



Solomon W. Jewett.

The Carrier Dove.

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

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Biography.

Solomon W. Jewett.

During all the incoming events of the world, it is curious to observe how Providence prepares material and raises both men and women to accomplish it.

Our allotted space only admits a brief outline of the long life and doings of Dr. Solomon W. Jewett, who has ever, even in boyhood, been among the workers, early as an artist, in mechanical inventions, at the plow, in horticulture, in the breeding of rare stock, traveling, studying geometry, botany and its uses, collecting medical remedies, and writing for the press, teaching school, studying and practicing the laws of hygiene. He was among the first known to use vital electrical and magnetic force and by the will and touch of his hand dispel disease; a great reader of character, etc.

The accompanying portrait is said to have been an excellent likeness of this subject, long and favorably known in the interest of American agriculture, politics and Spiritualism. These three have been more than "side issues," in the career of a very singular and eventful life.

His ancestors emigrated from Herefordshire, England, and settled in Rawley, Mass., in 1638. This vigorous, prosperous branch has multiplied until its members are numbered among the leading citizens of every state and territory in this Republic. Thomas, the grandfather of our subject, was born and reared to manhood at Jewett City, Conn., from 1736. He removed to Burnington, Vt. in 1769 with his wife and eight children; both were energetic and executive.

During "The Battle of Burnington," Thomas officiated by appointment as acting commissary, and supplied the army with powder, dipped out of an iron camp-kettle that hung to his arm while on horseback. When the English commander fell dead on the battle field, this commissary removed his hat, sword and regalia. Some years after in the brick mansion where Solomon was born, General Baum's accoutrements hung from the posts in the attic at Weybridge. We digress farther while speaking of the doings of his ancestors. The first declaration of American Independence was written and signed

by over thirty leading minds, *three years previous* to the more fully acknowledged one. It was done right in the neighborhood of rank British Toryism. Thomas Jewett's name appears thereon, as the seventh signature in favor of American liberty. Our subject retains a correct copy with facsimile signatures of all these valiant heroes, over thirty in number. Immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War in 1786, his second son, Samuel, emigrated and took up lands in Addison county, and, in time, made himself a popular home. Within two years he returned and joined hands and heart with Lucy, eldest daughter of Amasa and Salome Hungerford of Pawnal. At fifteen years of age this child of nature promised to become "a dutiful and obedient wife," and left all that was near and dear behind her and mounted a pillory, fastened on to a kind horse's back, and accompanied by her husband with his oxen and sled, they plunged into the forests, directed on their way by trees marked with lineal lines, and at the last portion of their journey floated down Otter Creek on a raft to Middlebury to domicile in a log house, there to labor and rear up a family on their own soil.

The subject of this sketch, the seventh son, but eighth child, to Lucy and Samuel, was born on the 22d of May, 1808.

The known history of Lucy and Samuel, all through life, bears an honorable, industrious record. He soon became noted among the early pioneers of Vermont as the leading cultivator and owner of the largest stock of sheep and cattle, and as a citizen of wide influence. He was returned to the State Legislature upwards of twenty years consecutively. The subject of this notice became attached, when quite young, to the sheep and wool interest. At nine years of age the rightful owner of a flock of ten, from that period on, for some years, he let out his sheep at an annual rental of one pound of wool per each sheep. His school education terminated at seventeen and he grew up a self-educated man. His propensity was then, and ever has been, to travel, a desire to see this material world; so in the summer of 1825 he secretly set out from home, on foot, for Albany, a distance of 110 miles, reaching there in two and one-half days. With blistered feet and tired limbs he took deck passage to New York, reaching there in the marvelous short time of eighteen hours, upon one of Fulton's

first line of steamships. After looking over the empire city he returned home around by the way of Pawnal, where he visited his uncle, Hon. Solomon Wright. It was at this early day he saw the first rays of spiritual light. His father's eldest sister carried on a farm in the neighborhood and was ranked among the best of farmers in Burlington county, but it was rumored about that "she was crazy on religion." At the home of this widowed aunt her nephew enjoyed his first acquaintance with Spiritualism. As soon as he entered her mansion, before being seated, Comfort Mann greeted him saying, "Solomon, I knew you were coming; you see this table is set for you and husband—a plate for each. Since his departure to spirit life I have always continued to furnish for him." Then raising the lid of a small pot, boiling hot, she said, "Only see our dinner cooking, enough for all. My husband still lingers around, and quite recently left his foot-prints in some cornmeal scattered upon the floor above. It was evidently his track, minus one big toe, which was cut off when a child. And the vision I had quite recently: you see that river down there?—one day I stood looking down from this door, when my eyes were attracted towards a blue mist rising up from the water, in two spiral bodys ascending upwards and out of sight. Soon after it was noised around that two men had been drowned at that point in the river." During his short stay, Aunt Comfort's simplicity and sincerity in relating her experiences lastingly convinced him of the reality of communion with the departed ones.

All along up to this period Mr. Jewett had given attention to his agricultural pursuits; was the leading breeder of the Spanish Merino breed of sheep brought to public notice accompanied with fine illustrations from his own drawings; also the Morgan breed of horses. He visited many state and county fairs yearly, where first premiums were awarded to his stock. From 1840 to 1855 he visited several fine exhibitions in Great Britain, and three yearly government shows at Poisey in France, near Paris.

Mr. Jewett was credited as the largest importer of choice stock, conducted at the greatest cost of any other importer of animals for breed into the United States. For the twenty-three arrivals by steamers and sail-vessels from England, France and Spain, he paid \$55,000, and California has

reaped a share of this industry from the shipments of some of the best animals, from which have been reared and sold thousands from Kern county, where still reside his sons who are among the most successful and wealthy stock growers of the State. Since 1864 Mr. Jewett has been a most remarkable healer, performing wonderful cures in a few moments by laying on of hands, without resorting to drugs or medicines. He has been an openly avowed Spiritualist since the "Rochester knockings," and has had many wonderful experiences and tests that would fill a large volume were they all told. He was a correspondent for eighteen agricultural journals, twenty secular papers, and several spiritual weeklies and monthlies during a period of fifty-five years. He has visited Europe four times, twice as bearer of dispatches from Washington to the Court of St. James, and Paris, France, when Daniel Webster was Secretary of State.

Among the varied spiritual experiences of Mr. Jewett may be mentioned his successful experiments in spirit photography, having obtained, under test conditions, many spirit pictures on the same plate with his own. He is also the possessor of many specimens of spirit art through mediumship of Wella and Pet Anderson. Some of these will be given hereafter in the DOVE, and accompanying them, sketches descriptive of the manner in which they were obtained. It is impossible in the limited space of a magazine sketch to do justice to one of so large and varied experiences. It would require a volume to do him justice. Mr. Jewett now near eighty years of age is still healthy and vigorous, walking without the aid of a cane, and attending to his business affairs. He is a total abstinence man in more respects than one, as he neither chews nor smokes tobacco, uses tea nor coffee, nor eats any kind of meat. His life affords a beautiful example of right living to the rising generation.

The Platform.

Re-Incarnation—Fact or Fallacy?

A Discourse by the Controls of J. J. Morae, of England, delivered at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday Evening, Aug. 28, 1887.

(Reported for the CARRIER DOVE by G. H. Hawes.)

The laws of nature are the expression of the purposes of God. The principles of being are the manifestations of the divine intelligence expressed through the operations of existence.

The effort of all scientific inquiry is to learn the laws of nature and trace their operations upon their planes of being. The attempt of all philosophers is to obtain an understanding of the principles of God so that an intelligent interpretation of the phenom-

ena of existence may be obtained. Science and philosophy working from the external and internal planes of inquiry are conjointly interested in elaborating a complete and intelligible interpretation of the universe in accordance with its own character.

Speculative theology and fanciful science are in every case interested in interpreting the universe in accordance with its own *a priori* desires. There is, then, this difference between real science and real philosophy, and theology and fanciful speculations on the other side: One is attempting to find the answer to the riddle of life within the confines of life itself, while the other two forms of speculation are endeavoring to frame a hypothesis in accordance with a preconceived interpretation, and thereby attempting to find an explanation of the universe outside of the universe itself. The results in both cases are very singular.

For ages the world has been flooded with speculative arguments and statements that never will bear the light of strict examination; for directly the cold light of reason is brought to bear upon them they retire back again to their holes and by-ways. It is asserted that these things are too holy for the common intelligence of mankind to deal with. Superstitions of the worst possible character are thus fostered and perpetuated. On the other hand under a real science and a true philosophy knowledge increases and becomes the firm foundation upon which progress is possible. Which shall we take, then? That painstaking and honest effort that deals with existence as it is and endeavors to find the interpretation of existence within existence, and so give you a rational and intelligent interpretation of the universe, its powers and possibilities, or that pseudo-science and speculation and fanciful theory (and in the most of cases the more fanciful the better it is liked) to interpret the things that it has never interpreted and practically inquired into?

To this intelligent audience there can be no alternative; there is but one road that the intelligent Spiritualist can take: Nature is the expression and purposes of God; the laws of nature are the manifestation of those purposes. The principles of being are the expressions of the intelligence of God, and the intelligent Spiritualist, nay, the intelligent man, whether he be Spiritualist or not, must forever and always stand upon the phenomena of being and not upon the speculations of the would-be interpreters thereof. Plainly, then, your course with us to-night is an appeal to nature as the expression of the purposes of God, and in the subject we have to deal with, the much-debated question of re-incarnation, it is an appeal from fancy on the one side to fact upon the other.—A great many of our friends think we are very ungenerous when we deal with this question. We are told that we do not understand it; we are prepared to admit that we do not

understand it. There are as the late "Lord Dundreary" used to say, "there are some things no fellah can understand," and this subject of re-incarnation in some of its departments certainly stand exactly in that position. We are also told that we have not grown up to it. This may possibly be quite true. Also, that we have not been a resident of the Spiritual world long enough to know everything. This we are quite prepared to admit, and maybe this question of re-incarnation is one of the things that we have not yet been in spirit life long enough to know anything about. But we may tell you that we have been in that condition of existence for quite a long period, a great deal longer period than that in which re-incarnation has been taught in modern times, for this remarkable doctrine is barely 30 years of age in its modern presentation.

