



OVER THE THRESHOLD

The Carrier Dove.

"BEHOLD! I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY"

VOLUME IV.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

NUMBER 13.

Our Illustration.

"Over the Threshold."

Agnes Wyland was dying. The news spread like wild-fire through the little village of Millersburg that pleasant morning in June—the day on which Agnes was to have been a bride. For two years she had been the betrothed of Henry Miller, a promising young man who had completed his medical studies one year previous, and was meeting with much success as a physician. His father, the loved and respected Henry Miller, Sr., had been the leading physician in the country for many years, and had carefully educated his son that he might be qualified to become his successor to a large remunerative practice. Agnes was an educated and accomplished young lady—daughter of the Hon. Howard Wyland, a leading lawyer and successful politician. The two families had been intimate friends for many years, and looked forward with happy anticipation to the coming event as the complete welding of the golden chain of pure friendship which had so long united them. The elder Dr. Miller was a liberal, progressive man, although rather imbued with the materialistic views so prevalent among those of his profession. His son shared in his progressive ideas, but was more spiritually inclined. He had investigated to some extent, the claims of Spiritualism and had discovered that they could be scientifically demonstrated as the grandest truths of the nineteenth century. He also foresaw the advantages to be derived by the medical profession through an intelligent understanding and application of psychology as an anæsthetic, and of clairvoyance for the diagnosis and location of disease; and when combined with these there could be obtained, through reliable mediums, direct communication with the sphere of intelligence outside and beyond the earthly, the information thus obtained would be of incalculable benefit to mankind, especially that portion who hold in their hands the issues of life and death, as do in large measure the M. D.'s of the world. Young Dr. Miller found in Agnes Wyland a sympathetic, attentive listener when speaking upon these subjects, and also one who possessed in a remarkable degree the gift of clairvoyance, having many times described

most minutely and accurately internal organs of the human body, and diseases affecting them, which an experienced physician alone was capable of doing. In this respect she had been instrumental in giving the young doctor information in several instances of great value to him, as through the knowledge thus obtained he had successfully treated cases which had baffled older and more experienced physicians, who greatly wondered at the marvelous results.

The tender love which had existed between Agnes and Henry from childhood, was augmented and strengthened by their spiritual adaptation as co-workers in this special field among the suffering and diseased-stricken of humanity.

How many fair castles of future fame and honor they built! How many bright hopes and fond expectations were blighted, as upon that sad day it was announced that Agnes lay dying!

Agnes was a graceful, accomplished equestrienne, and delighted in long rides through the beautiful valleys, and over the rugged hills of the surrounding country, and upon this, her wedding-day, she arose early and ordered her fine, spirited horse saddled, that she might have one more ride in the invigorating morning air and take a farewell of old, familiar scenes, as they were going away on a wedding tour and would not return until late autumn; and what might happen in those long months no one could tell.

As she came down stairs equipped for her ride, her mother met her in the hall and exclaimed, with surprise, "Why, Agnes dear, are you going out to ride so early?"

"Yes, mother, I wish to say good-bye to my favorite haunts; as, you know, I may never see them again," she said lightly, although there was an echo of sadness in the tone which the mother's quick sympathy detected.

"Surely my daughter is not going to harbor sad forebodings upon her wedding-day?"

"Oh! no indeed, mother dear; I am too happy I fear; that is all."

As she was about to pass down the steps, she turned quickly and said, "I must see papa before I go," and entered the library where Mr. Wyland sat with bowed head, in deep meditation. She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him affectionately, then hurried out before her father could

speak the fond words that welled up from heart to lips. He had been thinking of a day, when many years before, the sweet-faced matron who presided over his home, had gone forth from her father's protecting care his happy bride, as now her daughter was going to be the home-maker of another. He arose quickly and followed, and was just in time to see her mount the impatient steed, and with one lingering look back at father and mother, and a graceful wave of her hand, she dashed away down the smooth avenue and out into the broad highway, until her flying figure was lost to sight among the intervening trees which bordered the road for some distance.

As Mr. and Mrs. Wyland turned to enter the house, the latter remarked, "I wonder what was the matter with Agnes, she seemed strangely affected I thought."

"I suppose the thought of leaving home so soon has unnerved her this morning, but she will be as gay and happy as ever when she returns from her ride," said Mr. Wyland.

In the home, busy fingers were preparing the last pleasant surprise of the day, and arranging the large elegant parlors for the reception of the guests who would assemble late in the afternoon, as the ceremony would take place at six, and the dinner would be served at once so they could take the midnight train for the great metropolis.

Agnes soon recovered her usual buoyant spirits under the magical influence of the cool, balmy air of the June morning, the sweet songs of birds, the music of the rippling stream which murmured by the wayside, the lowing of kine, the bleating of the flocks, as they were driven forth to the green pastures, the beautiful landscape, the dewy fields glittering in the first rays of the morning sunlight like sheens of silver, all the charms of nature combined, thrilled her with delight as she paused for a few moments to take one last look at the old, familiar places whose beauty had never touched her soul as now. Before her lay a level turnpike for about two miles, and patting the glossy neck of the spirited animal she said, "Now, Prince, for a race," and giving him the signal away he darted like the wind; past farm houses, fences, orchards and fields she almost flew, her eyes flashing and cheek glowing with animation and pleasure. When nearing home, the excited horse became frightened at some object by the way-side and reared violently and wildly, until Agnes lost her balance and was dashed to the

ground receiving a blow from the heels of the furious animal who sped away with loosened reins and dangling saddle, on towards home, and was seen by Mr. Wyland who had just left the house and was walking down the broad avenue hoping to meet his daughter. A moment's glance at the flying steed revealed all, and with a cry of despair he rushed to the roadside where he discovered others had preceded him and were already conveying the injured girl home. She was quite unconscious when borne into the house and placed upon the snowy bed in her own room, where was displayed the wedding garments ready to be worn in a few brief hours. These were hurriedly removed and in a few moments the physician who had been summoned arrived and began applying restoratives to the still unconscious girl. A messenger was dispatched for Dr. Miller and his son, who hastened to obey the summons. Mr. Wyland met them at the door and led the way to Agnes' chamber. No words were spoken until they entered the room where lay the dying girl. A glance at the white face and blood-stained pillow revealed to the skillful physicians the dreadful calamity, and with a deep groan the hapless bridegroom knelt by the bedside overcome with anguish, while his more self-possessed parent made a careful examination of the wound, at the close of which, turning to her father he said, "Nothing can be done." The words were like a blow to Mr. Wyland who staggered forward and would have fallen had he not been supported in the arms of his friend. Sympathetic neighbors gathered around and spoke encouragingly and tenderly to the stricken man. The mother lay in another room oblivious to the great grief awaiting her. The first shock had so unnerved her that it had been found necessary to administer a potion under the influence of which she was unconscious for the time.

The white face upon the bed grew whiter; and the faint pulse fainter, until there was scarce a flutter of life in the still breast. The silence pervading the room was only broken by the deep groans of anguish from the stricken lover, until a cry of agony startled the watchers and Mrs. Wyland threw herself beside the bed and called in piteous tones upon the dying girl to speak to her. The deep grief of the mother seemed to rouse the young man from his own intense suffering and he tenderly raised her bowed head and rested it upon his breast and mingled his tears with hers. As the end grew near, a feeling of calmness stole over the young man and he quietly arose and placed the weeping mother in a seat, then, taking the hands of Agnes in his own, sat motionless and silent with closed eyes and cold, white face, upon which great beads of perspiration formed, until he looked as though his spirit was also leaving its tenement of clay to accompany its beloved on her journey out into the great unknown.

The silence was broken by the young doctor speaking in a strange, distinct whisper, but loud enough to be heard by the stricken group standing around the bed. He described the beautiful process of spirit birth and the many bright, angelic forms awaiting to receive the almost enfranchised spirit. He spoke of many dear ones well-known to Mr. and Mr. Wyland, who had passed to spirit life many years previous, and reiterated their words of comfort and consolation. He described a band of beautiful ones who came with garlands of flowers and among them was one with a bright golden lyre, more beautiful than the rest, twined with immortal blossoms, and the name of "Agnes" across it in letters of light like sunbeams. He described the glad smile of recognition with which old friends were greeted and the glorified, shining spirit as it passed with the angel band "over the threshold" of the mortal into immortal life.

Polemical.

Spiritualism.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

By common consent Modern Spiritualism dates from the 31st of March; 1848. It was then that questions were first asked and intelligent answers given by means of rappings. The Fox family, living in a humble house in the obscure village of Hydesville, N. Y., had been disturbed by strange noises for successive nights, but one the evening of the 31st, after they had retired, the disturbances became excessively annoying. At length it was found by the children that the sounds would respond to their requests. This was a new order of things, for ghosts usually stand and silently gaze on the beholder, and disappear at the first word addressed to them.

The Anniversary which is now celebrated by Spiritualists throughout the world, was first suggested by Mr. James Lawrence, of Cleveland, Ohio, who received a communication purporting to come from a spirit once eminent in the earth-life, suggesting that the day be thus set apart. The following year, 1870, the anniversary was almost universally observed by the societies of city and country.

A. J. Davis may be said to have been the John the Baptist to Spiritualism, having prophesied its coming in his "Nature's Divine Revelations," which was finished one year before the Hydesville manifestations.

Of the many so-called exposures and theories explaining the phenomena, they have only exposed the ignorance of those who have put them forth. The most acute and vigilant committee, after thorough in-

vestigation, pronounced the phenomena occurring in the presence of the Fox children to be independent of them, and from that day to the present everyone who has honestly and patiently investigated has become convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations.

Such was the beginning of what has been called "Modern Spiritualism," as distinguished from "Spiritualism," which is as old as the race. It marks an epoch in time and the commencement of a reaction against materialism, which, with the new phase of scientific thought, was sweeping away the old beliefs in the supernatural.

What is Spiritualism? It is a religion and a science. Science is the classification of facts, the coördination of cause and effect, ultimating in broad generalizations. It is the search after truth. Religion is devotion to and for the truth for its own sake; the abnegation of self for the good of others. Spiritualism, spanning the gulf between this present and the future life, is a religion dominant in both. It forms the golden strands permeating through all religious systems and binding them with common bonds. You may take the sacred books of the world—Shasta, Zendavesta, Koran, Talmud, the Old and New Testaments—and you have brought together the spiritual history, ideas, emotions and superstitions and spiritual life of the early ages of man; but you have not Spiritualism—you have only a part. You may take the sciences—the terrestrial, intimately connected with our telluric domain, teaching the construction and organization of our globe—and the cosmical, treating of the infinite realm of the stars—and we have not Spiritualism; you have only a part. To represent it in its completeness the truth must be extracted from all sciences and religions, and blended into harmony. It takes man by the hand and assures him that he is a nobleman of nature, heir to the Godhead, owning all things, for whom all things exist, and capable of understanding all. He is not for to-day, nor acting for time, but for eternity; and whatever he writes in his book of life, is written for eternity.

What a position man occupies! On one hand are the lower forms of Nature, the brutes of the field; on the other the angels of light, towards whom he is hastening, one of whom he will become after death shall have cast from his spirit its earthly garments. The end and aim of evolution is the individualization of a spiritual being. As man is the greatest fact of nature, so individualized spirit is the greatest fact of man. The travail of the ages—as bringing forth higher and higher forms, prophesying even from the Silurian mollusc the coming of man—in this light have a meaning; while they have not, if death is the end—bringing to naught the accumulated fruitage of life's vast tree.

Spiritualism is leaderless. It is a singularity of the spiritual movement that it has spread with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of any other innovation, while no one has stood at the head of its believers to direct their movements. Its teachings, on the contrary, denounce leadership—individual worship, demanding of every believer to rely solely on himself. It is a great universal movement diffused throughout all ranks and classes of society, and from myriad sources the little streams flow into its vast channel. Other movements have had great and talented men to present and vindicate their claims to the world; they have had leaders who were considered infallible; but Spiritualism has none. It has never had. No leader, no pope, no final appeal; everyone working out his own salvation; everyone his own high priest—and if he has sins, he must confess them to himself.

