



Lake of Song.

# The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME IV.

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## The Platform.

### A Search For Heaven.

By a Departed Revivalist. Given Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Sunday Evening, May 20th, 1883.

(Reported by G. H. Hawes.)

"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

I stood upon the confines of two worlds; around about me were the surging billows of an unknown country; the waves dashed over me that were to bear me into eternity, and a voice spoke amid that great tempest of death, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

I thought I was going to heaven. For twenty years my life had been devoted to the teaching of my fellow-beings concerning heaven. Christ, my salvation and my anchorage was there; and I had come to know after great sinfulness, that there was my hope and salvation. I had summoned all the powers of my being in persuading men to turn to him; I had sought by every possible means to point them to the consciousness of salvation through his blood. And now, that the final hour had come when I expected to join my Redeemer, the voice thundered out of the great tempest of the great change that was come to me, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

I trembled for the first time in my thought of eternal life. I wondered as I searched my heart if I had found that kingdom, and strange as it may appear, a great wave of doubt rolled over me that threatened, for the instant, annihilation of every hope. Strange as it may appear, those dear ones who stood around the bedside to watch the dying breath and see my life go out, did not understand that in the exclamation that came from me there was an exclamation of despair. I said, "O, God!" and then was plunged into eternity;—not face to face with angels who sang in transports of delight; not at the feet of my Redeemer, where I had prayed night and day to be placed. Had I not prayed, my sins being as scarlet, that I might be washed clean? Had I not prayed my offenses being great that they might be forgotten? Had I not besought in the name of the Redeemer,

salvation? And now I was in the midst of darkness.

The doubt that had rolled over me from the kingdom of the within remained with me then, and I entered the kingdom of souls not knowing whether I was saved or not.

I can tell you, friends, if you have never experienced this awful doubt, if you, in your hours of trial and conscious of being forgiven, have never felt that which came to me afterwards, then you have no possible conception of the anxiety that sweeps over a spirit entering upon eternal life, and believing in only one way of salvation, yet not certain that that salvation is yours.

I would have given all the powers that I ever possessed, I would have given anything if that doubt could have been solved. But when I endeavored to find by probing my being, the secret source of this agony, I found no answer save the one which I have named to you, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

Where, then, was God? Where then, were the angels whose harps of gold I had hoped to hear attuned to the anthems of divine praise? Where were those saints who were saved and secure in the light of that kingdom? Where was He whom I had sought as my Redeemer?

Groping in the shadows I heard moans of those around me, saying, "Where is my Redeemer," and I recognized voices of those whom I had sought to aid upon earth in seeking for the salvation of Christ. "You here!" I cried, "and you in darkness also? Where, then, is the light?"

I besought everyone near and far, "Can you show me where the Redeemer liveth? Dwelleth he in your midst? Are ye in doubt and darkness as I am?" But still the voice thundered in my ears, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

I had hoped to find the Kingdom of Heaven in a fixed place. I had hoped to find the Celestial City gleaming with the glory from the Son of God. I had hoped to find that the walls would have been up-reared before my vision, and the gates of pearl would have been swung open to the sound of angel voices as I came near. I had hoped, and triumphed in that hope, that my salvation was certain. And now I turned me to look within. What was there? Had I not served my Master well? Had I not day and night given to Him my thoughts? Had I not trusted in Him for

that salvation that I thought secure in His blood? Had I not taught to others the lessons of life and its salvation by the straight and narrow way? Had I not pleadingly and without too great confidence besought my Maker in my Saviour's name to save my soul? And looking back through the years of that service, I could find no deficiency in that service; and still the voice thundered down deep within my soul like the sound of an ocean cave beneath the sea, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

In my deep despair I went farther; I said, "There can be, then, no heaven, no Christ, no God, since I who had faith am not saved; we are utterly lost!" And the wail that went out from my spirit might have been heard like the sound of a fearful storm that sweeps along the rocky coast, loud and deep, a mournful monotone.

Then there came a form that stood beside me, wearing humble raiment, with a face surpassingly sweet and calm, and a brow upon which were traced the lines of suffering, but triumphant over suffering. I besought him, "Can you tell me where my Saviour dwells? Can you tell me where is heaven?"

"Who is your Saviour," said he, with mild voice.

"Christ, the Son of God. Do you not know of him?"

"And how and why does He save you?" said my questioner.

"By believing on Him and having faith in His power of salvation; by following His footsteps, but chiefly by accepting His atonement for our sins."

"And you have done this?" he said.

"I thought I had; I believed that I had followed His guidance. I know that I had faith in his power of salvation. I thought I was saved."

"Do you see yon dungeon?" he said, and suddenly my vision was opened and I saw a man in chains for some great crime.

"Do you see that man moaning there?"

"I do," said I; "he is some poor wretch who has outraged his country's laws, and is serving the penalty."

"Would you visit him?"

"Yes, if I thought he would repent."

"Would you try to cause him to repent?"

"Yes, if he would come to Jesus and confess his error; throwing all on Him he would be saved."

"Would you exchange your hope of salvation to save his soul?"

"What! I yield my hope in the kingdom of Christ? That which I had prayed for? I give up the crown of glory?" I yield my heaven?"

He was gone, and the voice spoke, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

Had I made a mistake? Had I misunderstood what he said? "Would I give up my hope of salvation to save his soul?" I had not thought of it. How could I? I could give my life for another, but my eternal happiness—where was he? I did not see him; there was no light, there was an awful shadow upon my spirit. I did not know who I was. I had sought the Kingdom of Heaven for myself, and then for others. It broke upon my consciousness then that I had not sought the Kingdom of Heaven for all other souls first; I had only thought of my own salvation.