Now, we have to go around just a little corner, friends, in search of one or two places to start from; for instance, the doctrine of re-incarnation is substantially the re-assuming of a mortal environment upon the part of dead or departed human beings, who thus again come into physical existence and go through the toil of life upon another stage, different it may be from the one they previously performed upon. Now incarnation is the precedent of re-incarnation. If re-incarnation is true, then incarnation becomes a feasible postulate; and if incarnation be true, evolution can scarcely be true. You may take your choice; the sole object of the universe is either the elaboration and individualization of the conscious soul of man, thereby completing and carrying it up to its right and legitimate end, or it is not. If it is, as we have just stated, then every one of you are in your individual cases the sum of nature's effort upon your behalf, and you will represent the crown and apex of all nature's energy; you have come up out of all the preceding conditions and to-day stand a conscious, rational and immortal soul. But if the concern of nature is only in the elaboration of human bodies, if the doctrine of evolution is confined solely to the development of the human organism and has nothing to do with the human soul, then we have to account for the coming of the human soul into the mortal body. How does it get there? What is it? And here we shall be faced with the necessity of admitting the doctrine of incarnation. Evolution then stops short when the body has been developed and completed, and it has then finished all that can be done upon this plane of life, and the incarnating of the immortal soul is the only thing that can justify the conception of intelligent immortal existence as attaching to yourself which has got into this mortal environment, which has been dropped in, breathed in, sucked in, blown in, stamped in, or got in somehow, but nobody seems to know exactly how!

On the other hand, if, with the addition of the spiritual side of the man, the doctrine of evolution is a consecutive matter right from the primal beginning of God himself outwards to the condition of material being, as it is called, and then upwards and forwards to God again, through the evolution of the conscious, immortal soul as the arousing of all nature's efforts, then the doctrine of incarnation must of necessity be rejected.

Science on the one hand and fancy on the other, the purpose of nature going forwards harmoniously, sequentially and legitimately to the grand and glorious—aye, to the splendid results of the elaboration of the immortal, conscious soul, on the other hand, all those processes stopping short when material bodies have been made, and souls then brought down from some celestial factory up there and virtually canned in the human bodies of mortality. What answer to this?

“Oh! but spirits tell us it is true! the spirits teach the doctrine of re-incarnation.”

Suppose they do; will you take the facts of nature which are the exhibition of the purpose and work of God, or the *ipse dixit* of some wandering spirit? We have lived long enough in spirit life to know that God never lies; that there is no failure in the chain of being; that the Almighty Providence has never found it necessary to go back upon his work and do it all over again.

Our actual position at this point is, that we are sandwiched between the doctrines of evolution and incarnation, and we are bound to reject the one and accept the other. If we reject the doctrine of evolution then Darwin and Huxley and all the leading scientific minds of the world will look down with contempt upon the spiritual philosophy, for they will say, “these Spiritualists and their spirits are endeavoring to run in flat opposition to the ascertained facts of nature, and what a precious set of idiots they must all be.”

In telling you what these men will say of you, we are not justifying them in saying it, but only to remind you that when you are so anxious to have the endorsement of scientific men and think it such a success when you can induce a noted scientist or philosopher, or this or that great man to give you an attentive hearing, you are doing the very worst possible thing by running directly in opposition to the facts of scientific discovery that have been placed upon the records of the world. We have no more respect for the opinion of a scientific man as an opinion, than we have for the opinion of any other person, because he is just as likely to err as another, but a fact you cannot argue out of existence; and if the consensus of opinion is in support of the deductions which lead us back to the acceptance of the fact of evolution throughout the whole realm of nature, then you must take the

choice between the patient labors of scientific men during the last sixty or seventy years, and the *ipse dixit* of some unknown spirit from spirit-land who comes back and professes to know more than other people.

Where did this doctrine of re-incarnation come from? France. Who originated it? A certain Frenchman by the name of Leon Denizarth Hyppolite Rivail, whose *non de plume* is “Allan Kardec.” Who is he? A medium and inquirer into Spiritualism, who obtained this doctrine from his spirit controls as a result of the questions he put to them; it was not a spontaneous revelation, but brought out by questions in accordance with Rivail's peculiarities and predilections, and from him the doctrine was given to the French Spiritualists, and from then spread throughout Europe, the continents and the world. Who took it up next? An amiable, cultured and intelligent lady, a certain Dr. Anna Blackwell, who presented, the most scientific, philosophical and clearest conceptions of the doctrines of the higher system of re-incarnation that has yet been given to the world. These two champions of the doctrine have virtually been its founders so far as its modern aspect goes, and all subsequent arguments and literature have been dug out from the writings and statements of these two particular persons we have referred to. A certain other lady, also a medical woman, Dr. Anna Kingsford, has also given forth a vast variety of ideas and statements concerning this same doctrine, and other Spiritualists of lesser note and intelligence have greedily swallowed the delicious morsel. There is the source of the doctrine you have had before you from time to time, and it was solicitously obtained from the spiritual world, and not spontaneously given therefrom.

One of the most singular facts of the doctrine is, that it finds its greatest favor in the Roman Catholic countries, communities and civilizations. Why is this? Because the Church of Rome is astute enough to know that any bone of contention they can throw into the ranks of Spiritualism is quite good enough to set all the little barking dogs yelping at one another, and just so long as these bones of contention are in your midst and you give more attention to them than you do to the scientific verification, and honest investigation of your phenomena, and a concerted effort to maintain your position, just so long as you let all these bones of contention disrupt you and keep you at sixes and sevens, over non-essentials, there will be a rift in the walls of your building through which the enemy can enter. Use your eyes and judgment in the matter of Spiritualism the same as you would in buying wares; guard your position, and use the same painstaking and praiseworthy effort in the one case you would in the other.

What is re-incarnation? By the way, we are told that re-incarnation is not a correct

term. What! a doctrine only thirty years old has got to be remodeled already? What is it now? Re-embodiment. What is re-embodiment? The spirit comes back into another body. What is re-incarnation? Coming back into the same body?

Now this twist towards re-embodiment is only a subtle effort to avoid criticism.

In each case it is the coming back of the departed spirit into another body and going through a second term of material existence, you may call it re-incarnation or re-embodiment, it is after all the old-fashioned distinction of tweedledum and tweedledee.

“Now, what do spirits come back for?”

“Oh! for a variety of reasons.”

How do they come back? Before we have the reasons for their coming back, let us endeavor to pursue the scientific method and discover how they do come back. Let us go one step farther and ask what kind of spirits there are that do come back. They must be very much smaller than yourselves: no responsible well-grown and maturely developed spirit with the usual complement of limbs, arms, head and body could ever crowd himself down into a little, tiny compass that would bring him into a human foetus again. Just look at the question; it is rather an awkward one to discuss publicly. You know the babe is born; the re-incarnated spirit was in the babe before it was born, how did it get there? Do you know? Have you ever heard it explained? We never have, but evidently it must get there, and the mystery is altogether too mysterious for any ordinary intelligence to comprehend. Think it over. Is it breathed in? Does it come through the father or through the mother? What is it? How is it done? We don't know, nor do you know, and our private opinion is we all of us will remain in the same state of benighted ignorance.

Another point: if immortality means anything, it means the continuity of your rational, conscious and personal existence after death. All the spirits that have ever communicated with you tell you they are human beings still, conscious, rational and intelligent; every clairvoyant and medium describes them as your father, mother, child, brother, sister, friend or relative, and the spirits themselves speak of each other as being so and so, and that they died at such a time. Now, if these people come back again they have got to put aside their spirit body; they have got to deprive themselves of the very agencies by which they express and manifest their intelligence and consciousness; they have got to reduce themselves to nothingness; they have got to come back again into the embryotic state, go through the stages of childhood, infancy and youth and manhood; they do not remember who they were. When they say they remember having lived before in this world, we have not the slightest hesitation in saying they lie, and they know it. When they make

such statements no criticism can be too severe. Existence is too solemn a thing to be played with no matter which side of the grave persons may be living on. In order to come back the spirit has to deprive itself of all the machinery of existence it possesses, and go back to nothingness and develop a new consciousness, and unless they can find the old spiritual body they had and get re-incarnated into that spiritual body they can never become again the same conscious individuality they were when they dropped the spiritual body and took on the embryonic again; the whole continuity of consciousness is dissolved and destroyed.

Why do they come back?

"So that we can vindicate the justice of God."

Then it is only by coming back that you can vindicate the justice of God. What do you know about the justice of God? Have you ever had an interview with God? Has he ever descended into your little back parlor and told you what he was going to do? The fact is, you do not know any more about the justice of God than anybody else; and if the justice of God brings the suffering, the distressed and oppressed back again into other bodies so they may have a better show the next time; where is the sense of God in putting them in such miserable conditions while they are here now? It is poor policy to lock the door after the horse has been stolen. It is a false hypothesis. If in the first re-incarnation you are a beggar, and the next a king or a millionaire, would it not be the justice of God to have given you a better start in the first place?

But there is another argument: life is very short and we cannot develop all sides of our nature while living one earthly life. Now, how will that work out? "I am a clerk in a store, and I have a passionate longing for music; but I can neither play very much nor sing. I have not the means or opportunity of acquiring a musical education, and I want to develop the musical side of my nature, so I came back into the world with another body for another chance. How do I know that I will have the opportunity then for a musical education, or a body adapted to the purpose? It can scarcely be claimed that I will have the making of that body?"

"Oh! well, that's not the question."

But it is the question. If I could find a living body that had been trained in musical directions, and I could get into it there might be some sense in it; but I have got to take the risk in the other case.

Another point: It is actually asserted that to develop the soul all the possibilities of material existence must be passed through and this being held good gospel, the man must become a woman, the woman become a man. What a delicious muddle human society will be in! Whose who? Who are you? You call yourself by name; you are

duly labelled and ticketed and your wife calls you her dear husband, and the husband calls you his dear wife, and the parent calls you his blessed child, but how do you know it is true? You may be somebody else's child.—While the husband is fondly and affectionately clasping his wife to his manly bosom, it may be the soul of some rascal of a man who has got into a female form. While the mother with her woman's heart folds to her great loving breast her child with that sacred fire and divine energy that the mother alone can feel, while she clasps her dimpled cheeked darling and gazes into its loving eyes and treasures it as the sweetest thing in all the world, it may be the re-incarnated boy of Bill Brown, who lives over the way. Whose child is it? Whose spirit is it that is living in any one of you to-day? If this doctrine of re-incarnation is true can you swear to being yourselves.

Now what may be the issue conceding re-incarnation to be true? You see the pale face of your daughter laid in the casket, you presently hear the dull heavy sod falling upon that last receptacle of poor mortality, and the spirit is gone. A year rolls by and a neighbor friend of yours gets married and has a family, and a beautiful boy is born and the departed spirit of your beloved daughter is incarnated in the form of that bonny boy belonging to your neighbor. Another girl blesses your own household and this boy and girl finally fall in love with each other; they get married, and the astonishing anomaly is presented to you that one daughter marries the other daughter who was re-incarnated in the boy of your neighbor. What endless confusion may result! You may marry your grandmother; your sweethearts may be your great, great grandparents. It may be that the republican George Washington is re-incarnated in President Cleveland's wife, and they are both having high jinks at the White House.