Organization.—It has been said as a reproach, that Spiritualists have no permanent organization, that those they have are little more than lecture clubs. It is true that the attempts at organization have been unsuccessful, because they aped the old, and had no inspiration from the new. Spiritualists are such, because intensely individualized. They do not wish for organization, but *association*; and in its time that will come in a form which will not suppress, but increase the energies of the individual.

And yet what would have been gained by organization? What by a leadership? There has been a leadership, but it has been of the spirit world. Had there been organization with a statement of destinies, there would before this time have been crystallization, stagnation along certain lines of thought; and, withal, isolation not only of society from others, but of doctrines. As it has been, these doctrines have remained unconfined and have permeated all organizations. There is no distinctive church of Spiritualism, but all the churches have been awakened and forced forward in a new intellectual life; no visible leader, but a leadership of the Word of Light. Through the sea of humanity, the mighty current from the shores of invisible life has set with a flood more irresistible than that which streams through the ocean. We have all labored in our spheres of action, doing the best we could, helping in our feeble way; and our efforts have been wrenched to the purpose of this irresistible force. We knew not from whence it came, nor to what unknown coast it drifted, but we now begin dimly to perceive that the skies grow clearer on the broadening horizon, and there comes a breath of odorous sweetness from some continent yet concealed beyond clouds that are now rosy with the dawn.

Mediumship.—All persons are sensitive to the impressions, but some are far more delicately attained than others. As an instru-

ment, they vibrate to the waves of thought. The number of these has rapidly increased in the past few years. Centuries had gone by and not one! Barren centuries, when man remained stationary or retrograded into dense ignorance. The highest form of mediumship, or sensitiveness, is dependent on moral excellence and spiritual purity, but the lower form of physical manifestations depends on organization, which may accompany mental inferiority and immorality of life. This distinction is not given its full force by either those who accept or reject Spiritualism. The persistent belief in the infallibility and necessary superiority of celestial beings, throws a halo over all manifestations purporting to come from them, ministering to credulity on one hand and affording opportunity for reproach on the other.

There are various phases of mediumship, but they may be broadly divided into two classes—physical and mental. The first is more attractive, the latter more difficult to define and of greater value. There has been a great deal of fraud and deception practiced in the name of Spiritualism. An over-weening anxiety and credulity demanded more than it was possible to give, except as physical means were used to simulate the manifestations claiming to be of spirit origin. There has been a rapidly growing tendency among Spiritualists to demand more and more astonishing manifestations, until recently fraud has overreached itself, and a healthy reaction has set in, demanding severe tests and a higher standard of moral character in those who profess to stand between two worlds.

Position of Scientific Men.—The so-called scientific men have been generally the most unfair and prejudiced opposers. They claim to be the only class capable of correct observation and scorn the ordinary observer. They say Nature must supply the conditions for observation in the special departments of their labor, yet when they approach Spiritualism they reverse this natural order, and if not allowed to enforce their own conditions, discard the whole subject as unworthy their attention. When a table was suspended in the air without physical contact before the eyes of Sir David Brewster, he said, "It seems to rise!" When Faraday was told that his table-turning theory had failed, he would not go and see for himself, but said he was "heartily tired of the whole matter." For this investigation none are by training or education as incompetent as the so-called scientists. They ignore the true scientific method, approach the subject with a sneer, and judge before the evidence is presented. The psychological societies, both English and American, have moved in the same rut from their beginning, frittered away their time in unessentials and schemes how not to reach definite conclusions. And yet

there have been many learned and fully qualified men who have investigated the phenomena and been thoroughly convinced. Professor Robert Hare made extended researches and became convinced that the phenomena were of spirit origin. Professor Wallace, the peer of Darwin, C. F. Varley, electrician; Camille Flammarion, astronomer; Wagner, geologist of the University of St. Petersburg; P. A. Butlerov, chemist; Dr. Max Perty, professor of natural science, Switzerland; Dr. J. R. Buchanan, J. H. Von Fichte, Dr. Frantz Hoffman—these are a few names of men noted in science and philosophy, who have fully endorsed the facts of Spiritualism.

The Number of Spiritualists.—The sound of the tiny rap has gone around the world, and the philosophy it carries with it; and the Southern cross, as well as the constellations of the North, looks down on the hosts who accept the new doctrine of life here and hereafter. In a single generation it has made more converts than Christianity in the first five centuries. It would be impossible to make an accurate statement of the number, from the fact that there are so many who retain full relationship to the church and yet believe. I have no doubt that fully three-fourths of all Spiritualists are to-day church members in full communion. Judge Edmonds in 1854, estimated the number at four millions. The Catholic estimate was eleven millions—which was entirely too high, and must have included all who were not Romanists.

Publications.—In the very beginning a journal was started to herald the glad news. It was a small quarto, and contained the correct history of the phenomena. The time had not come for the exposition of a new philosophy, nor were the bearings of the new facts on old theories foreseen. Since that time an almost numberless succession of journals have been issued, most of which have lived only for a brief interval. They have all been published by the self-sacrifice of editors, writers and publishers. *The Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of Chicago, the *Banner of Light*, Boston, THE CARRIER DOVE and *The Golden Gate* of San Francisco, are devoted to the interests of Spiritualism in the States. *Light*, London, represents one phase of English Spiritualism, and *Medium and Daybreak*, the other. There are several journals published in German, French and Spanish. The books published in the last thirty-nine years, devoted to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, would form a very large library, perhaps equalling if not far exceeding that of any denomination or sect.

What do Spiritualists believe? As there is no creed, and no one is bound by any ritual, it becomes exceedingly difficult to make a statement of belief applicable to all. Yet there are certain fundamental

principles on which all agree, as forming the basis of the Spiritual Philosophy:—

1. Man is a dual being—a physical structure and a spirit. The spirit is an organized form, evolved by and out of the physical body, having corresponding form and development.
 2. This spiritual being is immortal.
 3. Death is the separation of this duality, and does not affect the spirit, morally or intellectually.
 4. The spirit holds the same relations to the spirit-world that man holds to physical nature.
 5. The spirit there, as here, works out its own salvation, receiving the reward of well-doing, and suffering for wrongful actions.
 6. Salvation is attainable only through growth.
 7. There is no arbitrary decree, final judgment, or atonement for wrong, except through the suffering of the guilty.
 8. The knowledge, attainment, and experience of the earth-life form the basis of the spirit-life, which is hence a continuity of the same existence.
 9. Progressive evolution of the intellectual and moral faculties, is the endless destiny of individual spirits.
 10. In the spirit-world, as on earth, each receives all he or she is capable of receiving, according to individual tastes, desires, and capacity.
 11. Heaven and hell are not places, but conditions of mind. Inharmony is hell; harmony, heaven.
 12. Spiritual beings are evolved by, and eliminated from, physical bodies. They differ in grades of morality and intelligence, as men differ on earth.
 13. These departed spirits, retaining all their love and affection, can, and do return and communicate with those in this life. Their capability of so doing does not depend on their intelligence or morality.
 14. Mediumship rests on sensitiveness, which is not dependent on culture or morals, though elevated and controlled thereby.
 15. Communications from Spiritual beings are fallible, partaking of the qualities of their source, and may be for good or evil, according to their source, and the channel which transmits, and those who receive them.
 16. The Spiritual communications of all ages emanate from this one source, and must be alike tried by the test of reason.
 17. Individualized spirit is the reality, and the highest type of creative energy. In this sense man is divine, and endowed with infinite capabilities, and united in brotherhood, having common origin, purpose, and destiny.
 18. Spiritualism encourages exalted aspirations, and energizes the spirit by presenting the highest, purest motives, and inculcates noble self-reliance. It frees man from the bondage of authority of book or creed. Its only authority is truth; its interpreter, reason. Every individual must be a law unto himself, draft his own creed, and grant to all others equal liberty.
 19. If Spiritualists organized, it is because organization is the best method to reach desired results, and the means by which each shall receive the combined strength of all.
- Such organizations must be based on absolute personal freedom and unquestioned right to individual opinion and action, so far as the rights of others remain inviolate.
- The New England Magazine.*

A private letter to Dr. Caroline B. Winslow, printed in the *Alpha*, says: "What a stride for San Francisco to make by adopting Mrs. Shepherd's book 'For Girls' as a text book. Your noble cause is truly marching on." If while California is indorsing this book, New York State should actually pass a law making it unsalable, the difference in good sense between the officials of these States will be proportionate to the distance between them.

Literary Dept.

TWO LIVES AND THEIR WORK.

BY J. J. MORSE

AUTHOR OF "WILBRAMS WEALTH," "RIGHTED BY THE DEAD," "CURSED BY THE ANGELS," "O'ER LAND AND SEA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES THE INMATES OF BERKSTONE PARSONAGE AND INFORMS THE READER OF THE CHARACTERS OF CERTAIN PERSONAGES WHO WILL APPEAR FROM TIME TO TIME.

If, as some have said, the great earth is a living thing, throbbing with a sentient life, it must, indeed, be a cause of joy to it to know that in spite of the many cruel deeds and base ends its surface is from time to time used for, that, ever and anon, it has reared upon it such gentle and peaceful hamlets as that of Berkstone, nestling in a warm nook amid the Sussex hills, almost within sight of the sapphire waves of the English channel. The quaint High street, which serpentine athwart the village, as a sailor would say, was, even on market days, active, only in a sleepy self-satisfied sort of way, as if the business of buying and selling was scarcely important enough to wake it from its ordinary quiet. The shops were not numerous, or bustling as to trade. There was the grocer's, perhaps the most noticeable business establishment in the place, with its old-fashioned windows, bending each in a graceful curve, as if having grown slightly corpulent by feeding on the succulent dainties displayed within. These windows, standing upon either side of the door, giving a double front for the display of goods, were glazed in small squares, behind which, on one side, could be seen such things as grocers usually deal in, while upon the other side was observable an odd mixture of clothes, underwear, stationery, brooms, brushes and cheap books for children, while in one corner a choice assortment of pins, needles, tapes and sewing cottons made frantic efforts to avoid being squeezed out of sight by a pile of shirting and blankets that had inconsiderately been placed upon them. This shop was entered by a little flight of two steps, and once within the variety and extent of its contents was quite sufficient to account for the lack of other shops of like kind, for Berkstone held but three such within its limits. There was the baker's, too; none of your confectioner's and pastry-cook's sort of an affair, but a simple unpretentious baker's, where good honest bread in "households," "bricks," "tins" and "cottages,"—forms beloved by various consumers for ages past—could be obtained. True, a few "buns" and "twists" and a small tray of jam tarts were

made on Saturdays, being market day. There was a Berlin wool and fancy repository, also, where music was sold, and where one grim, gaunt, upright, stiff-backed, varnished-to-death piano had stood on sale for almost a generation past. Of houses of entertainment the traveller could choose between the George and Bell as being the oldest and best, the Flying Horse as coming down to the ordinary level of middle-class humanity, or the Twelve Stars, an alehouse for the common laborers—with whom, of course, our story has no concern! There was a Bank, right in the busy market square, once a week, and, just before quarter days, a busy Bank, too. It was locally and popularly supposed that millions in gold were stored within its vaults, which is not the only instance where the popular belief has been astray, even in greater things. There were two medical men in the place who were studiously and professionally courteous to each other in public, and in private were mutually suspected of associating questionable opinions each with the other. There were also other points of note in the way of trade and commerce, labor, money getting, living and dying, as needs there must be in all places where men congregate and struggle, sprawl, slip, slide, glide or get somehow pushed through their mortal careers, but as such are not just now pertinent let us pass them by.

The southern part of Berkstone was called Church End, since there was the old parish church of Berkstone—Cum-Blindale, built more years ago than one feels likely to believe when the date is first heard. Hoary it was, built of rough, coarse stone, covered with a mantle of ancient ivy. Walls, roof and belfry tower, standing sharp and clear against the wintry sky, or seeming, in summer time, backed by the green meadows stretching away in the distance, as part of a scene almost fairy-like in nature. A venerable pile, surrounded by the silent sea of death, whereof every grave was a moveless billow marking where the flow of life stood still as its tide turned on the ebb of death.