Oh! perdition was there, to have one's conscience heaped up for twenty years, that the only thought first and last and foremost in my mind, was of myself. No wonder that the calm face disappeared. I did not know who it was, but there came such a foreboding upon my spirit that I said, I will go down into whatever darkness there may be; I will go into that dungeon cell; I will see what I can do, and if I perish, let me perish. But here is a man more wretched, perhaps, than I. I will strive to soothe his misery, but I shall never know whether I am saved or not. I believe that I am condemned and that my soul is to go out forever in the darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth; but I will go and help him.

I went to that dungeon cell, invisibly encircling the poor wretch that was there, and bending over him with such a piteous moan, that he looked up from his couch on which he was prostrate in agony, saying, "Poor wretch; what can I do for thee?"

Here was I pitying one who was ready to help me in his final hour of agony, and who, for the very sound of agony that came from my spirit, pitied me in his final moment of earthly existence. I was more ashamed and humiliated than ever.

I then went into the darkest places of the earth; those places that are seething with shadows and crime, and said, "Surely here is someone who may need my help," and I bent me above a woman upon the street, outcast, condemned, inebriated, and I said, "Surely here I can find some room to exercise my pity."

I bent down quite near (as a spirit may who is disembodied) and I said, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"What cry of anguish was that?" she says, "Who is there out in the cold to-night? Poor, wearied waif, can I help thee?"

"Oh!" I said, "even these pity me! Am I, then, sunk so low that they whom none respect and whom none pity have sympathy for me? Pitiful, indeed, must be

the voice of the spirit that can sound so to mortal ears, accustomed to wretchedness. I will try something further."

I heard an anxious and moaning voice from a palace hall, where a king walked with restless step his chamber at night with the fear of death girding him round about, haunted by suspicion lest lurking in every corner might be an assassin, starting at the sound of his own servant's voice, and wearily praying for the morning to come that would bring but added terror. I thought, now there is room; this man is afraid of death; this man is afraid of what shall come in the shadows of his own home, and I breathed upon his spirit. He sank lower, and lower, and lower, until he fell upon the floor in a swoon of agony, saying, "I believe I am going to die!" And was this the help that I had promised? Oh, where was the key that could break this awful spell that was upon my spirit? And the voice came deeper and deeper, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

I followed on through every state and every condition of suffering; I hunted out charnel houses and dungeon cells and places of darkness; I frequented the halls of crime upon the earth, and those shadowy regions that were beyond, impelled by an irresistible force. I besought them to let me help them. Then my voice came to me again, "Look within."

Who was I that I *could* help them? I had been accustomed to think that I could help souls, but what power, what light, what truth, what goodness is there in me that I could presume to help even the lowest child of earth?

I did not proceed with the right feeling; I was doing it for the Kingdom of Heaven which I thought I had lost. I was endeavoring to follow by an artificial method the pathway which I thought my Redeemer had gone.

But what is there, then, for me to offer? Did I promise hope, who had none? Did I offer salvation, who was not saved? Ah! again the voice came to me, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you;" and in utter and abject humility I sank down in my spirit, saying, "Whatever there is for me to be or to do, Oh! heavenly Father, let me do it."

And the face and the form that had first appeared to me stood beside me again; more radiant was the countenance, more arrayed in brightness was the form, and the same mild voice said, "What wouldst thou do?"

And I said from the depths of my spirit, "Anything there is to do."

"What wouldst thou be?"

"Anything that the Infinite Father chooses or wills."

"And wouldst thou give thine eternal hope of salvation to save another soul?"

With a great earthquake that shook my

spirit to the very center, I cried out in my agony, "I do not know."

"Then if thou wouldst not," said my mentor, "Thou canst not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

What can he mean? Again my mentor was gone and I was left with my own state and condition to grapple with.

What can he mean? I forgot myself. I was in despair about myself. I turned my thoughts to others. I saw in the midst of an earthly throng a delicate child, and that child was in imminent danger; there seemed to be encompassing her, influences of darkness, and in an instant I said, "Oh! let me save that child from the peril! I have no physical life to give." I saw the light of her face; I saw her glowing heart; I saw her lovely existence. I would give all if I could save her. I saw my nearest and dearest friend; one to whom I was bound by such ties of tenderness when on earth that there never came between us a shadow. I saw that friend in peril of mind and body; I saw that the great darkness that had come upon my spirit, had also affected the spirit of my friend, and I turned with such constant light and affection toward that one friend that I knew no other existence, seeking all the time to save her. And such love went out of my being in that hour that I would have given my eternal salvation to have saved the thought, the mind, the spirit, the soul of my friend.

Oh, God! the transport of that hour I never can picture to you. When that feeling came upon me, that I would give anything for the love that I bore to another, there opened before me a vista of divine beauty; the clouds broke and rolled away as you have seen them do in matchless glory when the storm is over and past; when the thunders pass this way and lightnings that way, and a golden scroll of beautiful light illumines the heavens.