We are sorry to say, friends, however amusing these things may seem to you, it is very distressing to us that rational and intelligent men and women should so far surrender reason and judgment to a system that in its application can lead to such grotesque results as these. It is a sight that is enough to make the very angels weep. If, as is claimed, this is the justice of God and vindicates the suffering and sorrow of human life, then die at once. Cut your throats! blow out your brains and get out of your existence! abjure life for you are not yourselves at all! the sanctity of life, the beauty of love, the holiness of marriage, the purity of the domestic circle, the sweet delights of parenthood and childhood are horrid nightmares that have no reality, no existence—they are all delusions.

"But you know we are not obliged to come back unless we like; it is not compulsory."

"But it was said originally that it was compulsory; who told you it was not compulsory?"

"Oh! the spirits told me."

But the spirits told Rivail it was, and if you pit spirit against spirit you would be in the unlucky position of the man who tried to sit on two stools at the same time. Now it is either compulsory or it is not compulsory. The majority of those who pass through the sufferings and trials of this world will give it a pretty wide berth when they get out of it.

We have said that the doctrine of re-incarnation—to use a modern interpretation of it—explains the justice of God; compensates for the inequalities and miseries of life, and is a means of developing all sides of the human soul. You may take it from us, or you may reject it, as you please, but such a philosophy is the very quintessence of absurdity and nonsense for this reason: the misery, inequality and wrong exhibited in human life is the result of the ignorance and selfishness of humanity; let humanity grow wiser, more just and more concerned for the well-being of all the members of society, and every school-boy will tell you that the evils the re-incarnationists complain of would all disappear in less than a generation.

Why do you want to come back? To have the inequalities of your present existence adjusted? You are poor to-day, but have you no better idea of life than waiting to come back again that you may accumulate riches? Are you hungry and naked to-day, do you want to come back to-morrow that you may have fine clothes and a full stomach?

If your only desire to reappear upon the stage of mortal life is to compensate yourself in these purely lower parts of your being, then your philosophy does not amount to much, and your conception and estimate of life is of a very shallow character. In the name of God and humanity, are there not better things than riches and clothes for the immortal soul to aspire to through the ranges of eternal being? If there are not, then why in the name of goodness are you not immortal beings in this world, and able to perpetuate indefinitely the struggling, fighting and wrangling to obtain wealth and clothes, so that you may all at last come to the condition of possessing a great deal of that which is material? If this world can develop the latent soul, bring out all the latent powers and capacity of its nature, what in the name of goodness is the necessity for a spirit world? If you can be fully developed by living in this world, you do not want to die; there is no necessity for any other world; you might just as well stop here.

The law of nature is inevitable; every human being dies, and that death is an absolute necessity in the economy of being; it

lifts you forward into another state of existence where your powers and possibilities are unfolded and developed, and though you may return to this life to hold communion with humanity, though you may for a time be earth-bound, yet in no case that we have ever known or heard of have we had the slightest reason to believe that a departed human spirit is ever brought back again to live in a human body.

One argument which we have reserved for our last consideration, has the greatest weight with a very large number of people. They speak of the divine incarnation, and say that Jesus Christ was the incarnated son of God. There is where the root of it is; there is where the stronghold is upon the emotional and imaginative mind. But you strike a death-blow when you claim—as we claim—that Jesus of Nazareth was a man like yourselves, born into mortal life under the same laws that you were, lived and grew up under the same laws, exhibiting the same possibilities that you all possess latently (if not in action), passed out of it by the same process of death. Then you bring Jesus into the ranks of life and make him a part of humanity; then you destroy the only seeming real root of this philosophy.

Jesus was no more the incarnated Son of God than yourselves; you are all children of the Infinite; the divine energy is latent and operant within you all.

Let us then have done with this doctrine; let us cast this vile thing from the face of the earth, that like some slimy serpent has strayed into the field of human speculations to poison and crush out the great work that Spiritualism is doing to rescue the world from superstition and ignorance. It destroys the moral effect which attaches to the family, and is a doctrine that has brought more discredit upon modern Spiritualism than scarcely any other thing we can refer to, and we never should do justice to the cause that we have labored so long and earnestly for if we did not enter our emphatic and absolute protest against the hideous monstrosity that we have endeavored to analyze this evening.

We may not convert you to our opinion; we may not convince you we are right, but we say that the processes of nature are the interpretation of the purposes of God; the principles of being are the manifestations of the divine intelligence. The law of evolution and progressive unfoldment are the only ways by which Omnipotence accomplishes its purpose. God never goes back upon himself, and the infinite illimitable range of everlasting being in the world beyond affords every opportunity for the development of all the powers and capacities of the human soul. There is no necessity, and never has been, that it should come back again and enter the abode of flesh, go through another sex experience and be an-

other individual in this world. Instead of the doctrine of re-incarnation or re-embodiment exalting and elevating you, it degrades and drags you down, and our final verdict is, that it is a monstrous, injurious and devilish fallacy of the vilest kind, devoid of the slightest foundation of fact or truth.

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 II.

SEEMS TO RUN COUNTER TO THE LAWS OF HERIDITY AND SUGGESTS TROUBLES FOR THE MEMBERS OF TWO UNITED FAMILIES

It is currently asserted that certain traits of character run through particular families, and in course of time an ancestry of painters, poets and philosophers thus become established. In support of this doctrine may be adduced the fact that the Courtenays had for many generations back been servants of the church, so that preaching, admonishing and all the arts and parts that make up the cleric's nature, might be said to run in the family. Therefore it was in no wise remarkable that Humphrey Courteney should be settled at Berkstonecum-Blindale, for all male Courtenays were manifestly designed for similar ends and it would, in any one of them, have been flat blasphemy to object to the fulfillment of the usual, and apparently providential dispensation, for every Courteney managed to get himself comfortably provided for in some such snug and comfortable benefice as that of Berkstone, but to the credit of the present occupant, let it be said that not many a Courteney brought the same amount of honesty, zeal and true goodness to the service that served them so admirably.

Thus, in the nature of things, as it were, it came to pass that the Rev. Humphrey Courteney directed all the education of his only son with the view that he, in due time, should emulate the honorable example of the family traditions. As Ernest was in all respects one of those amiable and gentle souls, whose life was as transparent as clearest stream, obedient and dutiful in all things, there was every reason to hope that his father's reasonable hopes would become accomplished facts in due course. However, in the fullness of time, when Ernest had completed his studies, and the period was fast approaching for him to seek his place in the clerical world, two events occurred, the results of which quite upset one's belief in the laws of hereditary

descent, unless as may be, there are subtler laws that, working out of sight, account for all deviations from the central principle: that like begets its like.

The first of these events arose in this wise: Some old friends of the Courtenays had been making a brief visit to the Berkstone parsonage, and on leaving, a cordial and emphatic invitation had been extended to Ernest to spend a few weeks with these departing visitors at their house in London, which, as they were his father's guests, he could not well refuse. As a matter of fact, these guests were the wife and daughter of an old schoolmate of the Rev. Humphrey Courteney, a free, open-hearted, not too straight-laced chum, who had courted medicine instead of divinity, and had been as successful in that suit as he had been in another sort of suit, wherein the prize won was the chatty and pleasant lady, with her frank, and open-faced daughter, now about leaving for their London home. Dr. Eversleigh, with a variety of alphabetical additions to his name, making a sort of social tail to his professional kite, or "dear old Jack," as his clerical friend ever delighted to call him, was himself too busy to run down into Sussex at this time of the year, so the ladies went, and returned, alone. The second of these two events consisted in the fact that about a month or so later Ernest Courteney arranged to visit the Eversleighs and in due course found himself in their comfortable home in one of the fashionable West End squares, wherein prosperous medical men delight to reside. It was evening, the lamps were lighted, filling the drawing-room with a cheerful glow. Mrs. Eversleigh, as neat and natty a little woman as ever cheered the lot of an hard-worked practitioner with her smiling face and pleasant manners, and whose plump, compact figure, was a perpetual embodiment of content and comfort, sat doing a little fancy work, by fits and starts, in a very comfortable-looking easy chair, which her comely figure fitted to a nicety. Sitting by her side was her daughter, their only child, one of those indescribable creatures that are a perpetual puzzle to nearly all beholders. She was tall and straight as a poplar, lithe as a willow, and yet, oddly enough, one's first impression of her was that she was but of medium height, and that impression lasted until growing animated, she stood erect, when then she seemed to tower above all, in a truly regal manner. Then her deep blue eyes glowed with a light of such depth that one felt her soul was shining through its violet windows. In repose her features were regular, composed, not dull by any means, but quiet, and restful to gaze upon; her mouth clear-cut, a trifle over long, it seemed, her lips firm without being too full. Her head, shapely with graceful curves, broad and high in front, well shaped in all

departments, was mantled by a rich and ample drapery of silken chestnut hair, in which the sunlight found many a strain of golden hue; a compound of composure and activity; clear-minded, warm hearted, seemingly capricious, but always moving towards whatever end she had in view. Quick to speak when needful, yet always an excellent and attentive listener; of fine feelings, delicate perceptions and keenly intuitive, Candid, at times too candid, disliking pretense of all sorts, and, alas, it must be said, looking with but little favor upon the ecclesiastical profession as such, poking sly fun alike at High, Low, and Broad church methods. Not irreligious, for her faith was—if expressed in words—that all the creeds founded upon God she hoped to find in man. But, there, the real nature of Lilian Eversleigh will show itself more fully as she occupies her place in this narrative from time to time.

The head of the house, Dr. John Eversleigh, M. D., M. R. C. S., etc., etc., was a well-built, genial-natured, and pleasant-faced man of middle age, by training conservative, but by instinct progressive. His brethren considered him a trifle unsound in some of his medical opinions, but the wonderful success that attended his practice silenced their doubts, and left him at peace. He made no secret of it that his remedies were not confined to any one school entirely—drugs, herbs, hydropathy and homœopathy, were among his open heresies, while he was suspected to lean towards mesmeric rubbers, clairvoyant diagnoses, and such like heterodox innovations. The doctor was seated opposite his wife and daughter, while by his side stood Ernest Courteney, listening with interest to the conversation, which had somehow turned around to the subject of death.

"Well, you know," said the Doctor, "we medical men see death under all sorts of aspects. Necessarily we get so familiar with it that it loses any special terrors for us. The *post mortem*, and the dissecting room, have told us of the various causes producing death, laid bare the operations of disease, and the results of accidents, but whether death is another term to describe a change in the direction of dynamic force, or a liberation of an invisible spirit, ah! there, I confess of being in the dark."

"John, you dreadful man, do cease talking of such horrible things," said his wife, "it makes me shiver all over. We must die, so that ends it. It won't do us any harm to believe a next life is possible, but, for my part, this is so very comfortable that I am satisfied with things as they are."