Right by the side of the church stood the parsonage, a quaint, old dwelling place, with many a curious gable jutting out at its various corners, ivy-clad, tree-sheltered, with trim lawn in front, and winding gravel path from porch to gate. In the summer time climbing vines of jasmine lovingly carressed its southern front, and mingled the sweet perfume of their waxlike blossoms with the sweet breath of the blushing roses. Each window sparkled as though its glasses were rarest crystal, spotless lace draped them, and at those of the upper chambers were flowers in pots, and ornamentally tiled boxes. Those windows of the ground floor were of the kind called French, and in summer-time, when opened, gave access to the balmy airs of heaven, or permitted easy egress to the velvet sward of the sloping

lawn. Towering alike above church and parsonage were sundry clusters of stately trees, the chosen homes of several families of rooks, and as they caw, cawed and chattered up there, they often seemed as if holding councils among themselves, as discussing the inmates of the house beneath them. They had seen the present incumbent arrive, years ago, when he was in the high prime of manhood's promise, and among them they had said he is a good man and kind. He will last; he will be liked, for a certain wise old rook had taken special pains to look into the matter, and having as good an opportunity to form a sound judgment, as many a human rook can have by peeping and peering into things through windows, and from heights, his opinion was, by his fellow rooks, accepted as complete and perfect. But, in sober truth, this time the rooks were right, for the Reverend Humphrey Courteney was of kind nature, honest heart, a churchman to the core, and on matters of duty and doctrine, rigid and inflexible, as your honest and zealous servant of the church must needs be. But one old rook, it must have been a female rook, gave forth the opinion that the new incumbent would soon carry out a certain injunction laid upon him by his church—wherein, oh wise church, you build on the sure ground of your children's common nature—and, said this wise old rook, most surely a female rook, that meant much more for men than rooks! So there came a quiet day in ripe September, once when Humphrey Courteney came home from a visit to his own county, bringing with him that which proved how shrewd an observer that old rook had been. Henceforth a calm, gentle face moved about the parsonage, and a sweet voice stirred its echoes, while the neatness, order, and gentle prettiness that rise, as if by magic, from a woman's touch and rule, all told of her care and presence; and the round of callers, severally and collectively, pronounced the bride a very charming, winning and sweet-souled lady. Truly it must have been a female rook that told all this to the rooks up there among the trees, ere it came to pass! One thing was certain, from that time forward that same old rook ever after took the deepest interest in the parsonage and its new inhabitant; and this new occupant was also deeply enamored of the dusky, hoarse-throated denizens up there in the tree tops.

Some months later a great commotion was heard among the rooks, for that wise old rook had been peeping again—it must surely have been a female rook—the cause of this commotion was that she was then giving it as her opinion that a certain quietness about the parsonage, and the prolonged visit of Dr. Randall and the installation of a motherly sort of female from the county town hard by, and of the presence in the house of a dear, amiable, matronly lady—whom no one could fail to see was

Clara Courteney's devoted relative on her father's side, by marriage—that these, and other signs so dear to the female heart, rooks or not, all spoke, so said our rook, that a tremendous event was soon to happen. So for several days thereafter, as if sharing in the interest with which this event was waited for below them, those knowing old rooks maintained a preternatural silence, and only cawed their inquiries under the breath, so to say, whenever our old rook flew back to them with tidings from the little nest below, all lace and silk, wherein was presently heard the tiniest, but oh, the sweetest little chirp from the loveliest, daintiest, pinkest and most beautiful of little birdlings that ever came into such fairylike nests; and when our old rook, peering cautiously through the window, caught a glimpse of that tiny face and the echo of that tiny voice, she was so beside herself that she tumbled backwards from the window-sill in her excitement, luckily falling into a laurel tree hard by, and was so enabled to recover herself and fly up to the family among the tree tops. There she told her tale, and every blessed rook among that sable throng flew away to the neighboring woods, where they flapped their wings, flew about, circled at all kinds of angles, and cawed themselves into a state of disgraceful hoarseness, doing all this to express their joy, but being more discrete than many who are not rooks, they rejoiced apart so that they should not disturb the slumbers of the loving wife, who was now the happy mother.

Then that wise old, rook, with sundry companions spent days and weeks and months in watching that amazing little birdling as it was tenderly and carefully brought out into the air and sunshine, and once the whole colony of rooks perched themselves upon the roof of the old church to listen to the words and service that gave this little birdling a name among its kind, and as the sound of the word Constance, being that name, floated upwards, it seemed as if those sly old birds caught it up, and flying off with many a jolly look among themselves, they seemed to act as if they thought Constance the prettiest sounding name they had heard in all their lives.

Three happy years passed by and little of moment disturbed their tenor. Spring, ever beautiful in England's south, had come again. Seated at the open porch, Clara, now quite the staid matron, yet with the same grace and womanliness of that dear mother she loved so well, Clara, seated there this balmy evening, laid her head lovingly upon her husband's shoulder, and with her hand clasping his, she whispered to him that when the roses came again a flower, fairer than they, would be in the gardens of their loves. That aforesaid old rook flying past, just then, must have caught that whispering, for, wheeling about, she—yes it must be a female—flew straight up to the tree

tops, and calling some old cronies around her, in strictest confidence, imparted the nature of the whisper one had overheard. So well were her injunctions as to secrecy obeyed that ere the stars were well alight every mature rook was anxiously debating the accuracy of their old companion's statements in the case!

Oh, yes, that, nay, our, to be more respectful, oh, yes, our rook was quite correct in her prognostications. For again the same sweet lady mother, her head now more silvered than of yore, was in and about this peaceful home. Again the deft and patient nurse was there. Again, this time in the "dead waste and middle of the night" the tiny navigator from across the mystic seas of love, uttered his silvery pipe and put his feet ashore upon the sands of time. But, bless your hearts, our old rook was there and straight carried up to the trees the news, and to the astonishment of the human watchers, that colony of rooks awoke, and, for a space, made the night astonished with a song of welcome, cawing until they cawed themselves, in sheer fatigue, to sleep again.

Once again the rooks assembled at a christening, and they gave it as their unanimous verdict that, in naming the little navigator aforesaid, Ernest, a wise and good suggestion had been acted upon. Again life must roll up its moving canvas, the pictures thereon merging into the eternal past. Berkstone sees but little change in all the passing years. Its respected pastor pursues the even tenor of his life and duty; his gentle wife is worshipped, almost as would be an angel. Sickness could not be and she find it not. Sorrow never claimed her sympathy in vain. Heaven blessed her, life smiled upon her, and many a soul was brightened and strengthened by her simple faith in duty, truth and love. Sweet happy years that saw the growth of her gentle daughter, in which, fair flower, she yearly grew in the likeness of her sweetest mother, her ripening form and character carrying forward the qualities she derived from that loving mother's gentle nature. Oh, gracious stem, that bears so fair a flower upon it! Precious years that noted how the child crept onward to the youth, and how, in season, the youth gave promise of the man; a thoughtful man it promised, too. Aye, a man of will to do, and strength to bear. Firm of purpose, a lover of justice, a defender of the weak, and, most dangerous of all, a man of thought, deep, painstaking, delving thought, thought that strove to dig to the very roots of things. Elder by three years, Constance was a little more than sister to her brother, and from her grave and generous disposition he ever felt, from earliest childhood, a loving deference to all her words.

Brother and sister are now upon the brink of man and womanhood. As we see them now, sitting by the cheerful fire

in the late autumn evenings, as we listen to their social confidences, note their loving looks and ways, feel the peaceful calm of their united lives, and realize the beauty of the example set them by those earnest-living lives beside them, that have ever been their strength and refuge, we feel that home, its joys, its possibilities, its loving circle, is indeed, an earthly heaven, when it is as was this happy home among the Sussex hills. And, oh! loving mother, devoted daughter, duty-doing father, and truth loving son, whatsoever may betide you in the coming years, let no jar of care disturb your loving union to-night. The very lamps appeared to beam with pleasure, while the cheerful fire gave out a glow from a warmth more spiritual, it seemed, than common coal could give. Yet, the grate shall hold but ashes, dull and cold; and the lamps shall shine upon an empty chair; not yet, though, for now happiness and unity reign supreme within Berkstone parsonage.

[To be continued.]

Selected Articles.

The Mind-Cure Hallucination.

We attempted a brief and familiar exposition of the true principle of cure as illustrated by Spiritualism in a recent issue of the *Banner*, and made reference to the pretensions put forth by "Christian Science," which, if it really accomplishes anything in the healing way, does it by means of the power which is termed mediumistic. In the *Century Magazine* for July is an article on "Christian Science and Mind-Cure," made up very largely from the writings of several persons who profess to cure disease after the new method, and claim that method as their own. Rather than attempt anything like a characterization of the article itself, we prefer to report to our readers the views expressed upon it by the *Boston Sunday Herald*, which are practically in the line of our own.

After a perusal of the article, the *Herald* breaks out with—"Now what is the use of wasting precious time on the study of Sioux Indian medicine men and mumbo-jumbo African witch exorcisers, when we have the same glorious phenomenon, in full paint and feathers, right here at home, devoutly believed in, too, by no end of supposedly highly cultivated men and women—men and women with an elaborate metaphysical jargon at their tongues' ends that would do credit to bedlam." It thinks Dr. McGlynn's "Society for the Abolition of Poverty" an entirely needless organization, when, according to the tenets of this new sect, we can at will abolish meat, drink, fire, houses, disease, doctors, death, and undertakers. All that is to be done is to get the mind into

the right state, and none of these evils will exist a moment longer. In fact they have no real existence as it is, and are simply "obstinate phantoms summoned up by the lop-sided imaginations of people that believe in them." In other words, adds the *Herald*, they are "all in your eye."

Accepting the assertions of the teachers and preachers of this latest delusion, devout prayer is a needful and all-inspiring help in the work of preparation for annihilating these mental imposters that have for ages been palming themselves off on confiding humanity as realities. And the *Herald*, for lack of any special prayer to meet so peculiar a demand, furnishes the following form of invocation itself, entitling it a Prayer for a Dyspeptic: "We believe that Thou art in this patient's stomach, in every fibre, in every cell, in every atom—that Thou art the sole, only Reality of that stomach. Help us stoutly to affirm, with our hand in your hand, with our eyes fixed on Thee, that we have no Dyspepsia, that we never had Dyspepsia, that we will never have Dyspepsia, that there is no such thing, that there never was any such thing, that there never will be any such thing. Amen."

The mind, says the *Herald*, that can rise from the reading of this without experiencing the same exaltation of feeling that is inspired by the presence of the Alps, or the ocean, may set it down as certain that it has no genius for the sublime. Faith in the absolute non-existence of dyspepsia in the very teeth and eyes of one of its acutest attacks, is a triumph, in comparison with which the removing of mountains is nothing. It thinks it outsoars the sublimest utterances put by *Æschylus* in the mouth of Prometheus riveted to the rock, and with the vulture tearing at his vitals. It likewise illustrates the mighty power of this faith in connection with alcohol. An old illusion was that alcohol is a veritable king of terrors. Men originally noble and loving could, under its spell, be turned into maniacs, braining their wives, trampling their children under foot, and leaping out of windows to escape the snakes and devils they felt were after them. But the prophets of the new faith called "Christian Science" say: Not so; not at all. Alcohol is as bland and mild in its essential nature as milk, if you only believe it to be so. Alcohol is simply one of the chronic victims of slander, precisely as some of earth's most blessed saints have been. Instead of its being inflammatory and maddening, it was merely their own inflammatory and maddening beliefs about it that made them drunk when they drank it.

If milk had been persistently misconstrued in the same way, continues the *Herald*, then milk, through the bare force of association, would have become the world's arch-intoxicant, and the temperance crusade of the present time would have had to take the shape of an onslaught on cows for viciously constitut-

ing themselves organic distilleries for turning sweet grass into rum, gin or whiskey, and then leaguering with an infamous class of men to drive carts around and peddle out the fiery milk-punch to innocent babies!

And the same method of illustrating the power of faith, it thinks, could be applied to the existence of snakes, against which there is what must be called a silly prejudice, originating with some idle legend about a Garden of Eden, till finally unsuspecting cobras, moccasins and rattlesnakes were actually believed to be venomous. And so it is the belief that has bit and killed its thousands, the snakes all the while being as guiltless as infants of an hour.

