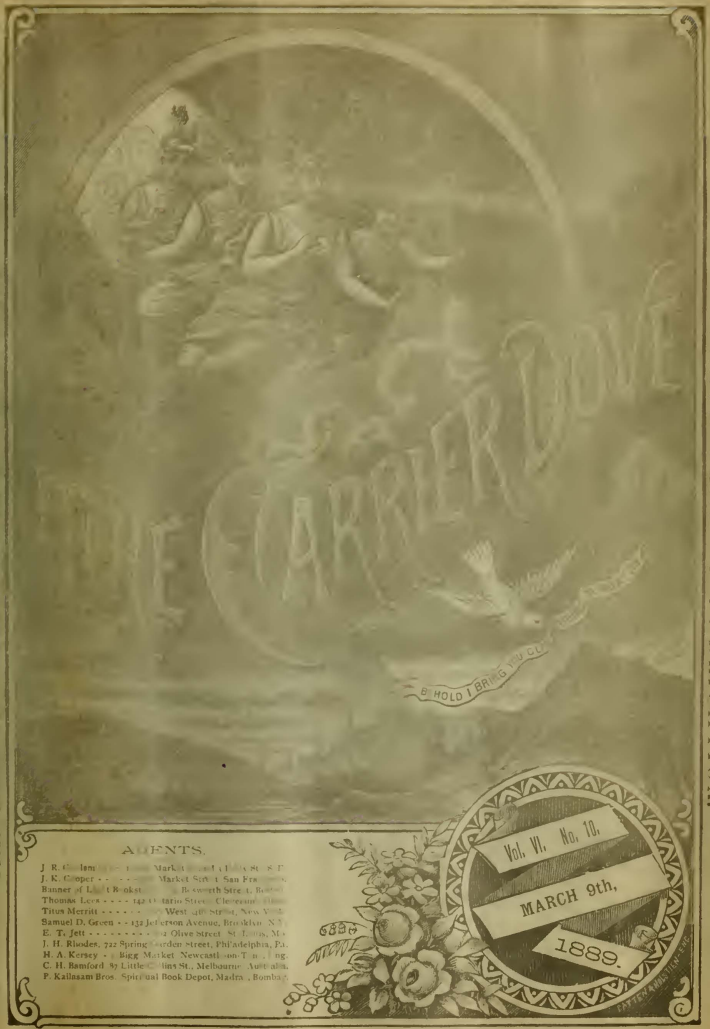
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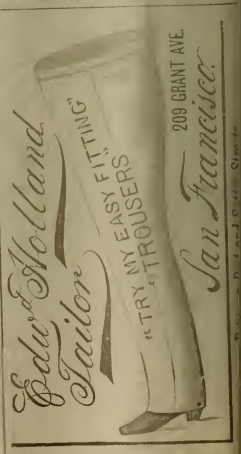
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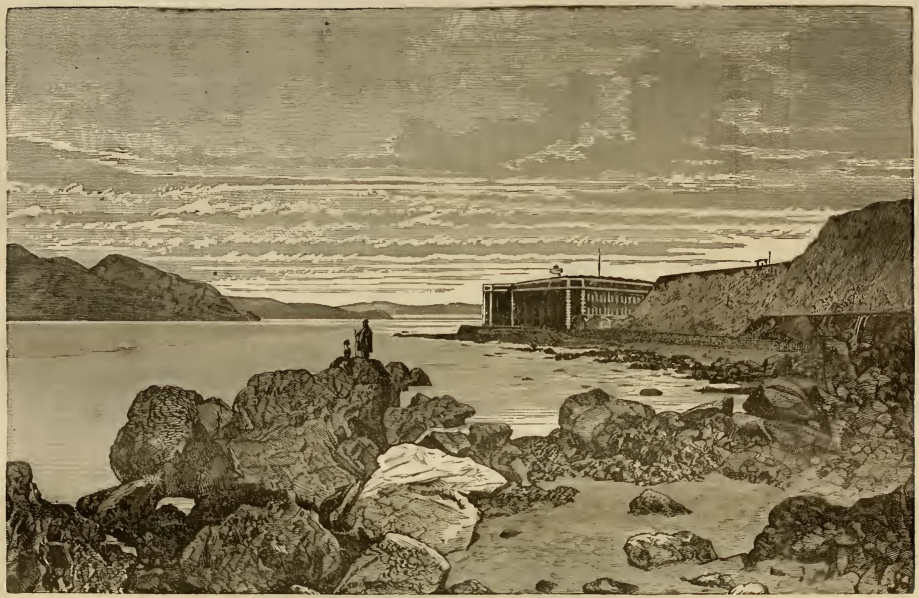
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Original Contributions.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S DECISION

His Wonderful Skill in Toe-joint Spiritualism.

BY CAMERON KNIGHT.

. . . "My delicate Ariels reside in the second toe of each foot. The method of evocation is simplicity itself. I have merely to bend the toe and then straighten it suddenly. The result is a sharp rap on the sole of my shoe, which by practice may be repeated very rapidly and rendered forte or piano at pleasure. To produce the best effect it is advisable to have thin socks and a roomy hard-soled boot; moreover, it is well to pick out a thin place in the carpet, so as to profit by the resonance of the floor. The upper leather of the boot should be kid, rather than patent, as a bright surface may betray a slight movement. By skillful modification of the force of the blows, and conversational misdirection of people's attention, the ordinary intelligent and well-educated member of society may be made to believe anything as to the direction of the sounds. So long as no one is allowed to touch the foot of the operator detection is impossible." . . . PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

A condemnatory decision, in the form of a solemn letter regarding Spiritualism, is now on its way around the globe. Some of the American newspapers consider it to be of great consequence, and even suppose it to be a species of death-blow to the Spiritual Philosophy, because they see the name "Professor Huxley," attached. We need not, however for this reason, conclude that the author is the same Professor Huxley who recently engaged in a polite religious controversy with the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The language seems to indicate quite another man. It is too reckless, and slightly abusive, also deficient in everything like scientific observation; and for this the original Professor Huxley is famous.

To discover the author of the effusion, is not necessary. But it is proper to here refute some portions of the decision and statements connected therewith, because it is being widely distributed, and might produce mischief among earnest young students who are searching for knowledge. An erroneous paper, book, or opinion, such, for example, as the Athanasian creed, will not do much harm until it becomes popular; and it becomes so, of course, by the efforts of Church-authorities; though, with regard to this particular creed, we may say it can never become popular, for no one can understand it. But there are also authorities outside the Church, who promulgate other mischief-making opinions, which are accepted by multitudes of persons because they see the word "Professor" at the head.

The letter is a reply to an editor who thought that the Professor was favorably inclined to Spiritualism, because he had, many years before, been favored with wonderful Revelations through the famous medium D. D. Home. But the learned gentleman indignantly denies it, and gives this statement:

"I never met the medium Home, and my knowledge of him, derived from the reports of the proceedings of courts of justice, is not such as to lead me to regret that circumstance. But I have had to do with other mediums of hardly inferior notoriety, and my deliberate judgment is that they were, each and all, utter impostors, and, with one exception, not even clever at their shameful trade."

In this statement we observe that the dominant idea is a contempt for mediums in general. "Each and all," we are told, "were utter impostors." And, with nothing more than this queer basis in his mind he proceeds to judge and condemn the great solid, eternal Philosophy of Spiritualism. By what right, may we ask, does he thus judge? I can see no other right than that of "Might," and of "Authority." But at the present time these rights are not very heartily acknowledged; except by unfortunate persons who are forced to do so by poverty and other circumstances equally terrible. With regard, however, to authority, it must be remembered that the fact of Spiritualism being condemned by one Professor, is nothing, in the minds of intelligent observers, because there are so many other Professors who publicly support it. And they are the most brilliant minds of the age. Yet they consider it their duty and privilege to acquire their knowledge from mediums—from persons who are, by our Professor, termed "utter impostors." He seems to forget that it is a portion of the scientific observer's duty to seek his knowledge from both the humblest and the highest members of society, from the virtuous and the vicious, the ignorant and the wise.

The Professor tells us that the ordinary well-educated, intelligent member of society is about as competent to deal with spiritual mediums as a London street-boy is to deal with a dairy farm. This is, I suppose, intended to teach the public something of the sublime overwhelming power possessed by great materialists, beyond that of the well-educated intelligent member of society. We are led to wonder whether education is of any use at all, without the aid of some great man to explain everything we see and hear in daily life.

By referring to the toe-joint quotation at the commencement, we discover exactly what is the character of that instruction which the well-educated member of society needs, in order to enable him or her to deal with mediums. Here we have presented to us a species of condensed code all in a nut-shell, or, rather, in a toe-joint, by which any person can become an expert. The Professor says it is simplicity itself. And he gives such minute instructions that a pupil can thereby explode the bubble of Spiritualism and become a disciple of the materialistic Philosophy without further assistance. It is clear that he intends the world to practice precisely in accordance with his directions. We are told how to bend the toe, how to straighten it, how to produce the loud and soft raps, how to make them seem afar off, and how to make the well-educated member believe the raps come from all parts of the room; even the quality of the shoe-leather is given; and, above or below all things, the thin place in the carpet to stand on. The student who cannot succeed with the aid of such scientific simplicity does not deserve the honor of becoming a materialistic toe-joint Spiritualist.

And what sort of an expert does all this process really produce? Does it explain anything to the operator? Can he thereby answer a question, or learn to describe the condition of a friend in the other life? Not at all. Such objects are not in the Professor's mind. With all his amazing genius for discovering the divine powers of toe-joints, he altogether forgets to tell us whether they ever explained to him one single thing relative to the work of mediums, or to the facts of spirit-manifestations. In his mind no such explanation is required. Everything connected with the Spiritual Philosophy, and the frauds of mediums, was adjusted as soon as he had learned how to perform the wonderful rap in his kid-leather shoe on a thin place in the carpet.

But the truth must be told. Perhaps it will prove very bitter to the learned gentleman, yet he must be informed that he has

made no discovery at all. The toe theory was fully discussed and disposed of in Rochter forty years ago, when the Misses Fox were accused of the practice at the commencement of their mediumship. And everything seems to indicate that the Professor now advances the theory because a demented medium has lately been compelled by Catholics to sign a bogus confession. His pretended discovery is merely the echo—the Amen, to the declaration of an irresponsible person.

Now let us make some effort to discover an argument, or something resembling a reasonable excuse, for the Professor's condemnation. A very small amount of examination reveals to us the fact that he either knows nothing of the thousands of manifestations which he assumes to criticise, or that he purposely ignores them. The conclusion he now presents to us to-day, is founded on two seances in a thirty-five years' experience. One of the two happened thirty-five years ago. "The performance," he informs us, "was the usual pencil and alphabet business," and he acknowledges that at first trial the medium "fooled him." But at the second trial he fooled the medium. We are told how he managed to perform the feat. He "kept his nerves and muscles under a strict control, and took care that his pencil should pass over the letters of the alphabet as impartially as the hand of a watch over the figures on the dial."

So we judge from his account that he himself held the pencil and moved it over the letters in order to answer his own questions. But we are not told what he expected to learn, or to prove by such a queer process. Neither are we informed why he selected such an ancient experiment, thirty-five years old, as a ground for his decision to-day. These things must remain mysteries to all persons but himself. It would have been more rational to have set aside all his experience of thirty-five years ago, and suspended judgment, until he had adopted some of the multitude of methods now in daily use.

We need not here notice the insult directed to the noted medium D. D. Home, respecting his arrest, etc. Yet, perhaps the learned gentleman may be reminded that when presuming to sit in judgment on such a sacred subject as the Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, it would be better to instruct the public on the one great question: Do spirits exist, and do they communicate with mankind? He may, and ought to, ignore the characters of mediums, and keep to the one question,—the obtaining of facts concerning the other life. It is not well for a scientific observer to snub Mr. Home because he was a fraud, or supposed to be; because, if anyone can prove to us there is no spirit-life, and prove it by means of the tricks of Mr. Home, or any other "utter impostor," he certainly should make use of them, as many as he can see or hear of.

We will now shortly consider the other of the two seances he describes. It was a very small, insignificant affair. On that occasion the great exploit of the evening consisted in the Professor proving to the company that the table did not move when they thought it did. He proved it by explaining that he was watching the lamp-globe and the wall-paper beyond. Because everything remained in *statu quo*, of course, the table did not move; and the victory for the scientist is considered by himself to have been magnificently triumphant.

The Professor's own account of this trivial affair indicates that it was not, in any sense, an assemblage of table-moving operators, or of any other class of physical mediums. It was a small experiment managed by a company of innocent people. And I feel amazed to meet a scientific man who can be foolish enough thirty years afterwards to bring it forward and present it to the world as proof of fraud. Truly, great men can be also very little.

The learned gentleman's deficient knowledge of seances is abundantly shown by his dread of the terrific soul-destroying agony which he thinks must be endured by persons who examine such things. To him, it appears next to impossible for any one to visit a seance without incurring risk of injury to mind or body. He expresses his alarm thus:

"Very few of us have the least conception how much more difficult it is to make such observations and interpretations in a room full of people stirred by the expectation of the marvelous, than in the calm seclusion of the laboratory, or the solitude of a tropical forest. And one who has not tried it cannot imagine the strain of the mind involved in sitting an hour or two in a dark room on the watch for the dodges of a wary medium."

Now, according to the gentleman himself, he has not tried it very often; only a very few times in thirty-five years; so his total amount of agony endured could not have been very great. But I have a slight suspicion that during his investigation he was not in a very consuming state of boiling enthusiasm to obtain the necessary knowledge; if he had been, he would have forgotten all about the suffering connected with sitting in a "dark room for an hour or two."

By his doleful expression of suffering we learn also that he supposes dark seances are the rule. But every Spiritualist knows that all the most useful and convincing manifestations occur in full daylight. Evidently, he has not learned enough about the subject to know that dark seances are never resorted to for obtaining public proofs of spirit power. They are resorted to only for development of mediums, and for special instruction to the initiated concerning materialization, etc.

No doubt it is much easier for him to make his observations in the "calm seclusion of the laboratory, than in a room full of people."

But if he really desires to instruct mankind on the frauds of mediums, he must observe in seance rooms, and rooms of every other kind. Only those observers who study people as they are seen and heard, become good, useful Naturalists; men who are able to teach us something of the mysteries regarding life and duty; something belonging to the science of destroying misery and creating happiness.

But we must not forget that the Professor makes a good remark concerning Bible-stories. He says:

"No one deserves much blame for being deceived in matters relating to Spiritualism. We are all intellectually handicapped in youth by the incessant repetition of the stories about possession and witchcraft in the Old and New Testaments. The majority of us are taught nothing which will enable us to observe accurately and to interpret observations with due caution."

Now here we find some excellent instruction for young people of both sexes, regarding the acquisition of knowledge of anything, whether it be Bible-knowledge or the facts to be derived from mediums. He sees that Bibles effect a vast amount of mischief; but he does not quite understand how. He does not perceive that Bibles contain an immense quantity of evidence respecting spirit-power, because he refuses to examine and accept it. If all girls and boys were taught to regard Bible stories as accounts of mediums and spirit manifestations, more or less reliable, the Holy Book would be at once deprived of its mischief-making influence. It would become a useful book for students, instead of a useless gilt-edged ornament for parlor tables, which it is at the present time. It could not of course, be accepted as the infallible Word of Jehovah; but would certainly be accepted with thanks as more or less reliable history corroborating that very modern Spiritualism which the learned Professor feebly attempts to investigate.

