."

---

The French industries are very active. The Chilean government has just ordered \$10,000,000 worth of war vessels in France. The Japanese government has ordered two torpedo boats. The French rail makers are negotiating for large rail orders from South America.

## Notes and Comments.

BY WILLIAM N. SLOCUM.

The *Better Way* gives a well authenticated account of a remarkable occurrence alleged to have taken place on the 1st of February, when Mrs. Lizzie Barr, a medium, residing at Kinzua, Pa., was transferred (in spirit) from Kinzua to New York, without any appreciable loss of time, and materialized at a seance given in that city by Miss Clara Parsons, a materializing medium. Such a phenomenon must have the strongest possible proof, otherwise it will be discredited by all who are not Spiritualists, and by a majority of those who are. If such an experiment can be many times repeated in presence of witnesses of close observation the evidence will have great weight in proving spirit existence. In fact *such* proof would be quite conclusive. The facts of this alleged case are briefly as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Springer and Mr. and Mrs. Mason unexpectedly called on Mr. and Mrs. Barr on the evening of February 1st, and while sitting in a circle a vaporish form appeared in the doorway of an adjoining bed-room and beckoned to Mrs. Barr. She went into the bed-room where she took a seat and apparently went into a trance. Her limbs were rigid. The form observed in the doorway had disappeared before the company entered the bed-room. Mrs. Barr remained unconscious a half hour. Upon being questioned afterwards, she said she was conscious of being taken through space by her control (said to be the poet Longfellow); that she was conducted to a city which the control said was New York; that there she found herself in a large room, in presence of many people; at one end of the room was a platform on which was a young woman, who greeted her pleasantly and introduced her to the company as her dear friend Mrs. Lizzie Barr, of Kinzua, Pa. Mrs. Barr says she delivered a brief address, but does not remember what she said. To use her own words:

"I only can recall that I was conscious, and was being controlled by a spirit to speak. When I ceased Miss Parsons kissed me, and next I found myself here again."

Mrs. Barr was not acquainted with Miss Parsons, but afterwards learned that she is a medium, whose control, as well as her own, claims to be Longfellow. When Miss Parsons announced her as her dear friend, it is presumed that she was controlled to do so by her guide. A letter from Miss Parsons, far too brief for the occasion, says:

"We had a meeting at my house on the evening of February 1st, about 200 persons being present. Mrs. Lizzie Barr, of Kinzua, came. She developed splendidly through my control, Mr. Longfellow—who is her's as well, I believe."

Now, if this is all Mrs. Barr thinks it necessary to say of this remarkable occurrence, she greatly underrates its importance, and if none of the two hundred witnesses have anything to offer, the evidence is pretty clear that they do not believe the manifestation was what it purported to be. If such a fact as that can be established, it is enough to revolutionize public opinion on the subject of Spiritualism, for it is a defiance of the laws of nature as taught in our schools of science—a challenge to the experts of the Society for Psychical Research, and to the American Psychical Association. Let us have more light.

A friend who sometimes sends to Spiritualist journals articles in advocacy of Theosophy, and wonders why some of them are declined, writes a letter which, although addressed to me personally, contains paragraphs of interest to others. I therefore venture to make extracts and append to each a brief comment:

"Theosophy is pure Spiritualism, and it is amazing that Spiritualists, of all people in the world, should have any quarrel with it. Theosophists are perfectly familiar with all the phenomena of Spiritualism, but they classify and place them in proper order. I cannot see the objection to this."

I agree that Spiritualists should not object to freedom of belief; but I think they may reasonably object to the claim that "Theosophy is a Higher Spiritualism." They may also object to having

Spiritualism itself vitiated by engrafting on it the fanciful conceptions of a former age—an age when men, comparatively ignorant of natural law, in seeking to account for the mysteries of nature, devised theories which are quite unsustained by proof. Spiritualists object to the advocacy of such theories by editors who claim to be exponents of Spiritualism, and by speakers who assume to voice its doctrines. As to the classification of spiritual phenomena, nearly all intelligent Spiritualists repudiate *in toto* the "classification" of Theosophy.

I have been familiar with the astral and psychic planes for fifteen years, so I know whereof I speak; it is no matter of mere theory with me. It is a pity people cannot overcome their prejudices sufficiently to examine a thing which *seems* to come in conflict with their established beliefs before rejecting it. In most cases they would find that there is in reality much of harmony between what at first seems so utterly unlike.

The fundamental doctrine of Theosophy is that the human being is of a complex nature, composed of elements all of which excepting the ego, are dissolved, one after the other; that the ego has no power to manifest itself except by combination with other elements through re-incarnation, and that the forces which communicate with us are either "astral shells," which are soon dissipated, or elementary spirits, which never had human form, and that consequently communion with spirit friends is a delusion. Now, this being the basic doctrine of Theosophy, how can it be said that there is "much of harmony" between the two forms of belief? Theosophic vagaries are entirely out of harmony with the plain, common-sense philosophy of Spiritualism. Theosophy being rejected by Spiritualists, and still held up by its advocates as a "Higher Spiritualism," it is incumbent on all defenders of pure Spiritualism to persistently repudiate it.

Theosophy recognizes this principle: that everything which has goodness and truth in it (and everything has) sprung from the One Source of all Truth, and therefore there *must* be harmony between all. Some day the world will recognize this grand truth; then will come the reign of real brotherhood. What we most want to cultivate it seems to me is Tolerance.

Any truth of course harmonizes with all other truth, but there sometimes seems to be inharmony because there are different degrees of development. Truth is like the sphinx buried in the sand; when but a part is seen the beholder may not be able to conceive of the perfect whole. Mankind, too, are in different degrees of development, and only those who have reached a similar stage of growth can harmonize. "The reign of real brotherhood" will come when man has attained to that condition which will make brotherhood possible. Until then, only the select few can fraternize, and so far serious mistakes have been made in the work of selecting the few.

The "One Source of all Truth" I know nothing of. If a sentient being is meant, I can only say that an *organic* being must have limits—must be finite—therefore cannot possess infinite attributes, and cannot, in fact, be the "one source of all truth." The existence of such an organic being to my mind is an impossibility; and an *inorganic* being is *nothing*—and is therefore inconceivable. We know nothing of pure spirit, nor can we know anything of such a suppositious existence. The only possible mode of spirit manifestation is through matter, and this law must necessarily hold good in the realm we designate "the spirit world" as it is in the material world. Matter varies in condition, but in its essential properties it must necessarily be everywhere the same. The universe is *one*.

Only a few years ago most people thought all the truth was in the churches. Then many of them stepped out into the broader field of Spiritualism. They were dazzled by the light and dizzy with the breadth and grandeur of the prospect stretching before them, and they cried, "Eureka!" In this cycle people and races progress as much in a few decades as they formerly did in centuries; so now that some have found that even in Spiritualism *all* truth is not contained, but that there are vaster fields beyond, why should those who so rejoiced in themselves escaping from the old narrowing creeds now try to hinder? We all change our opinions on some subjects every day. No finite being has, or can have, the

whole of Truth. What is to us truth to-day may not be tomorrow, because we may have found something still higher and better.

Spiritualism, having no creed, is not to be judged by the standard heretofore applied to religious beliefs. The Spiritualist is simply a seeker after truth, and his field of research is the whole realm of nature. Certain primal facts are recognized, and on these are based a philosophy subject to illimitable future growth and change. Therefore, in one sense, Spiritualists may reasonably claim that "all truth *is* contained in Spiritualism." There is nothing in the universe that has not a spiritual nature; and there is no possible degree of development not in harmony with the spiritual philosophy. Spiritualists are evolutionists. They believe in progress. We cannot now conceive what the ego may be millions of years hence; but we know the unfoldment will be in accordance with nature. There is no such thing as *chance*. All worlds and all things in all worlds are controlled by law—the law of their own being. Without law (a condition which is inconceivable) all would be chaos; with law all is harmony, or tending towards harmony. In due time everything works around for good. I know that *eternal* progress and continuous *individual* existence seem to be incompatible. Perhaps they are not. We are not yet sufficiently developed to perceive ultimate results. The prospect of enlightenment in the future is fair. To the coming day we may look with hope; but there is no sense in bothering our brains about the crude surmises of ancient philosophers when we are living in an age of light and knowledge, and have before us a boundless field for future research.

I wish you knew something of this beautiful philosophy; it is so grand, so infinite; it gives one such a wonderful sweep of vision. But I do not wish to preach to you. Theosophists believe that no one has any right to force his opinion upon another, and that when anyone is ready for a higher truth he will seek it. Unless he *is* ready for it he *cannot* receive it.

That is Spiritualistic belief also; and if the truth could be known probably much that you (my correspondent) think to be Theosophy is Spiritualism. The "wonderful sweep of vision," if really outside of Spiritualism, must be into the region of myth—of mere conjecture, of which nothing is proved or provable. Take for instance, Re-incarnation—involving an infinite series of lives, of which our present existence is but as a passing breath—can you not perceive that it is a mere assumption, utterly unprovable? I have read all I could find on this subject, but have as yet failed to find the proof. Now, why not honestly admit that the *details* of eternal existence are as yet unknown, if not unknowable? I do not see anything more "grand," any more "wonderful sweep of vision," in the vista that may be opened by assuming that Re-incarnation and Karma are facts, than I do when life is considered as *one*, continuous and never ending. Surely an eternity of continuous life is as "broad in its sweep" as an eternity of re-incarnations. An *eternity* cannot be made anything *more* than eternity by assuming that it consists of a series of changes.

I am glad you like "The Temple of Truth." I did when I wrote it; but I soon tire of anything, and it seems so weak and poor, compared with what I *want* to do, that I am often thoroughly disgusted, and sometimes wonder how I could ever offer anything for publication. \* \* \* But all humanity is one; and it is a large family to love and work for. The Shining Ones are around my path, and the light from the Temple grows clearer every year. And best of all, every human soul shall find the way to enter in. The sorrows and trials of our own one little life do not seem so great when we can look out over the universe. I feel our conscious oneness with all, from the lowest atom up to the Absolute.

I have a sister who is a devout Catholic, a firm believer in doctrines which—if I believed—would drive me to insanity; but luckily they are as repugnant to my reason as they are abhorrent to my sense of justice; yet, if my sister derives comfort from them which she could not get elsewhere, I am glad she has found such consolation. And so I say to my friendly correspondent: If Theosophy gives you joy which no other system of belief can, I rejoice that you turned your investigations in that direction; and for your future peace of mind I hope that further research may not

dispel the delusion. It really does not much matter what our special belief is so long as we have a sincere desire to reach a higher standard of living. The trouble with many is that they are not actuated by such desire, but rather by the hope of escaping merited punishment for continued misdeeds. That sort of religion is an encouragement to wrong doing; but so long as the impelling motive is a good one, the devotee (no matter what devoted to) is on the right road for him or her. All such, however devious their way, will reach the "Temple" at last. [See "The Temple of Truth," page 161.]

On Wednesday morning at four o'clock, Gen. John Quinn breathed his last. But a few minutes after that Joseph Deem, who also died on the 14th, aroused from his sleep and said to his son John, who was at his side, "John, Gen. Quinn is dead." To this John said, "I reckon you are mistaken, father; you have been dreaming; I guess Gen. Quinn is not dead. He is not even sick, but goes down town regularly every day for his mail." "Yes," said Father Deem, "I know he is dead," and he had scarcely finished speaking when Benjamin Heman walked in and said to them, "Gen. Quinn is dead!" What is strange about it is that Father Deem did not know of Gen. Quinn's illness, and in all probability had not heard his name mentioned. Was it the freed spirit of Gen. Quinn on its first mission out of the body to carry the news to an old friend also near the portals of death? Or, was it a wider vision, a supernatural sight given to Father Deem, so that, as he stood on the confines of the unseen world, he took in the scope of his sight things unseen to the natural eye? Did he see with the freed spirit's eye? However this may be answered, it is full of interest to every inquiring mind.—*Boston Globe*.

According to the facts given it is probable that neither of the *Globe's* suppositions are correct. If Mr. Deem had had a dream or vision, or had in any way received a communication from Gen. Quinn, the first query might be answered affirmatively. If he had been conscious of seeing Gen. Quinn on his death-bed, or the body after death, then the second presumption might be the true one; but as the facts are given, it is simply a case of mental impression received before the message was given in words—something that is of daily occurrence with thousands of people. How often it is that a person hears another express the very thought which was at the moment in his own mind. How often, too, we think of a person in advance of his entry into the room. And when such person comes laden with a striking thought, how often it is that the thought is projected on the mind of the one to be visited prior to the arrival of the friend whose mind is full of such thought. Mr. Heman was on his way to the house with his mind intent on the news he was about to impart, and Mr. Deem, receiving the impression, told it to his son, though he was unable to tell *how* he knew, and "had scarcely finished speaking" when the man who brought the message came in. If there are no facts connected with the phenomenon other than those stated, there is no greater mystery about it than there is in any case of thought transference. That of itself is wonderful enough, notwithstanding it is of such common occurrence.

#### Formation of Icebergs.

The formation of icebergs was watched this last summer by Mr. H. B. Loomis and Professor Muir, while staying seven weeks near the Muir Glacier. The falling of blocks from the terminal wall was very irregular, at times about every five minutes; while at other times the observer might wait an hour without seeing one fall. One day, in twelve hours, 129 thundering reports from the falling bergs were heard at camp, about a mile off. In heavy rain, especially, it seemed as if a thunderstorm or cannonade were going on. Sometimes a block, breaking off, bursts into fragments, and falls like a cataract. Again, an enormous block will sink unbroken into the water, then rise, perhaps 250 feet, even, with the top of the glacier, the water pouring off it; then topple on its side with a heavy, thundering roar, scattering spray in all directions, and wallow about among other icebergs like a huge monster.—*Nature*.

## Where are our Loved Ones who have Died, and Where is their Home?

Abstract Report of a Lecture Delivered by N. F. Rawlin, at Washington Hall, Sunday Evening, April 13th, 1892.

This question we often ask ourselves as we think of those who have gone before us. We try to locate them in the spirit world; we query to ourselves, where are they, and are they happy? Are they the same individual, conscious existences that they were when clothed in the mortal form? Do they know us now as formerly? Do our kindred feel the same interest in us that they felt before their exit from this earth?

These are pertinent queries. They are the questions that the heart asks. They are the expressions of solicitude that the soul feels; they are born of kindred relationships that have existed on earth, and that we have been accustomed to think were dissolved at death. What survives the passing away of the mortal form? Is there that still in existence that cognizes, that knows, that reasons, that thinks, that loves, and that delights to draw near to commune with mortals around the hearthstones of the material world? How many times under the old teachings have we asked ourselves these questions? And when we have stood by the open grave where the loved form has been interred, and we have looked for the last time upon the pallid features of our dead, in the anxiety of our hearts we have said: Oh where, oh whither have they fled? To heaven above, and if so, where is it? Or to hell beneath, and if so, what of it?

These questions Theology is powerless to answer. Standing by the open grave which is to receive the mute encoffined form, the Theologian is powerless to give the solution; to give the answer that to the heart brings solace and comfort. He can only say: "Hope for the best." If you wished to know where heaven is he could not tell you; he could only locate it "far beyond the starry sky." And some have reasoned that in the Milky Way is the Summerland of the Spirit World.

But people are liable to make mistakes in reasoning upon a subject like this, for the reason that from the material premise to the immaterial and imponderable reality we are apt to confound the spirit with the body, and material expression with the real existence, so that when the visible form vanishes we are at sea. We do not know how to cognize the existence of people disembodied, of people out of the form, of people disrobed of these earthly habiliments; and so we wander in the labyrinth of doubt and speculation in search of our loved ones, and try to pierce the veil that hides the beatific glory from our view, and still we are unable to do so if clairvoyance does not come to our aid, or if those loved ones do not, through some mediumistic channel, come to us and break the silence. Our very hearts are broken in their agony of doubt and uncertainty, if we cannot, by any possible means, know that it is well with our loved ones.

Now, here is the great difficulty in locating the existence of those who have gone beyond. We are liable to reason from materialistic premises, and it is impossible for anyone of the flesh to comprehend the things of the spirit. It is impossible for materiality to comprehend immateriality. It is impossible for anyone, from the standpoint of earthliness, to portray, cognize, grasp, or comprehend in any legitimate sense the spirit world. We need this as a premise in order to have correct reasoning upon this subject, and that is, that man is spirit. And if you hold that idea in your mind then you may, in your contemplations, pass out of this mortal form and go with me into the spirit realm, and there contemplate the existence and look upon the members thereof and cognize the realities of that state of existence.

Suppose, for instance, in order to illustrate it, that I should ask you to enter the realm of thought in any one of these forms. I see—not God—but seated before me the material expression, and what lays back of this material expression is just as mysterious as

what lays beyond the veil that hides the spirit world from our view. The real man is spirit, the real woman is spirit.

Clothed with these mortal forms you are spirits now as truly as you will be ten million years after you have laid these forms away. If you were taken out of this clay and passed over from materiality into spirituality, you would not change one single iota in form, or in the quality of affection or thought. You are exactly the same out of the form as in it, and yet it is impossible for you to grasp it from the materialistic standpoint.

When I say that you, as a husband, never saw your wife, it seems like a contradiction, or as though it were meaningless. It has no meaning if you are accustomed to look upon this outer form as a man. But if you recognize the existence of spirit in the form, holding that idea in your mind, of course you can go on forming an idea as to where your kindred are. You can recognize that they exist out of the form, because that which is material is that which is evanescent. These flowers soon wither (picking up one of the several bunches lying on the table) but the spirit that governs the expression of these flowers is immaterial, and blooms forever. There is not a material expression in the world, no matter how minute or vast, but has its counterpart in spirit.

Now, what planets do you suppose disembodied spirits visit? Suppose a spirit tells you he has been on the planet Mars, are we to understand that that spirit has trod the material Mars, or that there is a spiritual Mars, a spiritual globe, of which every globe is the material expression just as exactly as these bodies are material expressions of spiritual entities? So in regard to this earth. Suppose, for instance, your kindred are on this earth; they have not left the globe, they have but left the material form, the material expression of this globe; they are now in the spiritual world. As these physical forms are the material expression of the spiritual beings who dwell within them, so these material globes are the material expression of the spiritual worlds of which they are the counterpart. Now, if you comprehend the situation, we will pass into the realm of spirit, in order to locate our loved ones in the spirit world. Of course those that pass out of the body pass into spiritual environments, but they are closely conjoined. The one is the outer body or form of the other. It is in this material globe that the spiritual globe exists. We pass out of the material form into space, pass out of the material land simply to enter the spirit world, or the spiritual arcana. We have been taught so long that heaven is a place far away that it is hard to get these old teachings out of our minds. We are accustomed to think that when our kindred go out they go away off somewhere. We do not suppose that they are with us all the time, but when we need them they are by our side.