It can scarcely be credited, says the *Herald*, that "such stuff as this is actually printed, preached, taught in medical schools, and credulously welcomed by large numbers of so-called intelligent people—people who attest their faith in solid cash." It considers the most curious thing about it all to be "the intrepid logic with which the leaders accept the most delirious consequences of their principles. In vain does the humble skeptic object against the pure mind-theory that a dose of arsenic will kill, even though taken under the supposition that it was sugar. True, serenely admits Mrs. Eddy, but it was not the arsenic that did it; it was the inherited mental error, working unconsciously in the victim—the error that arsenic is unwholesome. 'The few,' she says, 'who think a drug harmless, where a mistake has been made in the prescription, are unequal to the many who have named it poison, and so the majority opinion governs the result.' This last is truly delicious."

And the hallucination is thus carried out through the complete series of absurd illustrations. This is one way of looking at it. The so-called mind-cure, at its best, rests on no basis. There is neither the potent working of elixir and drug in it, nor the far more effective and harmonious working of magnetism, that invisible but controlling force in nature and the universe. As we said before, whatever cures so-called "Christian Science" may claim to have wrought are the results of mediumship alone. Some of the teachers of this hallucination have learned for themselves the power of the invisible agency of magnetic elements, and employed them for the purpose of building up a practice in the art of healing, applying to it a name which they think may be more respectable, and thus bring to their hopper a fuller measure of the coveted shekels.—*Banner of Light*.

Mistaken Duty.

I know many women—you all know them—whose lives are one long sacrifice to the welfare of others. They neglect no duty; every service which can contribute to the health and pleasure of husband or child

is punctiliously performed, night and day; they are always ready to spend and be spent for others. No absence of good deeds here! Yet their lives are not beautiful. Their thoughts are often bitter and repining, and many are weak enough to pity themselves.

On talking with such a woman you find that she thinks her lot a hard one. She enjoys society, loves reading, music, art, and her circumstances compel her to a wearying round of household duties. Her work and cares exhaust her mentally and physically, and she has neither thought nor leisure for books and society. In short, she is a drudge.

"But," you say to her, "leave all this. Your life is your own to do what you please with. You have all the time there is. Books are accessible to you. The best society is open to you. Go read, study, enjoy yourself—live the life which seems best to you." She, however, protests: "I cannot; my duties to my husband and children forbid it."

My dear woman, do you not see that you choose these duties in preference to pleasure and mental culture? They seem to you better; they are better. But do not so cheat yourself. Do not rob yourself and those you love of the fruits of your work. The only real reward of good deeds is being good. A life of sacrifice and unselfish labor should bring you ripe character, calm peace, sweet love. These are the natural results of good acts. These are the highest outcome of all living. These should be yours—make your thoughts as loyal as your acts, and they will be yours.

We should realize that when we say, "I will do my duty," we make a choice, and this choice means a renunciation of all that is incompatible with duty. Having thus chosen the highest possible to us, is it not pitiable weakness to lament because with the best we cannot have the second best?
—Unity. L. M. B.

Terse Truths.

GEO. A. FULLER.
(Editor *Light on the Way*.)

"Spiritualism is a demonstration of the affirmation of the ages, and solves the mystery of life and death."

"God does not forget us, but is mindful of our every want; and the angel-world is far distant only in seeming."

"Bind the spiritual philosophy to your heart, and let your life-blood nurture its growth. Let your prayer ever be for more light; and your daily life filled with that sweet melody that springeth from a life nobly spent in the service of humanity."

"While the clergy have been preaching the theological Christ, they have lost sight of the Divine Man who lived and suffered for humanity."

"The unity of religions does not consist in their all saying the same thing, or enunciating the same doctrines, but is found in their all supplying a want of the soul. Variety oftentimes becomes a necessary condition of harmony, and then we discover a unity in diversity, as evidenced by the varied manifestations of nature. But the unity of religions can be realized only when a great catholic religion absorbs the cardinal principles of all religions."

"Every noble impulse is a winged prayer, that lifts the soul one step nearer to that grand ideal, too saintly to be realized in its fullness amid the scenes of mortal life."

"Spiritualism is not a new religion—it is as old as humanity; its grand demonstrations are among the marked features of history."

"We have been blinded by theologians; sects have been cells in which we have been incarcerated; priestcraft has been tyrannical, and men have been abject slaves in the name of religion; yet Spiritualism will right all these wrongs, and will become a light in our sky to glorify all who come within the circle of its divine influence."

"Art and religion have always been associated, and are bound together by inseparable chords. Art is the embodiment of man's finer spiritual perceptions. 'Man cannot live by bread alone,' for the soul requires spiritual food. In the Romish church, the cultivated and refined devotee does not worship the ebony crucifix, or the gilded statue of some saint, but into his partially illuminated vision these objects become symbols revealing the spiritual within."

"Since the gates were thrown widely open, the fragrant flowers of heaven have filled the desert air of materialism with their sweet perfume."

"The churches are responsible for modern infidelity; creedal absurdities have driven the thinkers out of the churches. A soulless Christian worship is no better than the rankest materialism."

"As Memnon of old saluted the rising sun with strains of sweetest music, so would we to-day salute the great sun of spiritual truth with those sweetest of all strains of music which fall in liquid numbers from the trembling lyres of souls filled with purest thoughts and noblest impulses."

"The inspiration of God cannot be wrapped up in one book, but is found in all books which elevate man, and engender moral heroism in the human soul."

"The beautiful in nature is constantly ministering unto man. Not a symmetrical tree along the wayside, or a solitary plant blooming in a poor woman's garden, but subserves some divine purpose, thus ministering unto the highest and noblest in human nature."

"As the world naturally turns towards the sun that it may receive the baptism of the life-giving rays of sunlight, so have our souls

turned towards the great central Sun of the Universe, that they might receive the soul-nourishing love falling like dews of evening from the Infinite Over-Soul."

"By improving the condition of humanity, by performing cheerfully the duties devolving upon us as members of society, by doing our work well, humble though it be, by seeking to cultivate all our mental faculties, we worship God in a rational and acceptable manner."

"I am but the humble instrument whose trembling chords have been touched by unseen fingers, and the vibrating wires have simply given out the harmony and beauty that is inherent in Spiritualism."

I think I will close with this thought, as it expresses fully my idea of my life work:—I am but an instrument in the hands of higher powers, and my aim is simply to do the work they entrust to me well and faithfully.

Woman Suffrage in Wyoming.

Notes of an address given by Judge Cary, Representative in Congress from Wyoming, at the National Convention in Washington.

The season for argument is past. Any one who will stop to think can convince himself that women ought to vote. Some of the best men of the nation are advocating this. I believe that it will begin in the territories and newer states and gradually spread.

The source of the strength of this government is that it rests on the support of the governed. Whenever it is necessary for this country to keep large armies or navies to make patriots of its people the country will not be worth preserving.

I believe a woman has the same rights that I have. I learned in my youth of my mother, though born in a slave state, to believe in equal rights. There will men rise up just enough to concede these rights to women, will exercise the right of suffrage quite as well as men. This reform is moving on. Great steps are being taken. It took years of agitation to convince men that a woman should do what she liked with her own property.

Eighteen years ago the right of suffrage was given to the women of Wyoming. The women did not vote as the dominant party wanted them to, and the legislature two years after passed a bill repealing the law. Gov. Campbell vetoed the bill. The house passed it over his veto, but it was saved in the council by one vote. Women have voted as universally and as conscientiously as men have voted. I have had the honor of voting for women and of being voted for by them. There are not three per cent of women old enough to vote who do not vote in every part of the territory. In intelligence, beauty, grace, in perfection of home and social duties, the women of Wyoming will compare favorably with those of

any other place. I have been asked if the women of Wyoming neglect home duties on account of politics. I never knew of any instance of this. I have never known a controversy to arise out of the wives voting differently from their husbands which they often do. If women could vote in the states to-day they would vote as wisely as men.

The fact is proved that men and women are educated by experience. Man's wisdom has come from experience. I believe the world is better satisfied with this form of government now than it was fifty years ago. There are some silent women who do not know enough to vote, but there are just as many duds among the men. If a boy is brought up with the idea that he has not got to act in after life he does not amount to much. If women are taught that they have got to vote for men and women they will be better educated.

I will state to woman's credit, she has not sought office, she is not a natural office-seeker. She desires to vote, has preferences, and exercises her rights. The superintendents in nearly all the counties are women. They have taken a deep interest in school matters. As a rule they control school meetings. Three-fourths of the voters present at school meetings are women. In Cheyenne they are all who have the time to attend. Give woman this right to vote and she will make out of the boys men more capable of exercising this right. If there is a weakness to-day in this Republic it is the manner in which men exercise this right. When women are voters they will take interest in these important matters. The movement is taking a deep hold in the western states. The question is being argued in every household, and the belief in it is gradually spreading. I am not ashamed of being in favor of woman suffrage. I have seen the results and am satisfied that every woman should have the right to vote.

Mrs. Cary was seated on the platform by Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, who came forward and said that Mrs. Cary had whispered to her "We will have better officers because women will not vote for drinking men."—*The Woman's Tribune*.

A Specter Taps on the Window.

A young woman living in Denver, Colorado, and employed as a domestic in a very respectable family, recently passed through a strange experience. She was wooed and won by a private soldier in the regular army, and after the nuptials had been celebrated she returned to her former position and her husband was sent to Fort Union, N. M. Tidings from him came only at long intervals, but when his time of service had almost expired, in the few letters that passed they planned a happy reunion in some Western

town. One day as she was sitting alone in her room she affirms that she heard several taps at her window and did not at first regard the sound, but upon its repetition she turned to the window where her husband's face appeared to her. He did not speak, but faded away. She ran frightened and screaming down-stairs in the presence of the family, and related her experience. They found it useless to try to dissuade her from her belief, and she was so impressed with the thought of the apparition foreboding evil, that she decided to telegraph and ascertain the whereabouts of her husband. While waiting at the office a telegram was found for her which had been missent or delayed in delivering, and which notified her that her husband had died, having been dead three days when she beheld the strange specter.—*Globe-Democrat*.

Secularism.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Several people have asked me the meaning of this term.

Secularism is the religion of humanity; it embraces the affairs of this world; it is interested in everything that touches the welfare of a sentient being; it advocates attention to the particular planet in which we happen to live; it means that each individual counts for something; it is a declaration of intellectual independence; it means that the pew is superior to the pulpit, that those who bear the burdens shall have the profits, and that they who fill the purse should hold the strings. It is a protest against theological oppression, against ecclesiastical-tyranny, against being the serf, subject, or slave of any phantom, or of the priest of any phantom. It is a protest against wasting this life for the sake of one that we know not of. It proposes to let the gods take care of themselves. It is another name for common sense; that is to say, the adaptation of means to such ends as are desired and understood.

Secularism believes in building a home here, in this world. It trusts to individual effort, to energy, to intelligence, to observation and experience, rather than to the unknown and supernatural. It desires to be happy on this side the grave.

Secularism means food and fireside, roof and raiment, reasonable work and reasonable leisure, the cultivation of the tastes, the acquisition of knowledge, the enjoyment of the arts, and it promises for the human race, comfort, independence, intelligence, and above all, liberty. It means the abolition of sectarian feuds, theological hatreds. It means the cultivation of friendship and intellectual hospitality. It means living for ourselves and each other; for the present instead of the past; for this world rather than for another. It means the right to express your thought in spite of popes and priests

and gods. It means that impudent idleness shall no longer live upon the labor of honest men. It means the destruction of the business of those who trade in fear. It proposes to give serenity and content to the human soul. It will put out the fires of eternal pain. It is striving to do away with violence and vice, with ignorance, poverty and disease. It lives for the ever present *to-day* and the ever coming *to-morrow*. It does not believe in praying and receiving, but in earning and deserving. It regards work as worship, labor as prayer, and wisdom as the savior of mankind. It says to every human being: "Take care of yourselves so that you may be able to help others; adorn your life with the gems called good deeds; illumine your path with the sunlight called friendship and love.