We must notice also his account of a supposed discovery relative to the medium's character, while he was present at "the pencil and alphabet business" thirty-five years ago. It is, however, only a second-hand account. It appears that a gentleman friend of the Professor had previously attended a seance with the same lady medium. After the seance, the party separated into small groups, and one was formed of the medium and the Professor's male friend. This individual had pretended during the seance to receive a message from his sister Mary in the other world. But he had never had a sister Mary. However, while he and the medium were conversing privately near a bay window, she asked him: "Did you ever have a sister Mary?" "No," said he. "I thought not," said she.

And what can be made of such a story? Certainly nothing like evidence can be derived from a gossip in a corner. Yet it is

held forth thirty-five years afterwards as a proof of wickedness in mediums. It may, however, tend to prove the tricks of cunning investigators who make it their business to annoy innocent mediums. The fact of our Professor being obliged to travel back so many years to find such flimsy evidence, indicates that the amount of his knowledge about spirit manifestations must be very small indeed; so small that he should not allow any person to tempt him to give any opinion, neither concerning the Phenomena or its Philosophy.

He favors us also with some curious ideas about obtaining evidence by means of a "short-hand writer with a watch." He would insist upon having a reporter to report verbatim everything said and done, and in exact order. Of course, reporters are common enough at seances. But if he knew what seances really are, he would know it is impossible to obtain any such reports. One reporter would be useless. A wonderfully acute observer would be necessary to give even an approach to all that was said; but to describe all that was done, would be out of the question. The attempt would be not only too difficult, but too absurd. I have been present at large numbers of seances where fifty people or a hundred or even a thousand, were present at one time. And every sitter would have needed at least one reporter, to make some attempt at rendering all that was said and done; including, of course, the trifles said and done by the reporter himself. It would be fun to see all the reporters pulling out their watches every two or three seconds to learn when an event commenced and when it terminated.

Philosophers inform us that anything is possible in these days of culture and invention. Let us suppose now that the Professor was present at one of John Slater's seances of a thousand or fifteen hundred people. It would not be dark there, but brilliantly lighted; so the learned gentleman would not suffer much from the dreadful strain he refers to. And, his thousand reporters being also present; all to be paid for by the Professor; all busy noting everything said and done in exact order; what would be the result? Does he imagine, that by such a rigmarole, he would learn anything about Spiritualism? Would he discover whether Mr. Slater was a fraud? And, supposing he had the testimony of the thousand reporters safe in his possession, what would he do with it? How much time would he occupy in examining the contradictory reports and discovering the truth? How many years would the world have to wait in breathless anxiety for his decision regarding Mr. Slater's phenomena and his philosophy? These questions are all valid, reasonable and logical. They are all built on his own proposition for verbatim reports of everything said and done at seances. And I will allow him together with all his most powerful co-adjutors and materialistic reasoners, fifty years to reply, without abusing the questioner, and without making themselves ridiculous to the world.

But I presume the world is not waiting for any such Revelations. And it is now quite time for intelligent people to cease the practice of calling upon scientific authorities to decide everything. Just so long as Spiritualists invite scientists and clergymen to explain messages from departed loved ones, so long will Spiritualism remain a contemptible thing in view of the public. And because mediums are the pillars on which the Philosophy stands, they, too, must remain in contempt. I see no hope of dignifying mediumship in the eyes of the world, except by means of a united effort, a grand union of all the Spiritualist societies, similar to that proposed by the CARRIER DOVE, whereby mediums could be justly appreciated and rewarded for their labors.

It seems to me to be our duty to take lessons from Fulons which are already in existence. Trades-unions, labor-unions, fraternal societies, and church organizations, have all effected grand results; they all have done more or less towards destroying tyranny and increasing the comforts of their members. Why should not Spiritualist-unions effect the same or better results? The one great achievement would consist in converting the powers of mediums into valuable commodities in the estimation of the world, including of course, the estimation of scientists, scholars, clergymen and churchmen of every description. To make such powers objects of general respect, I suppose they must be respected and valued by their owners; and not scattered recklessly around among church people to be scoffed at.

We observe also that the learned Professor is much concerned about the question whether Spiritualism is the cause of superstition. He gives us an opinion respecting the belief in man's power to evoke spirits. This belief he supposes to have been the origin of the "basest and cruelest superstitions of bygone ages." And, of course, he imagines that the same belief to-day produces the similar base and cruel superstitions with which we are all more or less afflicted. Now if he will think a little he will find himself confronted with two duties of considerable magnitude. First, he must endeavor to show by history, that the cruel superstitions of the past really did arise as he supposes; and next, he must show, by our present experience, that our existing superstitions arise in a similar manner.

Perhaps it is just possible for him to make it appear, with the aid of ancient legend, and unreliable history of other character, that the ancient belief in man's power to evoke spirits produced the superstitions to which he refers. But he would totally fail in dealing with our modern belief. He would fail because, although the belief in the power to raise spirits is now more widespread than ever before, the base and cruel superstitions he speaks of are very much decreased; and are decreasing continually. And because nothing can prevent the searching light of modern Spiritualism penetrating the dark recesses of Church doctrine and materialism, nothing can avert the doom of superstition in general, whether it be the ancient liberty-destroying superstition regarding the Divine Man in the Church, or the more enlightened modern superstition regarding the materialistic Man of Science.

And now, while hoping that the learned Professor may obtain more success than he himself expects, we leave him to enjoy his investigations. We cannot honor him as a Spiritualist, but we honor him for his noble efforts to elevate and dignify Natural science. We honor him also for his manly refusals to bow the head to ecclesiastical superstition and insolence. Although he thinks that Spiritualists are "past praying for because they have toppled over the edge of common sense into the Spiritualistic puddle;" yet we do not in any sense consider that *he* is past praying for. He himself is pretty deep in the dark puddle of materialism. But we will pray, and dig while we pray, until we have dug him clear out, and landed him safe on the sunny fertile terra firma of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Lessons from Nature.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

NUMBER TWO.

I believe the Bible says if all the things said and done by Jesus had been written down the whole world could not have contained the books of that history. That always struck me as a very unscientific statement because not founded on fact. But I believe every scientist in the world would support me in the assertion that if everything a man does not know could be written down it would take several planetary systems to hold the books, and a great number of archangels to prepare the catalogue.

So the measure of knowledge is also the measure of ignorance. That which a man knows is perchance, his guide for to-day; but it is that which he does not yet know, shall be his guide for to-morrow. Our poor old grandfather was always getting into trouble by believing too much. But his scientific grandson makes a great mistake if he thinks to keep out of trouble by believing too little. Yonder misty nebulæ was a cluster of stars long eternities before man resolved it through his telescope. And the spore of the cholera and the yellow fever was a seed of death to man when as yet no microscope told the tale.

But our ancestor had the stars, the sun, and the deadly plague, and learned all that was possible with the means then at his disposal: that is to say he saw a little, and

guessed a great deal more. His grandson of to-day has invented instruments that discover new worlds of truth, and says "here will I roam and take full possession." But he declares that his instruments and his books shall act as charts for the route he wishes to travel. So he finds wonders everywhere as he journeys, and proclaims his grand discoveries with a flourish of trumpets:

First, he finds in matter a determination to crystalize. The starry beauty of the frojih crystal is worthy of an angel's eye. The scientist photographs its every curve and shows you that race, even of crystal, mates only with race; and that nature's lesson kuows naught of miscegenation.

But his crucible and his mierosceope give no answer to the question of "whence that beauty of form, and how comes that tendency to crystalize?" So he declares such facts as not on his route. He will talk about quartz and felspar; and show you that a little change of temperature will compel ocean's one wee drop to burst into beauteous crystal. But the "why ?" brings no answer. "Give me the facts," he says, and some day when I have piled my facts into a mighty mountain they will evolve the knowledge you demand."

Granite crumbles: gasses condense; rains fall; and the newborn plant catches a smile from the sun's warm ray as beauty glows out into vegetable life. But whence the seed of that plant, and how comes the life to manufacture color and form? "Hush," says our scientific brother, "questions are not facts. See our mountain of facts grows larger every day."

"Again we look for truth and wander yet further in search of knowledge. We find life everywhere, from the giant at whose tread earth trembles, to the mite whose entire life is a summer flash on the horizon of eternity. The scientist will show you nerves ganglia and muscles; and will point you to heart and brain with wondrous adaptation to conditions and necessities, so that fowl of the air, creeping things of the earth, and fishes that swim in the sea can each re-create his race and play his part in the battle of life. When comes all this, O, Scientist?" "Well, you know," he replies, "that is really one of my grandest discoveries. That life has all become just what it is now by slow process of evolution and survival of the fittest."

"Yes, my teacher, your facts are indisputable, but whence comes evolution?" Just at that moment our scientific brother, who had been very busy piling facts upon the mountain he is building, turned away anxious to discover why roosters crow at the midnight hour. So you and I, dear reader, are perforce left free to take a broad view of life in our own unscientific way.

Suppose we take a trip in a ship of the air, borrowing from the twentieth century a flying machine. Seated comfortably, we float in the atmosphere with earth's surface of hill and dale as a beauteous panorama whose tints of color are exquisitely softened by distance. Our grandchildren will loan us their instruments of the coming century, so that we may see and hear as atom meets atom, but yet can take a broad view of life and its surroundings.

We are hovering over a great city. These new instruments are grand inventions, for we see right down through every roof. This is a wondrous sight. There is a mighty people skilled in art and science. I am astonished at their architecture. Yonder is a palace with royal occupants; and around it guard's with comfortable quarters and rations in abundance. I never saw such steady industry exhibited by any people. The city is beautifully clean. There is not one bad smell from a foul drain; and the air sweeps sweet and pure through every street. Yonder I see busy workers throwing an arch across the street, and fitting the keystone for its place. That hill is worked to a smooth incline; and here where it is steepest is a flight of steps. Near by is a canal with a street tunneled under it. Order and industry everywhere. I cannot see a beggar or a cripple. No one seems in want; and I cannot discern that one is richer than another. I cannot hear what they say, but they seem to have telephones, for I notice that any item of news or an order from headquarters seems known instantly to every citizen.

This becomes intensely interesting, and worthy of careful study. Let us float on a little, and watch this race in its homes out in the country. It is all rural now. There are the people milking very small cows; and yonder I see the inhabitants cutting leaves off the trees, and loading them on little horses. They are piling those leaves in heaps, and using them as hot beds where tiny mushrooms grow, which seems to be the chief food of this remarkable people.

Here, a little further on, is a nation who have servants, and yet I notice the servants are as well off as their masters. But over there is a cemetery. They bury only one in a grave; and I notice that the servants are all buried away in another burying ground.

I like to watch those farmers out on the plain, and see them cut down the ripe grain; but I notice their granaries are underground and I wonder how they keep the grain from sprouting.

I am puzzled over the mental characteristics of this people, for every one I have so far seen seems all ready to fight for his own rights, and yet full of respect for the rights of others. There is a touch of pride in that separate burying ground, but every one seems anxious to do his duty. They evidently have no fear of death; and I can see they are free from superstition for there is no burial service when they lay their dead brother in his grave. So they are without priests. Every one is temperate. I have no seen a drunkard, nor a user of tobacco, s there are no physicians needed. Thei peaceful recognition of each other's right proves there is not a lawyer in the commu nity.

But now I see standing yonder a creature of a very different race, with whom I find I can converse, as he beckons me to listen. He tells me that misled by these wonderful new instruments I have wasted my time. He declares that the people I have bee watching with so much interest are only in significant ants, and not to be compared fo a moment with the mighty race calling it self "human."

So again I take up the instruments, and now on the broad earth below me I see vil lages, towns and cities; and marks every where on the surface of the ground as fences to show what some mortal claims as his pri vate property.

The first impression I get is of an all-em bracing selfishness and discontent. Every one wants more than he has, and is trying to get it away from somebody else. I see those with marks upon the ground trying to scratch out the marks made by others, s that one man may enclose a great piece o ground and leave another without any. And I notice that the man with a big piece o land looks scornfully upon his fellows who haven't got any, and presently takes them by the throat and says "work for me or go hungry." But as I look I see that many who work hard for him go hungry all the same.

"And as the great man watches these toilers at their work I hear him say to himself, "My skin is fairer; my nature more refined than those who work hard every day. Go to now. I will order them to call me "lord" for I and my children will become an aristocracy.

I look down into the busy city, and though great crowds are rushing eagerly in every direction still there are the same marks, and one man claiming a wide space of acres with others working as slaves, and giving of what they gather to the man whose hands are white and soft, that he may let them lie down upon his land.

I smell bad smells; and I see a foul miasma creeping up, born of putrid matter and bad drainage. Presently comes cholera and deadly fever; and those who work lie down and die. But the man whose hands are white and soft lies him to the mountains and the shore where the winds blow free, and says "behold my superiority."

Yet there must be those to work for him, or else he he is no longer great and grand. So he takes some of that which the poor toilers give for lying on his ground, and builds hospitals and soup kitchens. And he sends many who are sick to death to where the sun shines and the winds blow, and the

waves roll, and the grass grows green. And when their lives are saved he exclaims, "Now I am God-like for this is true charity."

I watch yet more closely, and I see that he who has many marks upon the ground, and he who has none, are alike, for each takes his brother by the throat when opportunity offers. And I ask, "Can it be such selfishness that marks man as superior to the unselfish ANT?"

But my friend below says I am taking a very narrow view of things for selfishness is divine. All true progress he declares requires appeal to self-interest, and he assures me that every attempt to work heavenward in another way has proved a failure.

So I look further in my eager search for "lessons from Nature" and I see these humans gorging themselves with unhealthy food; setting their brains on fire with stimulants; stupifying themselves with tobacco smoke; and ruining their digestions by decoctions of tea and coffee. Again I ask my friend below "if all this betokens the boasted superiority of humanity?"

We have already seen in races *not human* bravery, devotion to the afflicted, unflagging industry, with a sobreness of living that insures health; and yet further a willingness that all who work shall share alike, so once again I demand an answer to my question, "Where is man's superiority?".

I turn sadlyto the scientists among men,—to those sages who have piled their facts mountain high, and they tell me that "as the fool dieth, so dies the wise man." And I take notice that their mountain of material facts, though it be in labor for centuries, can never bring forth more than the small mouse they call "unchanging law."

That is the science that man teaches. And so by "law" the strong grows more strong as their weapons grow more deadly. By "law" machinery adds wealth to the wealthy; whilst poverty grows more poor. Yet this life become the all in all, and the future an empty dream.

Surely nature must have a lesson somewhere which well learned may point humanity to a higher level.

(*To be Continued.*)

The usefulest truths are plainest; and, while we keep to them, our differences cannot rise high.—*William Penn.*

Great is the truth, and stronger than all things. All the earth calleth upon the truth and the heaven blesseth it: all works shake and tremble at it, and with it is no unrighteous thing. It endureth and is always strong; It liveth and conquereth for evermore. With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards; but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things. Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, kiugdom, power, and majesty of all ages—*Apocryphal Old Testament.*

Note-Book Notes No. IV.