"Just like a woman," said Dr. Eversleigh, "just like a woman, but Ernest here is not quite so easily satisfied," here the attentive Lilian looked up with a quick glance at the young man referred to, while her father continued: "No, he says this problem of a

soul perplexes him terribly. I am afraid, my dear," appealing to his wife, "that the Reverend Courteney, has not quite made a convert even of his own son; what say you, Ernest?" asked the genial speaker, rising and laying his hand lightly upon his guest's shoulder.

"In truth, my good friend, I am at times enveloped in doubts and fears. My father, God bless him, is the soul of truth and honor, and has ever held before me the priceless value of the teachings of his church, but, somehow, I have dimly felt for a long time past now, that faith did not lodge within my breast;" he said this sorrowfully, as if it pained him, or as if it savored of disloyalty to his father; a look of distress was in his eyes, and for a moment he rested his head within his hand, as do men in thought. Then he said, "We have talked so frankly that I may as well seek further counsel from my father's oldest friend. I am perplexed, indeed, more so than you may suppose."

"Well, if we can help you, my dear fellow, speak out and we will do our best. Luckily I have no patients to attend to for the next three hours, so am at your service," said the Doctor, reseating himself, and motioning Ernest to follow his example. Lilian and her mother resumed their occupations, as Ernest seated himself by the side of the Doctor, who asked of him:

"Tell me what bothers you, now. On my life, it seems to me you must be a trifle difficult to please. Your road lies clear enough before you. The end is that of your father, a country parsonage."

"That's just what I am afraid of! Just what I desire to avoid, feel no call or vocation in that direction, and unless I can feel myself called, no inducement will cause me to take holy orders."

"Try medicine, then."

"No, not medicine. I would, of the two, sooner heal souls than bodies, though that healing to my thinking, should be to make them serviceable in this life; but there is my stumbling block. Is there a soul? Is there a next life?"

"Why you awful man, how can you talk so! Does not your father preach it? Why his last sermon was perfectly lovely! Lilian, dear, another needleful of that blue wool. Thank you, dear. For shame Mr. Ernest, to doubt such things," said Mrs. Eversleigh.

"I wish I had your easy mind," said Ernest, "but, my dear Mrs. Eversleigh, I have not. My father's creed seems cold and mechanical. I want to be satisfied now; unless I can find better proofs than those that are familiar to me, I will not sell my voice or thought, for money or place I cannot earn or hold with a clear conscience. On that I am quite resolved."

"Then you won't become a parson, is that your thought?" asked the Doctor.

"I scarcely think so. For I am sadly

afraid my views upon matters pertaining to that office are not quite so sound as they should be."

"The Trinity, for instance?" gently queried the Doctor, turning round to Ernest, and looking at him with a suspicious twinkle in his eye.

"Yes," said Ernest, "the Trinity; and I fear the question of future punishments is another point. Try, as I may, it is impossible for me to convince myself that God purposely made any of us for eternal punishment after death. I would sooner believe He utterly destroyed the wicked; and I am not quite certain as to whether it would not be better to destroy us all, for at times unbelievers seem even better than the elect."

"But does your father know of your state of mind?"

"From me, no. From some books he has seen me with, probably. I intend, on my return, to tell him. No doubt it will shock him, certainly it grieves me to feel that I cannot pursue the course he has in view for me. But my dear friend what can I do? There is to me, no choice between honesty and hypocrisy. A clear conscience is the greatest element in happiness."

All this time Lilian Eversleigh has been fully absorbed in the work her deftly moving fingers were manipulating. Was she really so absorbed, or was she deeply intent in listening to the conversation? Who knows—certainly not Ernest Courteney, for he is far too much engrossed in his own state of mind to comment upon aught else. The quartette sat in silence, for a few moments, when suddenly the Doctor said to Ernest:

"Then you really feel unsound upon matters of doctrine, and skeptical as to the future?"

"Frankly, yes; that is exactly my state of mind at present. Believe me I have not drifted thus. I have carefully reasoned the ground, have read on both sides, but I cannot find any wiser than I, so far as knowing goes, so it comes to me that, most likely, death ends all. That religion, when sincerely accepted, is an amiable opiate that too frequently lulls reason to sleep in the false comfort of a fool's paradise. At times I think the real work of life is outside the church walls, is in the homes of the poor, the ignorant and the vicious. That regeneration is impossible to a race that is born in vice and ignorance. I think that practical work is of more use than preaching sermons. In short, I think that being uncertain of any world but this, and knowing how beautiful this is, and seeing how much there is to be done in dispelling the ills and evils that abound, faintly understanding, or feeling, that there must be latent elements of good, even in the worst, I feel, my dear friends, that this life and its people, need so much of labor, care and duty that I can best use what feeble

powers I have in serving this world and my fellow creatures, rather than wasting my time pleading about another life, of which ourselves and the rest absolutely know nothing at all."

In his enthusiasm Ernest had risen from his chair, and, with firm, strong step, was pacing across the room, his face all animation, his eyes fairly dancing with expression, himself looking as many of us have looked in the hey-day of our powers, like a young David ready with sling and stone to slay every Goliath that existed. Recalled to himself by the sudden cessation of his voice, he blushed like a girl and modestly resumed his seat.

"I declare," said his hostess, "if I did not know your dear father was a true pillar of the Church, I should think you were one of those horrid radicals, and expect to see you flourish a red flag with death, and all those sort of things upon it. Really, Ernest, you must be careful. If there wasn't any church, why, good gracious me, I don't know what would happen. Just think how perfectly beautiful your father looks in his hood and gown, the scarlet lining looks so lovely and warm down his back. Then, you know, the Trinity and all that, was settled ever so long ago, so that's all right. Then one meets such nice people at church. Now, really Ernest you must be a good boy, and take your proper place—"

"In the pulpit?"

"Yes, sir, 'in the pulpit,' and then everything will turn out all right and quite nicely."

"I am afraid, my dear, that Ernest would not fit many pulpits, and upon my word," said the Doctor laughingly, "he doesn't look at all clerical in face, dress, or manner. I fear the law of heredity comes to a fault at this point, and for once nature breaks the succession, maybe in hopes of founding a new house. Now really, you know, I sympathize with you very much, yet it has occurred to me, that there may be a road out of one part of your difficulties."

"In which direction?"

"Clairvoyance."

"Ah, mesmerism; but that is such awful rubbish, you know."

"No, I do not know that it is, for I have been experimenting with it, and have found that clairvoyance is a fact, a natural fact, mark me. But it comes nearest to my ideas of the soul's functions than anything I have ever seen before. I do not say it proves a soul, but to me it looks like a doorway towards it."

"How did you become interested in the matter?"

"Oh, quite accidentally. We were out to a dinner, last autumn, and one of the guests, a countess—by the way my dear," turning to the partner of his joys, "what was her title, I can never remember that woman's name?"

"Golmar, Countess de Golmar, my

dear," said Mrs. Eversleigh, "and a very charming woman too," she added.

"Yes, my love, this Countess de Sol—no, Golmar, that's it, sat next to Lillian at the table, and during their conversation she spoke of the mysteries of mesmerism, soul life, spirit rapping, and so on, that she had seen in Paris, and here in London. After dinner the amiable wizard inveigled me into a chat upon the same subjects, but I must confess I treated her a little badly."

"Yes, you tiresome man, you did; why Ernest, he simply made fun of her—a countess, too, it was too bad."

"Well, well, my dear, I made amends at last by accepting an invitation to attend one of her reunions, and never shall I forget it—two hours of social horrors, during which I had more than a surfeit of marvelous tales, queer opinions, and many a glib but ungrammatical explanation of 'hinspiration, hangels, 'eavenly spears' and the like, than I could digest in a month of Sundays—but that is not the point, the point is here: The countess had discovered a new *protege* a clairvoyante, one of the most remarkable ones ever met. She was introduced with her magnetizer, to us, evidently a young person of the respectable seamstress sort, a trifle pale, delicate looking, rather refined for one of her class. The magnetizer was a person of medium build, a positive, bumptious kind of man, with oily, black hair, and a decided preference for an enunciation of his own invention. Silence being procured he made a little speech, at which the countess tapped her disengaged hand with the tip of her fan, nodding her head in approval, though I wager me her ladyship for any other reason than the one in hand, wouldn't have tolerated the fellow in her rooms for a moment. The young person was then with many 'passes' put to sleep. I satisfied myself of that by—"

"Yes, you spiteful man," said Mrs. Eversleigh, "you did," turning to Ernest she continued, "he actually stuck his scarf pin into her arm and right through her hand—it makes me creep to think of it," whereat she pursed up her lips, and screwed her features into an irresistibly comic look with the intention of exhibiting the pain she felt in recording the Doctor's experiment and at which even Lillian lost somewhat of her composure.

"Now, as I was saying," resumed the Doctor, "having satisfied myself she was truly insensible to pain, I was, by the magnetizer, requested to ask this young person to look at various objects concealed from her. Well, bless my heart, Ernest, she astonished me by telling each one with perfect correctness. Finding she could see inside pockets, purses, and so on, a thought struck me that she might be able to see inside people. I tried that next, and was

astonished to find she could," and at this point the Doctor stopped abruptly.

"Is that all?" asked Ernest.

"No, not quite," admitted the Doctor, somewhat reluctantly, his questioner thought.

"Well, what else; come, let me hear all of it."

"Well, my dear fellow, the fact is, I, ah, er, have hired that clairvoyante, and am experimenting with her myself, and, by the way, the Countess holds a reception again in a week from now. Come with us, and if you learn nothing, you will be amused for once, at the very least."

The hour of rest having arrived, the party broke up, though the Doctor was compelled to visit a patient at some distance ere he sought his couch.

Desultory, as in some respects had been the foregoing conversation, it was, nevertheless, designed to effect important ends. Truly, how little is known of what even an hour may bring forth. Lillian Eversleigh, seemingly so unobservant, so absorbed in her work, that she had never spoken, or scarce lifted her eyes during the time, was perhaps the most moved of either participant of that little gathering. Ever since her first meeting with Ernest Courteney, it had been clear to her that her fate was linked with his. Her woman's instinct told her that, and as the subtle fire of love began to lift its flame upon the altar of her life, and illumine with a new beauty all objects within her sphere, another thing became clear to her also, and that was, that, at present, and for how long in the future she knew not, her love was to be a secret guest within her own breast. Clearly, she observed, that so long as the paramount hopes and anxieties that now filled Ernest's mind were there, she could have no lot or part therein. Yet, she would not have had it otherwise. She saw in Ernest a strong man battling with serpents, whose writhing, slimy forms, sought to bear him down to the common level of grosser minds. Already she detected the determination and manliness that would cause him to forsake home, kindred, and friends at the dictates of conscience, and she rightly divined that such a mind, while engaged in such a struggle, had no time, or room, for thoughts of love. It was too proud a mind to share its struggles with another, and that other a woman, wherein, though she was right, he was wrong. He would throw down the gage, the fierce conflict must be passed through and victor, or vanquished, he must alone find his strength or weakness. She would love him ever, even though on earth they be parted always. But, that she might be worthy so true a heart, hers be it to labor in such wise, as would prove her interests his, her studies, duties, accomplishments, such as would best befit her, when perhaps, hereafter, she stood beside him before the world. Thus her love steadied her; it

inspired her, made her resolved—come what may—that she would embody in her daily life the noble love—the ideal goodness in his nature—that ever after were accepted by her as a sacred trust.