Secularism is a religion—a religion that is understood. It has no mysteries, no mummeries, no priests, no ceremonies, no falsehoods, no miracles and no persecutions. It considers the lilies of the fields, and takes thought for the morrow. It says to the whole world: "Work, that you may eat, drink and be clothed, work that you may enjoy; work that you may not want; work that you may give and never need."—*Independent Pulpit*.

Give the Girls a Chance.

There is a very strong tendency in our times, especially in Christian countries, to give the girls an equal chance with the boys, to remove all obstacles that have hitherto prevented women from entering into successful competition with men in the various professions and industries of life. Why should not the girls have an equal chance with the boys to become, not only self-supporting and self-dependent, but to win their way to wealth and distinction? The time is rapidly passing away when the young woman must lean upon father or brother for support till that future model husband comes along to provide her with "an establishment." Parents should give their daughters, as well as their sons, a good, common-sense education, one that will be of some practical value to them when called upon to make their own way through life. Every girl should be so educated that she may be able to support herself, and thus avoid the liability of being thrown some day upon the cold charities of the world. We have at the College at the present time quite a number of young ladies who are preparing themselves for commercial pursuits, and in due time they will be able to fill honorable and lucrative positions. All our students are treated with the utmost impartiality, lady students receiving the same attention and enjoying the same advantages as those of the opposite sex.—*Pacific Business College, S. F.*

THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editress

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, MRS. J. SCHLESINGER,
PUBLISHERS.

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual Workers of the Pacific Coast and elsewhere, and Spirit Pictures by our Artist Mediums. Also, Lectures, Essays, Poems, Spirit Messages, Editorial and Miscellaneous Items. All articles not credited to other sources are written especially for the CARRIER DOVE.

TERMS:

\$2.50 Per Year. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Address all communications to

THE CARRIER DOVE,

32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

AGENTS.

Thomas Lees, 142 Ontario St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Samuel D. Green, 132 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn.
J. K. Cooper, 746 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.
W. H. Terry, 84 Russel street, Melbourne, Australia.
Banner of Light Bookstore, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.
H. A. Kersey, 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

THE CARRIER DOVE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SEPT. 3, 1887.

Our Aim.

The paramount aim of the CARRIER DOVE is to present a practical, every-day Spiritualism that will assist the people into higher physical, mental and spiritual conditions. A Spiritualism that takes hold of the live issues of the day, and from its higher, purer plane reflects light upon the darkness, and imparts wisdom to the ignorant; that will bring order out of chaos, and plant the white banners of peace upon the fields of strife and discord. We do not wish to expatiate so much upon the beatitudes of a life to come—of a beautiful "summer land," in the "sweet bye-and-bye," as we wish to learn how to start a "summer land" *here and now*, where the sweet, rare plants of human love, true friendship, and that much-talked-of "charity" may find congenial soil in which to take root and send forth their fragrant blossoms. We want a "summer land" right here, where every child of humanity shall have a home, food and raiment, and where

the unfortunate and erring who are waiting, hoping and praying that they may have "another chance," when they get "over there," can have that "chance" here instead. We look about us, and on every hand see the lavish bounties of nature. We see broad, fruitful valleys and plains, where shining harvests yield their golden grain. We see orchards, vineyards, and "cattle upon a thousand hills," flocks of fowl, herds of sheep and swine—in fact, everything that the mind of man can conceive of that would contribute to his comfort and happiness. We see vast mountain ranges, great oceans, extensive continents covered with grand forests, crystal lakes and shining rivers. There is room enough for every living creature, man or beast, upon the broad surface of this beautiful world, the natural resources of which belong to them—its offspring.

Who is to blame that the children of the planet are defrauded of their birthright? Who is to blame that thousands live and die in the most abject poverty, yea, even starve for the pitiful amount necessary to support life, when surrounded with plenty, die like dogs for a crust of bread within a stone's throw of overflowing granaries, and piles heaped up of shining gold and silver. Who is the arbiter of human destiny that has hedged us in with such monstrous laws and unjust conditions? Who, but man, himself; and man alone can save himself from this awful degradation. The great creative power of the universe has not been parsimonious of his bounties. The material is at hand for a first-class heaven, "without money and without price," if humanity would but pre-empt its claim. It is the mission of Spiritualism to teach the ignorant their rights and duties here and now. For ages millions of self-disinherited human beings have yielded their natural rights to a share of the physical comforts necessary to material life, and passed into the spiritual world defrauded and beggared. These spirits, more wiser grown, are now endeavoring to impress upon humanity the importance of right physical conditions for the perfect unfoldment of the higher and spiritual nature of the race. It is to bring about such improved conditions here that all true Spiritualists should labor in harmony with those of larger experience from spiritual spheres, until at last the "kingdom of heaven," will indeed have come upon the earth.

All on One Side.

The returning spirits have made one thing, at least, quite clear; that is, no matter what men believe or disbelieve, that all get into the spirit world just the same. Christian, Jew, Infidel and Spiritualist are alike in this one respect. The plain inference is that our beliefs, as such, have nothing to do in assuring our immortality. Another point—the returning spirits have made reasonably plain to us is, that our position in the spirit life is determined by the *motives* behind our conduct in this life.

Spiritualism, in the light of the two foregoing points, becomes a system of principle and fact, as distinguished from the ordinary religious teaching, which is a system of belief and faith. Faith rests upon knowledge, without which it is insecurely rooted.

Some writers and speakers in our ranks deem it a proper course to extend all sorts of conciliation to the orthodox communities around us. Even going the length of considering Spiritualism a superior modern Christianity, thus by implication asserting Christ—or Jesus rather—was the only model the world needed, or needs. The utterances of these workers are to the effect that we must be tolerant, charitable, inoffensive. Let us have Christians, Jews, every one in fact, come to our meetings. Let us extend the olive branch to all and make our movement an intellectual sort of zoölogical happy family!

It cannot be done! Why should we try to do it? The toleration and charity has been one-sided all the past forty years. We surely do not need to curry favor with any section of our fellows. It is time we made a stand: Spiritualism for Spiritualists. That must be our motto. Let the orthodox communions take Spiritualism when they need it as it is in itself. That is the way we should have to take any of the Christian denominations we might join, if we desired to attach ourselves to any. No honest and conscientious Christian would abate his creed one jot or tittle to secure a convert. Shall we be less honest, and cut and trim to secure adherents?

There are many Spiritualists in the churches we are told. What do they do with their Spiritualism when they are there? In most cases keep it so quiet that it does not endanger their membership. This class of Spiritualist is best where he is. But

knowing something of Spiritualism, they also know it flatly contradicts most of the creeds they cling to. They thus become poor Spiritualists, and worse Christians. The moral is too plain to require further pointing.

Let us stand more firmly as Spiritualists; respect our own cause by openly championing it. It will be far better for us than extending our hands to those who repel us. Spiritualists, your place is in Spiritualism, not in churches. We do not need to have all the charity and tolerance on one side. Let us now stand up for justice.

Over the Threshold.

The beautiful engraving which adorns the first page of the DOVE this week was originally drawn by a young lady medium of Battle Creek, Mich. It was a fine, large crayon picture from which our copy was obtained, and illustrates the entrance into spirit life of a young maiden, the betrothed of the medium's brother. The history of the picture is quite pathetic, and we trust will prove of interest to the DOVE's readers.

Retrospective.

It is now four years this month since the first little CARRIER DOVE was sent forth upon its mission as a bearer of "glad tidings." It was then a weak little birdling, unskilled in the ways of the world, and ignorant of its future career of usefulness. It was sent out at first as a little Lyceum paper devoted to the interests of the work among children and especially for the up-building of the cause in Oakland, where it was then published.

We had no conception of the magnitude of work before us when it was first engaged in. Having no experience or knowledge of the art of publishing a newspaper, if it had been stated that such would be our occupation we would at once have declined accepting any such responsibility. But the spirit friends having the work in charge were wiser than we, and have gradually led us step by step onward and upward, over almost insurmountable obstacles, until we have attained the position of influence and importance the DOVE now occupies. To its friends and readers we would say that our efforts are daily meeting with appreciation and encouragement from those whose good opinion we value. We have the assurance

of mortals and immortals that we shall be sustained, and we know they will not mislead us. Our subscription list is rapidly increasing and on every side the sunlight of prosperity is shining so that in its golden light the DOVE will continue to speed on its way bearing good news to the children of earth.

Announcement.

[Special to the CARRIER DOVE.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 20, 1887.

Mrs. Ada Foye of San Francisco, has been engaged by the Young People's Progressive Society of this city, for the Sunday evenings of September 11th, 18th and 25th. Mrs. Foye is one of the best platform test mediums now before the public, and her appearance in Chicago is looked forward to with many pleasant anticipations. At a previous engagement in July, Mrs. Foye fairly captivated her audiences, hundreds coming to hear her wonderful tests. The Young People's Progressive Society are highly elated, and feel quite honored by their speakers. Mr. Morse, and Mrs. Foye have both been before the Society, the gentleman having had the pleasure of dedicating it to a work for humanity.—CELIA.

Villa Montezuma.

A report is in circulation to the effect that Jesse Shepard's beautiful home is to be thrown open to the public at 25 cents admission, as soon as finished, which will be in a few weeks. Mr. Shepard pronounces the report a fabrication of some highly imaginative busybody, who is better acquainted with other people's business than his own. It has been Mr. Shepard's intention from the first to have a strictly private and quiet home, and there will be no promiscuous gatherings there of any kind whatever. Mr. Shepard has repeatedly declared that the "sacred precincts of his home are not to be interfered with under any circumstances; neither will there be any public concerts, seances or entertainments" given in his house for money. Henceforward Mr. Shepard's wonderful music will be heard only in the churches.—San Diego Bee.

Mrs. Ada Foye.

This wonderful medium has again departed for the East to fulfill engagements

she was obliged to cancel on account of ill-health upon her former visit last June. Mrs. Foye called to say good-bye to us previous to her departure and during that pleasant visit we had also the pleasure of a visit from her dear guides and of listening to their ready responses to our questions through the raps. These were loud, distinct and emphatic, and for the intelligence thus conveyed we most earnestly thank these dear invisible friends, and hope they will brighten our *sanctum* with their presence many times during the absence of their loved medium.

Mrs. Foye will be in Denver, Col., Sunday, September 4th to give the people demonstrable proofs of spirit return. She will be in Chicago the three following Sundays to fill engagements there. We hope to receive something from her pen during her travels, for the columns of the DOVE.

Important.

Spiritual Jubilee Services at Metropolitan Temple next Sunday at 11 A. M. Mr. J. J. Morse will answer written questions from the audience, and at 7:45 P. M. will hold a jubilee service, assisted by our regular speaker, Mrs. E. L. Watson, who on account of ill-health has been absent some six months. The congregation will sing "Spiritual Liberty," by Lizzie Doten. Mrs. Howell, late soprano of Dr. Barrows' church, will, by request, render Loretz's grand song *Ave Marie* and "Light From Heaven," by Holden, accompanied by the master musician, Mr. Arrillaga, on the great organ, and by a pupil of his on the piano-forte, also with a violin obligato by Mr. L. Bresse.

The society will tender a reception to Mr. J. J. Morse, family, and Mrs. E. L. Watson on the evening of Monday Sept. 5, at Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar building. All are invited to come.

Advanced Class Teaching in Spiritual Science Through J. J. Morse.

We are glad to be able to inform the readers of the DOVE that the class just concluded by Mr. J. J. Morse has been so deeply interesting and successful that a still more advanced course of instruction in Physio-Psychological science teaching has been called for. To meet this demand for information and instruction upon the higher

spiritual subjects, Mr. Morse has consented to form a new class which will assemble in the parlors of the DOVE, 32 Ellis street, San Francisco, on Thursday evening, September 8th, at 7:45 P. M.

A most important arrangement has been made for this class, in the fact that the lessons will be given by the control of Mr. Morse, while he, Mr. Morse, is in the unconscious trance. As the control has been an inhabitant of the spirit life for many years, and is thoroughly *au fait* on the topics he will discuss, the attendants of the classes will receive an abundant return for their attention, which point will be more clearly appreciated upon a perusal of the synopsis of the lessons, as appended below.