BY J. J. MORSE.

A collection of all the unwise sayings of great (?) men, against the facts of Spiritualism would make interesting reading, in years to come. Our opposing Oracles cannot be accused of mealy mouthedness, while they have the evident courage of their opinion, whatever the value, or otherwise, of those opinions, may be. Once again.

THOS. H. HUXLEY, L. L. D., F. R. S.

Has contributed his mite of neceiscence, upon the subject of Spiritualism, assuring us that from what he has "seen of certain mediums," it is his deliberate judgment that they were, each and all, utter imposters, and with one exception, not even clever at their trade. He finally adds, that those who have "toppled over the edge of common sense into the spiritualistic puddle," seem "to be past praying for." If my memory serves me right this same writer replied to the invitation of the London Dialectical Society, to join it in its memorable enquiry, some 18 years ago, that "the phenomena, if true, do not interest me!" Here is a man, more than eminent in science, able, cultured, with an international reputation, alike honorable and well deserved, taking pains to go out his way to adjudicate upon a subject he admits knowing little, or nothing about, and also gratuituously insulting several millions of his fellows, who have studied the matter, and do know. To a cobbler there is nothing like leather, to a florist nothing like flowers. but one is as a rule incapable of passing upon the merits or details of the profession of the other. Huxley, the man of Science, treating upon Evolution and Development is entitled to our attention and respect, but when he delivers himself upon Spiritualism, of which confessedly, he knows nothing, then he had better heed "Dogberry's" request, and write himself down a quadruped.

WALTER HOWELL.

Whose name is familiar to a large number of our people in England and America, and with whom the writer has been long acquainted, has contemplated joining the Unitarian communion as one of its ministers. For exercising his undoubted prerogative, he has been quite severely taken to task, and by some, too, who are the loudest to proclaim their right to speak and act as they please. Knowing Mr. Howell quite well, I ventured to ask him to supply me the facts in the case, that I might place them before the Spiritualist public. He has very kindly done so, and here is what he says:

"As to my entering the ministry. I am tired of going all over the States, and as Spiritualists do not try to make things permanently comfortable for us, I thought I would see if the Unitarians would accept me. I have been offered a scholarship in Meadville College, they promised to graduate me in two years, get some one of the pupils to read for me, and let me pass an oral examination. But I did not want to enter that way. I was told that the Western Conference would accept me without entering college, on account of my public reputation, and so I applied. The matter was made public prematurely, so everybody is critiesing me about it. I am not sure that they will accept me, for I told them plainly I should make no compromise of principle. I am a Spiritualist, and an Inspirational Speaker. If the church will receive me as such, I am willing to enter. I know spiritualists have entered, and I am quite anxious to learn whether they did so under a cloak. The conference have had my letters of endorsement and application before them for months and I can't say what will be the ultimate result."

After readiug the above perfectly straightforward statement surely no one who respects liberty of action and conscience, can grumble at the course Mr. Howell has taken. As he is an excellent speaker it will be quite a loss to lose him. But as he is nearly blind a stated home and sphere of work would be a decided advantage to him. Wherever he is he has the hearty good wishes of the writer, as he will of hundred who know him.

SHE THINKS SHE IS IN HEAVEN.

Here is another case of mediumship outside our ranks. The scene is at Highland, Pa., and the subject a certain Lillie Bodner, who was converted at a religious revival recently and soon afterwards fell into a trance, in which state she has been much of the time since. She believes herself to be in Heaven. Her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Keefer thus describes her case:

"It is a wonderful case, but it is no mental aberration. I am not a Spiritualist, in any sense of the word, but I do believe that this girl has direct communicption with the spirit world. She is with them, she speaks to them. She is a manifestation of the Divine power. I could give you columns of strange things she has told about people whom she never knew before. She has described Heaven and she does not believe she is on earth. It is a strange mystery, indeed."

A sapient description, truly! It looks as if the spirit world was invading Christian families, to convert them to the facts of Spiritualism!

WHO TOLD YOU TO COME TO THIS PLACE?

Quite a stir was raised in a fashionable church in New York city, that of St. Thomas, on Sunday morning February 10th, owing to Mrs. George W. Moore of Detroit, who entered the church on the day named, and who was accosted by the "chief lay manager" of the church in the words:

"Who told you to come to this place?"

She answered that no one had told her, and she says that Mr. Williams said to her:

"Well, this is not your pew, and don't you come in again unless you are invited. Now get out." She was so surprised, and, doing as she was told, she rose and went away. When the story was related to Mr. Williams to-night he said: "Well, I did tell her to get up and go out. She had no business there.

It was not her pew, and she was not placed there by any usher."

The foregoing naturally excited more or less comment in the public pruts, but the palm for such comments must surely be awarded, the writer in the Philadelphia *Press*, who thus delivers himself, especially when this "chief lay mauager" candidly admits,

"We haven't any room in our church for people who haven't paid for their seats. Our trouble is not to find places for strangers, but to keep them out. We don't ask them to come, and we don't want them. If they come they are in the way, and we have hard work to get them out of the way, but we manage to do it, nevertheless. We have to watch them, but sometimes they elude us and contrive to find seats somewhere. Then we have to tell them very plainly to get up and go out. And we make them do it."

The editor referred to above, says, that the blunt, harsh way in which the sexton of St. Thomas' treats the questiou of strangers in churches and his admission that he is "not looking for souls for the pews; it's dollars that are wanted," will justly come with a shock to church people. Their feelings will be outraged at the sight of a respectable, orderly woman expelled from a pew in a Christian church. But, on the other hand, it cau be said that strangers going to a city like New York are themselves oftcu to blame for the treatment they receive in places of worship. They invariably choose the most fashionable churches to visit and the most popular ministers to hear, and apparently imagine that these services are maintained chiefly for the benefit of chance worshipers. They forget that without a regular society these edifices could never have been built and ministrations could not be sustained, and that those who have made the greater sacrifices ought to have a least a choice of opportunities. When a stranger in a large city goes to hear Booth or Barrett in tragedy or Christine Nilson or Madame Patti in opera he pays from $2 to $5 for his seat and would think it an unspeakable outrage if his stall was encroached upon. But he will present himself at the door of one of the costliest churches in a city and become speedily indignant if he is not shown to a pew, every seat in which has been rented for more than he paid for his opera stall. The fact is, many good people are persuaded that they owe nothing to the church but their presence and countenance. They will grow eloquent over a gospel without money and without price and conveniently forget that the day when thousands can be fed on a few loaves and fishes has receded nearly nineteen centuries into the past and that they themselves illustrate every day of their lives that something can not he obtained for nothing."

Paul and Patti, Jesus and Barrett, the Church and the Theatre, are all lumped together as matters of commerce and religion smacks of business, and churches are but for the rich, when they are costly in build, and have star parsons who must be paid.

A FEW FACTS.

Those of my readers who are interested in curious facts will read the following with interest: The Old and New Testaments combiued contain 66 books, 1,189 chapters, 31,173 verses, 773,697 words, and 4,586,580 letters. The *middle chapter* and the *least* in the Bible is Psalm 177. The *middle verse* is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther is the longest. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times. The word "Lord" occurs 1,855 times. The word "reverend" occurs only once, in the 9th verse of the 11th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphebet with the exception of the letter "j." There are no words of more than six syllables in the Bible. And, lastly, the Apocrypha contains 14 books, 183 chapters, 6,081 verses, and 152,185 words, so that the Bible, with the Apocrypha, contains 80 books, 1,372 chapters, 37,214 verses, and 925,882 words.

WHO WILL WIN THIS.

I will give a copy of my "Practical Occultism" to any one correctly solving the following four lines of a shaun Latin quotation, which recently appeared in the London *Standard*. The solutions to be sent to me, in care of the DOVE. The answer shall be printed in this series of articles.

Is ab ille hers ago!
Foribus es in suo!
Novi dictis forte trox?
Se Valicinum—pes an duo!

OH THOSE TYPES!

In my last article those types upset my meaning badly. On page 90, second column, forty-five lines from the top, they made me say "Jesmits" instead of *Jesuits*, as intended. While on page 91, first column, third line of last paragraph but one, they get "our ideal men," instead of *our ideal men*, etc., as intended. To defend the sense of the remarks the correction is here presented.

WHERE ARE THE "BROTHERS?"

The Philadelphia *Press* says: The Boston "Esoteric College of Theosophy" has flunked, slumped, petered out, as it were. In other words, it has graduated from itself and taken its diploma and its leave. Alas! Alas!

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Prosperity is a poor scale to weigh our friends in.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.

Be thy creed or prayers what they may, unless thou hast a little truth thou shalt not attain the path to happiness. He who possesses the truth is the twice-boru.—*Hindu.*

Selected Articles.

Practical Working of the Sunday Bill.

The following statement was made by Prof. Alonzo E. Jones before the U. S. Senate Committee when considering the "Blair Sunday Rest Bill:"

THE CHAIRMAN.—I should like to call everybody's attention to the point. If you need any legislation to carry out your purposes, be careful that in the effort to get assistance of the parties against you you do not throw away the pith and substance of it for which you ask.

MR JONES.—Yes, sir; that is the point. I show the workings of this principle, I will state that Arkansas, in '85 had an exemption clause in its Sunday law. That exemption clause, it was claimed, was taken advantage of by saloon-keepers to keep open on Sunday. A delegation went to the legislature of Arkansas and asked them to repeal that exemption clause so that they could shut the saloons on Sunday. The legislature did it. If they had shut the saloons on Sunday, that would have been well enough; but there was not a saloon-keeper arrested under that repealed law. there was not a man who worked on Sunday tined under it; but there were Seventh-Day Baptists and some Seventh-Day Adventists, poor almost, as Job's turkey, who were prosecuted and fined. One man had his only horse taken from him, and his cow, and at last his brethren contributed money to save him from jail. Such men were prosecuted time and again, and the legislature had to restore that exemption clause, to save these poor, innocent people from the persecution that arose under it.

THE CHAIRMAN.—I am glad you put in that fact because it is something that has happened.

MR. JONES.—I ask leave to read the statement made in the Arkansas legislature by Senator Crocket upon that very subject:

"Let me, sir, illustrate the operation of the present law by one or two examples."

That is, the law as it stood with the exemption clause unrepealed. The following is an extract from the speech of Senator Crocket before the Arkansas legislature in favor of a bill for the repeal of the law.

A Mr. Swearigen came from a Northern State and settled a farm in —— county. His farm was four miles from town, and far away from any house of religious worship. He was a member of the Seventh-Day Adventist Church, and having sacredly observed the Sabbath of his people (Saturday) by abstaining from all secular work, he and his son, a lad of seventeen, on the first day of the week went quietly about their usual avocations. They disturbed no one, interfered with the rights of no one, but they were observed and reported to the grand jury, indicted, arrested, tried, convicted, fined; and having no money to pay the fine these most Christian citizens of Arkansas, were dragg

to the county jail and imprisoned like felons for twenty-five days—and for what? For daring in this so-called land of liberty, in the year of our Lord 1887, to worship God.

Was this the end of the story? Alas, no, sir! They were turned out; and the old man's only horse, his sole reliance to make bread for his children, was levied on to pay the fine and costs, amounting to $38. The horse sold at auction for $27. A few days afterward the sheriff came again and demanded $38—$11 balance due on fine and costs, and $22 for board of wife and son while in jail. And when the poor old man, Christian, mind you, told him with tears, that he had no money, he promptly levied on his cow, but was persuaded to accept bond, and the amount was paid by contributions from his friends of the same faith. Sir, my heart swells to bursting with indignation as I repeat to you the infamous story.

Another, and I am done. Sir, I beg you and these Senators to believe these are neither fancy nor exaggerated sketches. Five years ago, a young man, newly married, came to ——county, from Ohio. He and his wife were Seventh-Day Baptists. The young girl had left father and mother, brothers and sisters, and all the dear friends of her childhood, to follow her young husband to Arkansas—to them the land of promise. The light of love sparkled in her bright young eyes! The roses of health were upon her cheeks, and her silvery laugh was sweet music, of which her young husband never wearied. They purchased a little farm, and soon, by tireless industry and frugal thrift, their home blossomed like a rose in the wilderness. After awhile a fair young babe came to them to brighten the sunshine, and increased the bird-songs. They were united in each other's affection and their love for the little one. For them "all things worked together for good;" for in their humble, trusting way, they worshiped God and loved their fellow-men.

Two years ago the law under which their prosperity and happiness had had its growth was repealed! Accursed be the day which brought such a foul blot upon our State's fair fame! A change, sudden, cold, and blasting as an Arctic storm, came over their lives and pitilessly withered all their bright flowers of hope. Under this repeal, persecution lifted its ugly, venomous head, and the form of my sad story was observed by an envious, jealous neighbor, quietly working, as he believed God had commanded him, on Sunday. He was reported to that Inquisitorial relic of barbarism, the grand jury, indicted tried, convicted and thrown into jail because his conscience would not let him pay the fine.

Week after week dragged its slow length along. Day after day the young wife with baby in her arms, watched at the gate for his coming, and, like Tennyson's Marianna—

> She only said: "My life is dreary -
> He cometh not," she said.
> She said: "I am aweary, aweary -
> I would that I were dead."

The baby sickened and died; the light in the young wife's eyes faded with its; her silvery laugh changed to low, wailing sobs. Pale-faced misery snatched the roses from her cheeks, and planted in their stead her own pallid line. Sir, how can I go on? At length the cruel law was appeased, and this motionless citizen (except that he loved God and sought to obey Him) was released from prison and dragged his weary feet to the happy home he had left a few short weeks before. He met his neighbor at the gate searing a coffin. He asked no questions; his is heart told him all. No, not all! He knew not—he could never know of her lonely hours, of her bitter tears, of the weary watching and waiting, of the appeals to God, that God for whom she had suffered so much, for help in the hour of her extremity, of baby's sickness and death. He could not know of these. But he went with them to the quiet, country burial-place and saw beside the open grave a little mound with dirt freshly heaped upon it, and then he knew that God had taken both his heart's idols and he was left alone. His grief was too deep for tears. With staring eyes he saw them lower the body of his young wife into the grave. He heard the clods rattle upon the coffin, and it seemed as if they were falling on his heart. The work was done and they left him with his dead, and then he threw himself down between the graves, with an arm across each little mound, and the tears came in torrents and kept his heart from breaking. Then he sobbed his broken farewell to his darlings and left Arkansas forever. Left it, sir, as hundreds of others are preparing to leave if this general assembly fails to restore to them the protection of their rights under the Constitution, national and State.

On next Monday, at Malvern, six as honest, good and virtuous citizens as live in Arkansas, are to be tried as criminals for daring to worship God in accordance with the dictates of their own consciences; for exercising a right which the government, under the Constitution, has no power to abridge. Sir, I plead, in the name of justice, in the name of our republican institutions, in the name of these inoffensive, God-fearing, God-serving people, our fellow-citizens, and last, sir, in the name of Arkansas, I plead that the bill may pass, and this one foul blot be wiped from the escutcheon of our glorious commonwealth."