Into the space that was made clear by the passing away of the cloud I saw beautiful beings; those whom I had loved and cherished in former times. Those whom I had parted from in the bigotry and selfishness of my religion, having found Christ and condemned them; behold! there they were above me who had loved their fellowmen better than themselves, and professed no love of Christ; I saw them now smiling upon me from their height and beckoning to me with their outstretched hands. And I saw the matchless face of him who had appeared twice in my darkness and peril, now clothed upon with brightness, now surrounded by a halo of light; and those who were near him were those who had given their lives, their thoughts, their whole existence for the love of humanity.

While out from the shadows around me came the pleading voices of those whom I had taught the way of salvation through selfishness, saying, "Where is my Re-

deemer?" I would have turned away from that matchless company in that hour, and plunging into the darkness that was around me, would have said, "If you will take the light, receive it; I could give it to you now."

And I did. When you have the light and would give it away, more and more it comes to you. Such love did I feel in that hour, and the voice that had ever come nearer and nearer, now said triumphantly in my soul, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

The Christ that vanquished was the spirit of truth and of love; and there was He whom men have reviled and betrayed a thousand times in their mockery and praise, saying, "He who loves his neighbor best is first in the Kingdom of Heaven. He who seeks his life shall lose it, and he who gives his life for another gains all."

Oh! God, in that hour of triumph, the real Kingdom of Heaven was revealed to me; and I would have given all worlds, all thrones, all harps of gold and all thoughts of eternal salvation to have laid this gift at the feet of those who are seeking selfishly for mere salvation.

And now my message is ended. In no streets of gold, within no fabled walls do I sing, but triumphant because I know now that I cannot be saved unless every child of earth is also saved. I know now that I cannot be happy in the kingdom of eternal life unless also down through the darkness of the heart and life, this quivering pulse of eternal love shall penetrate.

I ask no more for my Redeemer, for enthroned in the soul the blessed image of that countenance that taught me the light is enshrined. I ask no more for the city of gold, for in the surroundings of spiritual existence, the peopled habitations of the upper air and the thronging spirits of the earth, I find the city of my love is in the hearts and souls of my fellow-beings. I ask no more for the love of God and the throne of whiteness, for I would not gaze upon any blessed state or hallowed abode that would exclude from within its walls any child of God.

The Kingdom of Heaven is within you, and its name is love; not of self, not of God, not of Christ, but the love of your fellow-men, which is the love of God and Christ.

#### "Dietary Advice."

A Question from the Audience, and Answer Given by the Controls of Mr. J. J. Morse, at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday, August 21, 1887.

Q. Will the guides kindly favor us with some dietary advice? Does man properly belong to either of these classes—herbivorous, frugivorous or carnivorous? We are in a quandary. Eminent medical men recommend fish and some animal food, while many

great and capable thinkers are in favor of a revolutionary form of diet. Please review the physical and psychological aspects and tendencies of both.

A. In reply to so great and important a subject we can only give you an outline during the brief time at our command. It is a fact that man's physiological capacity enables him to live upon all the three planes. He contains within himself the functions and possibilities of all the kingdoms beneath him; he is the embodiment of all that has gone before; therefore he can live upon herbs, fruits and meat, and do no violence to his physical nature.

We want to caution you to draw a distinct line between the argument of fact and the argument of sentiment. It is abundantly demonstrated that every man can live upon the three planes referred to; it is a settled and absolute fact. Then comes the question of sentiment. Is it better to live on vegetables than fruit, upon fruit than vegetables? Is it better to live upon meats and fruit or meats and vegetables, or to eschew meats altogether?

You are the descendants of a long line of posterity who have been eating meat and we would also like to impress very clearly upon your mind that you belong to a line of posterity who did not confine their meat-eating proclivities to beef and mutton—they had a peculiar taste for eating one another. That fashion has gone out of date; nowadays you do not eat one another's flesh and blood, but you eat one another's health and reputation instead, and of the two, that vampire diet is more degrading and disgraceful than the other!

The sentimental argument is, that the taking of life is wrong; that man should not kill the lower orders to nourish his own body. Indeed, we may go so far as to say, that if a great many people had to kill and prepare their own meat they would be vegetarians. We might advance another argument, that if a great many other people had to plant, cultivate and dig their own potatoes, they would go without them. You see when you begin to argue sentimentally you can make all kinds of ridicule of the question.

In the present condition of human life, meat-eating is not necessarily injurious *per se*, but you may so load your stomachs with carnivorous diet that that poor, wretched member will have no opportunity for rest; and the mass of ill-digested food will lay festering and stewing and develop its noxious gases, poison your systems, destroy the digestive apparatus and bring on all the horrors of dyspepsia. Had one-twentieth part been taken of this carnivorous food, the individual might have received all the essence necessary to his well-being, and remained healthy all through their mortal days. There are other people who tell you that fruit preserves the system from all uncleanness; that there is nothing injurious about fruit;

that its essential quality is good and pure and nothing bloodthirsty about it. See how beautiful the fruit is; see the fine clusters of grapes, see the tender tendrils climbing there; behold the luscious fruit as it hangs in the sunshine, its bloom so delicate as to defy the painter's art to reproduce it; there is nothing bad about fruit. Then go to the butcher's shop and see the great carcasses there. Go to the stock yard and see the poor, sweltering and suffering animals crowded together, and see the cruel butcher as he slaughters them; the sight is sickening and horrid to contemplate; but go out into the fields and see the laborers working in the hot sun; see them bowed and bent from the hard toil they have had to endure; see the infinite toil, suffering and misery, and what little reward, and make the comparison between this and the temporary misery of the animals previous to their slaughter. Look at the question from both points of view.