It was originally intended to confine this class exclusively to those who took the larger first course, so the fee was fixed at \$3.50 per course ticket. So many, upon hearing that Mr. Morse's control would address the meetings, have desired to attend, that Mr. Morse has been prevailed upon to modify the above referred-to arrangement. To all the members of the previous class the course will be kept at the fee stated, i. e. three dollars and fifty cents; but to those who were not members the course fee will be \$5, or single admission \$1. This will keep faith with the previous pupils, and at the same time meet the requirements of many others who desire to hear the able control who is the author and director of these classes.

The following is a synopsis of the lessons, in their proper order, with the dates of their delivery:

No. 1. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8TH.

The trance, as the doorway to the Occult. Dealing with the trance in its magnetic, natural, and spiritual forms of induction.

No. 2. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH.

(First Section.)

Mediumship: its physiological, mental, and spiritual results.

No. 3. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22D.

(Second Section.)

Mediumship: its foundation, development, dangers, and advantages.

No. 4. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH.

Magic, sorcery, and witchcraft.

No. 5. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6TH.

The material, spiritual, and celestial planes of the second state.

No. 6. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13TH.

The Soul World—Its hells, heavens, and evolutions.

Appropriate musical exercises will be provided. We are sure much benefit will accrue to all attending this advanced class, and heartily commend it to our readers.

Spiritual Meetings.

We shall endeavor each week to give a brief report of the meetings held in this city under the auspices of organized societies, and also of Oakland meetings, when reports are furnished us.

Our sympathies are with organized efforts instead of independent, personal movements whose aim in the main is the aggrandizement of the *individual*, instead of the general good and mutual benefit of all. The experience of the past has taught the necessity of organization and co-operation, in order to insure the permanent success and stability of the movement; and when Spiritualists learn that "in union there is strength," they will work together more harmoniously than at present.

Metropolitan Temple.

The usual interesting services were held in this place Sunday, August 28th, both morning and evening.

Before the commencement of the lecture, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, after giving out the usual notices, proceeded to inform the large audience that this evening closed the first term of Mr. Morse's engagement with the society. He expressed the great pleasure the Society felt in having one of England's pioneer trance speakers with them, and congratulated them upon the excellent and able manner in which the controls had ministered to the meetings. So much satisfied were the managers that it gave him very great pleasure to announce that they had engaged Mr. Morse for an indefinite period—in fact, for just as long as he could make it convenient to remain; therefore, he would continue his services in this hall right along for some time to come. Mr. Wadsworth also made several complimentary and appreciative remarks concerning our friend which were heartily received by the audience.

Mr. Morse made a brief acknowledgment, expressive of the honor and satisfaction he felt upon being re-engaged upon such a liberal basis. But he warned them

not to construe indefinite into permanent, for, much as he liked the friends here, imperative duties demanded his return to his own country at a certain and defined time. He was heartily rejoiced at the work the spirits had done through him since his coming to this coast. He hoped that he would, as the servant of the spirit world, be ever found fit for, and faithful to, their requirements. He was delighted with the cordial reception accorded himself and family, at the handsome hall in which he was working, and with the large and most intelligent audiences that had greeted him all along. But he was most pleased at the fact that the doors of these meetings were open free. That the work was not hampered by a ten cent barrier at its threshold. It was the right spirit. We, as Spiritualists ought to pay our own bills without resorting to the ten cent admission plan. The meetings have run a year now on the present basis, and with gratifying success. Let the congregation support the unselfish and devoted managers in their efforts by contributing generously to the offertory taken up at the evening meetings only.

These ladies and gentlemen worked unselfishly, were unpaid workers; there was no profit making for the managers or anyone else. The success of the meetings proved the propriety of the policy pursued. He was sure the good spirit would sustain such unselfish labors directed to maintain a free gospel for the good of humanity. Mr. Morse resumed his seat amid the heartiest demonstrations of approval and applause. The regular exercises then proceeded. The subject of the discourse was "Reincarnation—Fact or Fallacy," which will appear in our next issue.

At the close of the lecture Mrs. Howell sang in a very touching manner "Home, Sweet Home," which elicited enthusiastic applause.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The usual meeting convened at this place at 2 P. M. last Sunday. Hon. John A. Collins introduced Mrs. Sarah A. Harris of Berkeley, who made an instructive address upon the subject of "Crime—Its Cause and Remedy." She was followed by Mr. Collins, who made a stirring address, in which he related some of the experiences of his boyhood under the old rule of "Spare the rod and spoil the child,"

and traced the cause of crime back to its source in the ante-natal conditions of the race. Prof. Perkins also spoke upon the necessity of beginning to instil into the young minds true spiritual principles, and urged the importance of lyceum work, which was favorably responded to by several persons present. Mrs. Eggert Aitkin gave platform tests which were very satisfactory. Dr. Schlesinger also gave sittings to twelve persons, all of whom reported favorably.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The usual Wednesday evening meetings at this place are well attended and are doing much good. The mediums give tests freely to all, and the speaking is usually good.

Chips.

We must believe in man before we can work for his uplifting.

The DOVE is obliged to Mr. H. C. Wilson for the subscriptions he has obtained for it at Onset. His friends here will be pleased to peruse his letter on another page.

Not amid the clash of arms nor amid the clash of argument shall we find the truth, but in prayerful meditation, in silent opening of the heart to heavenly inspiration.

All who desire a spiritual feast should attend the services at Metropolitan Temple to-morrow, Sept. 4th. Read notice of programme in another column.

Portraits of J. J. Morse, price 35 cents, can be had at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. It is a very fine picture—cabinet—by Bushby, of Boston, Mass.

The CARRIER DOVE, of San Francisco, Cal., has become a weekly. It is richly worth its subscription price, \$2.50 per year.—*The New Thought*.

The Woman's Tribune, published at Beatrice, Neb., will be issued weekly after Nov. 1st. The subscription price will be the same as now, \$1.00 per year.

Of all rulers that ever held power over any civilized people, there have been none more *heartlessly cruel* than the monopoly money tyrant.

Be gone! O Hate and Wrong and War, be gone!
Roll on this way, O Golden Age! roll on!
When Men and Angels face to face shall talk,
And Earth and Heaven arm in arm shall walk—
When Love shall reign, and over sea and shore
The Peace of God shall rest for evermore.

—A. P. Miller.

We were privileged to read a very interesting letter from Mrs. H. R. Wilson, written to Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, in which is given a graphic description of her journey eastward as far as Chicago.

Six divorce cases were heard one recent morning in Chicago; in each case the wife plead for release from a drunken and abusive husband whose brutality could no longer be borne. It is the saloon *vs.* the home. Which will the nation save?

We devote considerable space to local news, as the friends abroad will thus be enabled to learn the status of the cause here, and because it also serves to awaken an interest in the work at home and extend its influence among the people.

Mrs. Marion Todd, one of the leaders of the Union Labor party, is a successful lawyer in Allison, Mich. Her first case was for a railroad conductor against a rich corporation, and she won it. Mrs. Todd's many friends in this city will be pleased to learn of her success.

Brother Brown of the *Eastern Star* has been presented with a printing office by some noble soul who preferred using some of his means to do good with while in the form, instead of leaving it for probate courts and greedy relatives to squander after he had "passed over." The DOVE congratulates the *Star* and wishes it would suggest to its friends that the climate of California is exceedingly healthful and congenial to people of means.

The CARRIER DOVE, a beautifully illustrated weekly magazine, published at San Francisco, came to us this week. Unlike other spiritualistic publications, there appears to be little, if any, of the taint of infidelity in its pages.—*Gatesville Star*, Texas.

As Jesus was an infidel to Jews and Romans, and protestants are infidels to Catholics, our brother of the *Star* censures, rather than praises us, by saying we are untainted by "infidelity," which experience

shows is always the charge leveled against reform and reformers.

RECEPTION.

On Monday evening, Sept. 5th, the friends of Mrs. E. L. Watson and Mr. J. J. Morse will tender them a reception at Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar building. All are cordially invited to attend, as those who have not yet made the acquaintance of Mr. Morse and his estimable wife and daughter may have an opportunity of doing so. Mrs. Watson's friends will also be pleased to have the privilege of meeting her socially once more.

On Monday evening last, at Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar building, Mr. Morse gave some very interesting delineations of character to a number of the members of his class in Physio-Psychological science. The readings were in most instances remarkably correct and satisfactory, in consideration of the brief time allowed in which to make examinations. Some, who have had considerable experience and study in phrenological readings, stated that Mr. Morse's system was, in their opinion, by far the most satisfactory of anything they had yet investigated.

We know that in an age of materialism it is difficult to develop the spiritual life. The earth attracts the soul as well as the body, but thank heaven there is a counter attraction which is ever drawing the soul upward. We are like the water lily whose roots are fixed in the mud and slime but whose blossom lies pure and sweet upon the surface.

Our bodies belong to earth but our souls to heaven, and while our physical part is fixed amid the grossness and materiality of earth our souls may blossom in the pure sunlight of heaven.

The attempt on the part of the Toledo, Peoria, and Western Railroad officials to make the public believe the culvert was fired by train robbers, may be dismissed without notice, as wholly improbable. It is quite natural these frightened officers should desire to relieve themselves of blame. While not holding them guiltless, the *Journal* regards their part in the affair as inconsequential, and their offense venial compared with the load of criminality which rests upon those who pauperized the road, stole its assets and left it without power of recuperation or strength for self protection.

And still further back, behind the princely wreckers, the community that bred and trained these money-getting monsters is responsible. These railroad kings and millionaires who hold in hand the fate of millions of people, and wide sections of this alleged free country, are but concrete expressions of the morals of the community whence they sprang, otherwise they would never have been.—*R. P. Journal.*

Special Notices.

Premium Notice.

We have still quite a number of bound volumes of the CARRIER DOVE for 1886, which will be sent to any address upon receipt of \$2.50, or they will be sent as premiums to those sending us subscribers at the following rates: For three subscribers at \$2.50 each, will be given a cloth bound book; and for four subscribers, an elegant book, full leather binding. These books contain fifty-one full-page engravings of prominent Spiritualists and spirit photographs, also a very valuable collection of biographical sketches, which are a distinctive feature of this journal. Send in your orders at once.

PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS AND ADVICE UPON

Life, Health, Mind, Psychological Power, Marriage, and the General Unfoldment of Body, Mind, and Soul,

ARE GIVEN BY

J. J. MORSE, of England,
in accordance with his System of Physio-Psychological Science.

Mr. Morse, by his system of Physio-Psychological science, is able to give personal delineations indicating the mental possibilities, spiritual development, psychic powers, bodily health, and functional capacities of those of either sex, thereby imparting sound, practical advice to all consulting him upon the above matters.

A CHART

Upon an entirely new basis, which contains a systematized statement of the organs, functions, divisions, attributes and physio-psychological composition of the human being, has been prepared, for the purpose of marking out the relative powers, capacities, characteristics and development of the individual as ascertained by the examiner;

thus enabling all to obtain a tabulated statement of great value in all the relations, duties, and engagements of life. His chart will prove of great service in aiding physical, mental, moral, and soul culture.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL ANALYSIS

Is an especial feature not to be found in any other chart descriptive of bodily character and development, while

THE HYGIENIC ANALYSIS

Offers a large amount of useful advice concerning health, diet, sleep, rest, exercise, bathing, etc., so as to make this department of very great value to all.

A MARRIAGE TABLE

Is also included, and the advice it presents will prove invaluable to many in the selection of their conjugal companions; the rearing and management of families, and other domestic matters of importance to happiness and morality.

MORSE'S MANUAL

Of Physio-Psychological science gives a clear and concise description of the divisions of the chart, over eighty in number, and is in all cases given with the personal examinations. It contains the chart above referred to.

Mr. Morse is quite remarkable as an Inspirational Examiner; often given very wonderful readings to those consulting him.

For a complete examination marked upon the chart, and including the manual, paper.....	\$ 5 00
Ditto, ditto, with examination and advice written out in full.....	10 00
Examination No. 1 to members of Mr. Morse's Physio-Psychological Science Classes.....	3 00
Examination No. 2, do. do.....	7 00
Cloth-bound manuals in all cases, extra.....	1 00
Single manuals, paper.....	50
“ “ Cloth.....	1 00

Examinations by appointment, which must be made in advance, either by letter or personally, as below or at either of Mr. Morse's classes on the evenings of Monday, or Friday, in each week, at Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar Building, O'Farrell street, S. F., or at the office of the CARRIER DOVE. Fees for classes of twelve lessons \$5, single lessons admission 50 cents. Office 331 Turk street, San Francisco, Cal.