I myself, with other brethren in California, had to send hundreds of dollars into Tennessee to support the families of the brethren of our own faith there, while the husband and the father, who made the money for their support, were in jail because they chose to work for their families on Sunday, and make bread for them after keeping the Sabbath according to their conscience. That has been done, Mr. Chairman, in these U. S. That is the care these people have for the laboring man.

THE CHAIRMAN.—You reason from that that there should be no Sunday law whatever?

MR. JONES.—If you allow a Sunday law, you must allow it to any extent. It must be enforced. All they did was to enforce the law simply, as in the Roman Empire they put Paul to death. They simply enforced the law, but the law was wrong. Any condition of the law that allows such things as that, is a wrong condition.

Charity in the Twentieth Century.

FROM "LOOKING BACKWARD."

"I should not fail to mention," resumed the doctor, "that for those too deficient in mental or bodily strength to be fairly graded with the main body of workers, we have a separate grade, unconnected with the others, —a sort of invalid corps, the members of which are provided with a light class of tasks fitted to their strength. All our sick in mind or body, all our deaf and dumb, and lame and blind and crippled, and even our insane, belong to this invalid corps, and bear its insignia. The strongest often do nearly a man's work, the feeblest, of course, nothing; but none who can do anything are willing quite to give up. In their lucid intervals, even our insane are eager to do what they can."

"That is a pretty idea of the invalid corps," I said. "Even a barbarian from the nineteenth century can appreciate that. It is a very graceful way of disguising charity, and must be very grateful to the feelings of its recipients."

"Charity?" repeated Dr. Leete. "Did you suppose that we consider the incapable class we are talking of objects of charity?"

"Why, naturally," I said, "inasmuch as they are incapable of self-support."

But here the doctor took me up quickly.

"Who is capable of self-support?" he demanded. "There is no such thing in a civilized society as self-support. In a state of society so barbarous as not even to know family co-operation, each individual may possibly support himself, though even then for a part of his life only; but for the moment that men begin to live together, and constitute even the rudest sort of society, self-support becomes impossible. As men grow more civilized, and the subdivision of occupations and services is carried out, a complex mutual dependence becomes the universal rule. Every man, however solitary may seem his occupation, is a member of a vast industrial partnership, as large as the nation, as large as the humanity. The necessity of mutual dependence should imply the duty and guarantee of mutual support; and that it did not in your day, constituted the essential cruelty and unreason of your system."

"That may be so," I replied, "but it does not touch the case of those who are unable to contribute anything to the product of industry."

"Surely, I told you this morning, at least I thought I did," replied Dr. Leete, "that the right of a man to maintenance at the nation's table depends on the fact that he is a man, and not on the amount of health and strength he may have, so long as he does his best."

"You said so," I answered, "but I supposed the rule applied only to the workers of different ability. Does it also hold of those who can do nothing at all?"

"Are they not also men?"

"I am to understand, then, that the lame, the blind, the sick and the impotent, are as well off as the most efficient, and have the same income?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"The idea of charity on such a scale," I answered, "would have made our most enthusiastic philanthropists gasp."

"If you had a sick brother at home," replied Dr. Leete, "unable to work, would you feed him on less dainty food, and lodge and clothe him more poorly than yourself? More likely far, you would give him the preference; nor would you think of calling it charity. Would not the word, in that connection, fill you with indignation?"

"Of course," I replied, "but the cases are not parallel. There is a sense, no doubt, in which all men are brothers; but this general sort of brotherhood is not to be compared, except for rhetorical purposes, to the brotherhood of blood, either as to its sentiment or its obligations."

"There speaks the nineteenth century!" exclaimed Dr. Leete. "Ah, Mr. West, there is no doubt as to the length of time that you slept. If I were to give you, in one sentence a key to what may seem the mysteries of our civilization as compared with that of your age, I should say that it is the fact that the solidarity of the race and the brotherhood of man, which to you were but fine phrases, are, to our thinking and feeling, ties as real and as vital as physical fraternity.

"But even setting that consideration aside, I do not see why it so surprises you that those who cannot work are conceded the full right to live on the produce of those who can. Even in your day, the duty of military service for the protection of the nation, to which our industrial service corresponds, while obligatory on those able to discharge it, did not operate to deprive of the privileges of citizenship those who were unable. They stayed at home, and were protected by those who fought and nobody questioned their right to be, or thought less of them. So, now, the requirement of industrial service from those able to render it does not operate to deprive of the privileges of citizenship, which now implies the citizen's maintenance, him who cannot work. The worker is not a citizen because he works, but works because he is a citizen. As you recognize the duty of the strong to fight for the weak, we, now that fighting is gone by, recognize his duty to work for him.

"A solution which leaves an unaccounted for residuum is no solution at all; and our solution of the problem of human society would have been none at all had it left the lame, the sick, and the blind outside with the beasts, to fare as they might. Better far have left the strong and well unprovided for than these burdened ones, toward whom every heart must yearn, and for whom ease of mind and body should be provided, if for no others. Therefore it is, as I told you this morning, that the title of every man, woman and child to the means of existence rests on no basis less plain, broad and simple than the fact that they are fellows of one race—members of one human family. The only coin current is the image of God, and that is good for all we have.

"I think there is no feature of the civilization of your epoch so repugnant to modern ideas as the neglect with which you treated your dependent classes. Even if you had no pity, no feeling to brotherhood, how was it that you did not see that you were robbing the incapable class of their plain right in leaving them unprovided for?"

"I don't quite follow you there," I said. "I admit the claim of this class to our pity, but how could they who produced nothing claim a share of the product as a right?"

"How happened it," was Dr. Leete's reply, "that your workers were able to produce more than so many savages would have done? Was it not wholly on account of the heritage of the past knowledge and achievements of the race, the machinery of society, thousands of years in contriving, found by you ready-made to your hand? How did you come to be possessors of this knowledge and this machinery which represent nine parts to one contributed by yourself, in the value of your product? You inherited it, did you not? And were not these others, these unfortunate and crippled brothers whom you cast out, joint inheritors, co-heirs with you? What did you do with their share? Did you not rob them, when you put them off with crusts, who were entitled to sit with the heirs, and did you not add insult to robbery when you called the crusts charity?"

"Ah, Mr. West," Dr. Leete continued, as I did not respond, "what I do not understand is, setting aside all considerations either of justice or brotherly feeling toward the crippled and defective, how the workers of your day could have had any heart for their work, knowing that their children, or grand-children, if unfortunate, would be deprived of the comforts and even necessities of life. It is a mystery how men with children could favor a system under which they were rewarded beyond those less endowed with bodily strength or mental power. For, by the same discrimination by which the father profited, the son, for whom he would give his life, being perchance weaker than others, might be reduced to want and beggary. How men dared leave children behind them, I have never been able to understand."

Remarkable Clairaudient and Visionary Presentments.

BY JESSIE BENTON FREMONT, WIFE OF GENERAL FREMONT, THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN OFFICER AND EXPLORER.

I was so used to my brave husband's safe returns from every danger that I had become fairly reasonable about his journeys, and my wise, loving father took care I should have my mind and time usefully filled. We could not look to hear from Mr. Fremont on the unoccupied line of country he was exploring that winter of 1853-54; he must first reach the close at San Francisco, and our first news must come by the Isthmus route of Panama; at the earliest, midsummer. But in mid-winter, without any reason, I became possessed by the conviction that he was starving; nor could any effort reason this away. No such impression had ever come to me before, although more than once dreadful suffering, and even deaths from starvation, had befallen his companions during other expeditions.

This time it came upon me as a fact I could not turn from. It fairly haunted me for nearly two weeks, until young and absolutely healthy as I was, it made a physical effect on me. Sleep and appetite were broken up, and in spite of my father's and my own efforts to dissipate it by reasoning, by added open-air life, nothing dulled my sense of increasing suffering from hunger to Mr. Fremont and his party.

This weight of fear was lifted from me as suddenly as it had come.

My house was near that of my father, and the younger part of his family, when returning from parties, often came to me for the remainder of the night, that the elders might not have their sleep broken. In this way one of my sisters and a cousin came to me after a wedding ball at General Jessup's. The drive home was long and over rough, frozen streets, and it was nearly one o'clock when they came in—glad enough of the bright room and big wood fire waiting them, while I, only too pleased just then to have an excuse for staying up with the others, made them tea, as we talked over the evening and the bride.

The fire was getting low, and I went into the adjoining dressing-room to bring in more wood. It was an oldfashioned big fireplace, and the sticks were too large to grasp with the hand; as I half-knelt, balancing the long stick on my left arm, a hand rested lightly on my left shoulder, and Mr. Fremont's voice, pleased and laughing, whispered my name. There was no sound beyond the quick whispered name—no presence, only the touch—that was all. But I knew (as one knows in dreams) that it was Mr. Fremont, gay, and intending to startle my sister, whose ready scream always freshly amused him.

Silently I went back into the girl's room with the wood, but before I could speak, my sister, looking up to take a stick from me, gave a great cry and fell on the rug.

"What have you seen?" called out our cousin, Mary Benton, the most steady-nerved, even-natured of women then as now.

I had not yet spoken; this was all in a flash together. When I said it was Mr. Fremont—that he touched my shoulder for me to "keep still and let me scare Susy"—then the poor child screamed again and again. We crushed her ball dress over her head to keep the sound from the neighbors, but it was difficult to quiet her.

The girls had been distressed by my fixed idea of danger to Mr. Fremont, and knew how out of condition it had made me. Their first thought now was that my mind had broken down. They soon realized this was not so, as we discussed the strange fact of my knowing—and so surely that peace came back to me—that whatever he had had to bear was over; that he was now safe and light of heart, and that in some way he himself had told me so.

We talked long and the girls were too excited for sleep, though the mureliable little French clock chimed three. But a blessed rest had fallen on me, and I went off in "a sleep," deep and dreamless, from which I did not wake until ten the next day, when my eyes opened to see my father sitting by my bedside. He had been guarding my sleep a long time—in fact, the whole household were protecting it as the crisis of a fever.

The girls had watched near me until morning, when they went over and told my father, who called in our family physician, Dr. Lindsley, to see me. But my color had returned, and the strained anxious expression was gone—more than any words this told to practised eyes that some electric change had restored "the peaceful currents of the blood."

With sleep and appetite strength soon returned, but the true "good medicine" was my absolute certainty of safety for Mr. Fremont.

My father's first words to me had been, "Child, you have seen a vision;" and lawyer-like, he questioned and cross-questioned me thoroughly (as he had already the two girls.) This vision, as he named it, interested him deeply. He knew me to be soundly healthy; he had seen sudden fear altering me as an illness would, and now, as suddenly and completely as a north west wind clears the air and leaves it fresh, cool and life-giving, this "vision" had swept away all clouds of fear and brought me new life.

We all talked it over with friends, often. There was no way to verify what Mr. Fremont's part had been during those two weeks. We must wait until his journey was over, by summer at the earliest, he would reach San Francisco, and then the only mail was nearly a month, *via* the Isthmus.

But in early April there came to Washington, overland, a Mormon elder named Babitt, from the settlement of Parowan in now South Utah. Mr. Babitt brought us letters from Mr. Fremont written at Parowan, and added many details of personal intelligence.

The winter had been very severe, and much snow falling drove off the game. Mr. Fremont had in his party but few of his old companions—men whose experience and nerve gave them resources and staying power in emergency. The new men became nearly demoralized under the trying ordeal of cold and hunger, and were almost starved and desperate when, after forty days of increasing want they reached this small Mormon settlement. There they were taken care of with a true hospitality and kindness which none of our family ever forgot. One good man, Fuller, had died the day before, but they brought him in fastened on a horse, and Christian burial was given him, while men and women with true Christian kindness, patiently nursed back to life those nearly exhausted.

Most of the party were unwilling to go further, and remained there, for whites and Indians agreed that no one had ever been heard of again who had tried to cross into California on that line.

As Mr. Fremont persevered, Mr. Babitt aided him in all ways to refit, and cashed his personal draft on a San Francisco bank, a trust never before shown a Gentile by a Mormon.

Now the fact was verified that there had been a starving time; that it had lasted through January into the next month; that the last fortnight had been desperately, almost fatally, exhausting—quite so to poor Fuller.

This fortnight was the period during which I knew of their starving.

The relief came to them when they got into Parowan—the evening of the 6th of February—when I was made to know that also, that same night. Every family took in some of the men, putting them into warm rooms and clean, comfortable beds, and kind-faced women gave them reviving food and pitying words. Mr. Fremont's letters could not say enough of the gentle, patient care of these kind women, and of his own "great relief of mind."

After this we heard no more until the 25th of May, when he telegraphed from New York as his steamer got in from Aspinwall, and by set of sun he was again at home.

Soon he was told by my father of what I have been telling you here. His lawyer habit of mind had made him minutely verify what we three women had to tell, but there was a point beyond on which the geographer-astronomer-mind fastened—the point of Time.

As nearly as we could settle it, 2 P. M. was the hour I had the flash of information that all was well again.

The girls had stayed out later than usual at an assembly of family friends for a marriage festivity, and the long, rough drive over the frozen mud of the old Washington streets was necessarily slow. Our old coachman objected to being out after twelve, and it was nearly one when they came in.

After that came the long gossip over the tea, and this brought it to about two o'clock. Time had not entered much into our former easy-going Southern lives, and we were three young women, amused, comfortable—and what did it matter, an hour more or less?

Properly, we should have looked at the clock, made a minute of the facts, signed it, put it on record. But we only knew it was "nearing one" when the girls came home, "about two" when the fire grew low, and "quite three" when overpowered sleep sent me off to bed.

Next morning, when the baggage came, the journal of that time was taken out, and we read the entry: "Parowan, February 6, 11:30 P. M., and the brief record of the arrivals that safety and comfort by hundred had been around to each of his party for a thankful good-night, and had seen them in warm beds; he wrote of the contrast to the bad day just past and of his own quiet room, with its fire and "the big white bed" waiting him to which he must go now, for he was "fatigued" and it was near midnight.

Then there followed the wish that I could know of this comfort and of his mind at ease.

And, at that moment, I did know.

The difference of longitude makes Washington two hours and twenty-three minutes later than Parowan, so that 11:30 P. M. there would be in Washington 1:53 A. M.—about two o'clock.

Thus did the spiritual telegraph anticipate and outdo the magnetic.—*The Tico Worlds.*

OLD SAYINGS.

The Authors of Many That Are in Daily Use at the Present Time.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is from Keats.

Dean Swift thought that "Bread was the staff of life."

Franklin said "God helps those who help themselves."

"All cry and no wool" is found in Buter's Hudibras.

Thomas Southern reminds us that "Pity's a kin to love."

Washington Irving gives us "The almighty dollar."

"Man propores, but God disposes."—Thomas a' Kempis.

Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle."

"Variety's the spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear."—Cowper.

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war."—Nathaniel Lee, 1602.

Charles Pinckney gives "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Edward Young tells us "Death love a shining mark," and "A fool of forty is a fool indeed."

We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again."

"Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior.

"Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

To Milton we owe the "Paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets" and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

Dryden says "None but the brave deserve the fair" and "Men are but children of a larger growth" and "Through thick and thin."

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so oft repeated by his brothers in a less public way: "Love me little, love me long."

Johnson tells us of "A good hater" and McIntosh in 1791 the phrase often attributed to John Randolph: "Wise and masterly inactivity."