The point we would like to impress upon you is, unlimited and unrestrained feeding on any particular kind of diet will result injuriously to the individual.

Now we will answer the question as to the best kinds of diet. As you have outgrown the desire to eat one another, or cannibalism, it is quite likely the world will outgrow its carnivorous desires and will cease to feed off the lower animals. That it can do this, is quite feasible, and is illustrated in certain isolated cases to-day, and these cases are the prophecy of that which may be universally realized in the coming ages. Man will undoubtedly turn to fruits and vegetables as being the nearest to the more refined essences which the more refined condition of the future of the race will call for. And if to-day, you wish for special clearness of mind for the especial development of certain parts of your psychological nature, we would advise you at all such times to abjure a flesh-eating diet.

Always avoid eating that which your palates repel and reject. You do yourself far more harm in trying to force down articles you do not relish, than you would by going without your meal altogether. When your instincts are healthy and natural they are a fair rule to guide you as to your particular requirements and diet.

We think the future diet of the race will be frugivorous, and that the carnivorous diet be entirely discarded.

We would most strongly recommend that you go without food twenty-four hours once in every seven days. In most cases people eat too much instead of too little; they live to eat instead of eating to live. Emulate the wise and good of all ages who have been sparing in their attentions to the table, and moderate in the use of their functional powers, always striving to be on the narrower side of right than the wider side of wrong. If you will emulate such examples, we are

sure you will be healthy in body, vigorous in will, sound in mind, developed in soul, and the higher you go in these particulars, the further will you withdraw yourselves from the lower and grosser forms of feeding and drinking that are unhappily prevalent in the community to-day.

## 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 IV.

TAKES THE READER TO A SOCIAL REUNION, WHERE SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE ARE ENCOUNTERED, AND SOME PECULIAR PRINCIPLES ARE DISCUSSED. ALSO TELLS OF THE TRIUMPHS OF MRS. PILKINS' SON.

Whether it was a genuine interest in the weird topics sure to be discussed, or a snobbish desire to get into a blaze of aristocratic effulgence, would be questions somewhat difficult to answer. Many being questioned would assert their deep interest in—if they were women—"what the dear Countess was so interested in," or—if they were men—"in the subjects the cultured and amiable hostess" was so well informed upon; but remarking, as we might, upon how all present craned their necks to obtain a view of the Countess, and how all sat in a seeming ecstasy when the Countess read a little paper upon the spirituality of dress, and noting, too, as one easily could, how they delighted to use the word countess at every conceivable opportunity, it might be easily inferred that the majority were there because a countess was the hostess, and that it would give them an opportunity to talk of "my dear friend, the Countess," "the charming Countess," and so on, utterly oblivious of the fact that the Countess was, after all, only an Italian title, and was a very small potato either in wealth, age, or dignity, as compared with the ancient and honorable pedigrees of the aristocracy of the Lord-worshiping country they belonged to. It is, however, undeniable, that many empty-headed human jays will flutter around any fifth-rate aristocratic star, caring but little for the brains possessed thereby, but satisfied if it is labeled countess or count, or has some other sort of handle to make it different from the common mugs wherefrom we drink our daily draughts of helpfulness, friendship, love and trust. It must be here set down that most present were tuft hunters, sheep following a leader, scarce asking where or why; some to be seen, some to talk, some to boast that they were

at the last reception of the Countess de Golmar, held in her magnificent *salon*, in Cortland Place.

Among the few present out of a desire to study the various sensational matters the Countess' name was associated with, were the Eversleighs, all three, and Ernest Courteney. They had quietly installed themselves in the upper corner of the spacious rooms, and sat watching the scene before them with a mixture of amused yet earnest interest. The Countess had received them most affably, and had introduced them to several people of note. Herself, she was, well, anywhere between thirty-five and fifty, no one but her maid could define exactly where. She had an excellent profile, and a pair of very presentable shoulders; her hair was quite luxuriant, and coiled in heavy braids around her head. Her eyes were full, lustrous and dreamy, the lashes long and drooping, the eyebrows, however, marring their effect by being unusually full and heavy in their capillary attachments. In features there was a boldness of outline, and firmness in details that indicated a woman of nerve and purpose sufficient to enable her to carry off her aristocratic hateur with fine effectiveness. Personally, the Count, her husband, was an unknown quantity; he was, however, represented by deputy, so to speak, in the person of his son, a dusky-faced, crisp, curly-haired effeminate youth, whose sole delight seemed to consist in nursing a tiny, little short-haired lady's dog, which he seemed to have always with him, and be ever caressing and kissing, though he rarely uttered a word, except to his little canine companion. Popular opinion said the Countess was rich, that the Count was old and his wife was well preserved, some malicious slanderers going so far as to hint at paint and pads, but eminence is ever envied by the vulgar!