Aug. 27, t.f.

J. J. Morse's Meetings.

J. J. Morse's Sunday services are held in Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. Morning for answering questions at 11 o'clock. Evening an inspirational lecture at 8 o'clock. Organist, Sig. Arrilliga; vocalist, Mrs. Howell, late soprano of Dr. Barrows' church. Doors open free to both services. Reserved

seats \$1.00 per month, which can be secured from M. B. Dodge Esq. at Metropolitan Temple at every service.

Classes in Physio-Psychological Science are held by Mr. Morse in Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar building, O'Farrell street, every Monday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock, and at 32 Ellis street, (CARRIER DOVE office,) on Wednesdays at 2.30 P. M., and Thursdays at 8 P. M. Single admissions fifty cents. A few seats only for present course. Next course will commence on Friday, September 9. Fee for the course of twelve lessons, \$5.00. Names are now being entered.

Membership for classes can be secured of Mr. Dodge at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday, or at the class room on the evenings of meeting, or at this office.

Communications concerning the classes can also be made direct to Mr. Morse, at 331 Turk Street, San Francisco. July 30, t.f.

J. J. Morse's Classes

The second class is now being formed, and will commence its session on Friday, September 9th, in Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar building, this city. Tickets for this course of twelve lectures are now ready, price \$5. Single admissions, fifty cents. The advanced course of six lessons, fee \$5; single admissions, \$1. Assembles at this office on Thursday, September 8th, at 8 P. M.

An afternoon class has been formed to meet at the DOVE office also, 32 Ellis street, S. F., commencing Wednesday, September 7th at 2.30 P. M. This class is for the full course of twelve lessons, fee for which is \$5. Single admissions, fifty cents.

Course tickets or single admissions, can be obtained at the class room any Monday, Thursday, or Friday evening, or Wednesday afternoon; or of Mr. M. B. Dodge, Manager of the Temple meetings every Sunday, or at the office of the CARRIER DOVE at any time. The first course has been extraordinarily successful.

To Intending Subscribers.

To introduce the CARRIER DOVE to new readers we will send it every week for four months for fifty cents, free by mail. We consider this a better plan to extend a knowledge of our paper's character and worth than paying exorbitant commissions to canvassers—which, by reducing returns, generally endanger the stability of undertakings that adopt such plans. The above

offer does not apply to present subscribers, but we will send the paper to the friends of our subscribers to any addresses furnished us by our present patrons.

This is at the rate of \$1.50 per year. We cannot renew the paper at the same rate to the same parties.

Correspondence.

*Under this head we will insert *brief* letters of general interest, and reply to our correspondents, on topics or questions within the range of the CARRIER DOVE'S objects. The DOVE does not necessarily endorse the opinions of its correspondents in their letters, appearing under this head.

A Letter From Dr. Dean Clarke.

Editress CARRIER DOVE: Through the kindness of a dear friend in Boston I received your issue of Aug. 6th while away on one of the mountain slopes in dear old Vermont, my native State, where I have been spending the summer in the hay-field, as in the days of my youth. I venture to say you little thought that one of your messengers of truth and light would fly so far away and finally flutter into a farmer's home to gladden its inmates with its good news, its words of wisdom, love and truth. But it came on its mission of good and found a cordial welcome, an appreciative reading, especially from him who knows those who are so nobly devoting their energies to rearing and despatching these lovely bearers of intelligence from the Golden State to the "wide, wide world." I rejoice that you are enabled to hatch your "DOVES" weekly instead of monthly, for I am sure the more frequent the visits of these messengers to all the homes that can decoy them, the wiser, the better and happier will their inmates be. If every issue is as replete with choice articles as the one before me, you may be assured that you have already won a literary success worthy of veteran publishers. Among the many good things selected I was gratified to see the "Timely Words" of *Light on The Way*. I hope you will often emphasize the necessity of seeking for spiritual culture as well as for "signs and wonders," for which there is such a craze. I have been inspired to pen many times such earnest words of counsel and admonition as flash from the bright pen of Brother Fuller, and have been grieved at heart sometimes to have them rejected by the older teachers and "Light" bearers, who it has seemed to me, pander to a depraved appetite for the marvelous, more than they seek to "point the moral" of a too morbid craving for sensuous phenomena. I fully estimate the indispensable value of phenomenal tests, but when I see that *Spiritists* outnumber *Spiritualists* ten to one at least, I learn the moral of the old saying "too much of a good thing," and I see the necessity of calling a *halt* to those multitudes who throng *seance* rooms,

wasting time, money, health, and growing no wiser, better or really happier, as month after month, and year after year they hold sensuous communion with "earth-bound" spirits. This is truly a matter for serious consideration and *all* of our teachers ought to sound the note of warning to the thoughtless novitiates who are liable to be *demoralized* rather than elevated and spiritualized by frequent communion with "familiar spirits" who are loafing round to amuse themselves by ministering to the open-mouthed wonder-seekers who are ever ready to witness their *pranks*—repeated perhaps for the thousandth time.

I was particularly interested by the practical, logical and sensible lecture by the guides of J. J. Morse. I do not wonder that the DOVE cooes so lovingly to the British Lion nor that the latter should be thankful for being so handsomely lionized. Brother Morse is worthy of all the compliments graciously offered by his admiring American cousins. I am very glad he has started scientific classes for I am quite sure he is "level-headed" enough to teach *real, practical* science, instead of metaphysical fustian, and "Christian science"—Mind-Cure—bombast, more absurd, extravagant and unphilosophical than the vaporings of a lunatic asylum. I have done my "level-best" to disenchant Brother Colville from the spell of fanaticism which the wiles of the "Christian Science" enchanters have bewitched him with, but though his symptoms are much better, I fear the *error of his mortal mind* has too strong a hold for any remedy now at my command, and as he is about to revisit the *healthful* Pacific shores, I commend him to the vigorous treatment of J. J. Morse, whose "heroic doses" of logic and common sense I sincerely hope may restore our "mutual friend" to his "right mind." I commend you for publishing the sensible and *truthful* article of Sister Cora Ellison, who I *know* showed up the false claims of these mistaken and fanatical *Sciologists* who put on airs of scientific (?) acumen with a few month's reading of metaphysical speculations most of which are a travesty of truth, and a mockery of science, only profound in verbiage, and in "mysteries past finding out" by those who are innocent of ever eating the "forbidden fruit" which *opened the eyes* of Adam and Eve.

I have been a student of physical and spiritual science for many years, and am open to conviction to whatever *truth* there may be in metaphysics as therapeutically applied, but when its teachers ignore the demonstrated facts of true science, and teach a pathology that every truly scientific person *knows* to be absurd and ridiculous, I, for one, cannot be seduced from the path of knowledge to follow those who "rush in where angels fear to tread," claiming they have found the "philosophers' stone" and the "elixir of life," by which this cor-

ruptible shall put on incorruption" here on earth. In the name of both physical and spiritual science, I call a *halt* to those Spiritualists who are lured from the true path of progress to follow "blind leaders" who are really the most extravagant and pretentious of unscrupulous Quacks who trifle with human health and life. Let me advise all who wish to know true spiritual science and all that is rational and practical in Mind-Cure, to inclose \$1.60 to Colby and Rich, *Banner of Light* office, Boston, and order Brittan's *Man and his Relations*. In that invaluable book you will find more true science than all the metaphysical and "Christian science" teachers combined, have ever learned, and it is unmixed with the gross errors, ridiculous self-contradictions, and absurdities with which this new school of speculators abound.

Get it, metaphysicians, and *be wise*. Pardon my prolixity—the theme is absorbing to me as well as many others, and I may write *ad nauseam* as some of my erring brethren have upon the other side. In conclusion I would say that I admire the fearless independent spirit of the CARRIER DOVE; let it ever be as free to rebuke error as to teach its convictions of truth and it will continue on its mission the admiration, as well as the weekly blessing of every intelligent reader.

SHREWSBURY, VT., Aug. 16, 1887.

A Letter from Belle Chamberlain.

Editress CARRIER DOVE:—As I glance backward to the time I first met you, I am astonished at the grand fulfillment of the prophetic visions I received for you, and am pleased to remember the words of cheer which the kind spirits gave you.

Looking over the fields of my past labors, the small encouragement and remuneration I received, the truths then new and startling which I was caused to enunciate, the entire independence of my labors, never receiving compensation from any society of Spiritualists, and with very few exceptions, paying for my own printing, hiring my own halls, going very often alone and unattended to my places of speaking, in strange places where the beauties of Spiritualism were wholly unknown, not knowing what insults I might receive; stopping mostly at hotels, some of them not famous for attention to hygiene; travelling by rail, by stage coach, by steamboat, by wagon, over rocky mountains, perilous roads, and on not less perilous waters, I am filled with astonishment at my endurance, my courage, my unflagging interest and zeal for the cause in which I was truly a pioneer.

In Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Iowa, California, Oregon, Washington Territory, Puget Sound Islands, British Columbia, Idaho, Nevada, Utah and Montana; in populous cities, and remote mining camps,

in villages, and in country settlements; in log school houses, at street corners, in hotel dining rooms, in rail-road reception rooms, in private houses, in churches, in halls, in opera-houses, in theatres, on camp-grounds; by sunlight, by gaslight, by lamp light, by candle light, have my guides, my instructors entreated and compelled me to go, that the chains of bigotry might be sundered and the soul-cheering fact of immortality established, by the sweetest and best of testimony, the asseverations of those whose winged thoughts reach us from the other shore, sweet spirit land.

In every place, giving tests of spirit presence, by clairvoyance, by psychometry, by clairaudience, by healing, by speaking invariably upon subjects selected for lecture, after I had taken my place upon the rostrum, by a committee chosen from the audience, embracing the largest range of subjects, reaching from "the cause of gold in the black sands on the Oregon coast," to "the origin of life," by my endurance of persecution, threats of imprisonment, imposition of license-taxes, and attempts at suppression; being often looked upon with distrust, and more often with fear; but in spite of all, sustained through all, by an unyielding faith or knowledge of the truth of the things I promulgated; and as to these labors and ministrations, hundreds can give willing testimony.

In view of these facts, more or less known to many of them, can my Pacific Coast friends who remember me, wonder that at the age of sixty, with dimmed vision and enfeebled frame, I say to my dear guides: "Find some one younger, fresher, more able to keep running step with the car of progress than I am; there are many such who are willing to bear the lighted torch of truth for the guidance of those in darkness. O, my loved teachers, help the needy, still, by inspiring those who are not only willing but able to work!"

And now to my Pacific slope friends! Memory brings many of you before me; and I bless you all for every kind thought and cheering word you have given me. Often I long to be with you again, to clasp your hands, and greet you as dear sisters, and dear brothers! When I lately read the camp-meeting summary in the sweet CARRIER DOVE, I seemed to see you all again, few missing, many added; all enfolded in the arms of my love. Blessings on you all for the truth you bear, and blessings on the dear friend who has placed me in *rappor*t with you by sending me that loved messenger of peace, the DOVE. MRS. MABEL A. DAVIS,
(formerly Belle Chamberlain.)
BOZEMAN, M. T. Aug. 23d, 1887.

A Letter from Onset.

Editress CARRIER DOVE:—Well, here we are at Onset. What shall I say of it? Time

will not permit me to say much. First of all, it is a beautiful place. It is a peninsula jutting out into Onset bay, a beautiful irregular, winding arm of the sea. Even now I can hear the dip of oars and flapping of sails, mingling with the merry voices of pleasure parties. Let us look a little longer on Onset. It has an extent of one hundred and thirty-five acres of a gentle undulating surface presenting a pleasing variety of hill and dale, steep bluff and sandy beach on the outskirts, but comparatively level in the interior and larger portion. The whole is covered with a wonderful growth of small oak trees interspersed with pine—a lovely continuous grove in which over four hundred houses or cottages are located. These oaks are worthy of more than a passing notice. They are from two inches to eight inches in diameter and from 15 to 30 feet in height. They are trimmed uniformly from the ground to a height of about ten feet, which always affords a clear view for a desirable distance. An attractive boulevard extends along three sides and forms a delightful strolling ground.