The question has been asked: "How long does it take spirit to obey the call or answer the prayer?" Just so long as it takes thought to pass from this to the most distant planet; and it would go to the most distant sun just as quick as you could think. There is no far off heaven. There is no such thing as location that separates your loved ones from you; but it is a state. We are now in the material state; they are in the spiritual; hence heaven is not a point of distance or location in space. One is the spirit, the other the material expression, the one in spirit, the other in material form; the one expressed in the invisible, and the other manifest in the visible world. If your eyes were opened and the veil of the spiritual world drawn aside, you would see this room filled with your loved ones because they have come to attend this lecture. Distance is nothing. You are simply in one degree; they are in another; just like a graded school, some are in the first class, some in the second, third, fourth and so on. Some enter the primary department, but they are all in the same school, but all are not in the same grade; all not equally unfolded. They are not distant from each other, except in degrees of knowledge, or ignorance that intervenes between them. In the spirit world they are progressing according to the degree of unfoldment

and according to the application which they make under the law of that world and the studies that are before them.

You are separated from your kindred in the East. It takes a great deal of time and money to visit them. Not so in spirit. There is no such distance intervening between you and the highest realm in spirit, as between you and those on the other side of the mountains. Dispossess your minds of the idea that it is distance. They are within the hearing of my voice, every one of them. Without the sense of physical hearing, they catch the thought before it is expressed in language. It comes in the spirit first and then reaches the compass of your physical senses by the human voice; it is non-existent, so to speak; has not yet come within the scope of any of the physical or mental sensibilities; but as we proceed it comes and expresses itself in the outer forms, so that the voice may reach you in the material world.

Spiritualism has established the fact that our kindred, who have passed out of the form, still live, and that under certain conditions they return to communicate with mortals. Return from where? They come, and at the close of the seance you go your way. They come again and communicate with you. Whence do they go and from whence do they come? They simply leave the material environments in which you dwell; that is all. They are right here; there is no point of distance at all, not a particle; get that idea clear out of your minds so far that it will never come back again, and you will never feel that your kindred are far away in some distant heaven, but that they are here to rejoice with you in your joys and sympathize with you in your sorrows. We feel their presence; they cognize everything that is uttered, and everything that is thought, even your secret and silent cogitations. You are conjoined in soul communion.

What is the use of a medium? Simply to form a connecting link between spirit and matter. In proportion as you advance in spiritual knowledge do you come *en rapport* with those out of the form, and in proportion as you are earthly and sensual do you bring them down into bondage, rather than ascend with them to liberty.

But oh, how much better it would be for those who mourn and weep, and feel the loss of their loved ones, if, instead of seeking to bring them down into material environments, they would cultivate and expand their own spiritual nature, so as to lessen the distance between those out of the form and those in it. You may become so spiritual while still in the flesh—so much in cognizance of spiritual things—that you may hear the whisperings of love, feel the heart-throbs as soul beats response to soul, and realize the presence of those unseen forces. When you have unfolded your mediumistic powers and cultivated your spiritual natures you have traversed the distance between you and your loved ones, if you are bound to call it distance, but there is only a thin veil between you and the heart-throbs of spirit, and you know your loved ones are there. For instance, you are sitting at your table, absorbed in thought, and I enter your room while you are unconscious of it; I draw near and stand behind you; I make no disturbance, but you will soon cognize a person in the room, instinctively looking around. It is just exactly the way with the loved ones in spirit. If you want to get near your loved ones live for it. It is possible to be in the body and yet not of it; in the flesh, yet not of it. Come right into the Spiritual Realm where the veil is very thin, where it requires but the slightest movement to draw it aside. We do not know that we can make it very plain, but we see it so beautiful. The Spiritual World, in its whole expanse, is one grand, vast delightful Garden of Eden, with myriads of perennial fountains, blooming flowers, singing birds, and every object of nature that finds expression in the material world. And since there are spiritual gardens, is it any wonder that our parks look beautiful? Whence came the idea? From spirit. All these thousands that flock to Golden Gate Park on Sunday,—parents taking their groups of children out into the play-ground,—go out of the temptations of city life, and the children are speaking

with the angels, for the counterpart is in spirit, and the little ones out of the form and in the form are playing together. One is in the spirit, the other in the material form; that is the only difference. When I was in the pulpit in Chicago I said to the laboring man: "Take your children into the parks on Sunday, and breathe God's pure air, bathe in the sunshine, and mingle with your families amid the beauties of nature. You will do a great deal more good by doing that than by going to church.

The material expression of these flowers is evanescent. The real flower does not wither; the perfume does not pass away; it is in perennial, eternal spring. There is no such thing as dying, withering or decaying; it is all beautiful and lovely, and finds this expression in spirit. There is a spirituality that looks forward to a country, clime and kingdom where life does not wither, where flowers do not fade, where tears are wiped away from all faces. Material things have given place to spiritual realities. Now, as the angels look upon you, how do you appear? Your mortal bodies are thin drapery over the spiritual. Materiality does not interfere with spiritual sight. No matter how beautifully clothed your form is, if your spirit isn't properly clothed you are not fit to go to the meeting of angels. Your every day thought, word and deed weaves the fabric out of which your dresses in the spirit are made.

Now, as to matters in spirit. Where are these homes, and what builds them? These homes are spiritual abodes instead of material dwellings. There is a material home and an immaterial home alongside of it; it is not any distance away. They have doors, windows, porches, and all the appurtenances that we have in the material. They exist in the spiritual just as a building exists in the architect's mind before it is completed. Yet the material—the substance as we perceive it—is the most flimsy of the two. There is nothing so solid that by chemical action it cannot be dissolved into invisible gases and pass away; nothing that isn't thus evanescent. These bodies that look so solid are made up of gases, and when cremated can be put into a thimble. There is nothing solid or substantial. But to spirit there is something solid, something tangible, because the real world is spirit, and never passes away.

The mountains, plains, valleys and hills, forests and groves, flowing rivers, and all the beauties of landscape are spread out in the material world, so in the spirit world. It wouldn't seem as though you had left a real world to enter an unreal world, except the spiritual world, if you be spiritual, will be more magnificent and grand than your home on earth. There are many poor men and women in obscurity, who have great good hearts within them, hearts that love their kindred and fellow creatures, that would do an injury to no one, perhaps live in a shanty, yet in spirit life they will have grand and resplendent homes, because the quality of their spirit makes their homes; it is the real nature of their life. They are building their homes while doing their duty. By every deed of kindness, expression of sympathy, by every thought of love and every impress of truth here they are building their homes in spirit, and moving out of their poor environments into the mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," in spirit, not in the sky. These celestial heavens are in your spiritual nature; the constellations are there impregnated with fruit that buds and blossoms forever and forever in the spirit world, invisible to the eyes of sense, but visible to the open eyes of spirit. Oh, that the angels could draw aside the screen and give you a view of the homes that dot the mountain slopes, that line the rivers of life that flow through the broad Summerland, the homes in every nook and corner of that eternal state, so beautiful, so vast, so various; such beautiful blending of colors, such an adaptation of means to ends, such calm serenity, so far removed from the turmoil and strife of earth, so far removed from where clouds lower and the pall covers the face of your dead, and the funeral dirge is heard.

All that is seen and recognized in the material world is only nature's effort to portray amid the unfavorable environments of earth

the glories of the spirit world—glories above what eye hath seen or ear hath heard, above all mortal tongue ever spoke, or pen transcribed. In these beautiful homes the soul exists. This beatific life, this perfect feeling of joy, this eternal, unbroken contentment, this union of soul with soul cannot be adequately conveyed by spirit friends; it is grand beyond expression. We can not put into language anything that borders on the reality of the spiritual homes. Our language is no more adequate to express the real beauty of the celestial scenery than these mortal bodies are fitted for the resplendent glory of spiritual existence. Let an angel stand disclosed in this room with the glory in which they are enveloped in the spirit world, and every one of you would fall as dead upon this floor, blinded by the glory of that presence. According to the quality of your life you reap and gather. Who can comprehend eternity? Who can grasp the stupendous thought of immortality? And as sure as evolution is true so sure follows eternal growth. As sure as progress follows primordial conditions, just so sure must there be this unfoldment of high-fraught destiny that lies before the human species, until you shall move just over the line into your mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

### The Dust in the Air.

Mr. Aitken has by his ingenious process counted  $7\frac{1}{2}$  millions of dust-particles in a cubic inch of the ordinary air of Glasgow. I was with him when he was numbering the dust-particles in Edinburgh 18 months ago. In the air outside the Royal Society Rooms we counted four millions in the cubic inch. We counted the same number inside, at four feet from the floor; but near the ceiling, after the gas had been burning for some time, no less than 49 millions were counted in the cubic inch. After the two hours' meeting of the Fellows, the numbers increased to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  millions and  $57\frac{1}{2}$  millions respectively. He counted in a cubic inch of air immediately above a Bunsen flame no less than 489 millions of dust-particles. Of course, when the air is very dense with dust-particles, a fraction of a cubic centimetre of the air is introduced into the flask for an experiment; and, when the air contains fewer particles, more than one cubic centimetre is introduced. The air of Colmonell, in Ayrshire, has been found to contain from 8000 to 155,000 particles in the cubic inch. At Hyeres, in the south of France, he found from 50,000 to 400,000, according to the direction of the wind. At Lucerne, in Switzerland, the specimens of air tested were remarkably free from dust, some even as low as 3,500 in the cubic inch—the lowest observation he has yet made.—*Knowledge*.

### The Moravian Mammoths.

At a recent meeting of the Scientific Society of Copenhagen, Professor Steenstrup gave an account of the results of his examination, last year, of the great mammoth deposit at Predmost, in Moravia. Dr. Wankel and Professor Maschka, who have devoted much attention to the subject, are of opinion that the mammoths whose remains are found in this district were killed by man, and that their bodies were dragged thither to be eaten. Professor Steenstrup, on the contrary, holds that the mammoths themselves sought the locality, and that they must have died from want of water, or from some other cause with which man had nothing to do. The splits in the remains are due, he thinks, to the action of water and sand, and afford no support to the notion that the knuckles were cleft for the sake of the marrow. It is certain that some of the bones have been exposed to the action of fire; but Professor Steenstrup maintains that the traces of fire may be due to the fact that fires were at one time lighted upon them. On some of them, decorative lines have been scratched, but these may have been long after the mammoth was extinct in Moravia. The lines according to Professor Steenstrup, are identical with the ornamentation of pottery of the Neolithic Age.—*Nature*.

### The Press and the Preachers.

In an interview published a few days ago, Rev. Robert G. Hutchins, of the First Congregational Church, expressed an opinion that the greatest need of Los Angeles is \$100,000, more or less, to establish an absolutely moral newspaper. As he puts it:

A clean, wholesome, vigorous daily newspaper—not a religious newspaper, but a paper independent of political parties, which can afford to oppose the saloon and the brothel; which shall not cater to the lowest tastes of the lowest of the people in *detailed and gloating* accounts of prize fights and personal and domestic nastiness, but shall recognize the existence, the taste and the growing influence of the better portion of our community, and shall focus its sentiments and opinions, and shall lend a generous, helping hand to every wise and worthy moral enterprise—in short, a paper that shall in no wise hinder but in every way help the purity of our homes and the virtue of our citizens.

We can't help thinking that Rev. Dr. Hutchins undervalues the usefulness of the secular press. We think he misapprehends the requirements of the community. We think he does not exactly know what he is talking about.

If there is a demand for such a paper as he discusses, why does it not exist either in Los Angeles or in any other city of the United States or of the world?

And why has not the Rev. Robert G. Hutchins long ago raised the needful \$100,000 and started such a journal in Los Angeles?

Newspapers, after all, depend on public patronage; one which satisfies the masses of the people will succeed; one which does not satisfy the masses must fail. In this sense, then, newspapers are created and sustained by the public; they are the exemplars of public sentiment. It would be in better form if Mr. Hutchins and his brethren of the cloth who are so fond of railing at the secular press would rail at the community for not being all of one mind, and minded exactly as they, the preachers, would dictate.

Let us suppose that the reverend critic were possessed of just such a fund as he longs for, and should establish just such a paper as he outlines. His paper would be published only six days a week. Of course, it would not appear on Sunday, but would be published on Monday, thereby necessitating the performance of most of the work of that issue on Sunday. It would not publish the full Associated Press news, but only such portions as it could cull out and find to reach the requisite moral standard. It would not publish the report of a bank defalcation, a theft, a robbery, a murder, a divorce or a suicide, because such a report would tend to familiarize the minds of our youth with vice. In its local columns it would be equally exclusive, shutting out all knowledge of the crimes that are committed from day to day, as well as reports of Sunday ball games, picnics and excursions. It would never look into the haunts of vice or hold evil doers up to the reprobation of the community, because, by so doing, it might familiarize its readers with crime.

But a newspaper must fill its columns with something, and consequently we should have reports in detail of strictly moral assemblages, churches and prayer meetings, and of such events only as in its way of thinking it would be entirely proper for a young girl or boy to read about.

How many people would take such a paper and pay for it? How many church members, even, would be satisfied with it? How many preachers would read that alone and hanker for no other? And when the reverend publisher should have squandered his \$100,000 or so in the effort to place such a paper on a self-supporting basis, to whom would he apply for another fund for its further maintenance?

We believe that if it were possible to establish such a paper or papers in the city of Los Angeles and crowd out every other kind, it would be the worst thing morally that could happen the community. All that vice asks is to be let alone. The most fatal thing that can happen it is exposure in the press. If it could rest secure from exposure it would flourish in a way that we hardly dream of. Consider the gross immoralities and vices of the city

of London, which went on festering and spreading unchecked as long as the press was too high toned to take note of them, but which were summarily broken up when the *Pail Mall Gazette* laid them before the public in all their hideousness!

It is just that condition of things that the Rev. Mr. Hutchins' "strictly moral" press would conserve. Every libertine, procuress and *macpocraan*; every forger, embezzler and defaulter; every hypocrite swindling by stealth; every wife-beater and drunken sot; every law-breaker would hail with delight such a state of affairs. They would be more than glad to have these things all covered up by silence. Even though the law should take its accustomed course toward criminals, there would be a total absence of public information on the subject, and consequently no sense of public indignation and disapproval to back up the law and make it perform its duty. A press too good to take cognizance of vice would be a shield and protection for vice instead of a scourge.

Mr. Hutchins and his class of would-be reformers evidently overlook the fact that innocence is not virtue. We cannot be very good by simply shutting our eyes to all the wickedness there is in the world. We cannot bring up boys and girls to be strong morally by keeping them in utter ignorance of sin. They must take the world as they find it; they must know more or less of the wickedness, as well as the good of life, and they must learn to turn from the one and cleave to the other. Innocence is not virtue. It is innocence which is constantly slipping and falling. It is virtue which recognizes sin on sight and rejects it. Virtue consists not alone in the absence of vice, but lies in the power to encounter and resist temptation.

The honest secular newspaper is a mirror of life as we find it. It holds up the good and the bad for our daily instruction reproof or warning. Because we know of the existence of evil it is not necessary that we follow it. The average secular newspaper is a terror to evil doers, because it exposes them and excites a healthy public sentiment, which leads to their disgrace and punishment. While the secular press reports the events of the day, good, bad and indifferent, its own counsel and influence are generally thrown on the side of law, order, good government and good morals.

There are some eminent men, and even some divines, who hold that the secular press averages up pretty well with the preachers in moral influence, and is accomplishing fully as much good in the world. At any rate, the press is what the world makes it; and when the world grows better its standard will be higher.

How often does the pulpit fail in its duty, which is to *sometimes*, at least, specify and attack crime and criminals, and not leave this indispensable work alone to the press and the law! How often do the preachers roar about "glittering generalities"—utter pretty platitudes about things over which there is no dispute—instead of boldly attacking scoundrels by name and scoundrelism in detail in the imtaediate community where their pulpits are located! How often do the gentlemen of the cloth cunningly dodge or cravenly "fall down" when a rich criminal is involved, whose "patronage" is regarded as too valuable to be sacrificed! How often are consistency, independence, and that lofty and sublime courage which Christ exhibited in His earthly preaching, sacrificed to the miserable expediency of the hour by the modern preacher!

We give all due credit to that vast body of preachers, without respect to creed, who have shown themselves full of good works and devoid of pretense and hypocrisy, and whose achievements in redeeming the world are of immeasurable value; but we will not consent to pass by without censure that other and numerous class who are mere creatures of time, self and environment, and among whom are the self-righteous gentry who prate about "the wickedness of secular newspapers."—*Los Angeles Times*.

What is so beneficial to the people as liberty, which we see not only to be greedily sought after by men, but also by beasts, and to be preferred to all things?—*Cicero*.

### All are Puzzled.

SPIRITUALIST SCHLESINGER HAS SET THE TOWN TO GUESSING HARD.

The article in yesterday's *News* on Dr. Schlesinger's mediumship, caused a number of well known citizens to visit him at the American House. All who went except L. W. Fulkerth and Joseph Lewis, obtained more puzzling tests than those given at the *News* office.

S. L. Hauscom went in yesterday morning, firmly convinced that the phenomenon was a rank humbug and with the belief that man has no soul. After a sitting of three hours, he was convinced of the existence of an invisible force which has intelligence. "I obtained indisputable evidence," said he, "that Dr. Schlesinger's work is not done by trickery."

"He does some wonderful guessing," said L. W. Fulkerth, "or else there is something in Spiritualism."

Prof. H. Hintze said: "He gave me the names of my dead relatives, diseases of which they had died, and told me enough wonderful things to puzzle me."

Ben F. McCrillis wrote a number of names on a slip of paper before he went to see Schlesinger. He took them to the Doctor's room firmly clasped in his left hand, whereupon Schlesinger told him every name, distinguished the dead from the living, and gave messages from friends. "It must be spirits," said Mr. McCrillis, "for what else could it be?"

Rev. W. H. Briggs was there but he declares it was the work of the devil, and that he can prove it by the Bible. Elder B. J. Dillon coincided. The gentlemen of the cloth viewed the Doctor with grave suspicions that he was the agent of the Evil One.