Probably an hundred people were present, the men in that conventional absurdity called evening dress, the nature of which makes a stooping man, when he presents a rear view to a beholder, look like a species of gigantic, black beetle. The ladies were mostly in becoming toilets, though a large number were of the evidently strong-minded sort, while divinity, law, music, medicine and literature were each represented among the company. Divinity was in the person of an unattached would-be-popular parson, who was a stout, jovial sort of fellow in low shoes, with broad, long mohair ties, with fashionable hued and striped hose, side whiskers long and flowing, and a curly head of hair; a very broad churchman indeed, but, albeit, an unsuccessful one, by name the Rev. Doremus Delere, at present doing literary work for a leading newspaper, but imbued with ideas that were a compound of sentimental mysticism, and hoping for a South-African bishopric or

something of that sort. Law was a thriving barrister with chambers in the Temple, a true legal penchant for hair splitting, and a tendency to a dilettante disbelief in almost everything outside himself, and that he fully believed in himself no one that knew Silker Poplin would dispute. Literature, music and medicine were severally presented in the persons of a very angular young lady, and two rather curious specimens of male humanity, each having a sort of limp, slack baked disposition that impressed one very clearly with the wisdom of their choice in selecting their professions. Music was not only instrumental, but, unfortunately, he was also vocal, consequently he presently enchanted the company with a depressing ballad, the notes of which seemed to combine in a quavering drizzle of sound, and, unluckily, the heat of the apartment was insufficient to prevent its condensation, so permitted the uncomfortable shower to fall upon the company with all its pitiless depression of spirits. Music looked limper and more slack baked than ever after he retired from the piano, when Literature, in the guise of the angular young lady before mentioned, a tall and slightly gushing blonde, appeared chaperoned by a portly mamma, whose looks at once suggested husband hunting for her literary offspring. Literature mounted the little raised and carpeted dais by the side of the Countess, and in few short sentences gave out that no doubt all were pleased to meet in the atmosphere of elegance, culture and spiritual love, that pervaded these charming assemblies under the roof of their dear friend, the Countess, whose interest in and sympathy with, the deeply absorbing subjects so dear to nearly all present, was so widely known. Then more, similarly, from Medicine, a tall, gaunt man, with an accent betraying his descent from the shores of "Caledonia stern and wild." Then more music from the damp and slack backed young man, following which came the first event of the card, as a sporting youth present remarked to a young lady by his side, who promptly silenced him with a look for his vulgarity. The event referred to being the reading of a paper by the Countess herself upon "The Spirituality of Dress," treating dress as symbolical of spiritual tastes, dealing with it as emblematic of functions, as indicative of authority, running a sort of sartorial gamut of psychological millinery, until from the dress of the body, she slipped into discoursing upon the dress of the soul, telling her rapt listeners that as we cast off dresses so did we bodies, and that the soul was ever providing itself, as it were, with new dresses from the millinery stores of life. That she knew we slipped in and out of bodies as we did in and out of dresses, and suggested that she was certain that the same soul did not always reclothe itself in the

same dresses. For, sometimes, she told her hearers, we dress our dolls as boys and sometimes as girls, but it's the same doll in each case, at which brilliant illustration and logical conclusion, a veritable storm of approval broke out, every one seeming to at once believe it all, and to joyfully look forward to the time when they could exchange their dresses and realize further amusement from the eternal masquerade that life was, evidently, to them. Then she deftly turned off to the dress of spirits, and exhibited an amount of practical knowledge that was vast, stupendous and almost stupefying in its profundity, by which she displayed a close personal acquaintance, so to say, with spirits of black, white, red, grey, good, bad, human, sub-human, super-human, celestial, infernal, and what-not other characters besides.

As her carefully controlled voice filled the room, and her admirably constructed periods—hers because literature had made them for, and sold them to her, to order—as her admirably constructed sentences rolled forth, an expression of awe crept into most of the faces present, as would be the case with pupils listening to words of priceless wisdom, falling from the lips of wisest teacher. Pre-existence, metempsychosis, invocation and evocation of spirits, mediæval magic, eastern *diablerie*, grotesque and nightmareish interpretations of religion, chased each other through this remarkable essay, until the suggestions that spirits of might and power could do, say, and know everything, with which the paper closed, had the appearance of a perfectly natural and legitimate conclusion, to the cleverly constructed and deftly woven arguments of this more than very remarkable production. The applause was liberal, and the pleasure undeniable, on the part of the majority of the listeners. So marked was this that Ernest Courteney enquired of the doctor in a subdued tone:

“Are these peoples insane?”

“Oh, not at all,” said Doctor Eversleigh, “not at all. This sort of stuff is a craze just now among a certain set. The Countess patronizes mystery, just as other ladies patronize various charitable institutions. I believe she is a Catholic; certainly her opinions are tinted with a peculiar mixture of religious fervor, Eastern mysticism, and the ideas of a new, but rapidly increasing sect, who call themselves Spiritualists.”

“I do not think the Countess understands half she has said to-night,” added Ernest, which was most likely true, considering she had but received her manuscript the same afternoon.

“Do you know, Mr. Courteney, that was just my opinion, during the entire time of her reading,” said Lilian Eversleigh, speaking in a voice indicative of ill-disguised contempt.

“Hush, my dear. We do not know how much the Countess knows. But aren't her

diamonds beautiful, John?” turning to her husband, “They really suit her admirably,” and she put up her delicate gold rimmed glasses to obtain a further look at the precious stones, which had excited her admiration all the evening.

Ernest Courteney had been an attentive listener all the evening, and he was greatly surprised at the quite original, and somewhat free and easy manner in which the opinions given out by the Countess had been by her discussed; to say that much seemed ridiculous to him would but faintly express his conceptions, yet it would, to a large degree, describe his state of mind at this point, his final conclusion being that they were, from the Countess down, a set of harmless, amiable lunatics, who were totally unconscious of their imbecility.