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us: "It's an ill wind turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap" and "The stone that is rolling gathers no moss."

"First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, offered by General Henry Lee.—*Galveston News.*

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A BABY'S CRY.

"Oh, Mama, Don't Let Them Take Me."

"Oh, mama, don't let him take me! I want to stay with you! I don't want to go with him!"

These were the words which rang in childish tones through the upper corridor of the new City Hall yesterday morning, and brought a *Chronicle* reporter to the door of Judge Wallace's courtroom, whence the cry had come.

There was seen one of the saddest sights which human eye could witness. On one side of the room was a lady dressed in deep black, clasping tightly and determinedly a pretty child of 7 years. The little girl wore the pallid expression of fear. The mother's face was haggard and full of despair.

Across the room sat the father, cold and stern. He looked upon the scene without giving evidence of the slightest emotion. Standing near him was the portly bailiff of the court, who seemed undetermined as to the right course to pursue.

"Give the child to the father," said the Judge.

The bailiff advanced, and the little one clung close to its mother, and tears began to roll down its cheeks.

The manly bailiff dreaded his task and turned to the Court with a look which meant. "I cannot do it, Judge; they love each other."

Again the order came from the bench: "Mr. Bailiff take the child from the mother and give her to the father. He is the custodian by law, and this court or habeas corpus cannot alter that decree."

The mother saw that it was useless longer to resist. She yielded to the demand of the bailiff but the child did not yield. Unable to appreciate the order of the court, the tiny girl fought the brawny bailiff, kicking and crying until she was landed in her father's arms.

The mother's heart seemed broken as the father carried off the squirming baby in his arms. She cried and would not be comforted.

This scene is the sequel of a divorce suit determined by Judge Wilson last September. Lydia Kennedy sued Albert W. Kennedy for divorce on the grounds of cruelty, failure to provide and desertion. They had been married twenty-three years and had six children, the care and custody of which were awarded to the father, through the divorce was allowed the wife. Not being able to stand the separation from the youngest, Mrs. Kennedy, a few days since got possession of the little girl. The father sued out a writ of habeas corpus, and it was upon the hearing of the writ that the court gave the order which caused this pitiful scene described.

The above article appeared in the *Chronicle* of this city of recent date and as it illustrates the infamous injustice of a government where one half of the citizens are disfranchised and subject to the absolute rule and control of the other,—having no rights that men are bound to respect—not even the right to their own children whom they have gone into the valley and shadow of death to give birth to,—it would seem but proper that women should take up the subject and at least protest against the great wrong against them. It would also seem that woman would not dare to become mothers, when the law is such that they may at any time be deprived of their babes if a fiend in the shape of a man saw fit to claim them and take them away. In the above instance it is stated that the woman got a divorce on the grounds of "cruelty, failure to provide, and desertion." This too, after having lived with the man twenty-three years and borne six children. Then, no doubt, the bloom of youth having faded, the vigor and fire, the sparkle and thrill of health and early womanhood having been absorbed and wasted by the man who had promised to "love and cherish her," she was cast aside as a worn out garment, and stripped even of the darlings whose lives had been purchased at the sacrifice of all that made her own worth living, and she was left alone, forsaken and desolate, to pass the remainder of her days in tears and grief, like Rachel of old, mourning for her children and refusing to be comforted, not because they were dead, no;—for better that they were than in the keeping of such a man,—but because other hands than her own must hereafter minister to their little wants, and strangers receive the baby's caresses that belong to the mother who bore it.

What a spectacle in this nineteenth century! Where is our boasted civilization? It is but a name; we are nothing but barbarians, and a Judge who would pronounce such a verdict is a savage. In this instance it seems that nothing was proven against the woman. She was granted the divorce, which of course implies that the charges of "cruelty, desertion, and failure to provide" must have been proven against her husband, and yet that cruel man who is described as "cold and stern" was given the custody of the children even when the babe revolted and fought for its right to stay with the mother who loved it. How long will the intelligent women of this country submit to such indignities and wrongs when offered in the name of law and and justice? How long will they suffer and make no sign even through their very heart strings are torn asunder? Then in their blighted, desolate old age they mourn over the wasted years of youth, when, with a mistaken idea of wifely duty they allowed their womanhood to be despoiled of its heritage of health, strength, life and vigor, had laid upon the altar of their love and devotion, which alas, too often proves but the altar of man's selfishness and passion. Oh, that we could pen words that would touch the souls of our brothers and make them see and know the grievous wrong they are inflicting not only upon their sisters but upon themselves as well; for the result of wrong doing inevetably returns with full force upon the wrong-doer and there is no escape from this law which, though unwritten, is the higher law of nature, or God, and as far above man-made laws as the heavens are above the earth.

Oh, that we could pen words that would awaken our sisters to a sense of their duties and responsibilities in these matters, and inspire them with strength and wisdom to demand for themselves the right of self-ownership, for the protection of themselves and their offspring. Then we would not see the worn out mothers discarded and robbed of their little ones; for when women understand that the law of self preservation is a divine one they will not surrender themselves unreservedly, soul and body, to the care and "protection" of any man.

BEULAH CLUB ENTERTAINMENT.

A very pleasant literary and musical entertainment was given on Friday evening, March 1, at the Mission Opera House, by the Beulah Club, for the benefit of the Bartlett-street Kindergarten, of which Miss Mina B. Robinson is principal. The hall was well-filled, and the principal numbers of the programme were received with well-merited marks of approval,—conspicuous among which were a recitation and a song respectively by two very little tots, members of the kindergarten. The latter portion of the evening was devoted to dancing. Quite a tidy sum was netted for the school, we are pleased to learn.

The circles held nightly at the rooms of Mrs. F. A. Logan, 841 Market street, are growing in interest and attracting numbers of honest investigators, none of whom are sent away empty handed. Remarkable developments are promised, and convincing tests are given nightly. One member of the circle is developing, as the angels say, as a musical medium, and already he sings finely under control and speaks the Egyptian language. Truly the unseen world is raising up standard bearers for the Army of Right, and they shall not be unrewarded. W.

EAST MONTEREY.

One of the Largest Summer Resorts in the World, Three Hours From San Francisco, and Half a Mile From the Grounds of the "Hotel Del Monte."

We offer the public in the above tract some choice lots, $35 for inside and $50 for corners. These lots will be very much sought after owing to: first, their desirable and healthy location and second, their close proximity to one of the world renowned hotels.

The temperature varies but six degrees between summer and winter, making what is so much sought after, namely, "Indian Summer." This places it ahead of all other Summer Resorts inasmuch as it omits the extreme heat, and the extreme cold, "Del Monte" being visited both summer and winter by all who visit California, and also by our own residents would naturally give this Tract superiority over any other part of the State, in never being dull or quiet. Here everything is always life, and amusements of all kinds can be found, such as surf-bathing, warm salt water bathing, in the beautiful bath house of the hotel (the latter being open to the public), drives that cannot be excelled, for most all the points in the vicinity are historical, boating on a beautiful lake right on the Tract and yachting in the bay of Monterey, etc.

Everything conducive to both health and pleasure can be had here, leaving nothing to be desired, and surely placing the locality far ahead of any competitor. Here for a small outlay you can purchase a site on very advantageous terms, and build yourself a residence to your own taste, and what can be more beautiful than having your own home, and where your neighbor is your friend. There are several fine wells of water on the Tract, and water can be found anywhere on the grounds, at a depth of from twelve to twenty feet.

The distance from San Francisco by rail is one hundred and twenty-five miles and is reached by exress trains in three hours. Those whose business interests keep them in the city during the busy season of they year will find this a most delightful place for a summer residence, and being so near the city the trip can be made at a trifling expense. For a beautiful, healthful home where children can be reared free from the moral and physical contagion incident to city life no more desirable place could be found on the Pacific Coast. Call and consult the agent, Mrs. Scott Briggs, CARRIER DOVE Office.

THE ELSMERE FREE KINDERGARTEN.

On Thursday afternoon of last week it was the privilege of the writer to attend the opening exercises of the "Elsmere Free Kindergarten" at the school-room on Jessie street near Fifth.

A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present and the exercises were very interesting. The number of children present was fifty-one; and they marched in and took their seats in a most orderly and systematic manner. The exercises consisted in first division, building gift; second division, stick laying; third division, chain making; fourth division, drawing. The fourth division comprised the baby class, and was composed of little tots from two to three years of age.

Following these were the ring exercises which comprised marching and singing, the little ones keeping excellent time to the music of the piano.

Then followed the Finger Motion Song, Dancing Game, Blacksmith Song, The Four Little Birdies, Dove Song and Ball Song, in all of which the little ones acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner. The Misses Josie and Libbie Hill are very careful, painstaking teachers and deserve great credit for the success attending their work. These children are, many of them, little waifs who have been rescued from lives in the street and trained as carefully as though they came from the wealthiest families in the city. The kindergarten is conducted under the auspices of the "Ladies Elsmere Club," a band of noble, unselfish workers who have united in this grand humanitarian project of rescuing the little ones from lives of illness and consequent crime and giving the foundation of an education and love for study that will result in untold good to the children who are the recipients of their motherly love and care. The teachers are devoted to the work—giving their time and services for a very insufficient and meager compensation simply for the reward that comes from a knowledge of doing good and blessing others. The ladies are dependent upon donations for the support of the school with the exception of the funds raised at their monthly dime socials, which is but a small amount of the necessary expenditure. The monthly subscriptions to the fund are also limited as yet to about half the amount of absolute expense, yet the ladies expect in a short time to find those interested in the noble work who will contribute what is lacking. The schoolroom has been tastefully decorated and presents an attractive appearance. Potted plants, trailing vines, pictures and fancy ornaments adorn the windows and walls; and more could be used with advantage if they were available.

The DOVE hopes that everyone who reads this notice will at once constitute themselves committee of one to work for this kindergarten and make it the success it deserves to be. If funds could be raised to pay the expense, there is another large room adjoining the one now occupied by the school where the pupils of these poor little ones could be accomodated; and it seems a great pity that it cannot be obtained and utilized for so noble a purpose. Every day little ones are taken to the school and admission asked for them, but are turned away for lack of room in the already over crowded school. Would that we could impress our readers with the importance of this work as it appealed to us on the occasion of the opening; if we could, there would soon be many more willing hands and open pocket-books at the service of the poor little ones of whom it was said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," but of whom practical experience has taught us, soon become the hoodlum element of the city when permitted to grow up in ignorance and live in the streets. Let us "gather them in"

THE SOCIAL OF THE LADIES' ELSMERE CLUB.

The first social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club, in aid of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, was held on Saturday evening last at the residence of Mrs. J. B. Rider, 2513 Folsom street. The parlors and adjacent rooms and hallways were thronged with the happy, smiling guests. A count made during the evening showed that over eighty persons were present. Previous to the literary and musical features of the evening, the friends enjoyed themselves, some by indulging in innocent games, others by the interchange of thought and greeting.

After a piano solo by Mrs. Hohfeld, the old, familiar song of "Dreamland Faces" was sung by Mr. W. J. Colville, accompanied on the piano by Madame Fries-Bishop. Dr. Thos. L. Hill followed with one of his choice recitations, "The Legend of the Organ Builder." Mrs. Laverna Matthews read a beautiful poem, written by her for the occasion, and Master Ray Irvin recited the "Bunch of Golden Keys" in good style. Mr. W. J. Colville gave an inspirational poem of some length, upon the kindergarten system in general and the appositeness of the name "Elsmere" in connection with the work now in hand.

Refreshments being next in order, coffee, tea, lemonade, sandwiches, and cake, were freely dispensed to the eighty odd guests; following which two very fine cakes, donated by Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Dodge (as we understood), were auctioned off in a rattling manner by Mr. W. H. Mills for the benefit of the kindergarten. The collection taken up for the school was attended with excellent results, the sum received being larger than any previously obtained for the same purpose at the socials of the late Ladies' Auxiliary.

Announcement was made that the next social of the Club would be held on Saturday, April 5, 1889, at the residence of the President, Mrs. Wheelock, 331 Geary street. After the singing of a number of lively, humorous songs, in chorus, the merry party broke up,—the entire evening having apparently been spent by all in a most enjoyable manner.

THE ELSMERE FREE KINDERGARTEN.

Written by Mrs. Laverna Mathews and read by her at the Dime Social of the Ladies Elsmere Club, held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Rider, on Saturday evening, March 2, 1889.

Yesterday my feet were walking
In the Elsmere Kindergarten.
Flowers bright of every kind
In that garden you could find;
Some whose petals scarcely open
Lisping words so sweetly spoken,
You would say a bird was singing
From its airy nestlet swinging.
Or, might be that angel's whispers
Had found voice in tiny lispers;
Or, gems and songs and lively marches
An inspiration from Heaven's arches,
Thrilling heart and soul with pleasure,
In their rounded, rythmic measure.
Well we know how much is pending

In a wise and careful tending
Of those tender buds and birdlings.
Germinating from earth's wordlings.
Where beer, tobacco, filth and crime,
Too often mar the soul divine.
Childhood, is the tree whers slumbered
Birds and blossoms many number-ed;
Which only wait the sun of truth.
To blossom into radiant youth.
Childhood's like the gliding stream
With mossy banks of living green.
With sunny slopes and pebbled shore
Widening ont forevermore;
Childhood's like a garden fine
Where flowers grow and twining vine,
Which may be filled with blossoms rare.
Or weeds and nettles slamber there:
Should weeds spring up instead of grain
Pull them up and sow again.
Don't blame the useless weeds for growing.
But be more careful in the sowing;
Where'er an idle soul roposes
Will spring up thorns instead of roses.
Clear the field, plant golden grain.
Nor for its fruitage wail in vain.
For in this busy world we know.
We shall gather what we sow.
Some there are who never think
At what fountain they may drink;
Know it not that bitter water
Proves a sorrow ever after.
They little think what mischief's wrought
In the mind where error's taught;
That tares once planted take deep root.
Choking the sweet and golden fruit;
That careful tilling of the soil
Rewards us well, for all our toil.
The "Elsmere Club" are here to-night.
With cheeks aglow and prospects bright.
To ask you each, and every one,
To make this noble cause your own.
We know in *Union* we are strong
To overcome the giant *Wrong*.
That many hands make hard work light;
That many *dimes*, make dollars bright.
Which we *must have*, as well you know.
To make our Kindergarten grow.
Will Mrs. Titcomb pass the plate
Before the hour shall be too late.
To give each person ample time
To place upon the plate a dime.
Or larger sums won't be amiss
To help along a cause like this.
To sow the seed which some or later.
A fruitage will come from that which we scatter.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, of San Francisco, a venerable looking test medium and healer, arrived in the city last evening and is quartered at the Rowell for a few days. Our reporter sought an interview with the gentleman this morning, which was readily accorded. The doctor gave an exhibition of his mysterious power. Among other tests the reporter wrote a number of names on slips of paper, one that of a dead person, and placed them in a hat. After shaking up the bits of paper the medium, by means of raps, picked out the name of the dead person. The doctor also gave several other tests which were convincing that he has some unknown power which is wholly unaccountable. He will give private sittings for a few days only at the Rowell.—*Riverside Daily Enterprise.*

NOTICE.