D. W. Morris is suffering from a mild stroke of Spiritualism. He believes the spirits of the departed hovered near him while he was in the Doctor's room, and declares that he has received messages from them.

Joseph Cavell says if he had Schlesinger's trick, he would quit the newspaper business and amass a fortune forthwith.

J. C. Greer spent an hour with a sister who died forty years ago.

Mrs. E. Z. Barnett was sure the room was filled with the shades of the departed.

One man dreamed he was dead last night. When he awoke this morning he forgot his name, thought he was a spirit and tried to dance on the flooring of the vacant air.

Justice Whitby and J. C. Semple, of Semple & Rose, were greatly surprised at what they saw. Mr. Semple said that the Doctor told him the name of a brother-in-law, who had been dead many years. "He told me things I had not thought of for years," said Mr. Semple.

Dr. Dozier felt Schlesinger's pulse while the latter was entranced. "He did a great many wonderful things," said Dr. Dozier, "and I don't know what to make of him."

T. E. B. Jones said: "He is wonderful, and I have no doubt that I heard from spirit friends through him last night."—*Modesto News, Cal., April 23rd, 1892.*

### Philosophy in Bits.

A man is a man first and a lover afterward.

The greatest puzzle to a man is how any woman can love him.

A woman never really learns how to pray until she has a man to pray for.

What has become of the old-fashioned people who had family prayers in the evening and before breakfast?

A man never gets too old for his mother to stop calling him "her boy."

A woman's face always reflects the hidden tragedy of her life if there is one.

It makes very little difference how badly a man treats his wife, she will talk of him with pride to strangers.

A woman's idea of a perfect man is a man like the man she likes best; man's idea of a perfect woman is a woman unlike any he ever knew.—*Atchinson Globe.*



## Poetry.

## The Morning Glory.

We wreathed around our darling's head the morning  
glory bright;  
Her little face looked out beneath, so full of love and  
light,  
So lit as with a sunrise, that we could only say,  
She is the morning glory bright, and her fair types  
are they.

So always from that happy time we called her by  
that name,  
And very fitting did it seem; for sure as morning  
came,  
Behind her cradle bars she'd smile to catch the first  
faint ray,  
As from the trellis smiles the flower, and opens to  
the day.

But not so beautiful they rear their airy cups of blue  
As turned her sweet eyes to the light, brimmed with  
sleep's tender dew;  
And not so close their tendrils fine round their sup-  
ports are thrown,  
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea called all  
hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come, even as comes  
the flower,  
The last and perfect added gift to crown Love's  
morning hour,  
And how in her was imaged forth the love we could  
not say,  
As on the little dewdrops round shines back the heart  
of day.

We never could have thought, oh God! that she would  
wither up  
Almost before the day was gone like the morning  
glory's cup;  
We never could have thought that she would bow her  
noble head,  
Till she lay stretched before our sight withered and  
cold and dead!

The morning glory's blossom will soon be coming  
round,  
We see their bows of heart-shaped leaves upspring-  
ing from the ground;  
The tender things the winter killed renew again their  
birth.  
But the glory of our morning has passed away from  
earth.

In vain, oh Earth! our aching eyes stretch over thy  
green plain,  
Too harsh thy dews, too cold thine air, her spirit to  
detain;  
But in the years of Paradise, full surely shall we see  
Our morning glory beautiful twine round our dear  
Lord's knee.—*Anna Maria White,*  
(James Russell Lowell's first wife.)

## The Silver Wedding.

TO MR. AND MRS. HENRY DANIELS, MARRIED MAY 5, 1867.

The wedding bells whose silver chimes  
Still linger on the summer air  
A message bring from far off times  
And to the heart fond mem'ries bear.

A silver wedding! Aye, old friends!  
Who gather round a festive throng,  
Your staid and sober presence lends  
A grace to youthful mirth and song.

Through five and twenty gliding years  
The light and shade to each has come;  
Each day has brought its smiles or tears,  
Each night has found us nearer home.

Through five and twenty years of change  
The hearth of home has constant burned,  
And though the fancy oft might range  
The heart has ever homeward turned.

And through these years of joy and pain  
Fair buds have sprung beside the way,  
And infant tongues have lisped love's strain,  
And children prattled at their play—

The children whose glad presence brought  
Sweet promise for the coming years,  
In some that promise has been wrought,  
For others quenched in blinding tears.

Yet oft we weep for that is best,  
While for the ill we strive and pray,  
Forgetting still that those are blest  
Who early pass from earth away.

Nor have they passed beyond our ken—  
They move upon a fairer plane,  
Though they be seen no more of men  
No thought sent out to them is vain.

Though seen no more in mortal guise,  
Their shadowy forms are near us still—  
They look on us with clearer eyes  
Than when they shared life's pain and ill.

And gentler thoughts within the breast  
Their living presence yet may stir;  
Though passed into eternal rest,  
They still are with us, now and here.

They still are with us, dwelling now  
Beyond the plane of mortal sense,  
And reaching up, we scarce know how,  
Their loving guidance draws us hence.

They gather round, old friends of yore!  
For if the silver wedding chime  
Now echoes from a lessening shore,  
As onward sweeps the bark of Time,

We bear the hopes within the soul  
Which gilded that far-distant morn;  
The shadows only from us stole,  
And in their place the Real was born—

The Real and True—which never yet  
Were held from one who truly sought—  
And Pain and Peace have ever met  
When led by pure and kindly thought.

'Tis thought which builds the bridge of Time;  
The thought which prompts to loving deed  
Shall bear with it Love's silver chime  
And healing balm for hearts that bleed.

How many, weary with the strife,  
Have found sweet rest within the glow  
Of this fair beacon-light of life  
Lit five and twenty years ago.

For five and twenty years a light  
From one home window steady gleamed,  
And though within fell sorrow's blight,  
On wand'ers still its clear rays streamed.

What matter, friends, though pain and care  
May shadow darkly o'er each life,  
If we have bravely done our share  
To lighten others' toil and strife?

For know ye not, O friends of mine,  
That each is part—is one with all?  
The joy of one on all may shine,  
The woe of one on each must fall.

When man has learned this lesson deep  
The mists of doubt shall upward roll,  
Sweet Truth shall dry the eyes that weep  
And he shall find his living Soul.

Then shall he know that he and God  
Were one—are one—and e'er shall be—  
Shall know the pathway he has trod  
Was his own choosing, full and free.

Then wedding bells shall gladly ring  
Through earth and sky their silver chime,  
Round Soul and Spirit Love shall fling  
A chain which cannot rust with time.

Then list, O friends! if ye may hear  
In soul the silver echoes flow—  
The spirit music, soft and clear,  
Of five and twenty years ago.

STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

## The Rum-Seller's Soliloquy.

B. L. COMPTON.

A man was standing at his bar;  
A troubled look his face did mar;  
Decanters round him filled with rum  
And ale and wine and whisky some;  
And some were filled with good champagne.  
"Ah, Pools," quoth he, "know not it is baneful  
Is shortening your precious lives?  
You lay them down a sacrifice  
To this vile stuff I have to sell,  
Which makes your lives on earth a hell.  
It bloats your bodies. What of that?  
You think you're growing stout and fat.  
With glee you grasp your glass of beer  
And drink a toast in drunken cheer.  
And as the poisonous glass you drain,  
It leaves its impress—a dark stain,  
But what care I for what you feel,  
As long as at this bar you kneel  
And throw into my hand your dimes?  
For I must live! These are hard times.

But I would give this business o'er  
Had I ten thousand dollars more.  
There's poor Jim Brown who died last year,  
And not one friend to shed a tear  
Upon his grave. His lovely wife  
Was once the pride of all his life.  
Three years ago she died of grief;  
The change to her, no doubt, relief.  
Poor Jim! He drank too much I know,  
And left her home at night to sew;  
Three children small for to provide  
While to this bar at night he hid.  
The children, too, they all did go  
Soon as their mother's gone you know.  
Somehow I don't feel right at all  
Whenever I think of their downfall.  
Vile traffic! I must give thee o'er—  
I wish I had ten thousand more.

There's Degnin with his smiling face,  
Four years since first he came this place,  
He had a splendid lot of land,  
And ready money, too, at hand.  
He came in here, took his first drink;  
He's not worth much to-day I think,  
And that Will Baker is a sot.  
In one year more I'll own his lot;  
'Tis worth five hundred, too, this day;  
That lot fixed up and it will pay,  
And Nelson Vane? He used to be  
As fine a man as e'er you'd see,  
Delirium tremens laid him out;  
His was a horrid death no doubt.  
He raved, he cursed, he tore his hair,  
Saw snakes and demons in the air,  
At last he died; a terrible call,  
And this vile poison did it all.  
Most of his fortune came to me.  
His wife? She died in poverty.  
The children, too, are scattered round,  
And no one knows where to be found.  
Vile drugs! I'd throw thee out the door  
Had I ten thousand dollars more.

A horrid dream I had last night;  
I screamed and woke myself from fright.  
A crowd of men seemed drawing nigh  
With bloated faces passing by,  
And women, too, with sunken cheeks;  
Some were insane. With horrid shrieks  
On me their curses they let fall,  
And said 'twas I who killed them all.  
And Nelson Vane, he nearer drew;  
He hurled his curses at me, too,  
He said I murdered him with beer;  
He fairly shrieked it in my ear.  
His maniac eyes seem on me now  
With malice resting on his brow,  
He joined the crowd. I gave a scream  
Which woke me from that frightful dream.  
This hellish work I would give o'er  
Had I ten thousand dollars more."

### Romanism in San Quentin.

W. W. JUDSON.

After reading in the Monday *Chronicle* an account of the proceedings which took place at San Quentin State prison, Sunday, April 3rd., most people will be puzzled to know whether that institution is a State concern or a Roman Catholic monastic Bastile:

The account fails to give the number of Roman Catholic officials, roustabouts and priests, the state of California pays to run the prison but it is explicit in stating the exact number of Roman Catholic, communicants within its walls, as one hundred and seventy-three. However bad these particular convicts may have been before arrest, conviction and condemnation, they are now all good Catholics. Seventy-three of the above were made soldiers of God by the Archbishop, April 3rd., with their stripes on, and presumably the other hundred were confirmed under Papal authority while children, before they were old enough to commit unlawful acts. The fact that such a large number, seventy-three hardened convicts, suddenly became convinced that each had a pressing need of the Roman Catholic sacrament of confirmation, looks mightily suspicious that a religious racket was being worked for all there was in it and that many shrewd non-Catholic convicts discovered that there was a prison gate hung upon Roman Catholic hinges.

Accepting the theory that all things are possible with God, and that the Catholic Church is particularly of God, it is just possible that a California inquisition is working to extirpate heretics directly apposit to the old Spanish Tribunal, which latter decreed, "recant, or get out of Spain," while the former says, "accept popery and get out of prison."

After the celebration of high mass by the one hundred and seventy-three, an inmate of the penitentiary stepped to the front and read an address of welcome to the Archbishop signed by seven convicts on behalf of the Catholic inmates of the prison. This address, probably the most interesting part of the ceremonies, for some unexplained reason, is not reported. We can imagine that it read something like the following:

We, the children of misfortune, misborn and misunderstanding, by and through a decree of the Catholic God first and the State of California last, without our own free will and consent, have been coerced into accepting free board, lodging and clothing from, in our humble opinion, an over magnanimous State, now wish to express our sincere thanks to your holiness and papal boss of California for high mass. In our present condition your high mass celebration brings forcibly back to our minds, the high old times we formerly had separately and en masse, celebrating in the slums and by ways of Barbary Coast and Tar Flat."

The Archbishop replied by saying he had received many addresses from schools and congregations, but none had ever given him so much pleasure as this. He exhorted all Catholic convicts to believe that what they were undergoing was sanctioned and permitted by God. He bid them remember that no man, as man alone, had a right to punish or imprison, but that a higher hand used corporeal priests and executioners to effect his will and wish in corporal punishment and tribulation. In the report nothing is said about papal church intercession, but all the same, it comes in. The Roman Catholic Church claims to have special power from God to bind upon earth so its victim will be bound in a future life; and at the proper time and place it takes good care to impress this dogma upon all who allow themselves to be hoodwinked or chained to its tyrannical creeds. If all this punishment and tribulation, that the Archbishop dilates so learnedly upon, is directed by the hand of God, I wonder whose will and wish is behind the scheme when one or more of the imprisoned dig a hole under or through the prison walls and escape.

Papal philosophy is rather weak for this investigating and enlightened age. If these imprisoned persons had been born in a former age, when brute force in its lowest form was honorable, as in the days of Biblical Samson, all would have been considered respect-

able citizens; but where honest people and scientific rascals predominate, the former class make too much trouble running at large, consequently the pious majority (according to law) kill some outright, and shut others up in States prison. The Archbishop further said to them, the punishment that now seemed harsh and unduly severe would yet, in another existence, show its use and wisdom, if those who thereby suffer submit themselves in meet (suitable) obedience to the Catholic Church. What consolation for human beings suffering harsh and unduly severe treatment! Simply a priestly insinuation that something might possibly show up for them in a future life.

The facts are, no Gods, nations, states, priests or prison keepers have any right to impose punishment or suffering upon any mortal or immortal being, and it is a crime for Catholic priests to make excuses for any engaged in such infamous work. Torturing, punishing and all harsh or cruel conduct towards the worst of mortals, is all priestly superstition of the rankest sort. All have to climb the same ladder of progression, and the mortal or immortal who imposes upon the one upon the round below him, will find his hold upon the ladder gradually growing less firm. This point is well illustrated in the birth and decay of religions, rise and fall of Governments.

### A Deserved Reproof.

[R. P. Journal.]

The *Journal* has more than once criticised the utterances of Rev. P. S. Henson of this city, but it desires now to thank him in the name of unsectarian government for presenting the following resolutions at the Baptist Ministers meeting held on Monday of last week:

WHEREAS, the city council of Chicago, at a meeting held on the 10th ult., did, by resolution, instruct the mayor to close all the offices of the City Hall on Thursday, March 17, 1892, and did declare the said 17th of March a holiday; and

WHEREAS, the only conceivable reason for such observance was to honor the memory of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, and

WHEREAS, Many of the citizens and tax-payers of Chicago are neither of Irish nationality nor the Roman faith; and

WHEREAS, It is utterly foreign to the genius of American institutions to discriminate in favor of any one law or religion; therefore;

*Resolved*, That this conference of Baptist Ministers imperatively demand that if the precedent thus established by our city council is to be followed in the future, that St. Andrew shall have a memorial day in deference to the feelings of our Scottish fellow citizens, and that Mr. Penn shall be similarly honored in deference to the Quakers, and Roger Williams in deference to the Baptists, and John Wesley in deference to the Methodists, John Calvin in deference to the Presbyterians, and Martin Luther in deference to the Lutherans; and if there be any other race or religion that can claim enough voters to be an influential factor at the polls, then the representatives of such race or religion shall each have the privilege of naming any patron saint or reverend ecclesiast to whose honor the city offices shall be closed once a year—if there be days enough in the calendar to serve the purpose.

*Resolved further and finally*, That if, in the judgement of the city council, it be not expedient thus to memorialize all the nations and faiths, we urgently insist that they memorialize none, but severely let religion alone in their official capacity and address themselves honestly to their legitimate business."

Reform, like charity, must begin at home. Once well at home, how will it radiate outwards, irrepressible, into all that we touch and handle, speak and work, kindling ever new light by incalculable contagion; spreading, in geometric ratio, far and wide; doing good only, wherever it spreads, and not evil.—*Carlyle*.

## Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion.

## An Historical Sketch.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Among the "spirits" alleged by Mme. Blavatsky to have appeared to her at the Eddys' was that of a Georgian named Michalko,—a man, as has been stated, afterwards discovered by Mme. B. to be alive. It seems that the publication in *The Graphic* in Col. Olcott's Chittenden experiences, of the appearance thereat to Mme. B. of this "spirit," attracted the attention of a Georgian gentleman named M. C. Betanelly, a merchant in Philadelphia,—address, 430 Walnut St. He had known Michalko in Georgia, and he wrote to Col. Olcott and to Mme. B. making inquiries relative to the alleged phenomena at the Eddys' ("P. O. W.," 305, 306.) This correspondence led to his personal acquaintance with Blavatsky; and when she and Olcott went to Philadelphia in 1875, to investigate (?) the Holmeses' materializations, Mr. Betanelly joined the party and took part in the so-called investigations ("P. O. W.," 464, 465, 472.) Some time during this year Madame Blavatsky was married to Mr. Betanelly. There are facts underlying this marriage that only a few persons are cognizant of, and they are pledged to secrecy, save one; and he declines to allow these facts to be published, for personal considerations. There is a horrible tale of diabolism connected with this marriage and other incidents of Mme. Blavatsky's life at this time. This story is known, to my knowledge, to four Spiritualistic journalists,—the editor of an American Spiritual journal, the editor of an English Spiritual journal, the whilom editor of an American Spiritual journal, and the whilom publisher of an American Spiritual journal (the latter being an erewhile Spiritualistic writer also.) These four are probably second to none in the ranks of the Spiritualists as regards integrity, ability, and general intelligence. The union with poor Betanelly lasted a very short time. As Dr. Elliott Coues says (*N. Y. Sun*, July 20, 1890,) "this affair was short, sharp, and disastrous to poor Betanelly, who in his infatuation had scratched the proverbial Russian and caught the very cream of Tartar." Betanelly applied for and obtained a divorce from her on the ground of desertion, as I am informed by his attorney in the case, Joshua Pusey, 905 Walnut St., Philadelphia. A specimen of the falsehoods told by the Madame about this marriage is contained in an article by one of her followers, General Abner Doubleday, F. T. S., in the *R. P. J.* April 28, 1888. He says, "I was told that a Russian proposed to her, and as she saw that he was impelled by some of the dark denizens on the other side of the line to commit suicide in case he was refused, she consented to the ceremony, but made it a condition that she was never to see him again. She felt herself forced to do this, as in the first flush of her youth and beauty, two young men had committed suicide for the same reason, and she did not desire to have a third shade haunting her. The groom attempted to pursue her, but finding she would have nothing to do with him, obtained a divorce for desertion and married again." Everything in this statement is false, except the procurement of a divorce for desertion.