Further conversation was cut off by the appearance of half a dozen powdered gorgeousnesses in livery, each with the same pasty looking inexpressive countenance as his fellow, accompanied by as many comely maids in neat black dresses, with caps, collars, cuffs and dainty little aprons of spotless white. Moving among the visitors, their gorgeousnesses, bearing huge salvers of solid silver on which rested tea and coffee in pretty china cups, accompanied by cream, sugar, and various light articles of food, the waitresses proceeded to minister to the creature comforts of the company, but their gorgeousnesses looked on all the while in such a manner as to make the visitors feel that it was a downright shame to degrade such magnificent creatures to such menial tasks. However, their gorgeousnesses presently departed, much to the delight of the bashful and timid among the assembly, and the company settled into a quiet hush of expectancy, for our mesmeric professor was to introduce a new and wonderful subject he had lately discovered.

The professor made his way to the carpeted dais, and stated he had been happily fortunate enough to discover a most remarkable subject indeed; in fact, the most remarkable subject ever known of, for it is a noticeable peculiarity of all such as our professor that their latest marvel is always the greatest marvel; but as the professor's statement was greeted with approval, he evidently understood what was expected from him, in his particular line. The subject, continued the professor had been found in an humble walk in life, but many a genius, who had blessed mankind, had been found among the people. Feeling himself on delicate ground, being patronized by a Countess, he then added, but if it was not for the ready aid of culture and position, as seen in the influential patronage of these wonderful truths, by the distinguished lady in whose house they were assembled, in this case a wonderful and truly amiable young man would never have been lifted out of his

obscurity, and for which he was proud to say, her ladyship could not be sufficiently thanked. The professor was a trifle shaky as to grammar, not quite clear as to the proper application of the aspirate, and was plainly tickling the self-esteem of his auditors, but they, as is ever the case under like circumstances, endured him for his flattery, and failed to see that therewith he baited the hook with which he was angling among the gold fish he loved so well.

First, again, he exhibited the young girl that Dr. Eversleigh was experimenting with, and certainly her powers were quite remarkable, but to-night they do not excite their usual attention, and the professor soon released her. The professor then begs to “introduce the marvelous mesmeric subject,” clairvoyant and medium, Master Henry Pilkins, at which a great buzz arose among the company as the worthy youth arose and ascended the dais. Pilkins was metamorphosed quite. He was neatly attired in black cloth, wore spotless linen and patent leather shoes, but the sporting minded youth before mentioned, said to his fair neighbor that “Pilkins' head looked like an over-grown squash, with the color boiled out,” at which his companion said, “Hush, for shame!” but she quietly snickered to herself, though, at the not inapt simile.

Pilkins had been present all the evening; he had watched the scene most attentively, and he had astutely formed a few opinions upon it, that he fancied might be useful to him in a little while. To look at him as he sat there, while the professor put him under his mystic power, no one would have taken him for other than a juvenile looking and somewhat weak-minded youth.

The professor did astonishing things with him. He sang, danced, imagined umbrellas to be babies, made frantic love to a jardiniere stand, submitted to scarf pins being run into his hands and arms, and generally displayed his fitness for his office.

Then came clairvoyance, mind reading, time telling, article finding, all of which were discreetly supervised by the professor, to the dissatisfaction of one or two malcontents, upon whom the rest frowned severely, with well-bred resentment.

Next the professor intimated that his subject was a medium of quite a superior kind, of course, no other kind would do for such a company, but it was not his intention to make any public exhibition of that phase of Master Pilkins' abilities; he would reserve them for private demonstrations, or for select assemblies of this character, which he was proud to attend in the interests of truth, and two guineas in money, he might have added, therefore he would now put Master Pilkins into the mediumistic state, which he accordingly proceeded to do, leaving him presently, to all appearance, in a deep and silent sleep.

Pilkins then began to speak in low, broken

tones. He saw heaven, he saw angels, he saw clouds of golden light. He saw a man; man described, professor says, "Why, how remarkable, a Brahmin priest," to which the medium nodded his assent, murmuring, "a guide of the Countess," at which that lady smiled graciously, and a chorus of approving ohs! arose from the company.

Then Pilkins saw a lady—minute description this time. Pilkins said a royal lady, an unfortunate lady, she was the spirit guardian of the Countess. More smiles from that lady, more ohs! from her company; "Who is she?" from the professor, and "Mary—Queen—of—Scots" from Pilkins, who hereupon subsided completely, and shivering as with cold, awoke with a vacant stare, and a bewildered look upon his face.

The Countess said, "Wonderful!" and divinity, music, medicine and literature said, "Wonderful!" the company, besides said, "Wonderful!" but law said nothing; the sporting-minded youth said, "Prime, ain't he?" to the disgust of his companion. Mrs. Everleigh said what a nice-looking little fellow he is; the Doctor said nothing; Lilian, also was silent, while Ernest Courteney looked almost bored to death.

Pilkins was a success, his professor saw that quick enough. The Countess gave him her hand, and Pilkins seemed to have a hazy idea that it would come off, and be a burden to him, as he gingerly touched it with his knotty beef-like fingers. Then divinity, music, medicine and literature, congratulated him in turns, followed by the company in general, and Pilkins, in his ungainly, half defiant and half deferential, awkward manner, made the best of it all, and mentally resolved the professor should hereafter double his salary.

The guests departed, Pilkins and the professor returned to Soho, and the Countess retired to her chamber, while the Count in embryo also did the same, his little dog sleeping upon a blue satin cushion placed upon a chair at the side of his master's bed.