Ernest Courteney sat in thought so deep, and so long, that the grey of dawn chased the purple of night from the city ere he roused himself to retire to rest. What he thought will be seen hereafter.

Mrs. Eversleigh thought how tiresome it was that John was compelled to go out so late to see inconsiderate patients, and finally fell asleep with no graver trouble upon her mind than a fear that the cook would surely again burn the toast at breakfast time to-morrow.

While away down at Berkstone all was silent and quiet, no one within the parsonage, nor the rooks above, seeming to think the present peacefulness was, like as not, but the calm before the storm. Ere long the rooks will caw amazingly.

(To be continued.)

Original Contributions.

* Articles appearing under this head are in all cases written especially and solely for the CARRIER DOVE.

Forgive and Forget.

INSPIRATIONAL—MRS. MARSHAL, BOSTON, MASS.

Let by-gones be by-gones; if by-gones were clouded
By ought that occasioned a pang of regret,
Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded,
It is wise, it is kind, to forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by-gones, and good be extracted,
From ills over which it is folly to fret;
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted,
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by-gones; Oh, cherish no longer
The thought that the sun of affection has set;
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger,
If you, acting nobly, forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by-gones; your heart will be lighter
When kindness a loving reception has met.
The flame of your love will be purer and brighter
If God-like you strive to forgive and forget.

Let by-gones be by-gones; remember how deeply
To Heaven's forbearance we all are in debt,
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply,
Who heed not the precept "*Forgive and Forget.*"

The Qualifications of Spirit.

BY A. F. MELCHERS.

Man is said to be a microcosm of the universe. As such he should partake of anything contained therein, and in which event, we ought to be able, to infer by analogy, the contents of the same. Man is composed of soul, spirit and body. The soul is a purely intelligent life-principle, and constitutes the motive power, which animates, actuates and governs the being-intelligently. Thus the life-principle which governs the universe must be soul, or a

purely intelligent life-principle, whatever form it may have. To judge by the soul-nature of man, it must be non-dimensional, immeasurable or unchangeable in nature, the same being constantly active, partaking of nothing impure, and capable of loving without any animal sensuousness or animal emotion in connection with its motion, action or impulse to this effect. Animal love is not purely soul-love. Do we ever love a child, a mother, or a friend with any degree of sensuous emotion attached to the impetus of loving? Do we ever give, impart or bestow, be charitable, humane, sympathetic or benevolent emotionally or sensually? Is not this form of love calm, tranquil, peaceful or benign in its impetus? Could the life-principle, the law which governs the universe of effects be potent, positive or absolute in its rulings if it did not possess these qualifications? Then love is law, or a qualification of this governing power as we may infer from its divine creation, the soul of man.

But what of the spirit or the spirit body of man? May we not also infer from this, the nature or the qualification of spirit as well, or is spirit and soul one? If so, why have we been taught by the spirit world that man is a trinity in earth-life or as a human being, and a quality in nature or as a spiritual being? The latter cannot be denied, for it is well-known that spirits in their undeveloped state have both human and animal proclivities to contend with, and if the latter, they must be sensuous in nature. If the soul represents a true counterpart or an individualized counterpart of original causations, it cannot partake of sensuousness, and is therefore not the motor for any sensual desires.

The only attachment or appendage that souls out of the flesh have, is a spirit or spirit body so-called, and if any sensuousness is left in the being after its release from the material body, it must exist in the spirit body. And if the spirit body is composed of, or analogous to that substance, entity or condition of existence known as, or termed spirit, it is *not* intelligence or soul, and must be, like the human spirit, a creation of matter in conjunction with intelligence, or *vice versa*. Without a spirit body, the soul would lose its identity by returning to its origin, life in the cause, but with the same, it retains its self-hood—spirit being therefore a necessary creation of life. If a creation, it is not a cause, and we know by inference that the cause of life, or causation is intelligent. This spirit is not intelligent, because it constitutes an effect, and if the spirit body is composed of spirit so-called, we have the proofs within and around us to that effect. We have but to think very actively, or become "lost in thought," as it were, and we will feel no sensation whatever proving that the soul is not sensuous, and that the spirit takes no

part in this intelligent motion or action, and if it did, or was able to do so, it would contaminate the soul with animalism. Those intelligent or conscious acts of animalism that man indulges in, is only a temporary willingness of the soul to take part because it is either ignorant of moral law or too weak to resist the cravings of the spirit or animal nature contained in the spirit body. Soul-growth overcomes both, for intelligent activity lends both wisdom and strength to the being, and man may develop in soul by either intellectual culture or combatting his animal proclivities—thus reaching the aim of existence by either—this being to unfold in soul force until it supersedes that of the sensuous appendage in motion, activity, volume or size, as it were, the latter being only figurative as causes only partake of action, not dimensions.

But the spirit does partake of the latter, as proven to the clairvoyant—the same being able to see the sensuous appendage of the soul, but not the soul itself—the intelligent principle or as man may see a material body, or a psychometrist sense a spirit or spirit body of such, but never *sees* a thought, an intelligent impetus, the motive power which causes a love-action, etc. This being non-dimensional, cannot be seen by either mortal or spirit, and can only be *divined*, or become intelligently conscious of the same through his own innate intelligence or divinity within, being only conscious of an *intelligent motion* which appeals to his soul-nature or interior comprehension; but strike him, and he becomes conscious of a sensation, or only irritate him and he becomes conscious of an emotion. The latter, although only a spiritual motion or an action of the spirit, is not a strictly intelligent impulse, for it may be *sensed* sufficiently to affect the material (and without the material body it would undoubtedly have a similar effect on the spirit, as even grosser sensation than this is experienced; the sufferings of pain, hunger, thirst, weariness, languor, inattention; oppression, restlessness, nervousness, etc., indicating a degree of sensuousness equal to anything that may be felt by a mortal or a spirit in the flesh.) Thus spirit is sensuous, and from which we may infer that universal spirit is a sensuous condition of existence, although it need not contain all these little individualized human sensations or emotions which man adds to his own spirit body during his career as a mortal life-entity, but sensuousness in its natural state, as may be experienced when all the senses are acting in harmony with each other, a sort of a universal sensation, as when feeling bright, animated or buoyant, this being neither strictly material sensuousness nor intelligent activity; neither inattention nor absolute consciousness of being, but a compromise between the two, and indicates that we are *en rapport* with a condition which is neither material nor intelligent

and most probably *en rapport* with universal spirit at that moment. And why not? Does not the soul come *en rapport* with pure intelligence occasionally and obtain whiffs of absolute truth in the form of intuition? Then why should not the spirit body come *en rapport* with its natural element and obtain whiffs of the sensations that exist in the same? and if the soul is enabled to discover, by this means, that God or causation is composed of pure intelligence, may not the spirit body, in like manner, infer that *spirit* is a composition of intelligence and matter, a compromise between the two, and that it is sensuous in nature? And if through the soul we are enabled to understand the qualifications of soul or intelligence, can we not through the spirit body understand the qualifications of spirit?

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Selected Articles.

Seeing by the Interior Sense.

"Here is a man who is totally blind, but who nevertheless can see," said S. A. White, in introducing Henry Hendrickson to a visitor yesterday. And so it appeared. Mr. Hendrickson can see, or rather discern objects, although he was deprived of the sense of sight when he was six months old. He was born in Norway forty-three years ago, and has lived in America forty years. He was educated at the Institution for the Education of the Blind at Janesville, Wis., and has, since leaving that institution, followed various industries, notably that of broom-making, and is the author of a book entitled "Out From the Darkness." This work is somewhat in explanation of the second sight, with which he is becoming endowed, although he finds himself unable to account for it in any manner satisfactory to himself or conformable to physical science.

He is well educated, a somewhat brilliant conversationalist, and with glasses which hide completely his closed eyes, one would scarcely recognize him as a blind man. For the last twenty years he has seldom used an escort, except when in great haste and going on territory entirely strange to him. It must be remembered that he is totally blind, and has never seen the light since he was six months old. Nevertheless, he can tell when he comes to a sudden rise in the sidewalk as well as one who enjoys complete sight; can turn a street corner; tell when he is passing an alley; approximate the height of the buildings along the street with apparent ease, but he cannot tell when he comes to a sudden depression in the sidewalk. For this he is unable to account. Many people who have observed the facility with which he moves from place to place, doubt

that he is totally blind, but he has been put under the severest tests, and those who have made the investigations are convinced that he cannot see.

Yesterday, the *Herald* reporter spent some time with him at Mr. White's office, at 102 Washington street and made a test of the blind man's wonderful second sight.

"When in a train at full speed," he said, "I can distinguish and count the telegraph poles easily, and often do it as a pastime or to determine our speed. Of course, I do not see them, but I perceive them. It is perception. Of course, my perceptive faculties are not in the least impaired on account of my blindness. I am not able to explain it, but I am never in total darkness. It is the same at midnight as at midday. There is always a bright glow of light surrounding me. Once, on being stung by a bee, I became for the moment stunned, and consequently blind, or, I should say, in total darkness. That is, I could not perceive or discern anything."

A practical test of this unaccountable second sight was made in the presence of the visitor. A thick, heavy cloth was thrown over his head as he sat in the chair. This hung down on all sides to his waist. It was impossible for anyone to see though it. Then before him or behind him, it mattered not, an ordinary walking cane was held up in various positions. To such questions as: "Is it perpendicular or horizontal?" or "In what position am I holding it?" he gave prompt and correct answers without a single mistake, sometimes describing acute or oblique angles. The test appeared so unaccountable that Mr. Hendrickson hastened to assure the guest that there was nothing supernatural about it. "It is wholly a matter of the preceptive powers," said the blind man, "but I cannot explain it further than that. Now, this covering is simply a formality; it is nonsense. I have never, by the ordinary sense of sight, seen an object in my life, not the faintest glimmer of one. My sight or discernment does not come in that way. This will prove the idea to you. Take me into a strange room, one that I have never been into and never heard about, and no matter how dark it is, I can tell you the dimensions of the room very closely. I do not feel the walls; I will touch nothing: I see nothing; but there is communicated to me by some strange law of perception, the size and configuration of the room * * * I am studying short-hand with Mr. White, and as my hearing is very good, I expect to become an expert. I had a little trouble with my writing at first—but am now able to write very well."

"Why do you know," interjected Mr. White, "that when I stand up here in the room and with my projected forefinger make motions like one beating the time for church choir, but describing phonetic character, he

can tell the character I am making or describing, without seeing them, and can interpret them."