The following details concerning Mme. B., and other matters given me by Mlle. Pauline Libert in 1879, are copied from notes that I made at the time. Mlle. Libert was in Paris when Mme. B. was last there, and she said that the Mme. posed there as a rapping medium; but the prominent Spiritualists were not favorably impressed with her. The Theosophical Society, which met at her house, consisted of five persons,—Olcott, H. J. Newton, and three young men. Mr. Newton admitted that he did not believe in Mme. B., but wished to find out all they knew before resigning from the society. All the acts of B. and O. were done to get a name, acquire notoriety. Mme. B. often made fun of Baron De Palm and his ashes, and joked about what they would do with them. She received a large sum of money from no one

knows where, and expended it for images of Buddha, stuffed apes, and the like. She said she could spend as much money as she liked, as she belonged to an order from whence she obtained it. She disliked Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, and was angry because Mrs. B. published "Art Magic," thereby anticipating her "Isis Unveiled." She said that the picture of Chevalier De B.—(alleged author of "Art Magic") resembled Mrs. Britten's husband when sick. The story of her father's buckle being brought from his grave was apocryphal,—gotten up to acquire notoriety for herself. Her magical phenomena were frauds and cheats; the marvelous things said to have been done by her never occurred. No reliance could be placed on anything she said. Among other cases where she palmed off her previously prepared paintings as instantaneous productions of her magical power was that of J. L. O'Sullivan, so extensively published. This was concurrently done by her and Olcott. Of course I cannot vouch for the accuracy of Mlle. Libert's statements. That some of them are true I know. She seemed an honest, truthful woman, and I have no cause to doubt her. Not knowing that she was dead, I wrote to her not long since. My letter was forwarded to her brother, Carlos Libert, No. 30 rue N. D. des Victoires, Paris, and he wrote me in reply. He said that his sister had stated repeatedly that she caught Mme. B. in fraud in her phenomena, and that she had told him the same things about Mme. B. and Olcott, that she had told me. (In my letter to her, which he had read, I had given a summary of what she had told me in 1879.) In addition, M. Libert said that his sister stated that Mme. B.'s writings were largely plagiarism, which I know to be true. Mlle. Libert died in 1888. I wish she were alive as a witness to her statements; but her brother stands ready to confirm the truth of what I say.

In 1877, Miss Emily Kislingbury, Secretary of the British National Association of Spiritualists, visited America; and while here fell a victim to the witcheries of the Blavatsky. Upon her return to England, Miss K., in a lecture before the said Association (published in *The Spiritualist*, Dec. 14, 1877,) indulged in extravagant laudation of Mme. B. and Col. Olcott. The latter, she said, was eminently fitted to be the leader of American Spiritualists.

Shortly after Miss Kislingbury's return to England she joined the Roman Catholic church, and in a short time she became dissociated as regards public work from both Theosophy and Spiritualism. Recently she has again come before the public as an ardent Blavatskyite, publishing extravagant eulogiums of the pure and sainted H. P. B. I have in my possession a letter written by Mme. B. June 17, 1878, in which she thus refers to Miss K. "Do you know who is the renegade of the Th. Soc. and especially of Spiritualism? It is Emily Kislingbury, if you please!! She has joined the Roman Catholic church and believes in good faith—poor soul!—of being able to remain a Theosophist!! But she goes back on the 'sweet spirits' and—as in duty bound to her Church calls them devils. How is this for high? We Theosophists only call a part of the authors of mediumistic phenomena elementals and 'elementaries.' But she as a Catholic and a Jesuit writes that she is now obliged to class them all as devils and go against Spiritualism generally and their 'devils' particularly. Poor unfortunate girl. She is about to leave the B. N. A. S. and writes perfectly crazy letters. She fell into the hands of Father Galloway the Chief Provincial of all the English Jesuits and he—CONVERTED HER. *Requiescat in pace*. She is dead to me." Possibly had Miss K. been aware of Mme. B.'s opinion of her in 1878, she would not have been so swift in emerging from her Jesuitical obscurity (since 1878,) in order to testify to the nobility, truthfulness, and honesty of the most arrant fraud and the most untruthful person, probably, of this century.

I have in my possession a letter from H. P. B. to a prominent American theosophist, written April 25, 1888, consisting of ten large pages devoted to falsehood against and virulent abuse of

myself. In it she says,—“W. E. Coleman wanted to join the T. S. in its early days; he had some misunderstanding with Olcott who would not have him, or something of the sort. Then he wrote a letter against me in the *R.—P. Journal* on the principle of the little boy who, thrashed by a bigger boy, and too cowardly to attack him once more, makes faces at his sister. I answered in the same paper in a letter which Col. Bundy headed the ‘Russian Knout.’” All this is false, except the last sentence. I never in my life thought of joining the Theosophical Society. As I have already shown, in Chapter vii, in October, 1875, before the formal organization of the Society, I strongly denounced and ridiculed the doctrines of Olcott, Blavatsky, and the occultists generally, and I have ever opposed them from that day to this. I never had any misunderstanding, or any dealings whatever, with Olcott. He never wrote a word to me or about me, so far as I know. He therefore had never got the better of me, and I did not, in consequence, for fear of being thrashed again by him, turn my attention to H. P. B. Moreover, the letter in the *R. P. J.* in which she says I attacked her, being afraid to attack Olcott again, was really a severe criticism of Olcott, and only incidentally referred to her, in connection with Olcott.

In 1879 the editor of the *R. P. J.* thus remarked of Col. Olcott: “We have long regarded Mr. Olcott as wholly unworthy of notice or credence. The most charitable conclusion in his case is that the vagaries, absurd and whimsical beliefs and peculiar actions which mark the last few years of his life, are indications of a diseased brain. From his connection with the New York Press, he obtained a notoriety among Spiritualists, and was taken by some as trustworthy authority; when, in fact, all that he ever wrote pertaining to Spiritualism is utterly worthless unless corroborated. His affirmation of the genuineness of a particular phenomenon is sufficient in itself to throw suspicion on the manifestation in the minds of well-informed investigators.”

#### THEOSOPHY IN INDIA.

Bidding farewell to American theosophy for the present, we will now resume the consideration of its progress in India, particularly so far as it is connected with Spiritualism. As stated, the two founders reached Bombay early in 1879; and they immediately went to work for the propagation of theosophy,—the society being at first an appendage of the Arya Samaj, and subsequently an independent body. Mme. B. appears to have speedily resumed her alleged occultic feats and tricks. In 1880 she visited Simla in Northern India, where we are told a great many wonderful phenomena were manifested in her presence (Sinnott, “Occult World,” p. 38). Here she seems to have met Mr. A. P. Sinnott, editor of *The Pioneer*, and Mr. Allen O. Hume, of the Indian Civil Service, her two most important converts made in India. Various phenomena occurred in connection with these gentlemen, particularly Mr. Sinnott, accounts of some of which were published in the newspapers, and subsequently in Mr. Sinnott’s “Occult World,” published in June, 1881. At the same time the theory of the existence of the adepts or mahatmas was prominently developed. While in America, Mme. B. had occasionally referred to certain adepts or “Brothers” with whom she was in communication, located by her first in Egypt, then in Malta, then in India, and finally in Tibet; but these mysterious gentry did not figure very conspicuously in American Blavatskyism, neither was the term mahatma applied to them till after the transfer of the society to India. H. P. B. picked up this Hindu word after her arrival in India. Although, as she asserts, she had been in association with the mahatmas since 1851, and had lived with them three or seven years in Tibet, yet they never told her they were mahatmas (their special generic title) and she never knew that they were such till she discovered in India, in 1879–80, that this term had been applied to the old-time saints and sages in India. So, with her usual readiness of self-appropriation, she at once began calling her “Brothers” mahatmas, and transplanted those in India to Tibet, an inaccessible region where none could test the truth of her assertions.

Messrs. Sinnott and Hume were persistent in endeavor to get into communication with these mahatmas either personally or by correspondence. The first being impossible, they being mythical creations of H. P. B.’s fancy, the second was at last secured; and the mahatma with whom they were thus brought into close association was one till then unheard of, one Koot Hoomi Lal Singh. The special adept-guide of Blavatsky and Olcott was not Koot Hoomi, as one might think from the prominence of Koot in later Blavatskyism; but he was another “Brother” named Morya, sometimes called “Mahatma M.” Sinnott’s and Hume’s pertinacity in seeking communication with the mahatmas seems to have caused H. P. B. to evolve another brother, Koot Hoomi. She would not think of allowing her pet mahatma, Morya, to be so defiled as to become a steady correspondent of two neophytes; so she turned them over to a newly-discovered Brother,—“old Koot,” as he has been jocularly called by Dr. Elliott Coues.

*To be Continued.*

#### The Souvenir Spoons.

The silver souvenir spoons of the Actor’s Fund Fair designed by Miss May Robson, the clever actress of the Lyceum Stock Company, and manufactured expressly for the Fair by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, promises to be one of the most successful features of the Fair. The Gorham Company say that the spoon’s design is the most beautiful that has ever come under their notice. It is to be in repousse work. A reproduction of the heads of Charlotte Cushman, Mary Anderson, Clara Morris, Agnes Ethel and Lotta, wreathed in laurel, the emblem of fame, will form the front of the handle, and Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest, Joseph Jefferson, E. L. Davenport and William Florence, the back. In the bowl there will be etched a picture of one of the oldest theatres in New York, and in fancy letters on the back will be engraved “Actor’s Fund Fair, May 2d to 8th,” with space left in the centre for the owner’s monogram or initials. These spoons will be for berries or sugar, and will sell for \$5 each. One thousand of them will be made.

Miss Robson is now at work on small coffee spoons. These will be entirely novel in design and will also be sold as souvenirs of the Fair. To a *Fair Topics* representative yesterday Miss Robson spoke enthusiastically of her progress: “I think these small coffee spoons are going to be a great success,” said Miss Robson modestly. “All the actresses I appealed to for their photographs and autographs have responded promptly and evinced great interest in my spoons. These will bear the portraits respectively of Mrs. Kendal, Adelina Patti, Agnes Booth, Fanny Davenport, Annie Russell, Georgia Cayvan, Effie Shannon, Maude Harrison, Marie Burroughs, Lillian Russell, Sydney Armstrong, Helen Modjeska, Roseni Vokes, Rose Coghlan and May Robson. The public will be able to select a set from any of these. Fifteen hundred of these after dinner spoons will be made, and they will be sold at \$2.50 each, or \$30 a set of twelve.

The spoon itself will be 5½ inches long with a gold frosted bowl containing the autograph of one of the above mentioned actresses in raised silver letters. A garland of laurel leaves entwine the stem, the same laurel design forming a wreath at the handle, upon which is laid a medallion bearing the face of the actress named in the bowl.—*New York Times.*

It has been truly said that the desires to possess, without being burdened with the trouble of acquiring, is as much a sign of weakness as to recognize that everything worth having is only to be got by paying its price is the prime secret of practical strength. Even leisure cannot be enjoyable unless it is won by effort. If it has not been earned by work, the price has not been paid for it.—*S. Smiles.*

Fear to do base, unworthy things is valor;  
If they be done to us, to suffer them

Is valor too.

*Ben Johnson.*

## Experiences in Spirit Life of John Chamberlain Through the Mediumship of a California Girl.

C. F. M.

Twenty-five years ago when I passed on to this great space called "the other world," I knew nothing. I roamed about in darkness like an outcast—like one who has no future, no prospects of anything higher, and oh, I was so disconsolate! No place to go, no one to see; nothing—nothing but darkness; but after awhile I seemed to change from my chrysalis state. I began to use my arms, then my limbs, and when finally I was able to move understandingly—Glory Hallelujah! I then realized for the first time I was alive. I began to look around me. I saw forms. I saw faces. Then, after awhile I recognized some of them. I found I could converse with them, and then I learned I had left my cumbersome body, and that part of me that is God was among loved ones—had entered upon that life of eternity that is for us all.

In this short narrative I wish to give a number of my experiences to assist in the guidance of others who may follow in my footsteps:

When I had recovered from the dazed condition I was in, I looked about for something to do. My wife who had preceded me by a number of years was by my side to administer to my wants; and as I beheld her beautiful face I was more in love with her than ever. As she soothed my aching brow with her soft, delicate fingers, as she poured the balm of Gilead upon my thirsting soul, the glorious light which was thrown from her illuminated presence aroused all of my aspirations to do the will of God and obey his great and just commands. We floated through banks and banks of beautiful blue ether, and I saw about me many who did not know where they were. They were looking for Jesus they said. We told about twenty to join hands and we would assist them. They did so when lo! an electric current passed through the entire circle like a charge from an electric battery. Many writhed under the severe shock as though suffering intense agony; others trembled only slightly. One most beautiful spirit of a young lady who had passed over from the effects of that dreaded disease—consumption—opened her large blue eyes, and with a look of wonderment asked the meaning of it all. Then we informed her we were feeding them with nature's life fluid, the food that would be her sustenance for the next decade—that she was in the *electric sphere*, and that she would remain there until she was sufficiently developed to pass into the next sphere.

As attraction is the medium that brings us all together, and holds us when we are thus come, as the so-called "something" reaches out into the far distance and then finds the object of its search, and is held by that indispensable electric force of the entire universe, so our little circle of twenty was held together. We remained in this condition for many days until we had become quite strong. Then others joined us, remaining until they too had partaken enough of the Mecca to distribute to those around them. Thus our circle broadened, reaching far and wide, and as we were not limited for space, we spread over a vast amount of it.

After remaining in the electric sphere for an indefinite length of time, and becoming so thoroughly saturated with its vivifying powers that we could know the thoughts of others by simply coming *en rapport* with them without exchanging a word we passed into the next state known as the "chemical sphere." Here we were washed, scrubbed and rubbed as it were until we were in a condition to absorb some of the liquids prepared for us. Kind friends came to us to show us the way. In reality it was but the natural unfoldment of the life that was given us, but in our ignorant frame of mind—although we were educated as far as the word is applied upon the earth plane, yet so far as the cleanliness of the soul was concerned,

we knew nothing about it; and we were in reality in a very deplorable condition. Our minds were polluted with foul ideas from contact with equally disordered and distorted circumstances and conditions people are thrown into because they keep their eyes forever upon the earth, forgetting to look up at the glorious sunshine which floods the universe, the beautiful blue sky and the vast expanse of delicately formed perfume of the rich and lovely flowers that are scattered so profusely in the fields, the hills and by-ways—nature's cause, nature's effect and nature's lessons. It took a great deal of soap and water (figuratively speaking) a long time, and a longer and greater amount of patience before an impression was even made upon the outer crust. I say patience because we were still of the earth condition, and as every one is in a hurry there we still had that condition with us. If people could only be made to realize that the earth is only the worm state where one does a little crawling for a short time; and that when they leave the clay house they call theirs for awhile, they are still the same, but in another state as nothing dies. If some one who has passed on before them could go back and tell them to take their time for eating, sleeping and enjoying themselves that they would be on a much higher plane, spiritually, than when forever rolling and grovelling in the dust. And kind friends, this is my object in writing these few lines through this little medium. It has been set apart for me to do this very work, and with your kind attention I will endeavor to do that which has been allotted to me by a higher influence and a grander control than my own.

During our stay in the chemical sphere, we had a great many hard lessons to learn. Here was an old lady, who, when upon the earth, was in the habit of having all that money could buy, everything position could give, and every desire gratified by six dutiful children. Her whole ambition was to soar a little higher than her friends and neighbors. She was the first in society, charity and hospitality. She had never been obliged to confine her mind upon anything she did not care to. She led a veritable butterfly existence, and when the time came for her to give an accounting, the balance was not in her favor. So she fussed and fretted because she could not do as she had always done—as she did not wish to obey the grand unwritten natural laws. But after a time, she was taught to control her desires, and a more beautiful and amiable spirit never existed. She then wanted to help those around her—to go back to earth and help her loved ones; to open their eyes if possible to know the folly of their ways. So we all were taught this lesson of self denial—we *learned it!* We had played with it before. We thought by giving up something we didn't want very bad we were practicing self denial. We thought that when we gave up eating butter, meat, etc., during lent, we were denying ourselves, and for the time being we were; but how we did make up for it afterwards! How we did celebrate the event by feasting, amusements and all kinds of enjoyments! But when we were obliged to concentrate our mind and attention upon the analysis of our soul, and that we could make no advancement until that lesson was thoroughly learned and understood, we began to confine ourselves to it. Then what beautiful things we did see! How our eyes were made to behold the magnitude of the other life—the varied lights composed by the action of the chemicals in whose sphere we then were.

And now my little friend, for the good of humanity—the grand cause I am working for—I would like to see this published in one of your spiritual papers. I will continue again in the near future and carry you into the next plane called the "intellectual sphere" where our eyes are opened still more, and ears are made to hear new things; our minds are broadened and enlarged, and we behold more of the wonders and glories of our Creator.

### The Musician.

JOHN SLATER.

He was a musician—one of the great many who thought that they had the Divine spark of Genius within them. He had suffered! Ah, how terribly, none knew but he! But through all his trials and sufferings he was buoyed up by the feverish hope, that some day he should succeed, and then he would be amply repaid for all his trials. Sometimes he would not have anything to sustain his physical strength for days, yet he seemed to know it not. He would sit at the piano for hours, from early in the morning until late at night, practicing difficult runs; and he seemed to be absorbed in the piano and would talk to it as though it were a human being endowed with speech. And so it continued day after day, never ceasing for a moment until it seemed to me, who lived directly underneath his rooms, that I would go crazy. In fact I had many times made up my mind to look for other quarters; but when looking around my room to which I had become attached, I felt so much at home that I could not endure leaving them. So I staid on enduring with patience as best I could. I often met him on the stairway, but had never spoken to him. He was rather tall, with good physique which showed plainly that he had suffered from want. He had a good face, finely cut, with expressive brown eyes, heavy dark brown mustache and long dark hair. His clothing was the worse for wear, but very neat and faultlessly clean, but looking into his eyes one could see that he was an intense sufferer. I felt drawn to him and many times felt inclined to address him, but he always hurried by as though he did not care about meeting anyone.