Pilkins had made a hit. He had also learned a deal from the professor, and, altogether, Pilkins was certain to be heard a great deal of in future. He was quite satisfied that he had found something better suited to his disposition than being "a 'biler," but whether his despised profession would have been better for him, remains to be determined.

How many Pilkins are there in church and state? in commons, congress, and councils? in trade, commerce, ancient houses, and modern homes? Sometimes it almost appears as if Pilkins was a family name for craft, cant, hypocrisy, cunning, and meanness of all sorts. But our Pilkins was too young to show such amiable traits, and Ernest Courteney must have misjudged when he said, on getting home to the Doctor's, who asked him his opinion of Pilkins:

"A rank young weed, growing in a foul

soil, and, as weeds will, looking the prettiest when they are most noxious."

(To be continued.)

## Original Contributions.

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

### Sierra Nevada.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Imperial Mountains, beauteous and fair,  
That seem bedecked in braids of shining hair,  
As each bold tree now glitters in the haze  
And tranquil glamour of the golden days;  
Whose glories and whose prophecies sublime  
Sing songs imblended with the lays of time.

Robed in the regal splendors of a queen,  
Art thou, Sierra, glowing in the sheen  
Of clouds above thee; that like banners glide,  
Wave, undulate and tremble on the tide,  
Dip their soft colors, and their hues unfold  
In baths of amber, seas of shining gold.

O, what so fair, so charming to the view  
In this wide world we wander through and through?  
What now so lovely 'neath the smiling stars,  
The gorgeous Hesper or the fiery Mars,  
As these enchanting mountain peaks that stand  
A crown and glory of the Golden Land?

O, would that themes were music, words were fire,  
And dreams were real things that do inspire  
The soul with lasting bliss! that thoughts were strains,  
Whose lightning wings above the misty plains  
Might sweetly kindle to immortal verse,  
Whose glowing beams should clasp the universe!

O, would that all things dark were bright and fair,  
Like thee, my own loved mountains, reigning there,  
A shadow, symbol, and a sweet design  
Of the soul's progress in its growth divine.  
A type of all things lofty, grand and high,  
Pointing with deathless fingers to the sky.

Alps of the West, pride of the Golden State,  
Where all things seem to blend and culminate  
Most perfect and complete! as each tall pine  
A wondrous charm and splendor doth enshrine;  
Reminding one of some vast giant form,  
A Titan, struggling, wrestling with the storm!

Nor would I now forget one summer time  
Whose memories with thy flowery coverts chime,  
When like a pilgrim searching for sweet rest,  
For some secluded Paradise in quest,  
I made my way, sought out thy green defiles,  
And found a refuge in thy shadowy wilds;  
Nor cared if aught went well, went ill or wrong,  
Cared for naught else but harmony and song;  
If praise or blame, adversity or fame  
Had cast their shadows then, 'twas all the same.

'Twas all the same, 'tis now the same to me  
If worlds go wrong or doctors disagree,  
Whether the wintry north or sunny south  
Is chilled with frost, or parched with summer drouth;  
Whether beside Atlantic's surging tide,  
Or where the bland Hesperian waters glide  
Down verdant slopes with sunset hues aflame,  
It matters not—'tis even still the same,  
Where'er the days go by. Yet do I hold  
Within this clime a something like the gold  
That doth enrich the arteries and veins  
Of mountain gorges, river beds and plains.

Weird and imperial chain, what hidden fate  
Hath swung for thee its everlasting gate?  
From what sublime upheaval of the past  
Were these high towers and precipices cast?

These splendors carved, these wondrous beauties wrought,

These great conceptions so divinely fraught?  
Was it by chance, or by some Master Hand?  
O, answer me, ye mountains, fair and grand!

Thou hast, perchance, in ways unknown to me,  
Once slept with all thy charms beneath the sea.  
For cycles lying there—within the cell  
Of secrets that no human tongue may tell;  
Until at last, by some occult behest,  
Forth wert thou hurled from thy long pent up rest,  
That terrace, slope, defile and granite rock  
May be the fruits of some great earthquake shock.

Or from some seething, vast volcanic pyre  
Thou hadst thy birth—that lava, smoke and fire,  
In a huge cosmic and chaotic mass,  
Forth to artistic loveliness did pass—  
That order, grace and systematic charm,  
Like some fair thing of life leapt into form;  
And as the islands spring from distant seas,  
Thou didst evolve in mighty peaks and trees.

The more I ponder all the more I seem  
To be enwrapt in some bewitching dream;  
No answer to my query cometh back  
Along the strata's line, the mystic track.  
Not one fair signal that may bear the mark  
Of that which time hath hid, wrapt in the dark  
Of eras long gone by; ages that give  
No sign or token that they once did live.

Whence, whither, why or whereabouts thou came,  
Whether from earthquake or volcanic flame,  
We may not know; a problem undefined  
Is that which lies so wondrously enshrined  
Within the infinite—beyond the veil,  
The mystic, deep and dark imperious veil,  
That bounds material substance, spans the sight,  
Shuts out from eyes that cannot bear the light,  
The secrets of creation, whose grand laws  
Are culminations of the First Great Cause.

### Spirit and Matter.

BY G. F. BRADFORD.

Spiritualism and materialism, as commonly understood, are as diametrically opposed as religion and astronomy were at one time supposed to be; but when both religion and astronomy were better understood their seeming opposition vanished; so, to those who are somewhat familiar with both Spiritualism and materialism it seems reasonable to suppose that as their claims become better understood, much of their seeming antagonism will vanish. Though, doubtless, before such time there will have to arise some such intellectual giant, as Newton, while in the meantime lesser lights are paving the way and showing the real necessity of such an intellect.