Persons having copies of the DOVE of Feb. 21 that they do not care to preserve will confer a great favor by sending them to this office, and will be paid for the same.

DOVE NOTES.

John Slater has been in Santa Cruz during the present week giving them a general shaking up down there.

J. J. Morse is speaking in Cleveland, Ohio, during the present month. He is constantly in demand in the East.

Read Dr. Dean Clarke's letter in our correspondence column. He is located in Denver, Colorado, and doing a good work there.

Lecture, Tests and Healing, by Mrs. Edith E. R. and Dr. J. R. Nickless of New York, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, every Sunday evening at 7:45 o'clock. All invited; seats free.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Allie Livingstone, the spirit artist medium, whose beautiful pictures have graced the pages of the DOVE so many times has again returned to this city and is much improved in health, and able to do something of the work her guides have developed her for. For the benefit of new subscribers we would state that Mrs. Livingstone draws spirit-pictures under control, when securely blindfolded, reads letters, business cards, etc. She is also a fine trance and test medium for giving verbal messages from spirit friends. Her address is 1808 Page street. Mrs. Livingstone is one of the mediums whom we take pleasure in recommending to our friends as we know her to be genuine and true and a credit to the cause she represents.

Next week we will present our readers with a very valuable article from the pen of Dr. Joseph Simms, the eminent physiognomist, lecturer and author. Dr. Simms, who is now in England, is an extensive traveler, having visited every portion of the globe in his researches and studies. His opinions on the subjects with which he deals are priceless to the student, as he never affirms without knowing, and his knowledge is gained by actual research and experience. His letter to the DOVE is "Europe as Seen in Daylight," and contains much of interest concering Switzerland; its early history, army, women farmers, educational advantage, idiots and famous men; languages and customs; mountains, rivers, cities; the resort of Voltaire, Gibbon, Madame de Stael, and George Eliot; lakes, tunnels and railroad facilities for traveling; prices paid for labor, etc. This sketch contains so much of interest, is so well written, and withal so correct and truthful a statement, that it cannot but receive the appreciation of the DOVE's readers, all of whom, we are sure, unite with us in extending sincere thanks to Dr. Simms for remembering us so kindly.

THE JESSIE-STREET KINDERGARTEN AND THE LADIES' AUXILIARY.

AN EXPLANATION.

It having come to my knowledge that a misunderstanding has arisen, in some quarters, concerning the statement in the CARRIER DOVE of February 16th, relative to the adoption of the Jessie-street Kindergarten by the Ladies' Auxiliary and of the recent closing of that school, the following exact statement of facts is submitted, in order that there may be no misconception thereanent by any one.

This kindergarten was sustained by voluntary contributions from Spiritualists and others, assisted by a monthly collection at the Sunday meetings of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society. The meetings of the society being suspended, the school was thereby deprived of the funds derived from the monthly collections; and such being the case, the manager of the school, Mrs. H. E. Robinson, informed the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Golden Gate Society (which was engaged in furtherance of the financial interest of the Society) that it was impossible longer to carry on the school unless the Auxiliary assumed charge of it. The Auxiliary then adopted the school, and went to work raising funds for its support.

Upon reporting this action to one of the members of the board of trustees of the Golden Gate Society, Mrs. Robinson was informed by him that her action in turning over the school to the Auxiliary was premature and unauthorized; that the school was in charge of the Society, and could not legally be transferred by her, an appointee of the Society, to any one. Mrs. Robinson thereupon notified the Auxiliary that she recalled her action in relation to the school, and once more resumed its control and management. At a meeting of the Trustees shortly afterward, it being determined to take steps looking to the disincorporation of the Golden Gate Society, the disposition to be made of the kindergarten was considered. The Ladies' Auxiliary was willing to again assume charge of the school; but it was urged by one of the trustees that that body was merely an auxiliary to a society about to pass out of existence, and that if the Society turned over the school to it, in case of any financial deficit, etc., the Society would be responsible therefor. A resolution was therefore adopted relinquishing the school and its appurtenances to Mrs. Robinson, from whom the Society originally received it several years ago, for such disposition of the school as she might see fit to make.

In a week or two after this the school was closed by Mrs. Robinson. In regard to this, Mrs. R. states that, after receiving the school, she waited until after the next following meeting of the Auxiliary, to see if they made her any proposition about the school; and receiving none, and being unable to longer carry on the school without farther assistance, she closed it. On the other hand, the ladies of the Auxiliary state that their proposition to take the school was considered at the meeting of the trustees

above referred to, Mrs. Robinson being present; that at this board-meeting, Mr. Wadsworth questioned Mrs. Robinson relative to her probable disposition of the school in case the trustees returned it to her,—whether she would not close it in a month, as had been stated, that evening, as her probable intent, by one of the ladies of the Auxiliary,—and Mrs. R. made no denial of this assertion as to her intent with regard to the school, and stated nothing as to what she purposed doing with it; and that Mrs. R. knowing that the Auxiliary desired to have the school, by her manner and language toward the Auxiliary, led its members to believe that she did not desire them to have it. The truth of the matter, in my judgment, seems to be, that owing to unfortunate personal differences and antagonisms having arisen between Mrs. R. and the Auxiliary, as now constituted, neither party felt disposed to make advances toward the other relative to the Auxiliary taking the school. Each one waited to see what the other would do; and neither doing anything in the matter, the school was closed by Mrs. Robinson, as stated. WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

A SEANCE.

In response to a special invitation, reporters of the *Press* and *Enterprise* this mornig met Dr. Louis Schlesinger, Test Medium and Healer, in his room at the Rowell hotel to witness a private manifestation of his powers as a spiritualistic medium. The representative of the *Press* endeavored to divest himself of all prejudice and went prepared to judge what he should see in a strictly impartial manner.

After a few explanatory remarks, the Doctor proposed as the first test to ascertain the name of the *Press* man (the name of the *Enterprise* representative having been accidently mentioned). The name was written by its owner, together with a list of others, and including by request the name of one now dead. The strips containing these names were separately folded, placed in a hat which was held under the table. The strips were then drawn out at random, one at a time, and handed to the medium who called upon the "spirit guide" to inform him by rapping when the right name was reached. The spirit failed entirely in this case. Rappings were given at several names, but not at the right one.

A similar trial with the *Enterprise* man proved successful. Indeed, the experiments throughout succeeded better with the latter. The name of one of his departed friends was correctly given and the medium delivered an impassioned address purporting to be from the spirit.

A later attempt with a list of names supplied by the *Press* reporter, none of which could possibly have been known to the medium, resulted in the name of the deceased person being given correctly upon the second trial. It was certainly quite remarkable, but not more so than the exhibitions of "mind reading" (or whatever it should be called) which a young gentleman of this city frequently gives to his friends.—*Riverside Daily Press.*

RECEPTION GIVEN BY MR. AND MRS. NICKLESS.

Mr. and Mrs. Nickless formerly of New York, who have recently arrived in this city gave a pleasant reception at their residence, 108 McAllister street, on Wednesday evening, February 27th. Their parlors were well filled with a large company of congenial friends among whom were many prominent spiritualists of this city. The early part of the evening was devoted to short, congratulatory speeches and warm words of welcome from the friends present to the strangers who have taken up their abode in our midst.

Mrs. Higgins, a medium, also recently arrived from New York, was present and yielded to the control of her guide and made an interesting speech, full of spiritual fervor and enthusiasm. Her words made a deep impression on her hearers and when later on in the evening, her little control—"Sunshine," took possession of the medium she was highly appreciated.

Mrs. Nickless was controlled by her wonderful and charming little guide "Sunflower," who gave tests to all present—holding her medium for at least an hour and a half. She was quaint, original and pleasing in her manner and address, and amused and interested, while she also gave unmistakable tests of her power to see the conditions surrounding those whom she addressed.

Mrs. Nickless was also controlled by Mrs. Eliza McKinley, who passed to spirit life about fifteen months ago from this city. The message was characteristic of that lady and was recognized by many present. It breathed the same spirit of noble, unselfish, untiring devotion to the service of humanity that characterized every word and deed of that grand woman whole life was one sweet poem of blessed usefulness and comfort to her fellow creatures. It was not surprising therefore to learn that she was still interested in and employed with humanitarian work.

When the time came for the guests to depart each felt that it had been indeed a season of sweet communion with the ever-present, loving angels who only wait the opportunity of speaking words of cheer to all the weary toilers along life's dusty highways. May we all soon meet again in a like manner.

RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, held at the residence of Mr. F. H. Woods, 913 Pine street, February 13, 1889. Present: Wm. E. Coleman, Joseph H. Moore, James B. Chase, C. H. Wadsworth, M. B. Dodge, F. H. Woods, Mrs. H. E. Robinson and G. H. Hawes. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the directors of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, of San Francisco, having been requested by Mrs. H. E. Robinson to examine, and by a committee appointed for the purpose report upon her accounts as Manager and Treasurer of the Jessie-street Kindergarten School, after such examination and report of the committee, find those accounts strictly correct.

In addition, we gladly report that Mrs. Robinson's management of its affairs during its existence has been worthy of our warmest commendation, and our confidence in her integrity and devotion is unqualified. We tender her our sincere thanks for her services in that work.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to forward to Mrs. Robinson a copy of the above resolution.

G. H. HAWES,
Secretary G. G. R. & P. S.

SPIRITUALISM.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, who is described on his card as a "test medium and healer," arrived in San Bernardino last night, and, as most notables do on arriving here, visited the *Courier* office. He invited a representative of the *Courier* to visit him in his private room, to see a preliminary exhibition of his power. The representative, in the person of the writer, went.

The Doctor gave several tests, and, though they were somewhat conditional, it must be conceded that he did exhibit extraordinary power.

There was no darkened room, nor closet nonsense. The gas burned brilliantly. Three of us sat around a hotel table. The writer wrote the names of several living acquaintances on a sheet of paper, and on the same paper the names of two or three dead people whom he knew in life. The Doctor retired to his bedroom during the writing. On returning, by means of his "spirit guide," as he said, he selected the slips of paper containing the names of the dead from those of the living, after the slips had been folded, placed in a hat and shaken up by the writer. Now, how he did this we do not know. Hardly by mind reading, for, by design, the mind of his "subject" was directed to different subjects of contemplation. But, the Doctor made the selection with a correctness which, whatever its inspiration, was certainly marvelous.

Another test, relative to the names of dead relations was given, and the medium, to our infinite astonishment, was as infallible as before. There was no earthly possibility that he could have known anything of relatives of the writer who died in Europe thirty years ago.

What the secret of his power, for power it is, we do not know. While conversing with us, the window, fifteen feet distant from him, rattled as loudly as a quack editor blowing his horn. We were at the window in the fraction of a second, and looked down through empty air into the street.

Whether his power is natural, in the ordinary sense of the term, or supernatural, we do not know; but we do know that, in the phenomena of last night, he exhibited a power which, if not "spiritual," must certainly emanate from some mysterious source of which the world generally knows nothing. But, we will reserve further comment until in a more psychological vein.—San Bernardino *Daily Courier.*

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Mr. John Slater, on Sunday afternoon at the Temple, gave one of the grandest test seances ever held in this city before a very large audience. The tests were convincing and satisfactory as they always are. In the evening before an audience that completely filled the large auditorium and left many standing, Mr. Slater after speaking of the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, which he intends celebrating with a grand concert and test seance on Sunday, March 31st introduced to the audience Mr. John W. Mackenzie, who had made such a grand success on the preceding Sunday evening, who sang the "De Provoga" from "Traviata", and in response to an encore sang "Dreaming;" both were rendered in a singularly sweet and artistic manner, giving great pleasure to all who heard him. Mr. Mackenzie is a welcome addition to our list of singers. The congregation joined in singing two verses of "Sweet Bye and Bye." Mr. Slater then proceeded in presenting tests to the people, keeping his audience in wonder, from start to finish; one moment the audience would break out into laughter at the funny tests given, and the other moment stilled by some wonderfully impressive test. Flowers, as usual, were very beautiful and numerous. We think that this seance was one of the very best ever held by Mr. Slater, giving great satisfaction to all present. "So mote it be always."—REPORTER.

LECTURES, TESTS AND SPIRITUAL HEALING.

St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, was filled to its full seating capacity on Sunday evening last. The occasion was a lecture and tests by Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, and healing by Dr. J. R. Nickless. The services were opened with a solo by Miss Mabel A. Nickless, "Dream Faces," rendered in a very pleasing manner. The congregation joining in singing "Summer Land." Invocations by control of Mrs. Nickless; solo by Mrs. E. Clark. Mrs. Nickless then spoke from these words, "What Shall We do to be Saved?"

The duty of Spiritualists one toward another was portrayed. Showing that in the past there has been too much jealousy among the opponents of Spiritualism. All the workers had their work to do; none could do another's work, or fill another's place. There was room for all. Too much attention had been given the phenomenal part of our philosophy. The phenomena was necessary as the foundation of the structure is necessary before the erection of the temple. We do not wish to be continually laying foundations, but turn our attention to the building of the structure. After one has become convinced of the truths of the continuation of life; received facts sufficient to make it a knowledge, then they should look higher and adorn the temple, seek the philosophy, live exemplary lives, make themselves examples of purity in every walk of life, that they may be known by men, not only seekers of the truth, but that it has entered into every department of their material and spiritual nature. These are only a few of the grand thoughts uttered by the speaker. She is a remarkable sensitive, and we welcome her to our city. The field is ready for all true and honest workers, and the harvest will be abundant. We predict for her a brilliant future. At the close of the lecture, after a solo by Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Nickless was controlled by "Sunflower," an Indian maiden, who acts as a messenger spirit between the two stages of existence. Many interesting and comforting tests were given, all of which we believe were recognized. After the tests Dr. Nickless extended an invitation to any in the audience who were suffering from any of the various inharmonious conditions called disease, which the human flesh is heir to, to come forward and he would relieve them. Three responded to the invitation and they were very quickly benefitted and relieved of their ailments. The Doctor is a powerful spiritual healer, and we learn has performed some wonderful cures.

On next Sunday evening services will be held in the same hall of a similar nature. The public are cordially invited.

We understand Mrs. Nickless will give receptions Tuesday and Thursday evenings of each week at her parlors No. 108 McAllister street.

HAL.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee gave a very interesting address before the society on Sunday afternoon. The subject being the "Responsibility of Mediumship," and it is to be continued next Sunday. Singing by Mrs. Rutter and Clarke. Mrs. Clara Mayo Steers under the control of Rosa, gave tests; many were recognized. Miss Annie Johnson, the sweet singer, gave a solo which was greatly appreciated by the audience. The President made an appeal in behalf of Mme. De Roth, who has been confined to her bed for three months with typhoid pneumonia, and is unable to attend to business. Mrs. Miller seconded his appeal with an address full of sympathy for mediums in need of assistance. The sum of $31.50 was the result, demonstrating again, that this society is always ready to lend a helping hand to the unfortunate, especially its mediums.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

INSTRUCTIVE MEETINGS.

Mrs. Logan's meeting held in St. George's Hall, 909½ Market street, last Sunday forenoon was well attended, and was full of interest for all present. The President's desk was ornamented by beautiful bouquets. After music on the piano by Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Logan, in a few words bade all welcome and announced that the meeting was open to all who desired to speak. At the close of her remarks, Miss Annie Johnson sang a touching song entitled "The Beautiful Gates are Left Ajar," in a manner which won for her the hearty praise of the audience, after which this wonderful little woman gave some remarkable tests in diagnosing disease, and also described several spirits who were present.