One day I noticed that he seemed to be playing, or picking out note by note a melody. It was wild, weird in the extreme, sometimes rising to great heights of the treble and then sinking into the lower bass like unto the mutterings and grumblings of thunder after a summer storm. Sometimes it seemed as though he was not satisfied with certain notes, and he would try again and again to bring it into an harmonious whole, the strange composition that I intuitively knew to be his own. To me it seemed to be the story of a life, for it began with quiet, peaceful music, and rolled along for awhile very pleasantly, and then it would pass into quicker time and then quicker and quicker, and then suddenly would break into a soft moaning sound as of a broken heart. I have not the gift to write of that now, to me, direful heart melody. So it would go on day after day, and no matter if I should go out and be gone for hours, on my return I would hear him still playing that same thing. It must have been two months after I first noticed his playing of that melody, when, after he had played it through, suddenly I heard the piano close with a bang, and then I heard loud, hysterical laughter. It continued for a long time. I did not know what to make of it at first, but in the midst of the laughter I heard a noise as of some one falling and then all was still. I did not know what to do. I waited, and after a little while I could faintly hear groaning, and then I thought that it was time to investigate the matter. I was rather sensitive and did not wish to intrude alone on the privacy of my fellow-roomer, so I called the lady of the house and explained in a few words what I had heard, and we both went up stairs to his room. I knocked on the door but received no answer. I knocked again and again, and then I opened the door and walked in, but what a sight we saw. The landlady started back in affright and screamed. The scene before us was terrible. Lying on the floor in a death-like agony, with wild, glassy eyes bulging out of his head, white face, and foaming at the mouth, clutching at the floor with agony was the poor musician. I ran towards him and tried to raise his head. I exerted all my strength and at last got him partly raised, so that I could keep his head on my knees.

The landlady in the meantime had recovered her senses and was vigorously rubbing his face and hands. His body soon relaxed, and with a sigh he fell back and appeared like he had fallen asleep. I let him rest awhile, and he slowly opened his eyes and then closed them again. A look of weariness and of pain crossed his face, and then it must have flashed through his mind, the position that he was in, and with a desperate effort he tried to rise. With my help he arose and walked to his bed, laid down, and turning his face to the wall burst into a flood of tears. It was painful to stand there and listen to the moans of this man. From what cause was he suffering? What were his troubles? Could I help to alleviate them? These were my thoughts. After awhile he became calmer, and bending over him I found by his soft, regular breathing that he had fallen asleep. Softly closing the door I left him. I did not see or hear anything of him for two days, and then to my surprise he knocked at my door, and when I opened it and invited him in, he sat down and then apologizing for his intrusion, he said: "I came down to see you concerning my illness the other day. I wish to thank you for your kindness, but the fact of the matter is, I was faint with hunger, and the great mental strain I had endured regarding a piece of music that continually ran through my brain until it seemed to consume me mentally and bodily. After I had finished the piece, both combined caused a reaction, and I must have fainted. I know that it is a terrible thing to confess that I am in such a situation, but I must smother my pride and let the truth be known. I have tried to take up other employments, but when I do so, there is always something that pushes me out and makes me discontented with everything but music. Music is my ever present inspiration, my life, my soul." As he gave utterance to these words he seemed to have lost himself; he became almost another being. His face shone with an undefinable glow of enthusiasm; his mouth twitched, his whole being changed. I watched every changing look. He was a most peculiar study. He grew calmer and said: "Forgive me when I speak of music I forget myself; I forget everything; I am translated into another world—a world of magnificent beauty, a world of music, a world of which I feel myself a part. Oh! if you who are an inhabitant of this purely physical world, you who continually seek after dollars could know of the ecstasy of one who is sensitive enough to feel higher and more spiritual things, could have but one short moment in that other world—the world of true spiritual melody—all the money that you could ever acquire, you would gladly give for that moment. "I listened to his rhapsody and wondered whether his brain had been turned by his sufferings. I scanned his face, but there was no insanity written there; only enthusiasm, pure and true. I wondered whether he was one of those sensitives who unconsciously hypnotize themselves, for I know there are such in the world. He must have sensed my thoughts, for turning to me quickly he said: "Do not think that I am crazy, I pray you, but look upon me as a fellow mortal who is unfortunately enough to be a slave, but a happy one, to this all-consuming, all-satisfying something called music. I am happy in my unhappiness, contented in my discontent, and would not part with it for millions. Excuse me. I do not wish to tire you. I only came to thank you for your kindness. You may rest assured that I shall never forget you." He passed out of my room, and I noticed a certain dignity in his bearing, tinged with a degree of sadness that no words could explain. I watched him ascend the stairs, and closing the door I sat down to think of what had occurred. I heard him daily at the piano, but never saw him. Business called me away from the city, and the musician and his troubles slipped my mind, until one day, happening to glance over the morning paper, I saw a notice headed "Found Dead," and was horrified to read that my poor musician had

been found dead in bed. The coroner's inquest resulted in a verdict, "death from starvation."

Now gentlemen, you who live in plenty, you who claim that you are Christians, you who claim to be followers of Jesus Christ, think of it: A fellow creature starving in your midst because compelled by some occult law to differ for his kind in ability to compete with the existing order of things, and live in the world of spirit while yet in the material. You gentlemen who have all that heart could desire, do you ever give a moment's thought to the many who, like the poor musician, are hungry and starving? You may say, why did he not go to the asylums prepared for such as he? You may say he had false pride, but put yourselves in the poor musician's place and investigate for yourselves.

### Papal Intrigue.

BY W. W. JUDSON, OF OAKLAND, CAL.

An old soldier, named Patrick McCann, recently died at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and being a member of the Abe Lincoln Post, Grand Army of the Republic, his funeral was being conducted under the direction of that Order.

When the cortege reached the St. Francis Xavier Church, of which McCann was a member, it was stopped by a Catholic Priest, named O'Rourke, because the coffin was enshrouded with the Stars and Stripes, and the Papal Law was enforced: That no corpse could enter a Catholic Church with that *Emblem of Freedom* accompanying it.

The Grand Army men accompanying the remains, protested, but without avail. The funeral was postponed, and the body removed to Weston, Iowa, where it will be buried by the Grand Army of the Republic.

If any other Church in the United States once insulted the American Flag the way the Roman Catholic Church has repeatedly done, the Government would take the matter in hand at once, and the American people would be inclined to unceremoniously mob the particular priest and Church that offered the insult.

The above incident shows how truculent our Government is to the authority of Popery.

Just let the American people doze away for about ten years more—sleep on—while Papal Priests spit upon their country's flag; threaten Catholic congregations with dire vengeance for patronizing public schools; bulldoze Congress into passing all sorts of un-American laws and appointing sworn subjects of Popery to high positions of national trust and authority, and at the end of that time the folds of the Papal anaconda will have so fixed and tightened themselves around the body and limbs of liberty that confession to Catholic Priests and prayers to Papal authority will be the only legislation Americans will have any use for.

February the 11th, President Harrison appointed a Roman Catholic of California as Judge of the United States Circuit Court, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Judge Sawyer.

A report was circulated that the President had some doubts about appointing a Roman Catholic to such an important place. But, it is stated, this objection was overcome after asking the opinion of every member of Congress from California—every one of whom was in favor of the appointment.

It is right here that the authority of the American people should come in—they are the parties who should be consulted by the Executive of the nation. But in this case the people's rights and wishes were ignored, and an act performed that demonstrates State and National servility to the Roman Catholic church.

The President courts Catholic church support, and every California Congressman at Washington knows that this Papal python can and would crush the political life out of him if he made the slightest objection to the selection.

Speaking of this appointment, the *San Francisco Chronicle* editorially says that it will meet the approbation of all who have had the opportunity to learn how well he is qualified to fill the position. It further says that while a United States judge is supposed to consider the law as he finds it, it is not at all unusual to meet with judges who come to the performance of their duties with strong bias. If such bias exists, it will, probably, not be unfavorable to Pacific Coast interests.

Just what is meant by a strong Catholic bias in favor of the Pacific Coast is not exactly clear. Hence, it may refer to some secret Papal plot to slaughter, or expel the Chinese from California, just as the Moors and Jews were expelled from Spain; or the inauguration of a sweeping Catholic Inquisition all along the Pacific Coast from Mexico to British Columbia, as a commencement of a final subjugation of the whole country to Papal rule.

We do not think of a better plan for erecting a National Vatican upon the ruins of a Republican government than the one of placing all the United States Courts in the hands of Roman Catholic judges.—*The Watchman*.

### Evolution in Religion.

MRS. J. L. YORK.

Through the changes which have transformed the religion of the past into the great number of beliefs of the present day—a lack of faith can be traced, and as time has rolled on and the breach grown wider, faith has entirely disappeared. The gulf which now intervenes between the unbelief of to-day and the Catholic Church of Luther's day has been bridged again and again; but the buttments lacking faith have failed to sustain the weight of the structures built thereon, and consequently many have left the tottering ruins and taken to the broad road of free-thought which is paved with reason. How can a mind imbued with reason accept the dogmas which are taught to-day ostensibly for the salvation of souls. How foolish seems that old doctrine, that the God that made the universe, and man should require blood for his redemption. The childishness of the infancy of the world perpetuated in the nineteenth century with science diffusing its light, broad cast over the world.

When will this nightmare of absurdities be laid aside, and education open the doors to scientific facts which shall teach humanity that law governs; and if they obey the laws of their being, blood will not be required for their redemption. The thought of the age is leading away from such hideous doctrines, and the glimmerings of reason which has dawned upon the minds of the vanguard of progression shows that the world has long laid in the darkness of superstition. The thought of the world has been what its environments have taught. The early minds were governed by surroundings, and the condition of the developing earth has been the influence governing, but as the earth becomes refined it brings more refined conditions to her children. And reason, that star in the East is guiding the shepherds away from the darkness to the uplands of eternal truth.

Dr. Bain of Aberdeen, says that in that city there are as hard-heads and as hard workers as in any other part of Great Britain, but that four hours steady mental labor are as much as is good for them. Cuvier was usually engaged for seven hours daily in his scientific researches, but they were not of a nature to require continuous thought. Walter Scott declared that he worked for three hours with pleasure, but beyond about four hours he worked with pain. Dr. Dally, of Paris, says that a man twenty years old cannot do intellectual work with profit beyond eight hours daily. Beyond this limit there will be fatigue, cerebral anæmia or congestion, disgust and impossibility to work. Generally it is necessary to limit the time to six hours or even less.

### Governing Children.

[From the *Phrenological Journal*.]

#### THE FIRST MORAL LESSON.

"In infancy, the brain being soft and warm, is easily impressed, and as it hardens, those impressions are retained."—*Fenelon*.

A wise writer says: "Patience is the first lesson to teach a young child; it should be taught to *wait*. Don't give a baby what it wants *while it cries*; calm it tenderly, and then promptly supply its wants, so that it will come to associate peace and quiet with its enjoyments."

Practically we can begin no farther back than infancy. Emerson would have the grandparents of the child undergo the preliminary education, and such astute observers as Schopenhauer warn us that the mysterious element of life he calls "the genius of the genus" has a certain will power before it has actually entered into what we call life. Men and women in whom the parental instinct is strong enough to subdue transient impulses for the benefit of their offspring, really can furnish an impetus in the right direction to the souls of their unborn children. But, wital, their power is limited by the law of inheritance, which has made them only agents for the transmission of certain fixed qualities. So our real and deliberate legislation begins with the day of birth.

But who thinks of it then? While the infant is like the tender petals of a rose, almost ethereal in its delicacy, grown people hold their breath in looking at it, fearful lest their utmost tenderness should not be gentle enough. They forget themselves; do not give an instant's thought to their own peace and comfort so long as the tiny mortal continues frail and helpless. And all the while that it is being made the prime object of consideration, that wonderful little brain is taking account of its surroundings and learning to occupy the place yielded to it, so that by the time guardians awaken to a sense of its identity, it has discovered that its cry is the powerful lever that moves the world.

Even we hardened citizens of the world know how forcible is a first impression. With us reason modifies and corrects it. But infants do not reason; they merely perceive things in immediate relations. The first effect that follows a cause they conjoin to it, and thereafter the two make an idea. If they cry vehemently and get instantly what they want, they learn to attract notice by screaming. No reproach can attach to such manifestly natural conduct. There are people who say that babies yell from "sheer natural depravity," but I cannot help saying that the depravity of the child is only the foolishness of the parent. Nervous parents, to whom an infant's shrill cry is like the prick of a pin, will make unreasonable exertions to soothe it into quiet. They will supply it with such counter excitements as jumping, walking the floor with it and attracting its attention by uncouth noises. This is something like the practice of savage "medicine men," who endeavor to cure their patients by beating iron pans.

Babies are naturally very differently constituted in this regard, but I have never seen a baby so placid but what it could be trained into habits of fretting by being constantly "fussed over" and waited upon. It is often observed that the children of decent poor people, who are left to themselves for long hours while their parents are at work, are docile and patient. They have learned to submit to the inevitable, to realize that there are other claims before which theirs must, for the time being, give way. And other things being equal, this is a primary good, for the time comes to all when duty lies not in action, but in patient waiting upon circumstances, and happy then is he who can wait with ease.

Our little ones ought to be the subjects of a care as vigilant as we can give, but it should be silent and watchful, not effu-

sive. The first impression a baby ought to receive is that of *peace*. Let him feel that he has entered a realm of order and serenity, where all claims receive attention to their turn. The youngest child is able to appreciate consistency. The second week he cries for exactly the same care he received during the first.

We must recollect that a certain amount of crying is necessary to young children. It helps them to bear discomfort, and is the natural outlet to their feelings. But babies can be trained to cry softly. They will never learn to be violent if they are treated with calm kindness. 'Those children only attempt to carry their point by noisy and violent demonstration who find, by long experience, that such measures are usually successful. A child even who has become accustomed to them will soon drop them if he finds, owing to a change in the system of management, and they will never succeed.'

It is not right to "try" the endurance of our little ones merely for the sake of experiment. Nothing is more reprehensible than the practice of teasing children. It does not make them less sensitive or more reasonable, and it does spoil their tempers completely. An old Eastern proverb says: "It is dangerous to jest with children." They take everything literally and think us deliberately unkind. The inevitable has lessons enough for them without our intervention, and all our training should tend toward strengthening their moral character without blunting their sensibilities. It is for their good, not that parents may be quiet and comfortable, that children should be trained in patience. It is the first step of that self-government they should begin to exercise as early as possible. They will not be the less bright or merry. Repression is no part of a true education, and all the fun and amusement they can get is perfectly compatible with self-control.

I have in mind at this moment a dear little boy, not a dozen years old, whose exceptionally fine mind is constantly hampered in its activity by his frail health. He has repeatedly been taken from school, and his ambitious efforts baulked, but his hopefulness never fails, and he is buoyant and light-hearted in all the enforced intervals of the work he loves, with a cheerful acquiescence in present deprivation and confidence in the future.

This power of waiting for the good momentarily denied is the basis of fine character. It is a sort of spiritual flexibility that, like finger flexibility, must be developed early in life. And its presence is most charming, then, because unexpected. What pleasure is imparted to a company by the entrance of a little one whose behavior is dictated by a well-balanced sense of the rights of other people and of his own. He is neither bashful nor forward. He accepts notice contentedly, and if it is delayed he can wait.

The only way of imbuing our children with feelings of consideration for others is by always treating them sympathetically. Enter into their feelings and divine the moment when good impulses are at work. As they grow older put it into their power to exercise the grace of concession. Few children will refuse if they are left to their own option. For there is a native sweetness about childhood that makes a certain serious gentle patience the quaint expression of their love for the elders who understand them and labor for their welfare.

FLORENCE HULL.

What is most wanting to arduous enterprises in the present day, is—time. We can scarcely command a few hours of undisturbed or effectual activity. We live in the midst of tempest or dead calms, condemned alternately to shipwreck or inaction. More rapid and controlling than ourselves, events carry away our ideas and intentions before they have passed into facts, and not infrequently before they have even ripened into action.—*Guizot*.



### Drifting Apart.

In many families one member, often the most intelligent and lovable, stands alone, separate from the others, as though an invisible wall of ice rose between him and them.

Usually, this division is caused, not by lack of love or good-will, but by some difference of manner or taste. In a word, they cannot keep step with the prevailing habit of thought of their companions.

"I knew before I married," said a young wife, "that Ben made his living by raising cattle. But I did not suppose that he took any special interest in them as cattle. When he talks every day of Alderneys and Holsteins, of marks and pedigrees, he bores me unspeakably, and I tell him so."

This lack of sympathy, and indifference to what makes an essential part of her husband's life—in other words, the failure to fall in step with her husband—will probably ensure to this wife and her husband an unhappy domestic future.

Young people are often unwilling to fall in step. It is not easy for them to perceive that they and the friend who differs from them can both be right. Besides, some minds are apt to feel that there is a certain distinction in belonging to the minority.

Either as wife, sister, husband or brother, if you would have a happy family life, remember two rules:

In matters of principle, stand like a rock.

In matters of taste, swim with the current.

---

### About Women.

In Norway every girl is taught to bake bread before she can marry.

A woman in Oregon has worked twenty years as a stone cutter.

The first woman to pass examination as a lawyer in Connecticut is Miss Mary Hall.

The latest organization for purifying Chicago is the Ladies' Anti-Spitting Association.

Annie Laurie Morgan has made a reputation as a painter of fruit and still life. Her pictures sell.

Fanny Edwards, a girl of fifteen, is preaching the gospel to Tennessee mountaineers. She is said to be both eloquent and attractive in appearance.

Count Tolstoi's daughter, Countess Marie Tolstoi, accompanies her father on his long excursions over the plains of Russia in order to visit the restaurants, which now number twenty-two in fifteen villages, and feed 1000 people daily.

Washington society has received a rebuke from the wife of Representative Johnson, of North Dakota, who has emphatically declined to take any part in any reception where punch or wine is served.

Mrs. De Voe's labors are attended with the most gratifying success. Churches are open to her Sundays as well as week days, and the most hearty co operation is given by both ministers and people.—*Union Signal*.

A girl of seventeen, it is said, has won the W. C. T. U. prize for the best essay on tobacco and its effects.

Kittie Wilkins of Idaho enjoys the distinction of being the only woman in the Union whose occupation is dealing in horses. She is young and an exceedingly pretty woman, with a profusion of real golden hair and delicate features. She is the queen of stock dealers both in judgment and management of horses.

---

Kind words cost no more than unkind ones. Kind words produce kind actions, not only on the part of those to whom they are addressed, but on the part of those by whom they are employed; and this not incidentally only, but habitually in virtue of the principle of association.—*Jeremy Bentham*.

### The Human Body.

You have 160 bones and five hundred muscles. Your blood weighs twenty-five pounds. Your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter. It beats seventy times a minute and four thousand times an hour, and one hundred thousand eight hundred times a day; and twenty-six million seven hundred and twenty-five thousand two hundred times a year.

