

THE MEDIUM.

Devoted to a Rational Investigation of Modern Spiritualism.

"Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good."

SECOND YEAR. NO. 90.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., SEPT. 24, 1896.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

And We Send Missionaries to China.

Our steeples throw shadows o'er dungeon and cell—
And we send missionaries to China,
And the clank of the chain drowns the soft Easter bell—
And we send missionaries to China:
We hear the dull fall of the tramps' million feet,
At midnight we find in the great city's street
Lost souls to whom even hell would seem sweet—
And we send missionaries to China.

Thousands of dollars each year we subscribe,
To send missionaries to China,
That the Pagan religion's pure stream may imbibe;
So we send missionaries to China;
But beggars ask alms at the millionaire's door,
And our Dives can't shut out the cry of the poor—
The low cry that some day will rise to a roar—
And we send missionaries to China.

Women do work that by men should be done—
And we send missionaries to China;
And babes often die ere their life is begun—
And we send missionaries to China;
Motherhood once was to woman a crown,
But now civilization on that puts its frown,
Till toil is our sweethearts' best path to renown—
And we send missionaries to China.

Dear little children are working each day—
And we send missionaries to China;
From cradle to grave knowing nothing of play—
And we send missionaries to China;
Though back in the past the Savior once said
That the Kingdom of God of such shall be made,
The dark curse of toil falls on each little head—
And we send missionaries to China.

Each day some suicide goes to his death—
And we send missionaries to China;
And a smile of content gilds his last gush of breath—
And we send missionaries to China;
For our life is too hard for the soul that beats high,
And the cage breaks the wings that need liberty's sky,
And for one who dares laugh are a million who sigh—
And we send missionaries to China.

Our Tombs hold of murderers nearly a score—
And we send missionaries to China;
And our slums are breeding each day many more—
And we send missionaries to China;
Human life is not safe in our cities at night,
And the robber's close clutch is felt in daylight,
And children are thieves; oh! shut out the sight—
And we send missionaries to China.

There's a satisfied few who like things as they are—
They help send missionaries to China;
But we know that their prayers do not mount very far,
Though they send missionaries to China;
For they always proclaim that divine is the plan,
That will give them a chance to grab all that they can,
And that poverty's really of value to man—
And they send missionaries to China.

The great sage who sleeps neath Virginia's sod
Didn't send missionaries to China;
He knew we, ourselves, were too far off from God
To send missionaries to China.
And when to the crest of his faith we shall climb,
And know men are equal—oh, doctrine sublime!
Ah! then, blessed day, we shall know it in time
To send missionaries to China.

That day is fast coming to gladden our eyes—
Then we'll send missionaries to China;
And new stars of hope will shine in our skies,
When we send missionaries to China;
And those missionaries will carry the light
That now is all hidden except on the height
Where Equality sits with her great sister Right—
And these two evangels, serene faced and bright,
We'll send to illumine poor China's dark night.

—W. E. Hicks, in Prog. Thinker.

There is always a precipice before the haughty, and
when in an evil hour the head is raised too high, the
end cometh and great is the fall.

Lust in the human temple is like a dwelling set on
fire; unless it is overcome, both the human temple and
the dwelling will be destroyed.

The man who has not been "fooled" by a woman is
a fool still, and is a too still fool to please woman. In
the being fooled we become wise.

A Celestial Wanderer.

DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND, W. J. COLVILLE.

Inspired by Charles Dickens.

Written by CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

Author of "The Discovered Country," "Oceanides," "Phillip Carlisle," etc.

Copyright by Carlyle Petersilea.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER IX.

CONTINUED.

"You surely cannot expect me, a lady born and bred, to enter the body of that coarse woman, the cook?"

"Well, you can do as you like about that," said the old lord. "You never hesitated to eat of her cooking; I don't know why you need hesitate to enjoy her eating. But I shall satisfy my appetite wherever I can, whether it be with lords or butlers; you may go hungry if you prefer. However, I am sure I will not take the trouble to conduct you to some lady. It is of no further consequence how, or with whom we eat now."

"Well, I do not agree with you," she said, "and I will not enter the body of the cook."

"Very well. Do as you like about that," said he, and immediately disappeared within the body of the butler, and did not emerge therefrom until the butler could eat and drink no more—until his head rolled from side to side and his tongue protruded from his mouth like that of an idiot—so thick, in fact, that he could not use it, except in a very peculiar manner.

The old lady hovered near with a troubled face. At last the old lord extricated himself from the intoxicated butler, looking beastly and degraded, and as though ready to commit almost any crime.

"Now," said he, "my hunger is appeased for the present; and you could see how it was done. I can have my revenge in somewhat the same way. I can enter the body of some one and do what I like with and through that one. Ah, I will not be a shadeless ghost if I can help it."

"Then," said the old lady, "why not enter the body of our son, Lord John, and thus still enjoy your estates?"

"Because his ways are not my ways. We are not at all alike in anything. He eats and drinks very sparingly; he is dyspeptic, as you well know, and is very thin, while I tipped the scales at two hundred and fifty pounds. Moreover, I have learned that he intends to travel and take his lady with him, directly the funeral is over; and Matilda will go with them. I found this all out through entering the butler, and I have already formed a plan. Oh, Lady Hetty; you need not leave your home, and we will yet enjoy a longer life here together."

"I think I am weary of it already," said Lady Hetty with a sigh. "Perhaps it would have been better to have done as Angelina wished us to do."

"O, there you are, as usual, as obstinate as possible; never ready to help me in anything. I tell you that I will not live with Angelina. If I can't have things here as I like I will slay every person about the premises."

"And what good would that do you?" she asked. "They would simply stand here with us, and know who had killed them, and all that you propose to do. Thus they might be able to thwart you as well."

"You are right about that, Lady Hetty. No, it will not do to cause any one to be slain, for I do not want them here to thwart me. No, I must act through those still in the body. I have also learned that there will be left here in charge Mr. Coats, the counsellor. You remember him, do you not?"

"Yes, quite well."

"He will take charge of the estate, collect rents, and so forth, and keep the accounts generally. Now Coats is a man after my own heart. Nothing could suit me better. We will just live with and through him. I will enter his body and make him do my will. Yes, Lady Hettie, you shall see your lord ruling his own household as formerly. I will set Coats' spirit one side. I can master him easily. Of that I am assured. I will live in his body and through it enjoy my life once more. But I must be very crafty or I shall be discovered.

Just help me, Lady Hettie. I need your help. Do not leave me, but remain here with me."

"I must remain a shadeless ghost, for Coats is the only one whose body I can enter."

"That is better—all the better, Lady Hetty. There will be two of us for company, instead of one, for I will enter his body whenever it is convenient, and keep you company as a shadeless ghost with you. Ah, the thought is a very thing! I believe I am happier than ever before. Now, Coats loves a good dinner and good wine as well; and if you object to the butler you need not object to Coats. Coats is a gentleman, if he has no title. We shall not be lowering ourselves very much. Now, immediately the funeral is over, Coats takes possession. Let us go to one of the guest chambers and rest until all is over and Coats has taken possession; then, Lady Hettie, we will commence to enjoy life once more."

Lady Hetty was but half convinced. Perhaps her lord might enjoy himself, but how would it be with her? She was doubtful.

Angelina returned to her own celestial abode, filled with grief and disappointment. The Wanderer would not leave her thus depressed, but went with her to her home, hoping to cheer and comfort her; and for awhile they both sought solace in music. This would bring harmony to their distracted minds. Angelina played the most beautiful compositions she could think of, Mozart being a great favorite with her; and then the Wanderer asked her to play something from Beethoven. This she did, and they were both comforted, and