"Let us have a test on that line," requested the visitor.

"With pleasure," responded Mr. Hendrickson with a smile. The guest further suggested that while he did not doubt Mr. Hendrickson's total blindness, he wished to have him blindfolded for the test.

"Certainly," said the blind man, and the robe was again brought into use. Then Mr. White stood up and cut the air rapidly, making certain phonetic characters.

"Well, you have asked me this," said Mr. Hendrickson, lifting the robe to get a breath of air, "Can you see what I am saying? I answer yes and no both. I don't see, but I know."

At this juncture the visitor bethought how the two might have put up a job or a joke upon him, and he suggested that he be allowed to write certain words upon a slip of paper, that Mr. White should repeat them phonetically by his forefinger, as before, and if then Mr. Hendrickson could tell what they were, blindfolded, as a mere matter of precaution, the proof would be conclusive.

"Let us have the test most certainly, and with pleasure," answered the blind man. The visitor wrote down the following upon a leaf from his note book, and passed it over to Mr. White.

"What are your politics?"

Mr. White struck off the question by aerial slants and curves and hooks. He had scarcely finished when Mr. H. slapped his hands with a laugh, and responded:

"Republican, of course."

"By the way," added Mr. Hendrickson, "I'm a very good skater, and can, when gliding over the ice swiftly, see every particle on the ice, every crack and rough spot, no matter how small or indistinct. The faster I go the plainer I can see. Well, I don't mean that I can see, but I perceive, or something. It is light to me, and I discern everything."

"Have you ever found yourself mistaken in depending upon this kind of sight?"

"Never. I was fooled once, but it came in this way: Once, when I was at Prairie du Chien, where I received a considerable sum of money for some six hundred dozen brooms which I sold, I got under the impression at night that I was being robbed. I saw the robber enter the bedroom door with a knife and a pistol. I laid quietly. He slipped his hand under the pillow, took the pocketbook and then ran out. I followed him and screamed. The house was immediately awakened. I said I had been robbed, but we could not find the robber. After breakfast it occurred to me that it was all a dream, and I returned to my room and found my pocketbook and the money where I left it."—*Chicago Herald*.

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.

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THE CARRIER DOVE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SEPT. 10, 1887.

Woman's Work.

Scarcely a week passes by that we do not have appeals from some struggling woman for advice or assistance to obtain work in order to keep starvation from the door. Many times the applicant is some one with little children dependent upon her, who has been forced to a position of destitution and suffering through the abuse and neglect of a drunken husband who spends all his earnings in the saloons, leaving wife and little ones hungry and in rags. Our advice to such is invariably this: Be free; do not cling to a brute who will degrade you; develop individuality, self-respect and independence; go to work; do not sit down in despair and helplessness waiting for another man to come along and marry you, perhaps only to repeat your former experience. There are many avenues of industry open to women who have ability to fill them. Do not be too proud to do anything your hands find to do. If you can cook, sew, or do housework there is no

need of your starving, for *good help* is in great demand, and it is better to do that which you can do successfully than to endeavor to launch out into an enterprise for which you have no adaptation, or trained skill to conduct properly.

Women should begin to understand the grand possibilities they possess, lying dormant, through having been taught and trained to be dependent, and look forward to marriage as the chief end and aim of their existence. If a happy marriage was possible for all, if men were all noble and good, fit to become husbands and fathers, and women were all capable of becoming wise mothers, then would marriage and motherhood be the most natural and desirable occupation for women; but as society exists to-day such conditions are the exception and not the rule, and we must deal with things as they are. If girls are educated to be self-supporting, it in no way interferes with their prospects of marriage but rather enhances them; as every real true man would prefer having an intelligent, capable woman for a wife, than a helpless, dependent creature, without brains enough to take care of herself in an emergency, whose only ambition is to dress and show off and *be supported*. The army of working women is daily increasing. At present nearly three millions of women are earning money by their labor in the United States. This class does not include the married women who, in the capacity of wives, mothers, housekeepers, nurses and seamstresses are *earning* all they have and much more, and yet are classed as *dependents on their husbands*. If this army of married women were to receive the same compensation for their labor as the unmarried ones do, there would be less destitute widows or *dependent wives*.

The trouble is right here; women under-rate themselves. They work hard to take care of their homes and children, and often keep boarders, sew; and in many ways contribute to the support of the family, yet few of them receive credit for their efforts, or have the privilege of using their honest earnings as they desire without first consulting their husbands. This is all wrong, and the remedy lies with women themselves. Every woman—married or single—should carry *her own purse*. She should insist upon some remuneration above her board and lodging for whatever work she performs. If the husband is a day laborer, and

can barely earn enough to keep his family and yet squanders even a few pennies for tobacco, cigars and drinks, let his wife insist upon receiving an equal amount for her individual gratification. This sum can be carefully saved, and in a few years enough would be laid by to insure her against want or beggary, should misfortune come.

There are so many avenues of employment open to women now that it seems almost useless to specify anyone in particular. The great lack is ability to do well whatever is undertaken. Success in any direction implies close application and attention to business. Every housekeeper knows that if good bread is made, everything must be *just right*. Care must be taken in the kneading and baking, or a solid, unpalatable, burnt mass will be the result.

The same care and attention is required in whatever other way a person expects to make a living, or conduct even the commonest enterprise. Let the army of unemployed women (and men too) learn to do one thing well, and then stick to it, and they will surely succeed beyond their expectations, and soon become independent and self-supporting.

A Public Seance.

Dr. Schlesinger has consented at the urgent solicitations of friends, to hold a public seance at the office of the CARRIER DOVE, 32 Ellis St., on Tuesday evening, Sept. 13. Admission, 50 cents.

A Reply to L. D. Holbrook.

We are in receipt of a letter from a materializing medium of this city, in reply to an article in last week's issue by L. D. Holbrook, criticizing the manifestations occurring at a seance he attended. The writer denounces the article as untruthful, although why she does so is not explained; as Mr. Holbrook's letter in the DOVE does not mention what medium he refers to, and he may have visited more than one. We have often desired materializing mediums to come to our own home and give us an opportunity to investigate their claims under conditions where deception would be impossible; but thus far have not succeeded. When that class of mediums give us the same opportunity to test their manifestations that other mediums for slate-writing and physical manifestations have done, we will be as ready

and willing to advocate their cause as that of others who have received many favorable notices from our pen. But we have neither time nor means to waste in a vain endeavor to discover truth where every avenue or channel of investigation is closed, and all the earnest enquirer can do is to sit passively and be imposed upon. We would be very moderate in our demands, having no especial desire to see Moses or King Solomon, or the Princess Corilla from the planet Jupiter; or any of the great array of princes, emperors, and celebrities who favor these seances with their presence. Plain Susan Smith or Tommy Jones with whom we played in school days, would be quite as easily recognized by us as an inhabitant from some distant planet, and the intelligence they could impart quite as gratifying. If we did not *know* that materialization was a possibility—that it did not occur under certain conditions, from the evidence we have received from reliable witnesses—the manifestations which we have witnessed would have very little weight as evidence of the fact.

Just as we are going to press a letter reaches us from J. J. Morse, who, we are happy to hear, met with a splendid reception at San Francisco, where he is likely to remain for a considerable time. It is to be hoped some arrangement will be made to induce Mr. Morse to come on to Australia before recrossing America.—*Harbinger of Light, Aust.*

The *Eastern Star* is a bright, newsy, four-page weekly, published "way down in Maine." Its editor, C. M. Brown, is as genial and breezy as the pine laden-airs of his State. Our eastern friends can well spend a dollar in subscribing to it for a year. The Dove will fly in accord with the *Star*.—CARRIER DOVE.

The above pretty little compliment appeared in the initial number of the new weekly DOVE that comes to us "way off in California," published at San Francisco, by Mr. and Mrs. L. Schlesinger, the latter its competent and successful editor. It appears in the same style, at the same price, \$2.50; 10 cents single number. It will follow out the same line as the monthly, and it has every appearance as though it was going to boom. Gladly we welcome it as a weekly. Thanks for your kind words, sister.

The second number of the weekly DOVE

has arrived, and is a very interesting one. For frontispiece it has a lithograph engraving of "A Spirit Home," a free handed drawing by Mrs. Allie Livingston, while under control of her guides.

Metropolitan Temple.

JUBILEE SERVICES.

The fourth anniversary of the work in Metropolitan Temple, this city, was celebrated on Sunday last by two most excellent meetings—one in the forenoon, the other in the evening. A very handsome display of flowers and vines adorned the platform, the artistic work of Mr. Harvey.

The morning service was participated in by the usual large company, the exercises consisting in the control of Mr. J. J. Morse replying to the numerous and deeply interesting questions submitted by the audience, nearly every answer being greeted with applause. Sig. S. Arrilliga accompanied the congregational singing upon the pianoforte, as well as playing two solos upon that instrument in his usual masterly manner.

In the evening a very large audience, of upwards of 1300 people assembled to further continue the jubilee celebrations, and to welcome their deeply loved sister and speaker, Mrs. E. L. Watson, upon her first visit to the Temple since April last. Mrs. Watson met with a most hearty and enthusiastic reception, occupying the place of honor in the order of exercises. The usual musical prelude was given by Signor Arrilliga to the great delight of the audience, at the close of which Mrs. Watson offered up an inspiring invocation, which she followed with a brief address. Her allusions to Mr. Morse and his work were cordial and emphatic in their fraternal character, or personal commendation. She urged them to support him warmly and fully as he was eminently deserving of their esteem and regard. She rejoiced at the work done in the Temple for the past four years, and in the fact that for the past year their doors had been open free. Her address was full of spirituality, pathos and poetry, and was received with great applause.

A piano solo, "Lost Love" was then rendered by Miss L. Werthsimber in exquisite taste. Mr. J. J. Morse then made an excellent impromptu speech, "for him-

self," as he said. He paid a deserved tribute to the work and worth of Mrs. Watson, expressing the pride and pleasure he felt in having her by his side that evening, and closed his brief but heartily received remarks by urging all to support the excellent work for a practical honest spiritualism that was being carried on in the Temple.

Mrs. Howell, accompanied by Sig. Arrilliga on the grand organ, Miss Werthsimber on the piano, and Mr. L. Bresse on the violin, sang "Ave Maria," by Loretz, and "Light from Heaven" by Holden, the latter being repeated on an encore. The control of Mr. Morse delivered a brief address full of feeling and beautiful sentiments, and Mrs. Watson gave the benediction. The large audience slowly dispersed fully satisfied with the efforts of manager, speakers and *artistes* in the inauguration of the fifth year's work in Metropolitan Temple.

The gratifying success of these three meetings was the result of the indefatigable exertions and attentions of the Temple Manager, Mr. M. B. Dodge, who spared neither time nor pains to ensure success. Mr. Dodge is a most earnest worker, and it will be a source of great satisfaction to him to know that his labors were crowned with success, and elicited the unstinted praise of all concerned.