Mrs. Miller then took the rostrum and made one of her characteristic, soul-stirring, awakening addresses, and was loudly applauded. After her remarks Mr. Wilbur sang to his own accompaniment, "When the Mists Have Cleared Away." Mrs. Pruden who is rapidly developing into a remarkable medium, next made a few remarks, when a young man in the audience was controlled and, speaking in a strange language, kept pointing to the piano. Mrs. Pruden went to him and the control, following her, took him to the instrument and seated him, when he sang in the same language and played an accompaniment. Stopping all at once he again began rapidly talking and Dr. F. O. Houbert, caught the meaning of a few words, and spoke to the control, who at once turned to him and reaching out his hand with smiles and tears of gratification and pleasure clasped that of the doctor, and poured out a torrent of words. It was the spirit of the son of the doctor's tutor in the Egyptian Mysteries, Astrology, and language. The last time the doctor saw the young man (the control) was some twenty-seven years ago, in Egypt. The recognition was complete and could not have failed to convince those present of the sublime truth of Spiritualism. They held quite a conversation. Mrs. Aitken made a few remarks and gave some fine tests. The audience was then entertained by a few sensible and pointed remarks by Mrs. Dr. Treadwell. She suggested as a subject for discussion next Sabbath morning: "The Cause of Mental and Physical Deformity in the Human Race." After another song in which the audience joined the meeting adjourned.

In the evening meeting, which was also quite well attended, a Mr. Tomson of Philadelphia, an earnest Spiritualist, made a few stirring remarks on the subject of the good Spiritualism has done the world, giving many instances which had occurred under his own observation, where this angel-given knowledge had worked wonders in the salvation and the bettering of fallen man and woman. The question "Is Materialism a Fact?" was discussed. There seemed to be no doubt as to the real occurrence of this phenomenon, the only difference being as to the mode used to achieve it. Dr. Houbert's control answered several questions in a very satisfactory manner, at times being quite eloquent. Mrs. Dr. Treadwell and others made interesting remarks, and, taken altogether, the meeting was one of the most pleasant and instructive of the season—it being after 10 o'clock when the audience dispersed to their homes.

Great credit is due Mrs. Logan, the noble worker for Spiritualism and friend of the

oppressed and downtrodden, because she founded these meetings, thereby giving to parents a knowledge of how to live and rear children as God would have them reared.

We trust that these glorious meetings may not be suspended, and that Spiritualists—no matter what they may think on other little points—will make it a duty to attend them, and show to the world that they are indeed disciples of the angels in the great work now in progress. May the angels be with and help us in the battle Truth and Right are now waging against Error, Hatred and Wrong, to be true and valiant soldiers, ever true to our colors, never flinching from duty. Hoping that the power of the CARRIER DOVE may be strengthened a thousandfold—until it is read in every household, I close this, I fear too long communication, signing myself your friend and fellow-soldier.

A. P. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 4, 1889.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

Another successful meeting was held at Fraternity Hall, 909½ Market street last Sunday evening.

The program throughout was enjoyed heartily by the audience, many selections being encored. Miss Nettie Bacon as a young elocutionist is far above the average. The following are the names of volunteer talent:

Songs, Mr. Ely, Mr. Thomas Eggert and J. W. Fountain and Miss Maggie Kohn; Recitations, John Anderson, Oscar Stormfield, Miss Jennie Fifer and Nettie Bacon; Piano Solos, Mrs. Stout, Mrs. Hilda Fogelberg; Harmonica Solo, Oscar Stormfield; Phrenological readings, Prof. Perkins; Spirit Tests, Mrs. Perkins. An extra program for next Sunday.

SOMETHING UNACCOUNTABLE.

Last evening a *Times-Index* reporter visited the rooms of Dr. Louis Schlesinger, who has the reputation of being one of the greatest Spiritualist test mediums in the State, and witnessed some of the Doctor's wonderful tests.

The reporter's visit was by invitation and it is impossible that the medium could have previously known anything about the matters that he revealed, as he said, by the aid of the spirits.

The reporter wrote a number of names upon slips of paper and placed them in a hat which he did not let out of his keeping. Among those names were those of two who were dead and the balance who were alive. The reporter shook the names up in a hat so that he did not know himself which slips contained the names of the living and the dead and the medium by rays which were produced, picked out the slips upon which were written the names of those who were dead, and then without handling or looking at the slips, gave the correct names of the persons, where they died and what they died of.

He also gave the reporter some information in regard to his future. These tests were all made in the broad glare of the gas light, no dark room seance about it. There is something very unaccountable in the manifestations produced last evening, and there is something about that the reporter does not propose to solve.

The Doctor has rooms 34 and 35 in the St. Charles' hotel and all who desire to investigate these matters should call on him.—San Bernardino *Daily Times-Index*.

Correspondence.

CRITICISMS ON AN "HONEST PRAYER."

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: There were two articles in the CARRIER DOVE of February 23rd, that were widely different in their spirit, as they were in the position they occupied in your columns. The one by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond on "spiritual growth" being the first article, the other on "honest prayer" by, I don't know whom, being the last.

The first was such reading as I would want to send to my Christian friends to draw them towards a knowledge of our philosophy—the last such as I would send to repel them from us.

Now to the author of that "prayer" I would like to say, "What is the object of writing and printing essays and statements on the subject of Spiritualism? Are they put forth for our own edification or enlightment, or for those who do not think as we do, that they may be brought to enjoy the blessing of a better belief than they now have?"

The whole need no physician but those that are sick.

If our object is to convince people, instead of making a display of sarcasm and captious criticism, would it not be better to confine ourselves to showing the beautiful truths that are brought out by our philosophy, rather than indulge in what will seem to them in the start the rankest kind of blasphemy and insure a rejection of any proposition we may wish to make subsequently? We shall profit some by a little study of human nature and an application of the truths we may learn in regard to it, if we want to extend a knowledge of spiritual truths into place where it has been kept out—and make those truths acceptable where they have been rejected.

If we want to convert—say—a lady who has been brought up in the Catholic faith, to reverence the "Virgin Mary," we would not begin by denouncing her idol as a harlot, but let her get all the comfort she can out of that belief till we can show her something better. Forcibly tear her idol from her and we only harden her against the acceptance of any other belief. Even if she still thinks St. Peter is the custodian of the "Keys to the Kingdom of Heave," what does it matter? When she learns that the only immediate "open sesame" to the blissful region, or condition, beyond the grave, is the right kind of a life on this side—she will not care whether St. Peter holds the keys or not—and when she finds that the only "purgatory" is one out of which she can rise by force of her own aspiratio ns and efforts, she will care little what is said over her lifeless remains.

And let the whole Christian world reverence Jesus of Nazareth—his life and teachings—till Spiritualists can give them something better (and it looks to me as though it will be a long time before that takes place.)

With our best and most honest mediums, we have to do a great deal of sifting and winnowing to get rid of the chaff—we have to discriminate—analyze, "watch and pray" and then we are always sure that we have the truth. And this being the case, it ill becomes us to indulge in carping criticism on the teachings of Christ because they will not stand literal translation always.

In the "honest prayer" it is said "Jesus told a whopper" because he said "whatever ye ask it shall be given." We should not think of applying this to material things, or that Jesus meant if we asked for the earth it should be ours. And why not before charging Jesus with falsehood, look for some sensible way of construing the sentiment.

By doing this we shall find the words were *literally true*, and are as true now as then, that if we send up earnest, sincere aspirations for the spiritual truths they will come to us and those words were but a corollary of his other sayings, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you; seek and ye shall find."

Even Thomas Payne, "doubting Thomas" that he was, said, "Nothing that is herein stated is intended to imply the remotest disrespect to Jesus of Nazareth," and give him credit for teachings of the most exalted and beneficent kind.

When we can raise up mediums that will excel him in spiritual and phenomenal power, and show the same disposition to use those powers for the good of mankind exclusively, ignoring self, as he did—then we can afford to lay him on the shelf—but not till then.

LEON M. BOWDOIN.

STOCKTON, February 24th.

LET US BE TRULY LIBERAL.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I see an article in the DOVE of Feb. 9th entitled, "The Latest Sunday Law Petition," which I think requires the earnest consideration of not only every Spiritualist, but of every lover of progress and reform. Now there may be local organizations of the W. C. T. U. made up of narrow-minded bigots, seeking to press their sectarian views to the front and ignoring the great principle to which all unions are pledged regardless of religious opinions; but I believe if there are such, it is the fault of Liberalists themselves. If the broad-minded isolate themselves from organizations formed to overthrow any evil then those organizations must be made up wholly of minds of inferior quality and we must expect their hobbies and prejudices to be taken in too—as these constitute part and parcel of themselves.

If the liberal people of our country had said, when the great Rebellion came and there was a call for men to put it down "As long as Christianity is recognized in the army—as long as chaplains are paid by the government to repeat meaningless prayers we will lend no aid," where would our country be to-day? There was a great principle at issue and men were wanted;—not Christians—not Infidels—not Liberals, but all combined, and in the hour of need the petty annoyances of narrow minds were forgotten.

So, in our Temperance Unions, it is a great principle. The awful "rum traffic" is before us with its devastating power, and to overthrow this gigantic evil requires the assistance of Liberal, Atheist aud Christian alike. If there is a local Union trying to force religious opinions into the laws of any State, it is proof positive that the liberal-minded have not joined in its work, else the great principle of the orgagization had not been forgotten. It is the able minds that ever stand at the head of every organized body and who of all the world can justly say that Miss Frances E. Willard, National President of the W. C. T. U. is narrow-minded. I care nothing for her religious views I only know that her soul is too full of the great principle of temperance to be superstitious or narrow. Like our immortal Lincoln she sees the needs of the hour and forgets religious bias to work for a noble cause.

Mrs. Mary Seymour Howell a well-known worker for "Woman Suffrage" for the past twenty years is now speaking for the W. C. T. U's. throughout the Empire State. In a lecture before our local Union a few evenings ago she said, "I believe the leaders of reform are surrounded by a great host of angels; we go forth to the battle not alone." Again she said, in speaking of the Anti-slavery Movement, "John Brown is not dead. With enlarged opportunities he is working for humanity still and will work on until the shackles fall and every every slave, emancipated and disenthralled, stands out in the full glory and light of freedom." In speaking of prayer she said, "Whatsoever he giveth thee to do, do it. Let our work be our prayer—work and pray as you go—this is the way to have prayers answered." Are these the ideas of a narrow mind? She was utteaing great spiritual truths and a large part of her audience were accepting them without understanding the source thereof. And the medicinal properties to effect a cure for bigotry were unimpard by the label being left off. If the Church is narrow and prejudiced, let us, as Spiritualists not become the same. "Angels surround and assist the leaders in every reform." If this be true why should we draw bak for fear of aiding bigoted views, which after all, come more from ignorance that otherwise?

Why not carry our broader ideas and higher teachings into all reform organizations, thus making petitions for a recognition of any religion in our government impossible.

Sincerely yours for Progress and truth,

EMMA TRAIN.

OUR ANNIVERSARY.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I have been reading the article in the DOVE concerning Mrs. Britten's remarks on the celebration of the anniversary of Spiritualism. The DOVE is a most fearless and outspoken expounder of Spiritualism and freethought; and for the pulling down of Satan and his kingdom, and of the rich lords and of the money power of this most glorious, free and fair America, and for the upbuilding of the laboring men and women, with all professions, with equal rights to all and special favors to none, and for the upbuilding and elevation of the down-trodden women of all nations, to their enfranchisement and enlightenment, both spiritually and intellectually. I heartily endorse your effort for the education of the people against the mighty power of priestcraft and all other influences that are working for the downfall of our free institutions and liberties by passing their Sunday laws and putting God in the Constitution of the United States.

Now a few lines in behalf of the cause of Spiritualism, the crowning glory of all humanity. Be it remembered that no human being in mortal flesh can in the least injure Spiritualism, which is the work of God, the great intelligent First Cause of the Universe, the power that penetrates all life. As Dr. Fowler says of science "It is truth demonstrated" so is Spiritualism. To me Spiritualism is a demonstrated fact, for I have seen many spirits in my own home by myself, and conversed with them mentally and they performed wonders for me. I have promised to write some experiences for the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, but on account of having to perform so much hard labor have not had time to do so. I heartily endorse your course in regard to Mrs Britten, who is a grand and noble veteran in our cause. She has no superior in the grand work that is now going on; but I would rather have any other dear right taken from me than to have that day, of all the days, the 31st of March, our anniversary destroyed. It would be the worst blow that ever befel Spiritualism; the poor Fox girls' confession would be but a drop in the bucket, when we repudiate that day, to the onward march of Spiritualism. It is a living principle and will last while the ages last. I do sincerely hope that Mrs. Britten may be enabled to look at this in a different light.

Yours for the truth,

ELLIS DAVIDSON HALLOWELL.

WHAT THE ANGELS TEACH—SPIITUALISM IN A NUTSHELL.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Some of your readers may have read a poem I published in San Francisco in 1883, with an anniversary lecture. The edition was exhausted some time since, and being often solicited to republish the poem, which contained the cardinal ideas of our Philosophy in concrete, I have just done so combining with it one prepared for the coming Anniversary, March 31st, which I think is the best of my rythmic compositions. Together they make a most excellent missionary tract to hand to anyone who wishes to know what Spiritualism is, and what it teaches. Rev. Samuel Watson told me that the first poem was the best compendium of our doctrines that had ever been published. The one prepared for this year is better still, so together they are a desideratum for every Spiritualist and every enquirer. The pamphlet contains over four hundred verses, and covers the field of our movement. I hope to scatter it far and wide, and solicit orders immediately so that it may be read at the coming Anniversary everywhere. Price, single copies 10 cts, 11 for $1, 25 for $2, 50 for $3. Any good reader who will read either poem at any public meeting can sell them in quantities. I have sold from 25 to 50 after reading to my audiences. Please send orders with money enclosed immediately so as to receive them before March 31st.

Address, DR. DEAN CLARKE,
No. 26 West Tenth avenue,
DENVER, Colorado.

Children's Department.

AN IRISH BOY'S WISH.

BY OWEN MCCARDLE.

To prize and guard but one,
From rise to set of sun—
One girl, who's faithful, kind,
And of a cultured mind;
To see in her sweet smile
No shadow tinged with guile,
Such wish is mine.

To use these hands—this brain
In reaping honest gain,
Nor ever waste one cent
With profitless intent—
All this and even more
For her whom I adore,
Such wish is mine.

Should dangers hover nigh,
Compelling her to sigh;
Or dear old friends she knew
Grow cold and prove untrue—
Be mine the willing arm
To shield her from all harm!
Such wish is mine.

Enough for me to know
Her brow is like the snow;
Her cheeks are dimpled, red,
And from her graceful head,
Their rich as yellow gold,
Flows free in many a fold
To suit my wish.

Neat as a new-made pin,
I trace her perfect chin;
Yet, cannot trace the shade
Which Nature there hath made—
It would be Ireeny
To paint such tracery—
Yet that's my wish.