At each breath a little over two ounces of blood are thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs contain a gallon of air, and you inhale twenty-five thousand gallons per day.

The average surface of the air cells of your lungs supposing them to be spread out, exceed twenty thousand square inches.

The weight of your brain is three pounds. In the average American man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed ten million in number. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varied from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch thickness. The area of your skin is about one thousand and seven hundred square inches, and you are subjected to an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains three thousand sweating tubes or respiratory pores; each of which may be likened to a little drain tile one-fourth of an inch long, making the aggregate length of the entire surface of the body two hundred and one thousand and three hundred and sixty-five feet, or a little ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

---

### The Fourth Temperment.

A Boston woman remarked the other day, says the *Boston Courier*, in a conversation which turned upon the peculiarities of an acquaintance;

"Well, you see, the trouble with Eunice is that she's got the fourth temperment."

"I have heard," one of her hearers remarked, "of the fourth dimension, but never heard of the fourth temperment. What is it?"

"I was instructed by a wise woman," was the smiling reply, "that there are four temperments: The nervous, the physical, the pious and the worrying. Now Eunice undoubtedly has the worrying, and that explains why it is so hard to live with her. She is a most excellent woman, but we wouldn't one of us be hired to live with her."

"We respect her, of course," another observed, "but when it comes to living with her—well, all I can say is, that I'd rather take my chances with the cannibals than with her. She worries me to death; she fusses about anything and about nothing with equal readiness. You are right; she has the fourth temperment."

---

In which country do the criminal classes bear the highest proportion to the population? Italy appears to hold this unenviable position. From statistics recently published in that country, it would appear that murders are committed in Italy three times oftener than in Austria, four times oftener than in Prussia, five times oftener than in Sweden, fourteen times oftener than in Denmark, and sixteen times oftener than in Britain. Crime has also unfortunately been increasing instead of decreasing in Italy of late years. Of the foreign countries which stand favorably in a comparison of the criminal classes with the population may be mentioned—Russia, where they number 13 in each 10,000; Portugal, 16 per 10,000; Norway, 15 per 10,000; while Sweden appears to be a very law-abiding country, the persons convicted in 1885 being only four per 10,000 of the population.

---

As the deepest hate may spring from the most violent love, so the greatest ingratitude may arise from the largest benefits. It is said that Cicero was slain by one whom his oratory had defended when he was accused of his father's murder.—*J. Beaumont*.

# THE CARRIER DOVE

DEVOTED TO

## Spiritualism and Reform.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT

121 Eighth Street, San Francisco, Cal.,

—BY THE—

CARRIER DOVE PRINTING and PUBLISHING COMPANY

---

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


---

Board of Directors:

M. B. DODGE, PRESIDENT; MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, VICE-PRESIDENT; MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, SECRETARY; J. B. CHASE, C. H. WADSWORTH, TRUSTEES.

---

 DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER, . . . . . BUSINESS MANAGER

---

 MRS. J. SCHLESINGER . . . . . EDITOR

---

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

---

 SAN FRANCISCO, - - - JUNE, 1892.

### Free Spiritualism.

We hear a great deal said and sung about "Free Salvation," but seldom hear of *free Spiritualism*. From the time the investigator first begins his researches, he finds the demand for money paramount to all else. He cannot obtain admission to our lecture halls to learn the philosophy of Spiritualism without paying the customary fee at the door. He cannot attend private seances without paying from twenty-five cents to a dollar, according to the kind of seances, materialization costing more than other phenomena is usually one dollar a head. When visiting mediums privately for personal sittings, the fee is from one to five dollars, according to the reputation of the medium. If he wishes to read our literature, that must also be paid for, our periodicals costing from five to fifty cents apiece. Free Spiritualism is an "unknown quantity." Why is this? Why should not our halls be free the same as the churches? Why should not unbelievers receive the gospel of Spiritualism "without money and without price" as well as the gospel of Jesus?

There is a problem we have been trying to solve for a long time, and have been able to do so satisfactorily. As long as mediums are poor, they must have pay for their services if they devote their time to the work. Speakers must be supported, and societies, as a rule, find it difficult to pay them sufficient salaries, even with the regulation door fee, to maintain their families. Our spiritual journals, with perhaps one exception, find it a struggle to exist, and many valuable publications have "gone to the wall" for lack of financial aid.

From the foregoing statement the reader would naturally infer that Spiritualists must be a poor, shiftless set of people, void of ambition or zeal in good works, or earnestness in spreading the light which has been revealed to them from spirit spheres. There are, no doubt, many poor struggling Spiritualists who find it difficult to obtain even a meager existence in this world of competition, push and pull; yet, taking them as a whole, their financial status compares favorably with that of any other class of people of like numbers.

There are many millionaire Spiritualists, contradictory as the terms may seem. We know of a number such in the city of San Francisco, and doubtless the same is true elsewhere. The large majority at all events are of the well-to-do middle-class. Why then does the cause languish and the workers grow weary and faint-hearted? Why is not Spiritualism free? Who can answer? In the churches we hear much said about "devotion and consecration" to the work of spreading the gospel. Zealous Christians give freely and unstintingly of their

means to the work of saving souls. Large and costly church edifices are erected in every city and hamlet. Large sums are annually expended in the publication of free literature. Bibles, tracts, sermons, etc., are distributed gratuitously, that even the poor may learn of Christ and His gospel, and all unite in the grand chorus:

"I'm glad Salvation's free;  
Salvation's free for you and me,  
I'm glad Salvation's free."

Oh, how beautiful it would sound if we, as Spiritualists, could sing:

I am glad that Truth is free;  
Oh, Truth is free for you and me,  
I am glad the Truth is free.

Then, too, how pleasant it would be to have our own public halls or temples where we could congregate at all times as occasion might demand, and hold our spiritual services free from the opposing and conflicting influences that obtain in our present places of meeting, which are often small halls with saloons below, where the sound of drunken revelry is heard at all times. Such influences are not conducive to inspiration of a very high order, and the only wonder is that our mediums and speakers do not fall utterly when brought into such conditions to do public work.

It is perhaps useless to waste printer's ink upon this subject as long as the present divisions and antagonisms exist in our ranks. Until selfish ends and aims are given up and all unitedly work for the general good, no material advancement can be made. If Spiritualists do not awake to the importance of effective organization and united effort soon, we predict that eventually the more intelligent portion will find more congenial and harmonious influences elsewhere, and cease to be identified with the work, whilst the remainder will become so hopelessly mixed and entangled with the charlatanism and humbuggery that passes current with some as genuine mediumship, that they will cease to command the attention or respect of thinking people anywhere. Take our daily papers and read the advertisements under the head of "Spiritualism." The longer the advertisement, the greater the fraud as a usual thing; for genuine mediums as a rule cannot afford long display notices. A two or three-line "ad" taxes the pocket-book of most of them to its depths. In Spiritualism as in other matters, it generally happens that those who boast most and make greatest pretensions with the least to substantiate them, find the most willing dupes and patrons, while modest merit goes begging and unrecognized. Self-praise and laudation are the chief stock in trade of some Spiritualists who seek to win patronage from those who judge by appearances only. *The Banner of Light* of May 7th contains a leading editorial on this subject which we commend to the perusal of our readers as it "points a moral," and may "adorn a tale" later on that Spiritualists should reflect upon.

---

### Fowzer.

If you want a photograph  
That will make you sing and laugh  
It will be so good and true—  
A perfect likeness of you—  
That will give your kind friends delight  
When they view the pleasing sight  
Of the dear, beloved face  
Lighted with a tender grace  
And a pleasant, happy smile—  
Free from every trace of guile—  
Go to "Fowzer," 337 Hayes street,  
Branch, 1227 Market street.

### Spiritualism in Los Angeles.

The first spiritual meeting we attended in Los Angeles was on Sunday, March 20th, at 208 Main street. A conference and medium's meeting under the auspices of the Secular Spiritual Society, Dr. Wilcox presiding officer. The attendance was not large, but a spirit of harmony and good-will prevailed. On this occasion tests were given by Dr. Schlesinger, Mrs. Weeks-Wright, Dr. J. M. Temple and Prof. Allen, who improvised poems from subjects given by the audience. In the evening Dr. Bowman lectured upon "The New Era of Education." The lecture was replete with valuable suggestions, advance thoughts, apt illustrations and just criticisms of the present methods of education. The speaker insisted that all reforms must be radical—must go to the root of the evil and deal with causes rather than effects. The Los Angeles Spiritualists are highly favored in having among them such a talented speaker and should give him their cordial sympathy and support. The one lack among Spiritualists, especially on this Coast, is not having intelligent, able exponents of the philosophy. The few who can present the phenomena in an acceptable manner are usually deficient in oratorical ability and make poor representatives on the rostrum. Mr. Bowman is a man of high, intellectual attainments, and deep insight into spiritual things; and consequently an able teacher and representative Spiritualist.

We were pleased to meet our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler of Oakland, and Dr. J. M. Temple and wife of this city, who were all doing good missionary work in the "city of angels" where superstition holds sway to a greater extent than in any other place of its size west of the Rocky Mountains. The old "Mission Fathers," whose material labors still exist in the old adobe churches, laid broad and deep the foundations of the present spirit of religious bigotry and superstition which pervades the very atmosphere of Los Angeles to such an extent that it is keenly felt and perceived by sensitive, mediumistic persons, and interferes to a considerable extent with the success of mediums and spiritual workers.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. York also came up from San Diego where he had been lecturing to grand audiences, and commenced a series of lectures in the Los Angeles Theatre. His audiences were good and the lectures appreciated and enjoyed by all who heard them. Dr. York is doing an immense work, opening the eyes of the people to the errors of past teachings, and preparing their minds for the reception of new ideas and the truths of Spiritualism. The ground must always be ploughed before the grain can be sown, and that is the task the spirit world has assigned to Dr. York. Spiritualists should aid and encourage such workers as he, for they have the heaviest task and most wearisome burden of all who are engaged in breaking the old barriers and clearing the way for the coming of Truth's messengers.

During our brief stay in Los Angeles we met many old friends, and should have been delighted if it had been possible to have met them all socially; but the illness of our darling little boy and other circumstances prevented. Among those we had formerly known was Mrs. R. C. Glover, who has again resumed her work as a public medium after a few years of rest and retirement from active labor in that line. Mr. and Mrs. Mozart who are well known in this city were also among those whom we had known in days gone by; and Dr. Schlesinger and the writer in company with Mrs. Weeks-Wright and Mr. Wright spent a very pleasant evening at their hospitable home. Mr. Mozart and wife have retired from spiritualistic work and are doing a thriving millinery business.

An unfortunate condition we observed in that city as elsewhere was the divisions existing among Spiritualists. Three meetings were held each Sunday when there should have been

but one. All united and working in harmony would soon be a power that would be felt and recognized by the press and people of that city, whereas in the existing order of things they are almost an unknown quantity, and their influence upon the community limited. We hope the time will speedily come when Spiritualists everywhere will combine their forces and all work together, and such grand results would follow as are little dreamed of by those who oppose the movement. Angels speed the day.

### Psychometric Readings of a Photograph.

During the writer's recent visit to Los Angeles, a photograph of a lady was given her who had recently passed to spirit life under very mysterious circumstances, and the request was made to have it given to some good medium in this city and see what the spirit friends would say concerning it.

The first medium to whom the picture was given was Mrs. M. J. Hendee, the well-known and reliable psychometrist and test medium. Upon taking the photo in her hands the medium said, "I sense a feeling of loneliness and sadness as though I was living alone and isolated from kindred and friends." Then she said, "This person was annoyed and tormented by some person living near her, and it was a man with whom she had had some dealings. She is now in spirit life, and there is a mystery connected with her death. I see water—not a body of water—but water near her home. Now I see the form of the woman. She is greatly disfigured and bloated as though she had been poisoned, but that was not the manner of her death; she was murdered—she was thrown into a well." The medium then commenced to weep and seemed so greatly agitated she could see nothing more.

This reading was given in the presence of three persons, and without any previous knowledge on the part of Mrs. Hendee concerning the picture—whose photo it was or anything pertaining to it.

The next medium to whom it was given was John Slater, the celebrated platform test medium. Taking the picture in his hand he said, "This person is in spirit life, and there is a mystery attached to her death that has got to be unravelled. I sense a crazy influence. This person was tormented by some man until she was worried nearly to death. She was pushed into water and drowned by this same man, and he is still living and has the crime in his conscience. She is not yet in a condition in spirit life to be able to give the details of her going out, but she never committed suicide. She was murdered."

We next gave the picture to Mrs. Waite, who has recently developed grand mediumistic powers, but who had never attempted to give readings from photographs or other articles. However, she said she would see if anything could be given, and taking the picture in her hand for a moment she said: "This person is in the spirit world. She was murdered by a man who is still living. I see water, and think she was drowned."

Dr. Schlesinger also gave a brief reading; when the portrait was first given him. He said, "This person was assassinated—strangled—and I hear her pleading for 'mercy, mercy!'" He refused to take on the condition that came from the spirit, and so gave nothing more except the name of the deceased which he gave correctly, and also the place where she died.

Such testimony as the above would be of no avail in a legal way; and yet to those who are familiar with the circumstances, they are proof-positive of the manner in which the unfortunate lady came to her untimely end.

The long-haired men who are of the sanctified faith must admit that personal cleanliness makes better men than perfect holiness.  
—*New Orleans Picayune.*

## Dove Notes.

The July number of the CARRIER DOVE will be exceedingly interesting. It will contain the portrait and biographical sketch of the celebrated psychometrist, Dr. A. B. Severance, of Milwaukee, Wis., also a most valuable essay through the mediumship of "Raymonde" upon the care and treatment of idiots and insane people in spirit life. This article should be read by Spiritualists everywhere, and all should do their best to circulate that special number.

The editor of the CARRIER DOVE arrived home from her Southern trip on Saturday afternoon, April 23d. Dr. Schlesinger, after an absence of fourteen months, has returned to San Francisco. Since he left home he has traveled near ten thousand miles, given more than a thousand sittings, made many hundreds of converts to Spiritualism, and saved large numbers of men from the tobacco and liquor habit. Financially and in every sense his trip has been a grand success. He has been favorably received everywhere, has been accorded flattering testimonials from the daily press in all the cities where he has traveled, and won to our cause many leading citizens occupying high positions of honor and trust. It has been a triumphal march of one of the best mediums on earth to-day. N. F. R.

It is a grand thing for a public speaker to know when he gets through and then stop! Long sermons and long prayers are a bore. Ministers make a great mistake when they talk forever, even about eternity. Spiritual lecturers, of course, are never guilty of that fault. Who ever heard of one who did not know enough to stop when he got through?

If it is a fact that man lives forever, in conscious, personal identity, and that immortality is his inalienable birth-right, it is the most stupendous fact that ever engaged the attention of an intelligent mind. Compared with it all other facts dwindle into insignificance. Spiritualism furnishes the demonstrative evidence of this fact; hence it is greater than all religions, all sciences and all philosophies that are powerless to produce that evidence.

The *Stockton Mail* gave over a column report of Dr. Ravlin's last lecture in that city entitled, "Spiritualism or Naturalism in harmony with Reason and Science." The *Mail* is a live, wide awake paper, and much more independent than most daily journals.

Fowzer's photograph parlors are the places to go for good pictures—337 Hayes street and 1227 Market street.

The *Cosmopolitan* begins its thirteenth volume with the May issue, under the joint editorship of Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Walker with a table of contents which will attract attention.

The *Better Way* published in Cincinnati has changed its editorial management. Mr. Melchers, who has so ably edited it for the past three years has retired, and his place will be filled hereafter by Hon. Sidney Dean. Mr. Dean was a Christian minister for forty years, and only came into a knowledge of Spiritualism late in life. He is now seventy-three years of age, but still vigorous and keen intellectually. We wish *The Better Way* the success it so eminently deserves.

We have received from The Veteran Spiritualists' Union of Boston, a fine large engraving containing the portraits of its fourteen officers and a statement of its object and By-Laws. It is handsomely done and suitable for framing, when it will make a fine addition to every Spiritualist's home. For sale by W. H. Banks, Greenleaf street, Malden, Mass.

Many of the marriages of the present time are graves wherein are buried love, faith, hope, trust, liberty and happiness; the marriage service read by the priest being their funeral obsequies.

Physical existence depends upon obedience to natural laws governing such existence, and the degree of enjoyment or pleasure such existence imparts, depends upon the intelligence and fidelity with which such laws are obeyed.

True marriage, the harmonious union and perfect adaptability, physically, intellectually and spiritually, is the divinest of all human relationships and the most conducive of perfect health and happiness.

The Easter edition of *Southern Sunbeams* is a superb one, and the boys and girls all over the country will certainly be delighted and appreciate the efforts of the publishers in making such an interesting and instructive magazine for the young folks.

Emma Hardinge Britten who recently retired from the editorship of *The Two Worlds* has commenced the publication of a monthly magazine entitled, *The Unseen Universe*. It is "devoted to Spiritism, Occultism, Ancient Magic, Modern Mediumship, and every subject that pertains to the Whence, What and Whitherward of Humanity." A star, with the motto, "God Understands," adorns the title page.

The *Freethinkers' Magazine* for May contains fine portraits of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll and his grandchild. It is an interesting number.

We are in receipt of a very interesting letter from our absent sister-worker in the Spiritualistic vineyard, Mrs. Melissa Miller, who is well known to a large circle of friends in this city. Mrs. Miller is visiting a dear sister in Utica, Ill., from which place she will soon journey homeward. Many hands of fraternal welcome will be extended in greeting to the wanderer on her return.

The *London Freethinker* of March 20, 1892, has the following: "The CARRIER DOVE continues the exposure of Mme. Blavatsky in connection with 'Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion,' by Wm. Emmette Coleman. Those who wish to be fully acquainted with the career of the eminent adventuress must not miss these articles."

"He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city." When one gets angry and flies into a passion at every little annoyance, it evidences not only a lack of self-control, but a want of spiritual unfoldment as well. It is the part of wisdom to be "slow to wrath," while "anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

Mrs. Logan's Circle of Harmony celebrated the 44th anniversary of Modern Spiritualism by services appropriate to the occasion. The hall was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens. Short addresses were made by Prof. Tatum, Rev. Henshall, Walter Hyde, Mr. Day, Dr. Smith, Mrs. Dr. Patterson, Mrs. Dr. May, Mrs. Logan and others. "Progression and the Press" was the subject of Mrs. Dr. May's address. The topic was eloquently handled. Altogether it was a very enjoyable occasion.