The Progressive Spiritualists.

The meetings of this society are increasing in interest and attendance each Sunday. Judge Collins is doing a good work as presiding officer and for the best interests of the association. It was proposed last Sunday to have the doors open free, and we trust such will be the result of the agitation of the question, that every organized society will see the wisdom of such a course, and that the members of these organized societies will be sufficiently magnanimous and liberal to support their meetings, aided by the voluntary donations of those attending without a ten-cent fee at the door.

Last Sunday the society was addressed by Mr. E. G. Anderson upon—"Spiritualism, as Applied to the Practical Issues of Life." His lecture elicited both criticism and approval from the speakers who followed, among whom were Mrs. M. J. Hendee, Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, Prof. G. F. Perkins and the chairman, Mr. Collins. Anna

Johnson sang "The Old Musician and his Harp;" and Mrs. Rutter sang "What Shall be My Angel Name." Mrs. Eggert Aitken made a few remarks under control and concluded with tests. Dr. Schlesinger gave tests as usual.

St. Andrew's Hall.

Last week the Union Spiritual Meeting at St. Andrew's Hall was addressed by Mrs. M. J. Hendee who gave her experience of thirty years as a medium, relating many interesting and remarkable incidents connected with her work, which was well received by the large and attentive audience. Many mediums were present and gave tests.

Judge Swift addressed the society this week, the report of which will appear next week as we could not write it up in time for this issue. These meetings are *free*, and represent an organized effort. Patronize them.

Oakland.

The following report from Oakland was kindly furnished by a correspondent.

The Progressive Spiritualists' Association of Oakland was addressed last Sunday evening in Curtis Hall, Sixth St., by Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, who also answered questions. Mrs. Harris will attend every Monday evening during September at the same hall, and lecture and answer questions. Mrs. Ella Wilson will lecture every Sunday evening during the month of September at the same hall. On Tuesday, the 30th of August, there was a "circle of soul communion" at the hall, beginning promptly at 12 o'clock M., and continuing for one-half hour. The results of this circle far exceeds all expectations. We understand that there was quite a number of private circles in Oakland that devoted that same half-hour to "soul communion." The interest in Spiritualism seems to be on the increase in Oakland.

Reception.

The reception tendered Mrs. E. L. Watson, Mr. J. J. Morse and family at Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar building, on Monday evening last, was a grand social success. Mr. Coleman made the opening address of greeting to which Mrs. Watson and Mr. Morse responded in their usual happy manner. The evening was spent in

social converse and all agreed that it was "good to be there." Mr. Coleman's address is replete with happy sentiment and will be read with gratification by the friends of the speakers.

REMARKS BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN,
Made at the Reception of Mrs. E. L. Watson, and
Mr. J. J. Morse and family, at the Golden Gate
Hall, Alcazar Building, San Francisco, Cal.,
Monday Evening, Sept. 5, 1887.

My friends, I know that you all feel with me that it is good to be here this evening. Yesterday we indulged in a jubilee of a public formal character; to-night we want to have a royal, social jubilee, where heart can meet heart, and soul meet soul in pleasant interchange of mutual good-will and kindly greeting; in other words we want to have "a real good time," and we intend to have it too. Spiritualists, of all others, ought to know how to enjoy themselves in soul-converse and social intercourse. Blessed as they are with the inspiring guidance of their most comforting, heaven-born faith, happiness and joy eternal shall ever mark their pathway midst life's troublous scenes; and if we San Francisco Spiritualists should ever be gay and happy, light-hearted, frolicsome, and free, it should be on this occasion. Just see what we have to make us happy at this time! Here we have once more with us the smiling face and joyous presence of that queen of inspirational orators, a pearl among women good and true, that honor to her sex, that lovely exemplar of woman's noblest attributes—she, the mere mention of whose name should awaken in us feelings of deepest gratitude and thankfulness to the Father of all, that in the latter days he has vouchsafed to bestow upon our little, insignificant planet a foretaste of what, in some respects, we may expect in the long-looked-for millennial days yet to bless the world, and in the shape of true and noble womanhood; she whom all sensible spiritualists, cognizant of her varied virtues, her steadfast devotion to the path of duty, coupled with her warm, loving tenderness of heart, surcharged with sympathy and love for all of human kind; she whom, I say, all sensible spiritualists delight to honor, to bless, and to revere; she whose long and faithful service as co-worker with attendant angel ministrants, whose lips touched with living tongues of flame from celestial courts above, rivaling those of Pentecost, have warmed and glowed so oft with words burning eloquence and heavenly truth, inspiring, elevating, cheering earth's sons and daughters, hungering for the breed of life nutritions, athirst for the sparkling waters quaffed from rills and streams divine, so bounteously bestowed by her on each and all; she whom we all loved and cherished in our heart of hearts, and whose presence here to-night fills our soul

with gladness, and joyousness serene; our friend and teacher, our sister and mentor, Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson! To be with us again after so long enforced a separation is indeed a treat, and while we can, let us enjoy that treat to the full extent, and so I think you intend to strive to do.

But not alone have you Mrs. Watson with you. No, indeed. In her but one sex is embodied, and to form the complete human whole, the sterner ruder, counterpart of woman, is required; and lo! we have him. There he is, "a jolly little Englishman," as he calls himself. Thus, in our meeting this evening, not only do the two sexes co-operate in fraternal oneness, but it is crowned with the presence of eloquent representatives of the two great English-speaking countries of the globe. From America we have the loving, tender woman, from England the earnest, logical man; and the conjunction of the two sexes and of the two countries is illustrative of that duality in unity, as embodied in positive and negative force, in matter and spirit, which is universally regnant in Nature's wide domain.

But what shall I say of Brother Morse? It has been my privilege to have an acquaintance with him for some dozen years. In Philadelphia, in 1875, we lived next door to each other, during his engagement as a speaker for the Spiritualists there, and during that time we became associated, the one with the other a good deal. The effective logic and close reasoning manifested in his lectures attracted my attention then, and rarely have I heard inspirational forensic efforts, equaling or exceeding those there given, and now being given by Mr. Morse. In addition to power, eloquence and logic, Mr. Morse's lectures—like those of Mrs. Watson—are, as a rule, characterized by sound common sense concerning disputed points in Spiritualism, the vagaries and nonsense claiming to emanate from the spirit-world, so prevalent in many quarters in Spiritualism's diversified hosts being—let us be thankful!—absent from this inspired life work. Accordingly, when I was asked my opinion as to the advisability of securing Brother Morse to relieve Mrs. Watson, I unhesitatingly recommended it; and I was glad that so clear-headed and able an exponent of old-fashioned Spiritualism, free from the encumbering barnacles fast clinging to some other so-called inspirational speaker, could be obtained to fill the vacancy caused by the necessary rest of our beloved "little minister." In all sincerity, then, I say, that of all our speakers, I know of no one, who, in my opinion, could so well "fill the bill" at the Temple as the one selected, and that he is a worthy and competent successor or substitute for our regular speaker, I think you are well assured. Independent of the sterling ability and force-

ful logic of his addresses, our brother has generally a level head; and it is for that more than for power and efficiency in oratory that I appreciate both him and Mrs. Watson. We want level-headed Spiritualists badly, and here in California at the present time, we have at least two public champions of our cause, of the first rank, who are happily blessed in this respect. The Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society ought to be proud and happy that it has the privilege of being ministered unto by such sensible as well as talented expounders of Spiritual verities; for talents and good sense are by no means always united.

Of course, we are all right sorry that Sister Elizabeth L. is debarred from being with us, from Sunday to Sunday for a time; but, in her absence, there can be no doubt that the basic truths of Spiritualism—Sim-pure Spiritualism, not the spurious articles that so many sensation lovers run after, will be soundly, clearly, and thoroughly presented, in as able, efficient and masterly a manner as upon any spiritual rostrum in our country. Let us all rally, then, to the support of Brother Morse and the Temple services, giving him and them that energetic and hearty co-operation so essential to success in any endeavor.

But not only is this jubilee reception honored by the presence of Mrs. Watson and Mr. Morse, but this hall to-night is graced with the attendance of two engaging specimens of "God's last, best gift to man, the crowning glory and apex of creation's handiwork, two pilgrim strangers from a foreign shore, the wife and daughter of the present Temple speaker. To these, as to him, we extend a hearty welcome, and a Godspeed through life. Right glad are we to have them in our midst, living, laughing embodiments of true domesticity and Nature's authorized family relations. Conjugality and its concomitant, legitimate parentage, are mirrored forth everywhere in universal being, from Deity to atom; and it is well befitting that such practical exemplification of the realization of Nature's true intent, marital or connubial, as is found in the holy trinity of Brother Morse's home circle, father, mother, child should shed its radiance over the Sunday services of the Golden Gate Society of this city—services whose every ethical injunction, whether from Watson or Morse, conduces to the establishment of that benign, uplifting principle of moral action, which constitutes the true salvation and redemption of the race from blighting error's corrupting touch, from enervating evil's degrading sway.

To Mrs. E. L. Watson, Mr. J. J. Morse, and Mrs. and Miss Morse, then, one and all, as personifications of womanly love and truth, and of manly strength and will, as examples of the ever-present, ever-active, potencies for good enshrined in the essen-

tial principle of the spiritual philosophy of the nineteenth century, do we extend the right hand of cordial welcome and fraternal greeting. May the Divine Presence, pulsing with love ubiquitous and infilled with wisdom supernal, ever permeate the lives and souls of these, our four friends "to the last syllable of recorded time," through all worlds and all ages, is our fervent wish and confident hope. God bless them all.

Chips.

We hope to see the "Temple" packed to-morrow. A feast is in store for all.

Ten per cent. of the freshman class at Cornell University last year were girls.

Mrs. E. L. Watson's friends turned out in a large body to welcome her, on the occasion of her visit last Sunday.

As man ascends in spirituality he descends to help up the weak ones who are wearily trying to climb the ascent.

The inability of George Washington to tell a lie left a gap in our national system that his fellow-countrymen have used every exertion to fill.

Hon. John A. Collins presides with ability at the Washington Hall meetings. The interest and attendance is increasing under his wise leadership.

Mrs. E. L. Watson has been prevailed upon to prolong her visit over another Sunday, and will again greet her friends at the Temple to-morrow.

In our next will be a report of the entertainment and dance given by the Union Spiritual Society at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin St., last evening.

The answers to questions given by J. J. Morse at the Temple last Sunday were exceedingly interesting, and will appear in the DOVE at an early date.

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.

Miss M. T. Shelhamer, the *Banner of Light* medium contributes an interesting story to the Childrens' Department this

week. We hope our little ones may be favored again by this dear lady.