Back! back! ye flashing throng!
There is no vow or song
Can coax her heart from me—
Fame, wealth, nor minstrelsy
Can turn her peerless head;
But me she'll love and wed,
And that's my wish.

CLOTHES FOR THE CHAIRS.

Three-year old Harry, entered the parlor after the summer vacation, when he saw the furniture freed from their slip covering, exclaimed: "See, gran'ma, the chairs have not got their nightgowns on any more."

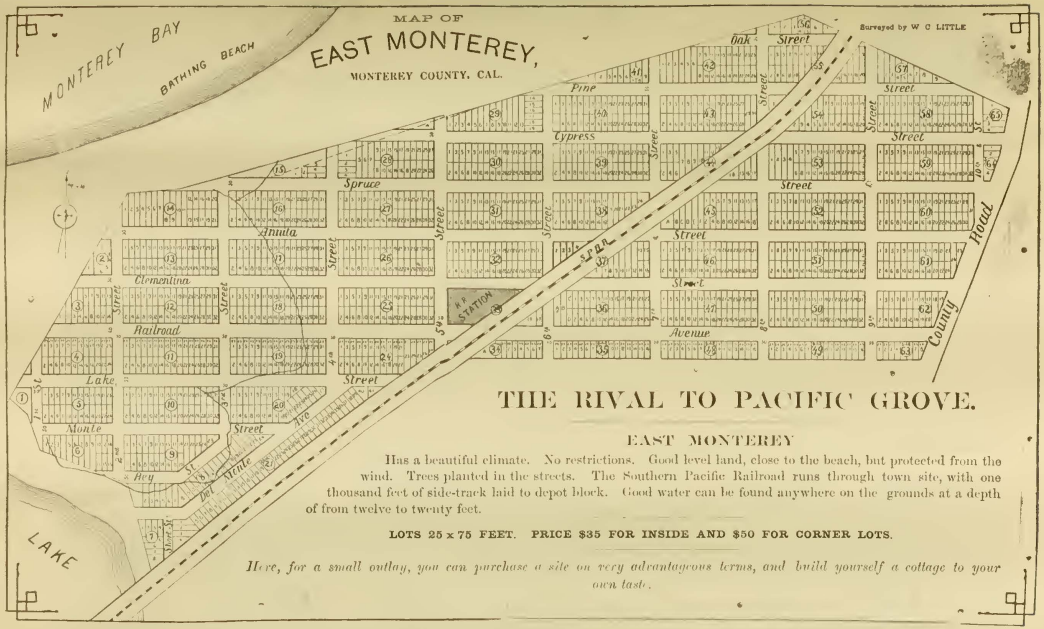
PRAYER FOR THE PUG.

Little Susie was presented with a rubber toy dog. So her first night's prayer after receiving the present was thus phrased: "God bless mamma, papa, grandpa, little pug, and make him grow to be a good poodle."

DIDN'T WANT EITHER.

"Which would you rather have, a little brother or a little sister?" asked Mrs. Simpleton of her little boy Tommy.

"Oh, ma, don't let us have either of them—children are such a nuisance about a house."



THE RIVAL TO PACIFIC GROVE.

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Has a beautiful climate. No restrictions. Good level land, close to the beach, but protected from the wind. Trees planted in the streets. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs through town site, with one thousand feet of side-track laid to depot block. Good water can be found anywhere on the grounds at a depth of from twelve to twenty feet.

LOTS 25 x 75 FEET. PRICE $35 FOR INSIDE AND $50 FOR CORNER LOTS.

Here, for a small outlay, you can purchase a site on very advantageous terms, and build yourself a cottage to your own taste.

For information in regard to the above inquire of MRS. SCOTT BRIGGS, "Carrier Dove" office, 841 Market Street, San Francisco.

Two Decided Opinions.

One day a pair of twin babies put in an appearance at Neighbor Brown's. Previous to the advent of the twins the junior portion of the family consisted of two sons aged respectively four and six years. When the lads were taken by their father to see the babies the elder boy seemed much displeased and, turning to his father, said: "Oh, papa, take them out and shoot them like you did the little puppies last week." The younger boy clapped his hands and cried: "Ain't they nice! Why didn't you buy a whole wagon-load, papa?"—By G. R in the *World*.

An Ambiguous Compliment.

"If you use my mixture once," said the patent-medicine man, "I'm sure you will never use any other." "No," was the reply, "I don't suppose I ever would."

"I am on my way home, doctor," said a citizen who was after some free advice; "and I'm tired and worn out. What ought I to take." "Take a cab," replied the intelligent physician.—*Worcester Gazette*.

HE TOOK THE WRONG MEDICINE.

Robert Stewart, of Petaluma, recently had a queer experience. He writes:

"Carbuncles and boils afflicted my face and neck for weeks. Finally I procured a bottle of one of the leading sarsparillas. To my surprise it made matters worse. This made me lose faith in sarsparillas, but seeing a statement that Joy's Vegetable Sarsparilla dried up boils and face eruptions instead of forcing more out as the potash sarsparillas do, I bought a bottle. The effect was astonishing. The carbuncles and boils began to dry up, and in two weeks my face was as well and smooth as ever. My brother also took a bottle with the same benefit. ROBERT STEWART.

PETALUMA, Cal.

[Explanatory Note—The mineral iodide of potash, which is the basis of nearly all other sarsparillas, attacks the blood direct, hence forces impurities through the skin, creating more boils and pimples. Joy's Vegetable Sarsparilla acts oppositely. Its vegetable alteratives stimulate the various secretive organs and thus eliminate all impurities through the natural channels, hence dries up pimples and skin eruptions. The above testimonial is a case in point.]

The Psychograph or Dial Pancheltie.

This is the perfection of the instrument used by Prof. Robert Hare in his investigation on Spiritualism, and has gained astonishing results, both as to communications given, and development of medium-ship. A well-known lady in San Francisco writes that she obtained valuable communications at the first sitting, and has by the means become a writing medium. Numerous letters of commendation might be given. The Psychograph is endorsed by such eminent writers as Dr. Samuel Watson, Dr. Eugene Crowell, Giles Stebbins, W. H. Terry & others, etc.

Full instructions with each instrument. It is admirably designed for the home circle. Sent post paid for $1.00. Address. Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Remarkable.

Twice within a year I have been in a condition, from purging of the bowels, that without relief I must soon have passed over. In each instance a few drops of an easily prepared and cheap medicine gave almost instantaneous relief, and without any bad effect following. I am so well convinced of its value, in cases of dysentery, that I want others to have the benefit; therefore I will send the receipt to any one who will send me 25 cents in postage stamps. LOIS WAISBROOKER. Antioch, Cal.

Shopping done for ladies out of the city. For particulars and samples address: Miss W.—618 Eddy St., J. F.

Plenty consists in the power to curb your wants.

An elephant lately died in Bombay in the three hundredth year of his age, and naturalists figure from this that any elephant of regular habits will have no trouble in pulling along for at least 250 years.

Walking-sticks are now being made that are useful as well as ornamental. From one a silk umbrella can be drawn and screwed to the cane. Another has a receptacle for nickles and cents, and is convenient for those who ride on street and other city cars and cross ferries. Another contains a measure for the height of horses, and has a spirit-level attachment and has a good little watch set in the crystal handle.

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REMEDY

Through the agency of spirit control a new remedy for disease has been discovered in the Puget Sound country.

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possesses all the virtues of those powerful medicines, Mercury and Quinine, with none of their evil qualities. It is composed exclusively of roots and barks, some of which can be found only in Western Washington, and is therefore Purely Vegetable. It contains no alcohol and yet keeps without fermenting in any climate.

This remarkable remedy has ten characteristics to recommend its use to everyone:

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3d.—It Promotes Digestion and acts as a tonic and appetizer to the stomach.

4th.—It Regulates the Bowels to perfection, no matter what may be their condition.

5th.—It Stimulates the Liver and therefore cures diseases arising from a torpid condition of this important organ in the human anatomy.

6th.—It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

7th.—By feeding the brain on pure, nutritious blood, it stimulates that organ to generate a greater Nerve Force, and thus gives added energy and life to the entire system.

8th.—It is a sure cure for any malarial disease, such as Chills and Fever.

9th.—It will counteract the evil effects of Alcohol upon the system.

10th.—It will break up any fever inside of 10 hours.

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Same, heavily bound, beveled covers, gilt edged, a beautiful book; postage 15c., $2.00.

OUINA'S CANOE and Christmas Offering, 160 pages, fine cloth, binding, gilt edged, the best Spiritualistic book ever issued for the young. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mediumistic author; postage paid, $1.00.

THE MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES of John Brown, the Medium of the Rockies, with an introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland. This work is not a biography, but simply a part of the mediumistic life of the author. No claim is put forth of literary finish. To make the book readable and comprehensive has been the only aim of the author and editor, and as the former had no education in early life, and has acquired through his mediumship most of what he now possesses, it furnishes another illustration of the good of Spiritualism. Cloth, pp. 167. Price, $1.00. For sale at this office.

BEYOND, a record of real life in the beautiful country over the river and beyond; price, 50 cents.

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II. Mediumship: Its Physical, Mental and Spiritual Conditions.
III. Mediumship (continued): Its Foundation, Development, Dangers and Advantages.
IV. Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.
V. The Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Planes of the Second State.
VI. The Soul World: Its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.
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The above Lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private class in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1867, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 159. Price, $1. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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Advice to Mothers.

MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural; quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

She Knew Him.

"You know the defendant in this case, do you?" asked a Kansas lawyer of a female native of the soil.

"Know which?" she asked.

"The defendant, Jake Lynch."

"Do I know Jake Lynch?"

"Yes."

"You want to know if I know Jake Lynch —well, if that ain't a good one. Why, mister, the Lynch family an'——"

"Can't you say yes or no?"

"Why, Jake Lynch's mother an' my stepdad's father was once first cousins, an'——"

"Then you know him?"

"Who, Jake Lynch? *Me* know Jake Lynch. You're a stranger in these parts, ain't you?"

"That has nothing to do with the case. If you know Jake Lynch, say so."

"If I know him! Lemme tell you that Jake Lynch's birthday and my brother Hiram's is on the same day, an'——"

"You know him, of course, then?

"Who, Jake Lynch? Ask Jake if I know him! Ask him if he was ever introduced to Betty Skelton."

"I don't care to ask him anything. I simply want to ask you if Jake Lynch is known to you personally."

"Pussonly? Well, I don't know what you mean by 'pussonly,' but if you want to know if *I* know Jake an' if *he* knows *me*, I can tell you in mighty few words. Jake Lynch's father an' my father——"

"Now, I want you to say 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Thought you wanted me to say if I knew Jake Lynch."

"That's just what I do want."

"Well, then, lemme alone an' I'll tell you all about it. Jake was born in Injeeany an' I was born in the same county, an'——"

"And, of course, you know him?"

"Who, Jake Lynch? Do I know Jake Lynch, when the very horse he rid here on was one he traded my man a pair of young steers for? Why, man, Jake's wife was Ann Eliza Skiff, an' her an' me is the same age to a day, an' ——"

"That will do, I see that you do know him."

"Know him? Know Jake? Why, man—"

"That will do."

"Why, I was married on a Chewsday an' Jake was married the next day, an' his oldest boy an' my oldest girl is most the same age, an' ——"

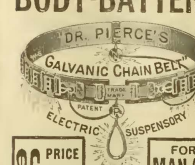
"That will *do*."—*Selected.*

He Knew.

"Now, Arthur," said Angelina Belle to her brother, so as to lock motherly before young Skeemers, "you must be a good boy, for Christmas is coming and you won't get anything in your stocking."

"I don't want what you've got," growled Arthur, "a stockin' full of corns. I've seen 'em."—*Cartoon.*

DR. PIERCE'S
BODY-BATTERY



$6 PRICE AND UPWARDS

PATENTED Oct. 11, 1887.

FOR MAN AND WOMAN.

ELECTRICITY, AS APPLIED BY DR. PIERCE'S NEW GALVANIC CHAIN BELT, will positively cure disease, WITHOUT THE AID OF MEDICINE. This Belt is the very latest improvement in Electro-therapeutic Science, and is warranted to be far superior to anything of a similar nature ever before invented. It contains from 25 to 90 degrees of electrical power, giving mild, strong or reversible currents which CAN BE INSTANTLY FELT BY THE WEARER. It is a PORTABLE BODY-BATTERY, and contains special appliances for both sexes for curing the following complaints:

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CAUTION Dr. Pierce's Celebrated Belts and Trusses CANNOT be had from canvassers or peddlers. Nor are they sold on "30 Days Trial." Money Refunded. Such a similie scheme calculated to deceive the Public. We are constantly receiving letters and testimonials like the following in praise of the Belt;

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DR. PIERCE & SON, San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen: It gives me great pleasure to write you that the Electric Belt of your make which I obtained last February has *actually saved my life*, for at the time I received the Belt the doctors had given me up as virtually a dead man, and I thought your Belt on the earnest advice of my son as a *last resort*. My neighbors all expected that I would die within a very short time, and they now regard my recovery, through the use of your wonderful Belt, as little short of a miracle. I will take great pleasure in recomending your valuable invention to all sufferers with whom I may come in contact.

Gratefully yours, W. L. PEARCE.

Note: As the writer is of the *same name* as the inventor of the Belt referred to above, we desire to state that no relationship exists, and at the time he purchased our Belt, was a stranger to us.

PIERCE & SON, Proprietors.

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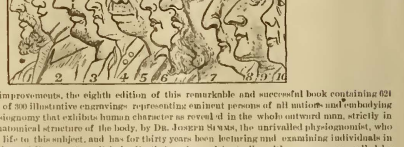
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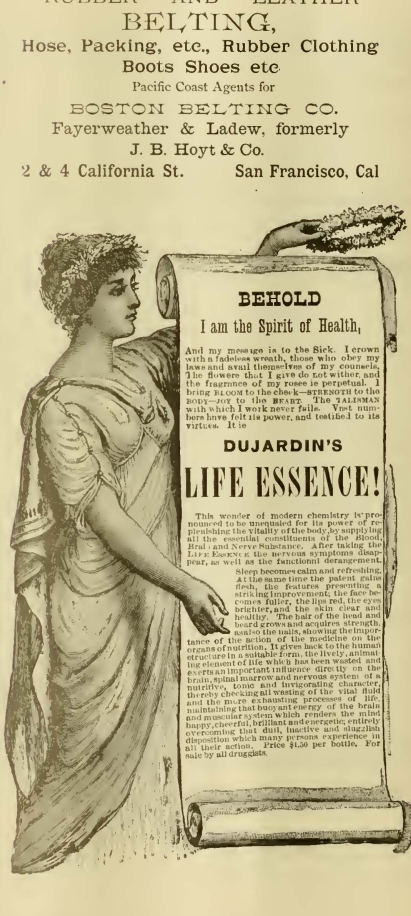


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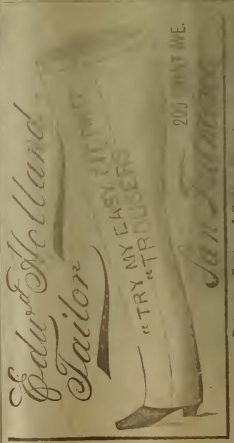
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