At Dr. Ravlin's conference meeting, Sunday afternoon, May 1st, a wonderful power of spirit influence seemed to rest upon both mediums and audience. It was an occasion long to be remembered. Mrs. Waite, Mrs. Sloper and Dr. Schlesinger gave tests. They were clear cut and to the point, and carried deep conviction to the audience. Mrs. Waite surpassed herself, while wonderful tests were given through Dr. Schlesinger and Mrs. Sloper; Mrs. Hendee, Mr. Slater and Dr. Ravlin delivered short addresses, interspersed by excellent congregational singing, led by Mrs. Rutter.

As there is no happiness or harmony when the physical body is out of tune, or diseased, so in the marriage relation must physical adaptability be perfect or discord and disease follow.

At the annual meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists held in Washington Hall, Sunday, April 17th, 1892, the following named persons were elected as a Board of Directors for the ensuing year: M. B. Dodge, C. H. Wadsworth, M. R. Roberts, J. B. Chase, Joseph H. Moore, Wm. H. Baxter, Wm. Yeaw, Julia Schlesinger, S. B. Whitehead. The following officers of the new board were elected: M. B. Dodge, President; Julia Schlesinger, 1st Vice-President; Wm. Yeaw, 2d Vice-President; C. H. Wadsworth, Treasurer and Agent; S. B. Whitehead, Secretary and Librarian.

The churches generally held Easter services on Sunday, the 17th of April, in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ. But how little they understand the significance of that event, and how wide from the truth the deductions made from a misconception of the whole subject of the resurrection of the dead. The physical body of Jesus never was raised from the dead, but was dematerialized; and whenever he appeared after his crucifixion, it was in a materialized form. So there will never be any physical resurrection of the dead. When we are through with these mortal bodies, we lay them aside forever.

The May number of *The Arena* closes the fifth volume of that very excellent review. The editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, is certainly to be congratulated upon the success which has attended the publication of his fearless, out-spoken, "free lance" journal. *The Arena* came upon the field of journalism at a most opportune moment. The old established reviews were too conservative for the rapidly advancing, progressive thought of the age; and a demand for a channel through which the new could combat the old was generally felt. Mr. Flower intuitively divined this need and prepared an *Arena* in which the intellectual gladiators of the present time could meet in fair, equal combat and battle with that most powerful of all weapons—the pen—for their cherished opinions and logical convictions of truth on all matters pertaining to human welfare, the advancement and education of the race. That *The Arena* to-day stands at the head and leads the list of great American monthlies is sufficient evidence of the wisdom and foresight of its editor and founder.

We publish elsewhere an article from the *Los Angeles Times* entitled, "The Press and the Preachers," which contains some important points for the consideration of clergymen. While the *Times* expatiates at length upon the value of the press in showing up the weaknesses and follies of mankind, and bringing criminals to punishment, it does not mention the evil wrought in the lives and habits of boys and young men who read the lengthy reports of brutal prize fights, giving most revolting details of such barbaric exhibitions, and thus familiarizing their young minds with a vice that often results in actual crime, when one of the participants dies from the effects of his pounding, as was the case in this city not many months ago. Newspapers are the result of a public demand, and their quality and tone are largely determined by their readers. This is as true of spiritualistic journals as it is of the secular press. It has been fully demonstrated in the experience of every editor of a spiritual paper. No matter how many years of patient study and careful investigation have been devoted to the phenomena of Spiritualism through various mediums, and truth and error analyzed and sifted until a fair fund of information has been obtained, and the editor well informed regarding what is true and what is false in the presentation of such phenomena, if his facts conflict with the pre-conceived notions of the readers of his paper, he will soon learn that "silence is golden" if he values their patronage or support.

Sensationalism is in as great demand by the majority of Spiritualists as by any other class of people, and glowing accounts of remarkable phenomena are read with delight, even if the whole story is bare-faced charlatanism.

Some men have a peculiar way of showing how much love they have for their wives. They abuse them in every conceivable way, and finally kill them in a fit of jealous rage, all because they love them so dearly. And then wonder that their wives should ever have thought them other than angels.

Dr. Schlesinger gave some very fine public tests at Washington Hall on May 15th, both in the afternoon and evening. In every instance the persons to whom tests were given were perfect strangers to the doctor and also skeptics. The full name of each one was given, also names of departed friends, with messages. This is a new phase of the doctor's wonderful mediumship.

On Sunday evening, May 15th, the Society of Progressive Spiritualists ordained Mrs. Sloper as a Minister of the Gospel of Spiritualism. The ceremony was performed by Dr. N. F. Ravlin, and was beautiful and impressive. Mrs. Sloper made a very appropriate and feeling reply, and modestly assumed the duties and responsibilities involved in her new calling. She seemed deeply imbued with the sense of her new obligations, and declared that with the help and guidance of the angels she would go out as a teacher and a medium seeking to do good, carry comfort and peace, and the glad tidings of immortality to those who knew them not. At the close of the services Mrs. Sloper received the congratulations and best wishes of a large number of friends.

The shameless performance at the Mechanics' Pavilion Sunday night, April 17th, by the Steens, had a fit ending. It was an outrageous sell, designed to burlesque Spiritualism. It was an attempt to obtain money under false pretences and secure a crowd by advertising a lie. The crowd was obtained, but when they saw that they were duped, that it was Steen's meeting, and not what was advertised at all, disorder and confusion reigned. The ticket office was looted by a self-appointed committee of indignant people, the money all taken, and finally the meeting broke up unceremoniously, and Mr. Steen was out of pocket about \$500. The sowing and the reaping were more closely conjoined than is usual in the experience of evil-doers. Of course the San Francisco daily papers made it appear as favorable as possible for Steen, and as bad as possible for the Spiritualists, although they well knew there was not a Spiritual society in this city or in Oakland that had anything to do with it, and that no recognized medium was advertised to appear on that occasion. Disclaimers from societies and mediums had been published in the papers to the end that neither unwary Spiritualists nor the general public should be deceived by the false advertisements. The meeting was in no sense a gathering of Spiritualists. They stood clear of it, disclaimed all responsibility for it, and yet, the papers would throw the odium of the whole thing upon Spiritualism. It is an infamous outrage on the level-headed, reputable Spiritualists of this city and Oakland, and the daily press puts itself on a level with the projector of the disgraceful Pavilion Show, in its treatment of the subject.

The *Commonwealth* Company of New York are about to publish a volume from the translucent pen of Helen Gardener, entitled, "Pushed by Unseen Hands." With her other works it is to be translated into German. We predict for the new book an immense sale. Helen Gardener is an advanced thinker, and the secret of her power is that she comes in touch with the "soul of things," and plays upon those subtle cords that find a responsive echo in human hearts. Humanity, in its struggles for "universal mental liberty," hails this author as a Harbinger of the New Dispensation, and her pen will be mightier than the sword in solving the momentous problems that agitate the nations at the present time.

## Correspondence.

### The Anniversary in San Jose.

DEAR CARRIER DOVE:—The Spiritualist Union of this place celebrated the 44th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Sunday afternoon and evening, of the 27th, at Champion Hall their regular place of meeting.

The annual election of officers was the first on the program and resulted as follows: President, E. S. Gaillard; Vice-President, J. F. Unglish; Secretary, Wm. Vinter; Treasurer, Wm. Mackmeekin; Trustees, T. G. Jefferds and Thomas Stone. The exercises were then opened with a recitation by Glen Young. Ada Unglish sang "A Handfull of Grass." Ollie Erost recited "Mamma's Darling." A vocal duet was well rendered by Jennie and Charlie Murray, entitled, "The Wind Softly Sighs." Edith Shell gave a recitation, entitled, "A Reverie in Church." "Kissing Papa Through the Telephone" was prettily sung by the little Fitzgerald girls. "I Would not Chew Tobacco" was recited by Willie Ballard and "He Never Told A Lie" by Addie Stone. Recitations by Mamie Taffe, Lena Holtum and Sadie Shell were followed by a speech entitled, "Our Flag," by Charlie Murray which were all well received.

The conductor of Lyceum, Mrs. Celia Unglish, then announced that as the childrens' exercises were over, she would vacate the chair and give place to the President of the Society who would preside the remaining time. F. E. Gaillard was then introduced, and in a few well chosen words thanked the Society for the honor conferred on him by electing him as presiding officer for the coming year.

W. J. Robinson, of Nevada, gave an interesting and masterly address on Spiritualism. Mrs. H. L. Bigelow, Secretary of the Lyceum, gave a recitation entitled, "The Coming Man" which was well appreciated. Interesting remarks were made by Mrs. Emma Young, E. Frost and others. Substantial refreshments were served between five and six. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers, a small oil painting at the back of the rostrum, representing the little house at Hydesville where the raps were first heard by the Fox girls 44 years ago was encircled with vines and flowers. The hall was well filled at an early hour. The evening exercises were opened by music by McMeekir's Band.

William Vinter, the Past President, reviewed at some length the history of Modern Spiritualism. Ollie Frost, the youngest one of the Lyceum children, made a pretty little speech, and was recalled when she sang in perfect time to her mother's accompaniment on the piano, "Bring Back My Kitten to Me." The audience then sang the "Golden Shore." Mrs. Sarah Seal, the eloquent speaker who has been with the Society for the entire year, said she thought this the most delightful anniversary she had ever helped to celebrate. Mrs. H. L. Bigelow read a few extracts and then recited a poem (written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox) entitled, "The Beyond" which was well received. Mrs. M. E. Stone, an excellent Test Medium and Psychometrist, made a short speech, as did also the newly elected President and Vice-President. Miss Ollie Burns read a poem written under spirit dictation. Dr. Bently made a few remarks. The new President announced the meeting of the Childrens' Lyceum every Sunday at 10:30 o'clock. Adult class at 12, and evening meeting at half past seven; and after another piece of music by Band, the benediction was given by sister Seal and meeting dismissed.

Yours Fraternally, H. L. BIGELOW.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution,—Johnson.

### New York Letter.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—The exercises celebrating the 44th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism by the various Societies in and around New York City, notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather, passed off with more than usual eclat which goes to prove that the world still moves. Myself, daughter, and some of our musical pupils took part in two of these entertainments. One in the afternoon with the first society of Spiritualists in New York, the other in the evening in Brooklyn. Upon the New York program were such names as Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Milton Rathburn, Mrs. M. E. Williams, Miss Maggie Gaule, Mr. Lucius O. Robertson, Mr. Walter Howell, Madame C. Bilardeaux, vocalist, and Mr. Henry S. Newton, President. Each person acquitted themselves with much credit. Miss Maggie Gaule, of Baltimore, gave some of her marvelous tests, many of which made people catch their breaths. The rapidity with which these tests are given render them still more mysterious and confounding to the uninitiated. Mrs. Richmond's inspirational remarks and pithy hints at the short-comings of the Spiritualistic fra'ternity in not providing proper edifices for the instruction of the masses in the new revelation was most heartily endorsed by the large audience present. As there were several short-hand reporters present, I presume you will have an extended report of the proceedings in due season. If you should not, I will send you details later which I am sure will be very interesting.

I enclose a clipping from the New York weekly *Herald* on "The Power of Music" which has attracted some attention, and might perhaps be interesting to your many readers. Many thanks for the DOVES so kindly sent. With best wishes I am,

Very sincerely yours, J. J. WATSON.

### Spiritualism in Colorado.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—Away up here in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, nestling in a beautiful valley folded close to the bosom of the grand old Aspen Mountains lies this little town of Aspen. A lively brisk little mining camp filled with an enterprising community that cannot fail to strike the new comer with wonder; every man busy with the responsibility of life; every woman ambitious beyond compare; her whole being seems permeated with the magnetic and electric in the atmosphere and surrounding influences.

It was with a very heavy heart that I said good-bye to dear old Frisco on the 9th of February, to do battles and give comfort in the cause of Spiritualism. My first experience on entering Aspen on the morning of the 12th was a sleigh-ride at 3 o'clock A. M. The bright starry night, the clear, crisp, frosty air, the novelty of the whole ride somewhat revived my despondent spirits; and by the time I reached my sister's home I felt less homesick. My sister's warm welcome seemed contagious, for in less than a week I was received with open arms by a host of charming people. I was urged by many persons to start a society, my own guides sanctioning the same; hoping by such a step to bring among us some of the mediums from the Coast. The weather and other interferences postponed from time to time the culmination of this plan until the 1st of May found us in the Court Room of this city organizing a Progressive Spiritual Society. Capt. Sanborn, Mr. Freeman, Mr. J. M. McMichael and your humble servant assuming the immediate responsibilities of the society. We have the assurance, financial and otherwise—of all needed assistance.

There are a great many Spiritualists in Aspen; many earnest, honest investigators, and there is a good field for just such mediums here as Mrs. Waite, Mrs. Hendee, Mrs. Sloper, John

Slater and many others that I can personally recommend to the people. And we hope soon to be able as a society to offer more substantial inducements to them—to pay us a visit. There is no reason why an enterprising medium should refrain from visiting us, as they would be made welcome, and I guarantee liberal patronage and a kindly welcome to all such. I believe I am the only public test medium in the town, and I will gladly divide the honors with any visiting medium. Oh, how I do wish our people here could hear Mr. Ravlin's soul-stirring lectures. But I live in the hope of introducing him soon to an audience of Aspen people whose warm-hearted welcome will make him glad an hundred fold that he espoused our grand army of reformers.

I may return this summer to California, for in its beautiful clime I want to live and die; still the memory of my visit here will be ever green as its foliage on the mountains, and I feel sure I shall be remembered as the medium whose guides brought comfort to many sorrowing hearts. With love to all friends in dear old Frisco, I am your little friend, MIDGET.

---

### Good Words.

BIG SPRINGS, TEX., March 13th, 1892.

DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER, ESTEEMED FRIEND:—Myself and wife are very much interested in the "sittings" we had with you. I think we have been *morally* benefited and will wait patiently and anxiously for your early return. Be sure and come as soon as possible. A great many people are interested in Spiritualism in this city, and I think you can do much good in proving to them your wonderful power concerning the dead. I will be so glad to talk to my loving mother, kind father and dear brothers and sisters who are now on the other side of the river waiting and watching for me to come. I believe Spiritualism will develop many good things yet. I intend to put my whole soul into it and do as you instructed me, Let me hear from you and may God bless you is my sincere wish.

Very respectfully,      Geo. W. H.

---

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—I send you herewith inclosed \$1.25 which please credit on my subscription to the CARRIER DOVE, and accept my thanks for your kindness in continuing to send me the DOVE at a time when I was unable to pay for it. The truly progressive, elevating and ennobling sentiments that it invariably contains have been very interesting and instructive to me during the secluded life that I have been living. I also send you inclosed herewith a small sample of ore from a vein that I have struck in my tunnel 200 feet under ground. I have been several years running this tunnel, blasting all of the way through hard-bed rock. The vein that I have struck is quite a large and fine looking vein of copper ore carrying some gold and silver, but this is not in my opinion the best part of the mine, which is still undeveloped. I thought you would like to have a sample of the ore, and sometime at one of the CARRIER DOVE seances, hand it to a good psychometric medium, and I imagine you would thereby obtain quite an interesting reading. I hope that you will be blessed with good health and be well sustained in the good work that you are doing by good spirits, both disembodied and mortal. Give my best respects to your husband. I wish I could have another sitting with him. It has just occurred to me that I ought to be on record in the Spiritualists' Directory of the CARRIER DOVE. I certainly do not fear to own that I am an untrameled, free thinking, Progressive Spiritualist, who glories in the natural, truthful and beautiful philosophy that deprives death of its terrors and the grave of its victory. Let me be know as H. C. McClure, miner, Copper City, Shasta Co., Cal.

### San Diego Letter.

SAN DIEGO, March 16th, 1892.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—Dr. Schlesinger is here making a tremendous rattling among the dry bones. He has given many very startling tests giving evidence of continued life. He seems very much interested in Dr. York's lectures, and astonished at the immense audiences he draws. He is often at our room. I was never acquainted with him before, but his mediumship overtops anything I have ever met with. There is no dark seance clap-trap but plain unfurnished facts. Times are very hard here just now owing to the general depression and the recent bank failures. Dr. York has given nine lectures here and is to give two more, the last in connection with a picnic. I enclose an article on Evolution in Religion if you think it suitable for the DOVE.

Yours for truth,      MRS. J. L. YORK.

LEADVILLE, COLORADO, April 7th, 1892.

DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER:—I note through the medium of April's CARRIER DOVE that you are "homeward bound," after more than a year's absence. What varied, personal experiences incidental to contact with all classes of humanity, must have characterized your trip. And the great good you have done is making people think for themselves in matters pertaining to the conditions in the next life. All hail to you old friend, for bearing those convincing and glad tidings to many poor souls who were groping in darkness. Personally speaking though, I (and lots of your other friends) was disappointed that you did not again re-visit Leadville on your return as you said you would endeavor to do; but of course our actions are controlled oftentimes by conditions we "wot not of." Noting your presence in Texas so often, I presume you were not with "Moses" in Louisville, Memphis, New Orleans, etc. I do so wish I could get away for a season on a visit to San Francisco to enjoy listening to the lectures of Drs. Ravlin and Dean Clark, and also social chats with you and your good wife, not forgetting communion through your glorious instrumentality with my loved ones in the "Summer Land." But I must close as I presume your mail will now be so largely augmented that short letters will be in order. Now if you have not forgotten your friend "R.," and can find a little time to write, I would much appreciate a letter from you. With best wishes for you and yours, I remain,

Your friend,      W. E. R.

---

### Arkansas Letter.

TEXARKANA, ARK., May 6th, 1892.

DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER:—Yours of the 28th of April to hand and contents duly noted, I was glad to hear from you, and hope to see you again before long. I hope the time will soon come when I will be competent to take the rostrum in behalf of Spiritualism. I want to work the rest of my life on this earth trying to convince my fellow man that immortality does exist beyond the grave. Doctor, you said while you were here, that in less than two years that I would be out lecturing for the great cause which you advocated. I hope your prediction will come soon. Please let me hear from you often. You made many friends here.

Yours respectfully,      C. E. D.