A woman who has taken in sewing for a couple of years to support her lazy and drunken husband, says it is surprising that the board of health have not had her indicted for maintaining a nuisance.

Miss Emily Sartain has been chosen by unanimous vote principal of the Philadelphia School of Design. She is the daughter of John Sartain, the famous steel engraver, and has long been known as a superior artist.

A little Scotch boy, on being rescued by a bystander from the dock into which he had fallen, expressed heartfelt gratitude by saying: "I am so glad you got me oot; what a lickin' I wad have frae my mither if I had been drowned!"

We are so constituted as to need the support, help, and sympathy of others. For a truth does not seem to us so true, till another holds it with us. A feeling does not seem so noble till another shares it. We are not made to be alone. To have our joy shared doubles it; our grief shared halves it.

Dr. C. C. Peet and wife are at present in Springfield, Mass. During their stay in Colorado the Doctor's health was very poor. We hope the change may prove beneficial. Dr. Peet is agent for the DOVE and has already sent us several new subscribers for which we return our grateful acknowledgments.

J. J. Morse and family returned home charmed with Santa Clara climate, fruit and hospitality. They think "Sunny Brae," Mrs. E. L. Watson's home, one of the most delightful places on earth. We hope Mr. Morse may give us some account of their visit as we are all interested in the doings of our workers.

We are under obligations to Mrs. Ellen M. Van Brunt, of New York, for a copy of *The Dress Reform Quarterly*, containing a number of illustrations of improved articles of dress for ladies and children. We hope soon to bring the subject of dress reform more prominently before the readers of the DOVE, and shall give all the best suggestions we can gather, from every available channel, for the benefit of our lady friends.

THE CARRIER DOVE.—This is an exceedingly neat Spiritualistic journal, published weekly at 32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal. Mrs. J. Schlesinger, editress. Price, \$2.50 per year. This magazine has been changed from a monthly, and in the new dress its old time thoroughness is maintained.—*Mental Science Magazine.*

Important.

Next week we shall commence the long promised illustrated story for the Childrens' Department. We are sure this time that our little readers will not be disappointed as we have some of the illustrations completed and have every reason to believe the engravings will be done in time. We are pleased to announce that Mrs. Allie Livingstone is the medium through whom these beautiful scenes in spirit life are painted.

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,

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ities, of those of either sex, thereby imparting sound, practical advice to all consulting him upon the above matters.

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

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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.

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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.

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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
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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.

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Down fell the snow from the pitiless clouds
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

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"Time enough yet for my learning," he said;
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Listen, my darling: Their locks have turned gray,
One as a governor is sitting to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
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Living uncared for, dying unknown.
The business hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I long to impart in your thought.
Answer me this, and my story is done,
Which of the two would you be, little one?
—*The Methodist.*

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Important.

Next week we shall commence the long promised illustrated story for the Childrens' Department. We are sure this time that our little readers will not be disappointed as we have some of the illustrations completed and have every reason to believe the engravings will be done in time. We are pleased to announce that Mrs. Allie Livingstone is the medium through whom these beautiful scenes in spirit life are painted.

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, phychic powers, bodily health, and functional capac-

ities 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

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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

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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
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Examination No. 1 to members of Mr. Morse's Physio-Psychological Science Classes.....	3 00
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Cloth-bound manuals in all cases, extra.....	1 00
Single manuals, paper.....	50
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The story made quite an impression on the child's mind, and looking up in his teacher's face, his black eyes swimming in tears, he whispered, "Do you think my papa and my mamma will want to have their

little boy go off all alone in the world? Don't you think they'd care one bit? I plague 'em, but I don't want 'em to send me off."

"I think that you mean to be a good little boy, Cornie," replied the teacher, taking the child in her lap as she spoke; "but you don't stop to think if it is just right for you to do the things that seem so funny to you. We would all be very sorry to lose our little boy, but if he were more thoughtful and industrious at school, and less of a tease at home, we should love to have him around us a great deal better than we can do now."

Cornie sighed; "Please, mum, I'm going to try to be real good. I'm sorry I tied the beetles and the hoppergrasses, but I guess they aint much hurt. I won't plague mamma if I can help it, 'cause I'm going right home after school, so she won't think I'm lost, like she sometimes does if I don't get along. And oh! teacher, I've got a big red apple in my lunch bag, and I'm going to give it to Janie Hall at noon hour, 'cause I pulled off her hat 'tother day, and called her a red head. I'm going to tell her I'm sorry."

"That is right, Cornie, I am sure you don't want to make any one feel bad. Now, run and ring the bell for the scholars to come in, as recess is over."

For the remainder of that day Cornie behaved like a little man; he studied his lessons, and he did not talk and laugh during the school hours as he usually did. He lived so far from school that he did not go home at noon, but carried his luncheon in a little bag, and this day the child shared what he had with the poor little girl whom he had called names the week before.

"I'm going to be a good boy, mamma," he announced to his mother, on his return from school, "'cause I don't want you to die and leave me, as the little boy's mother did in the book, and then I might have to tramp it like he did; see, I come right home and never got my feet wet in the brook nor nothing." Mrs. Smith smiled and gave her little son a piece of ginger-bread; he sat down upon the door step, and as he munched the sweet cake, the little fellow thought how good every body was to him. "I'm going to be good sure," he repeated with an air of conviction, "I'll try all I know how, but dear me won't it be *tame*, ha?" breaking into a laugh at the recollection, "warn't the hoppergrasses funny though? guess she didn't find the ones runmaging over the room; guess they'll get their lessons from the old charts. My, didn't they hop around good!" That night as he lay his sleepy little head upon its pillow, Cornie again broke forth in boyish tones of glee; "Ha, didn't the two hoppergrasses make a good team? I believe they'd taken off the multiplication table if she'd only let 'em alone. Bet yer they'd learned it all by heart. My, didn't the two black bugs look solemn, just's though they were dressed up for a fun'ral and pulling the

old slate for a hearse, ha!" and off he tumbled into the land of dreams.

Cornwall Smith is a man now; he is smart and good and strong. Everybody likes him for his good nature, and little boys cluster about him to listen to his stories of his own childhood. He did not grow up a torment and a tease as some persons thought he would, but as he grew in years he became more thoughtful and attentive. He saw how his parents and teachers admired obedience and carefulness in their little one, and that studious habits were commendable in all children, so he tried hard to please them, but Cornie never lost his love of fun, and he often made his companions and even his older friends laugh heartily over his comical sayings and his funny ways.

Our Exchanges.

Labor and Capital.

Industrial Advocate, Vineland, N. Y.

Labor and Capital should go hand in hand, for labor creates all capital, hence there can be no war between inanimate capital and labor, guided by the animated human being. But the monopoly of the capital created by labor makes it possible for selfish individuals and law-created monopolies to oppress and degrade labor so that the toilers' condition is but little better, if any, than the black man of the south under chattel slavery. All this must change in a short time to come.

Spiritualism Among the Natives of New Zealand.

More Light, Greytown, N. Z.

The Maoris at Otaki are much interested in Spiritualism, and of late they have been investigating for themselves. The Maoris, previous to the advent of the missionaries, held communion with the departed. That famous work "Old New Zealand," in chapters IX and X, contains a graphic account of a midnight Maori seance, and how the "Pakeha-Maori" was "stunned" when, to expose what he thought was deception, he asked for a lost book that once belonged to the spirit and was told where it was to be found. The Maoris say the missionaries taught that communion with the dead was wicked.

A Just Appraisal.

Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.

If Spiritualism is worth anything to the world, it is owing to its scientific method. It verifies its doctrines instead of calling on men to believe without proof, or from inadequate data. To abandon this method is to forfeit its distinctive characteristic in comparison with ancient religions; and those who favor inductive looseness here, will do the same everywhere; and they are to be counted out of the ranks of the progressive intelligence of the world. Such minds as these, whether belonging to this world or any other, cannot be of much service as guides or teachers or inspiring impulsive forces. These are not to be counted among the "wise and powerful ancient spirits," the Magi of the East or the Magi of any other region. It is supremely silly to represent Franklin and Faraday, Count Rumford and Arago, Cuvier and Agassiz and all their scientific confreres as utterly reversing all their mental habits as soon as they enter the other world, as becoming divested of all those mental qualities, tastes and attainments which made them patient in inquiry and experiment, careful and circumspect alike in observation and utterance, and rigorous in their exaction of evidence for what they accepted or affirmed. Who but drivellers can receive as the communications of

these men oceans of words about things concerning the truth of which from the nature of the case no evidence can be furnished? Who that are not examples of "arrested development" can believe that the great kings of science as soon as they leave our stage of action revert to the pre-scientific condition of jugglers and magicians?

Woman's Rights and Progress.

Journal of Man, Boston, Mass.

The last legislature of Pennsylvania passed a very radical law, providing that marriage shall not impose any disability as to the acquisition or management of any kind of property, making any contracts, or engaging in any business. However, she is not authorized to mortgage her real estate without her husband's co-operation, nor become endorser for another alone. As to making a will she has the same rights as a man.

Ohio has also advanced woman's rights by enabling both husband and wife to dispose of property as if unmarried, and by giving each party one-third life interest in the other's real estate.

In Kansas, women can vote in city and town affairs, and hold municipal and town offices. In one town they have a female mayor. The supreme court of Kansas has decided that when a woman marries she need not take her husband's name unless she chooses.

Co-education is successful, nearly every prominent college is beginning to admit women, and they often carry off the prizes from the men. Exclusive masculine colleges will soon rank among the barbarians of the past.

Female education is advancing in Russia. The universities had 779 female students in 1886, 437 of whom were daughters of noblemen and official personages. On the other hand the Prussian Minister of Education refuses to admit women as regular students at any university or medical school.

Several Italian ladies have distinguished themselves in legal knowledge, and the propriety of their admission to the bar is extensively discussed. About nine-tenths of the newspapers favor their admission.

The practical question, which is most important to the welfare of women, is profitable employment. Miss Simcox says that there are about three millions of women in England engaged in industrial employments, while a large proportion of them, especially in London, have such poor wages as to produce continual suffering. Industrial Education, alike for boys and girls, is the true remedy, worth more than all the nostrums of politicians, and demagogues.

A female orchestra, all players of brass instruments, is creating a sensation at Dresden.

Five young women of the junior class of Colby University carried off the class honors. The boys had been giving their best attention to athletics.

ORTHODOXY.—Up at Andover they are still fighting and quarreling in order to decide who shall carry peace and good will to gentle Pagans of foreign lands.—*Investigator*.

Miss Mary Horton, a graduate of the Boston High School, has been elected and sworn in as recording clerk of the Ohio State Senate. This is the first time that a woman has been chosen for that position.

Major Hewitt wants to know why a woman, when she does better work than a man, shouldn't have better pay. Well, it's because—that is to say—the simple reason is that—that—why, of course, that's the reason. Can anybody give a better one?—*New York Herald*.