Onset serves two definite purposes. It is the centre of great spiritual forces and is doing a good work for the cause of Spiritualism. It is also, and I very much regret to say it, a sea-side summer resort. In this fact or incident lies its only danger so far as I can see at present. I fear that outside people will find it too attractive and buy out the control, which they can readily do as it is a stock company. Something should be done while yet there is time, that will forever serve to perpetuate a spiritual management.

One of the good friends we have found here, a Mr. Nye, took us and other friends out carriage riding. We made the entire rounds, visiting every point of interest in Onset. One of the most interesting incidents was our visit to the collection of relics gathered by our Mr. Charles W. Sullivan. The most of these curios are of New England origin, and in great part illustrative of Anti Revolutionary times. It embraces everything, from a solid shot that spent its force in the cause of freedom, to the spinning-wheel, with the carded roll and thread still hanging, which did its important work in making raiment for those who went out in the early morn of our country's life to fight, that we might be free. Mr. Sullivan takes great pride in his treasures, recounting the history of each in a very interesting manner. He is the leading tenor singer at Onset, and does much toward the success of its meetings.

We have attended the circles of many mediums, and feel that most are doing a satisfactory work, though some have received a greater or less amount of criticism. Our own test mediums in California will compare very favorably with what I have seen so far. The platform mediums here are to be

found in greater numbers. Where all are so good it is hardly advisable to particularize.

It seems to me as though I had been gone a long time now, and I begin to long to see the good friends in the "Sunset Land," away down by the sea, and look forward with pleasure to the day when I shall be once more with them.

I will write you again from Lake Pleasant where I go next.

I wish to acknowledge our gratitude to Col. Crocket, President of Onset Bay Association, for his kindness and untiring attentions; to Mr. Johnson, Treasurer, for his valuable services and information; to Messrs. Albro, Nye, Brown, Clark, Thompson, Law and many others for their many courtesies. The memory of Onset Bay will long be green in our memory. H. C. WILSON.

ONSET, MASS., Aug. 15, 1887.

"Done up in Muslin."

Editress CARRIER DOVE:—I was much interested in your article of August 20th under the above caption, as it hit the nail square on the head. Although I am but a novice as a seeker after the truth as given us by the spirits of departed friends, I have met on the threshold of my investigations, spirits (?) "done up in muslin," and had it been my first experience in the pursuit of truth, the result might have been disastrous to further investigation. As it was, it only caused a smile of pity for those who are gullible enough to be cheated by their manifestations. Having had some experience in stage tricks I was not ready to swallow everything as Simon pure that was brought to my notice. Probably I was not far enough developed to appreciate the sublime beauties of the occasion (?) but when etherealized spirits become materialized so heavy that they make the floor creak as they pass over it, it is likely to cause the novice to question the fact of "spirit materialized."

When I take hold of a child's hand and it feels as cold as a frog, and I remark that it is very cold, to have them lisp out "my heart is warm," I pause before I swallow the materialized spirit business. When in the darkness (it seems born of darkness) a materialized spirit comes up behind me and I ask her name, and with her warm spiritual (?) breath she whispers in my ear the same name that the "medium" had drawn out as one I know from the innumerable names she has called over. I long to withdraw my hand which is tightly clasped by the "medium," (both hands are tightly clasped, a wise precaution) and tear the muslin from the face of the spirit. I hardly think it would vanish into nothingness until it shut the secret panel between us. When I ask them for their after name and get no answer, I again grow skeptical.

When I see a full-fledged materialized

spirit, "done up in muslin," standing in the darkness about six feet away from me, and curiously watch the manipulations of the spirit until that "muslin" is withdrawn from the stalwart medium towards the floor until it is done up in a small wad so as to be almost imperceptible (the dematerialization being thus nearly perfected) then the grand *coup* comes; up goes the spirit, the muslin in a small wad high above the medium's head thence suddenly disappears behind the "medium" whence the darkness hides its further exit. Let the seeker after knowledge go to some theatre where they are playing "She," and they will find "She" done up in muslin in the same manner as the angelic(?) spirits in these seance rooms. Having seen "She" the night before at the Tivoli, my mind would continually revert to her as I watched the operations in the seance room of the angel(?) presences. One was about as angelic as the other, with the difference that one was legitimately earning her money while the others were, and are, duping their callers and gaining lucre under false pretenses. To see a knight (?) loom up in the shadowy darkness, the glimmer of a far away lamp, ("making darkness visible,") reflecting upon a crown of golden paper encircling his royal cranium, and taking on the name of a century ghoul hero, is too ridiculous for belief. The above is an epitome of my "seance," at a seance room in this city. I do not regret it, but let those who are earnest in their endeavors to seek the truth keep far away from such a place. Humbug is written all over it. The darkness, black cabinet, heavy black curtains, and the blackest knavery—all are there, but the "ducats" go into her purse all the same. Not much light comes out of such darkness. Plenty of light can be gained in broad daylight. Seek light from light. It will not come from darkness, when it requires so many adjuncts and muslin.

L. D. HOLBROOK.

Our Exchanges.

A Fair Revenge.

Truth, London, England.

We often read that a man has left a fortune to his wife "during life or widowhood." This, however, is a game at which the other sex can now play, and a wealthy lady who recently died at New York has set an example to others who are similarly circumstanced by bequeathing her possessions to trustees for the use of her husband "so long as he shall remain unmarried."

Wales Wonders.

Weekly Post, Liverpool, Eng.

For several days great excitement has prevailed in Swansea among the Calvinistic Methodists of South Wales respecting some extraordinary manifestations alleged to have taken place at the residence of the Rev. David Phillips, Walters-road, Swansea. It is stated that strange noises are heard about the house, that doors open apparently of their own accord, and that chairs move about as though propelled by some unseen agency. Hitherto all attempts to discover the cause have been futile.

No Money in the New Bible.

Open Court, Chicago, Ill.

It is stated on apparently good authority that there is not much demand for the revised editions of either the Old or the New Testament, compared with the demand for King James' version, which with all its errors, is still preferred by the people. Mr. Magee, of the Methodist Book Establishment, said recently to a reporter:

The revised version is no good as an article of merchandise, and we would not venture to order a half dozen copies at one time. The people have no confidence in it, and are not willing to adopt the mere verbal changes. There is too much capital represented in the old Bible to be supplanted.

J. J. Morse Says a Good Word For Mediums.

Eastern Star, Glenburn, Me.

I often think we speakers, says J. J. Morse in a recent letter, are not half as grateful to our phenomenal mediums as we ought to be. Physical, test, rapping, and slate writing media arouse interest and prepare the way for lectures, trance, inspirational or normal. Platform orators cannot afford to ignore the work of their phenomenal coadjutors. At least that is how I feel. Honest work unites true workers; but honest media do not need platitudinising twaddle to support them. We can no more dispense with the phenomena than we can with the philosophy. This fact needs to be remembered by many a little more frequently than it is now a-days.

The Reality of Matter.

The Esoteric, Boston, Mass.

Each degree and situation of life has its uses and abuses. We exist amidst complex and wonderful forces, and the problem of being is that we learn to live and act in harmony with the potential and divine currents, adjusting our lives to higher and finer forces, appreciating the use and reality of each condition in which we are placed, recognizing, however, that these are but stepping stones to a higher estate, a preparatory school wherein to secure a requisite knowledge of the regal forces amidst which life is enthroned; forces which rule planets and systems, and which it is our mission to understand, and ultimately administer in true sonship of the infinite God.

A Rock Ahead.

Sunday Optic, Quincy, Ill.

Mrs. S. A. Underwood in an able editorial in the last number of *The Open Court*, gives warning of the "Rock Ahead in Woman Suffrage," namely the religious intolerance of the women themselves. The article was called forth by remarks recently made in Chicago by Mrs. M. E. Holmes, president of the State Suffrage Association. After alluding to the progress being made in Illinois, Mrs. Holmes closed by saying that the suffragists must get into the churches if a great work is to be accomplished; that a strict spiritual as well as a suffrage society is necessary. If suffrage has nothing to do with religion, she wanted nothing to do with suffrage. Mrs. Holmes is probably correct in the idea that the cause would gain popularity by getting church people to work, but voting has never been a very spiritual affair, and probably never will be, even if women do take a hand in the job. "There is nothing so religious as a fact," says some one, and viewed in that light there may be something spiritual in casting a vote, but there is no surety of the fact even then, for the vote may be counted out or in. "Women of the Christian Temperance Union," writes Mrs. Underwood, "beware of this rock of intolerance. Read history and ponder its lessons; learn to think it possible that your wisdom may not comprise all the wisdom of this world, and remember that the heretics of yesterday are the revered teachers of to-day."

Spiritualism.

The Weekly Discourse, Chicago, Ill.

Spiritualism differs from theology in this: it is a living light; it is a present knowledge; it is, com-

pared to mere formal theology, what the soul is to the body; it is like the living house compared to the empty tomb. You do not look for birds in last year's nests, nor do you see corn growing upon the fallow stubble; the seed to-day is what makes the living fields of corn; the birds that have taken their flight from their nests are those that sing their songs in the upper air.

Spiritualism is the light of the world to-day. If materialism denies it it is because materialism does not know; if theology denies it, it is because theology is content to feed upon the husks and stones; but they who have the bread of life can no more afford to dispense with it, or deny it, and go back into the shell of theology, than the young bird that has plumed its wings can enter and be imprisoned in the calcareous covering that once sheltered it. Believe us, Spiritualism is the living word; as the light shines on until the darkness is obliterated, so, believe us, the spiritual light that is in the world to-day will shine on and on until there shall be no darkened abode of fear, no cruel crevice of doubt, no dim, shadowy tombs in all the world. It will find means to light mankind on the earthly pilgrimage, with immortal consciousness, and the Kingdom of Heaven shall come upon the earth and man shall be blest.

Who Can Teach Us?

Journal of Man, Boston Mass.

One of the most essential things for success in life is a correct self-knowledge. A strong, well-balanced organization with a clear, intuitive intellect, generally gives this knowledge, and leads to a correct course in life. But how few are really well developed and well balanced, with intuitive clearness of perception, and again how many are there who, in the unrestrained indulgence of all their passions and propensities, care not whether their lives are right or wrong, according to a correct standard. This class desires no admonition, no explanation of their peculiarities, and the causes of their failures or misfortunes.

Selfish and narrow-minded men charge all their failures and misfortunes either to inevitable destiny, or to the faults and misconduct of others. But the truth which science enforces is that we should charge all our failures to ourselves. Other men have succeeded splendidly in life, winning wealth, power, renown and friendship. If we have not, it must be because we have not exercised the same faculties which made them successful, and we should study most diligently to learn wherein, or how we have failed.

Nearly all are disqualified for this task of self-inspection either by a selfish bias which is unwilling to recognize a fault, or by the fault itself which biases the judgment. The faculty, or passion which misleads one becomes a part of his judging faculty, and cannot condemn itself. The miser cannot realize the baseness of his avarice, nor the mercenary soldier assist in realizing the defect. The color-blind cannot appreciate painting, the thief cannot appreciate integrity, the brutal wife-beater cannot appreciate love, and a Napoleon cannot appreciate disinterested friendship.

Nor do they who fail to comprehend their own faults learn much from the admonition of friends, for they are too desirous of maintaining a friendly relation to give entirely candid advice, and the criticisms of those who are not friends, excite suspicion and anger. Fortunate is the man who can profit by the criticisms of his enemies.

How many are there who go through life with glaring defects of character, injurious to their welfares who are never warned, either by kind friends or by conscience, and never realize the necessity of any higher wisdom than their own, or the necessity of self-culture.

Hence the imperative necessity of psychic science, not that barren abstraction called psychology in colleges, but a science which, like a faithful mirror, reveals to us that which we cannot see. As the gymnastic teacher reveals by a system of measurement (anthropometry) the defective muscles that need development, so should the psychologist discover in the conformation of the brain the special culture needed by defective faculties.