---

### The Elsmere Kindergarten Tea.

The Tea for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, under the auspices of the Ladies' Elsmere Club, held at the residence of Mrs. Edward Hohfeld, 2646 Howard street, on the afternoon and evening of April 23d, was a grand success financially and artistically. Beautiful decorations adorned the hallways and parlors which were densely thronged, particularly in the evening. A first-class program, musical and literary, was presented both afternoon and evening, the latter consisting of seventeen choice numbers. In the evening, a handsome painting by Mrs. Rogers, and a lovely vase was disposed of for the benefit of the school, and a tidy sum was realized from the sale of refreshments.

STERLING, ILL., May 10th, 1892.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—My dear friend and sister, I must send you a word of greeting along with the enclosed poem for the dear DOVE—"may its shadows never grow less," and may its true worth be known the world over. You can never know what a world of good you are doing, for language fails to express the heart-felt pleasure as each number of the DOVE comes laden with its choicest treasure, and noiselessly lays them by our side. I think that *one* of the many millions said to have been left by "Wm. Astor," ought to have been *willed* to the CARRIER DOVE.

Dear sister, I have thought of you so much the past winter and wished that everything bright and beautiful might be wasted to you. I know you have the aid of the angel world, but we are all human and need material aid. I was glad to read the good words for you from Dr. Ravlin, "editor pro tem." He knows just what to say and how to say it. There ought to be "a thousand of him." He is needed everywhere—he is not afraid to tell the truth in admirable style. Hope your husband had a pleasant and profitable trip. I have often read of the great work he was doing. With loving regards, I remain,  
Your friend and sister, E. R.

SANTA CRUZ, April 28th, 1892.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—My last letter to the DOVE was begun in Santa Cruz and finished in Stockton, and this will be the same.

On coming here again I find the Spiritualist Society in good running order, under the ministrator of Mrs. M. E. Aldrich who, besides being a fine trance speaker, is a lady of good executive ability—and has the peculiar tact to promote harmony in a society, an important factor in the make-up of a minister, whether over a church or a Spiritualist society.

Since being here, I have seen illustrated in a remarkable degree the consolation in times of affliction of having a Spiritualist speaker to officiate instead of an orthodox minister. I was reminded of it by the discourse of a minister in Stockton at the funeral of a lady who was a non-professor.

He said: "Let us hope that ere her soul took its flight, she met with a change of heart that would enable her to enter the regions of the blest, for we are assured that even the thief on the cross would be in Paradise by the saving power of Jesus." What consolation! The lady was one of the best of women, but had not joined the church.

The trance speaker here spans the dark abyss of death with the rainbow of hope and joy and knowledge that the separation from the lost one is but temporary. This consideration should go far as an inducement to support a Spiritualist or liberal society.

Through the DOVE I am apprized of the doings of the societies in the city of San Francisco, and I want to congratulate the Progressive Spiritualists on the improvement in their exercises since they abolished the "free platform," and adopted the plan of having a speaker of character and ability like N. F. Ravlin or Dean Clarke to address them. When we come a long journey to the city and anticipate a good Spiritualist discourse from a man or woman of ability—to find two-thirds of the time taken up by some rattle-brained crank who has some hobby he wants to air, it is extremely disgusting, as it is also to have mediums occupy the time in "glittering generalities" about "our beautiful philosophy" and close with special reference to the remarkable tests they can give to their patrons. It seems as though we had got into an advertising scheme. But for more than a year past I could without reserve advise all to go to Washington Hall, and I hope the present fashion of a responsible speaker will continue.

Especially have I enjoyed the published reports in the DOVE of discourses by Bros. Ravlin, Dean Clark and others, as my ears have refused duty the past four months, and I have felt more than ever like saying, "bless the man who invented printing," and the woman who utilizes the art to give to the world the bread of life borne on the wings of the DOVE.

We can say but little of spiritual work in Stockton since last winter, either by public speakers or mediums.

A Unitarian Society has been organized and is gathering in the liberal element here. The preacher gives his sermons a good seasoning of Spiritualism, and the more that is done the better it will suit progressive people. The minister, Rev. Mr. Copeland, is a progressive man, and is not afraid to say what his convictions are. In a sermon a short time since, in enumerating the sources of spiritual light, he gave especial prominence to spiritual phenomena—verily the world moves.

The past few weeks there have been in Stockton "The Cornells" which means Mr. and Mrs. Cornell, mediums and healers. I have heard of some cures said to have been effected by them, and hope soon to be able to testify further of their powers.

Prof. Martin, from Fresno, formerly of Chicago, is also here as a medium and healer, and impresses people favorably by his general demeanor. We are disappointed in not seeing Dr. Schlesinger and Clark here, as there are many who are hungry for tests of the truth of spirit communication.

Amidst all the talk about "rising above the phenomena into the higher atmosphere of the spirit," I have always contended for the supremacy of genuine phenomena as a basis for the spiritual philosophy, and that a real inspirational speaker is as much in the phenomena as the test medium, though the latter is needed to corroborate the genuineness of the former; and years ago I wrote, "do away with the phenomena and the twilight of Spiritualism would soon set in, to be succeeded by a night of total darkness, relieved only by traditions of past glories."

Our Theosophic friends who have risen into the rarified air above where we common mortals exist, have imagined themselves above the necessity of getting any light through the phenomena, but I notice when affliction overtakes them, and the loved ones are removed to the spirit world, they naturally turn to their first love—old fashioned Spiritualism for consolation. Let us leave the "gates ajar" for them at all times, to give them a cordial welcome back to the true fold. They are a pretty good set of people, though sometimes having too great a percentage of "excelsior" in their composition for this mundane sphere.

Mrs. Lundgren Stevenson, "a minister of the gospel of Spiritualism" has lectured here to-day, but the attendance was very small. No one whom I met seemed to know of her till they saw a bill announcing her lecture, and people have been fooled and duped so much by persons claiming to be "workers in the good cause" that they require a speaker to have some endorsement from a known responsible source, and overlooking this fact, a speaker of real merit may fail to get hearers. The lady in question may, when better known, draw a larger house. But it is necessary for the good of the cause of Spiritualism that its representatives use more discretion and discrimination in receiving and giving credit to unknown or badly known workers in the cause. Far too many are working Spiritualism for what money there is in it—who don't care a straw for the good of the cause. And these people need to be sat down upon till they are glad to enter some other vocation to earn their bread and butter.

L. M. BOWDOIN.

Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation; our weaknesses are thus indemnified, and are not too costly, being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness; and the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.—*Richter*.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.—*Felton*.



### How to Word an Advertisement.

A man was denouncing newspaper advertising to a crowd of listeners:

"Last week," said he, "I had an umbrella stolen from the vestibule of the church. It was a gift, and valuing it very highly, I spent double its worth in advertising, but I have not recovered it."

"How did you word the advertisement?" asked a merchant.

"Here it is," said the man, producing a slip cut from a newspaper.

The merchant took it and read:

"Lost, from the vestibule of the—church, last Sunday evening, a black umbrella. The gentleman who took it will be handsomely rewarded by leaving it at No.—High street."

"Now," said the merchant, "I am a liberal advertiser and have always found it paid me well. A great deal depends upon the manner in which an advertisement is put. Let us try for your umbrella again, and if you do not acknowledge that advertising pays I will purchase you a new one."

The merchant took a slip of paper from his pocket and wrote:

"If the man who was seen to take the umbrella from the vestibule of the—church last Sunday does not wish to get into trouble and have a stain cast upon the Christian character which he values so highly, he will return it at once to No.—High street."

This duly appeared in the paper, and the following morning the man was astonished when he opened the front door of his residence. On the porch lay at least a dozen umbrellas of all shades and sizes that had been thrown in, while the front yard was literally paved with the umbrellas. Many of them had notes attached to them saying that they had been taken by mistake, and begging the loser to keep the little affair quiet.

### Beecher a Medium.

I am sorry to see, in the columns of an esteemed contemporary, evidences of a quarrel between Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Isabella Beecher-Hooker. According to the former, Mrs. Hooker, a Spiritualist, tormented Mr. Beecher during his lifetime with her beliefs, and now seeks to annoy his family by Spiritualistic tendencies. Mrs. Beecher also says that her husband was not a Spiritualist.

Well, that depends.

I know he was very greatly interested in the subject, and with three esteemed and trusted members of his church talked long and earnestly about it. When table tipping was the rage he repeatedly tried it, but his bump of humor, coupled with his strong common sense, found more fun than comfort in the rappings. That the great preacher saw visions, he believed.

As an illustration of that I recall a conversation with him very many years ago. In the course of a Thanksgiving sermon he drew a marvelously beautiful picture of the Goddess of Liberty standing regnant in the Heavens, with a "diamond sceptre" in her hands. Chaffingly, I called his attention to what I supposed was a misslip, and said, "You probably intended to picture her as holding a diamond pointed sceptre in her hand." He was lying full length upon a lounge. Jumping quickly to his feet he retorted. "I guess I know what I saw. It was a diamond sceptre."

And that led to an interesting disclosure.

Continuing in that vein he told me how these visions appeared to him, and how what appeared to be carefully prepared and elaborately built up pictures were in reality simply descriptions of what vividly appeared before him in the moment of extemporaneous speech.—*Exchange*.

Spirit is now a very fashionable word. To act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only to act rashly, and to talk indiscreetly. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.—*Chesterfield*.

### Sexual Lust.

There are some ministers of the gospel who are not slaves to sensuality, and who dare cry out against legalized prostitution. Among the number is the editor of the *Vanguard*. Under the above head in his paper for Feb. 28, 1891, he prints the following truthful statements, that challenge denial:

"The perversion of the procreative functions to soul-polluting and brain-wrecking indulgences, is perhaps the deepest laid plot of Satan to corrupt and damn mankind. Centuries of sexual pollution have poisoned the very springs of human life. The chief cities are centers of social filthiness, the nations are reeking with abominations of lust; all lands are cursed for the lewdness of the inhabitants thereof and the earth is a Sodom. Uncleanliness threatens the homes of the people, and invades the sanctuaries of religion everywhere. The so-called churches of Christ are choked with sensuality. Lust defiles the very altars of God.

"The prime cause of all this social corruption is lust in the marriage bed. Every generation is befouled from the womb by the accursed hereditament of uncleanliness, that has been filtered through the blood of its lascivious ancestors. Most children, in this age, are embodiments of sexual lust. Shapen in iniquity, conceived in sin, they are born with the fires of impure passions smouldering in their veins. From the cradle, they become the helpless prey of inherited propensities of sensual vices. They are doomed by parental conditions to vile imaginations and to lecherous lives. The conditions under which they are conceived, and the sexual excesses of parents, tainting the blood of their offspring; worse than beastly abuses, that breed impurity into the bones and fibers of the being; the lustful demands made upon the mothers while bearing them, start myriads of the unborn for the mad-house and for hell.

"Alas! that ministers of the pure gospel of Christ, bishops and editors of church literature, should unblushingly publish such low and base views of the marriage relation, as to seemingly sanction such debauchery. Shame upon such sensual ideas of wedlock, as degrade the wife below the level of a brute, the slave of masculine lust."

### The Psychical Congress.

[R. P. Journal.]

Among those who are deeply interested in the problems of Psychical Science which will come before the Congress in 1893, are Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Frances E. Willard. They were among the first of the eminent women invited to membership in the Advisory Council now being formed, from whom favorable responses were received. No confidence is violated in making public the following letter addressed to a member of the Executive Committee of the Congress.

EVANSTON, ILL., U. S. A., March 16, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER: Lady Henry and I will gladly go on your Advisory Council. We like you and admire your championship of occult science. We too, have souls (!) and would gladly know, as well as gently believe in their perpetual individual consciousness. Whoever will "look this matter up" will have our hearty thanks. Believe us ever

Yours sincerely in the love of God and the hope of Immortality.

FRANCES E. WILLARD,  
ISABEL SOMERSET.

The balls of sight are so formed that one man's eyes are spectacles to another to read his heart with.—*Tatler*.

He is upright who does not repent of his probity; he who seeks only self-gratification is not the upright man, nor is he really honest; the man who thinks but meanly of himself, shows that there is a just and honest nature in him,—*Plautus*.

### A Seance with Dr. Schlesinger.

Dr. Schlesinger of the *Carrier Dove*, was in this place on Sunday. While here he gave a sitting to the editor of this paper and Mr. Joseph Wood, in Mr. Wood's house. Acting under his instructions, Mr. Wood first wrote six or eight names of persons, some of whom were alive and some dead. These names were written on slips of paper, thrown into his hat and well shaken up. Mr. Wood then held the hat out of sight of the Doctor and as fast as he called for the folded slips, Mr. Wood took them out of the hat and passed them into the Doctor's hand beneath the table. He would hold them there several seconds, entirely out of sight of his own eyes, and then tell whether the person, whose name was on the slip, was dead or not. In every instance upon opening the slip, he was found to be correct. If the person was found to be dead, he first told what the name was and then allowed the spirit to communicate, either by automatic writing, entrancement, or by repeating the words that he had clairaudiently heard.

When it came the writer's turn, the same thing of writing the names of both dead and living persons was repeated and he again did not make a mistake as to those who were dead or living or in getting the correct name of the person, even to the writer's own name which was amongst them. One of the messages was written in such a manner that it could not be read except from the opposite side of the paper or before a looking-glass.

During the seance the Doctor was entranced and at the close of a fine talk, repeated a poem appropriate to the occasion, and which, unlike the generality of poetry coming through mediums during entrancement, or inspirationally, was perfect in meter and rhyme.

Although the Doctor did not give us an opportunity to witness his psychic powers in the line of independent slate-writing, yet we are satisfied that hard-headed skeptics find in him a medium who is capable of shaking the foundation of their skepticism and rattling their preconceived ideas to a surprising degree.—*The Summerland*, April 21st, 1892.

### Heights of Clouds.

Prof. Moller, of Carlsruhe has made some interesting observations on clouds. The highest clouds, cirrus and cirro-stratus, rise on an average to a height of nearly 30,000 feet. The middle clouds keep at from about 10,000 to 23,000 feet in height, while the lower clouds reach to between 3000 and 7000 feet. The cumulus clouds float with their lower surface at a height of from 4000 to 5000 feet, while their summits rise to 16,000 feet. The tops of the Alps are often hidden by clouds of the third class, but the bottom of the clouds of the second class, and especially of the thunder clouds, often enfold them. The vertical dimensions of a cloud observed by Professor Moller on the Nettleberg were over 1200 feet; he stepped out of it at a height of about 3700 feet, and high above the mountain floated clouds of the middle class, while veils of mist lay in the ravines and clefts. The upper clouds were growing thicker, while the lower ones were dissolving, and soon it began to rain and snow.

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had fallen, exclaimed, "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."—*Judy*.

The average annual wheat crop of the world is:—United States and Canada, 392,000,000 bushels; France, 304,000,000 bushels; British India, 274,000,000 bushels; Russia, 208,000,000 bushels; Spain, 160,000,000 bushels; Italy, 116,000,000 bushels; Austria-Hungary, 144,000,000 bushels; Germany, 88,000,000 bushels; United Kingdom, 72,000,000 bushels; Australasia, 36,000,000 bushels; Turkey, 32,000,000 bushels; Algeria, 32,000,000 bushels; Roumania, 28,000,000 bushels; Chili, 24,000,000 bushels; Argentine, 24,000,000 bushels; Egypt, 12,000,000 bushels; Belgium, 16,000,000 bushels; Portugal, 6,400,000 bushels; Holland, 5,600,000 bushels; Denmark, 4,000,000 bushels; Greece, 4,000,000 bushels; Servia, 4,000,000 bushels; Norway and Sweden, 4,000,000 bushels; Switzerland, 2,800,000 bushels.

### SPEED OF ELECTRICITY.

Recent longitude experiments at M'Gill College, Montreal, under the auspices of the British and Canadian Government, led to the determination of the length of time it takes a telegraphic signal to cross the Atlantic. Out of 200 signals sent, it was found that the average time taken to cross the Atlantic and back again—about 7,000 miles—was a trifle over one second.

### EFFECT OF LIGHT ON MUSCLES.

M. D'Arsonval has recently succeeded in stimulating muscles by means of light. A freshly prepared frog's muscle was suddenly illuminated by the light of an arc lamp deprived of its heat rays by traversing a lens of a solution of alum. The muscles showed a light tremor, and when the investigator further mounted it on a skin diaphragm stretched over a funnel the tremors accompanying each impingement of the light emitted a sound which could be heard in the funnel.

### THE SEVEN BIBLES.

The seven treatises or collections of history, poetry and doctrine which have served the different nations of the earth as a rule of faith are known as the Seven Bibles. They are the Christians' Bible, the Koran or Mohammedan Bible, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Tripitakas or Three Baskets, a collection of 2,000 or 3,000 books, deemed sacred by the Buddhists; the Chinese King Books, five in number; the Vedas of the Hindoos and the Zendavesta of the Persians. Of these the Koran is the most modern, and the honor of being the oldest is assigned by some to the Zendavesta, by others to the Chinese, and by others again to the Hindoo Scriptures.

### A MAN WHO SHEDS HIS SKIN.

Dr. J. Frank lately reported to the Chicago Medical Society the case of a man who periodically sheds his skin. The shedding began in his first year, and has since then occurred regularly every July. He is taken with feverish tremors, increasing almost to paroxysms. He undresses, lies down, and within a few minutes the skin of the chest begins to turn red. The redness rapidly extends over the entire skin, and the feverish tremors continue uninterrupted for about twelve hours. Then he rises, dresses, and walks about in perfect health. The skin now begins to peel, and ten hours later it comes off in great patches. From the arms and legs it can be peeled off exactly like gloves or stockings. As the old skin comes away, a new epidermis, as soft and pink as a baby's, is revealed. This new skin is very sensitive; the patient has to wear softened gloves and meccasins for about a week. After the old cuticle has been entirely removed, the finger and toe nails begin to drop off—new nails literally crowding them out. Finally, the change is complete, the man has a new skin and a new outfit of nails, and is ready to return to the mines. A lady in Washington County, Nebraska, who is 39 years old, has written to Dr. Frank that since 1875 she has had a like experience every second or third year.—*Nature*.

The English language leads in this respect. It is the national tongue of about 110,000,000 people including the inhabitants of the United States. About 80,000,000 persons speak the Russian, 70,000,000 the German, 50,000,000 the French, 40,000,000 the Spanish, 30,000,000 the Italian, and 12,000,000 the Portuguese. In English, the growth in this regard in the past fifty or seventy-five years has been far greater than in any other European language.

The most appalling inundation ever known in Europe or America, was the general one in Holland in 1530, when the dikes gave way, and, according to the estimates, about four hundred thousand people were drowned.

Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware.—*Seneca*.