A "materialist" is defined by Webster as "one who maintains that the soul is the result of a particular organization of matter." But this definition may also be logically entertained by a believer in the theory of spirit, as it does not follow that this "soul" is necessarily annihilated by the change in its environment produced by the decomposition of the body of which it is a result. Heat is a result of friction, but according to the laws of conservation of energy, the cessation of the cause does not destroy the effect; the effect we call heat, produced by a cause we call friction of matter, cannot be annihilated, is indestructible.

In this article we propose to use the term "spirit" as meaning something akin to matter, for the simple reason that we have no other words in common use with which to invest the idea we wish to convey, and will speak of it as something representing the subjective side of matter.

"Spirit" is commonly understood as a separate entity from matter, and the believers in the theory of spirit as introducing a new entity, and one considered by the opponents of this theory as entirely unwarrantable, as they claim that all the phenomena on which the belief is based will, by the aid of science and increased knowledge, be finally understood as of purely material origin and claim there is no necessity for the introduction of a new entity. But here the question arises as to whether spirit must be considered "as a new entity," one separate and distinct from anything we are familiar with in nature; that it should be so considered is natural enough to those who have been educated to so consider a Superior Being and his domain and their immortal state; such superstitious ideas naturally cling to any consideration of a future state of existence, and one so educated finds it hard to divest himself of these ideas in any matter when the question of any life but the present is involved. But this is a fault of education and since this method of considering a state of future existence has been so barren of results, it appears to be time the matter, which is one of considerable importance to humanity, should be treated in a manner in accordance with its importance. If in nature there is something which men call spirit, then it must be as natural as anything else in nature, and the methods of its investigation should be as reasonable as those of any other natural phenomena.

The line of demarcation between what is called matter and spirit, if there is such, is certainly a very strong one; so strong that the shaking off from matter to spirit is usually considered rather as an emotional than as an intellectual one; but we propose to look at the matter of spirit from a strictly intellectual point of view, and if from this point it is incomprehensible, we will be resigned to consider the matter as lying within the bounds of the unknowable; and to view the matter from this point, we will consider spirit as matter in an ethereal form; too sublimated for our senses in their present condition to take cognizance of, merely remarking that scientific discoveries during the last half of this century have for the first time rendered it possible for us to consider the matter from this standpoint; and offering this as a solution of the problem of why man never viewed the matter from this standpoint before, providing it is a fact, and the proposition is this: Does not spirit differ from matter only in degree and not in kind? Matter is supposed to be resolvable into molecules, atoms and force; it

is supposed that molecules are aggregations of atoms, and the theory is advanced that atoms are resolvable into force centres, similar in kind, from which all forms of matter are composed; and, taking these force centres as a starting point of all we know as objective matter, themselves invisible, impalpable, evading the finest appliances of the scientist, it is not inconceivable that they might assume such a character; even in the most highly compounded organizations, as to evade all our sensual faculties, for the simple reason that our senses are formed only to take cognizance of the objective phenomena of matter, leaving its subjective side all unknown but necessarily inferred. But matter is only known to us as such by virtue of the conditions under which it retains its form and consistency; change this form and consistency as by heat, sufficiently raise or lower the rates of vibration of its atoms until they are no longer in harmony with our sense of touch or sight, and it is lost to us; and it is certainly true that were what we call space filled with such matter and a people akin to us, and formed of the same ultimate elements, our senses could not reveal aught of it to us. Now if spirit is matter whose atoms do not vibrate in harmony with the vibrations of our sensual organs, it is reasonable to suppose that it might be observed by mortals, could the rate of vibration of its atoms be raised or lowered sufficiently, or could the rates of vibration of our organs of hearing, sight or touch be changed so as to harmonize with the vibrations of spirit sound, color, or consistency; and if this has ever been done once since the world began, if ever mortal has heard the voice, seen the form, or touched the hand of one who has died, the vague hypothesis here shadowed forth arises to the position of a scientific theory.

Mind is absolutely immaterial, and as existing alone, without material form or organization, is an absurdity; and the only theory that makes existence after death conceivable is that advanced by Spiritualists, which is that a "result" of the physical organization is a soul and spiritual body, which separate from the material body when the vital forces cease to hold them bound together; and this spiritual body may be considered as composed of finer elements of matter, and animal magnetism of elements differing only in degree and not in kind from those of the material body from which it has separated.

The question as to whether any man has, at any time, observed any phenomena that necessitate the theory of spirit, is, when reduced to a scientific proposition, simply a question of the veracity of thousands of intelligent men and women, in every civilized land, whose statements on any other matter would be received without question.

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## Selected Articles.

### The Double Standard of Morality.

This is the false basis upon which our social life rests, and to which so much of its hollowness and corruption may be directly traced. When the foundation is false, how can we expect the superstructure to be beautiful and harmonious? Morality is a broad and comprehensive term. But it is here used in the sense of purity and chastity of life. To-day society recognizes one standard of purity for woman, and another and very different one, for man, and its attitude toward the social evil is based on this. Good men and women acquiesce. The church utters no protest. Masculine vice is allowed to intrench itself in church pews, and in the highest places of honor, while the poor girl who, in utter ignorance, has been entrapped, and "drawn to her death," is banished from all homes and sanctuaries. An unscalable wall henceforth exists between her and all the sweet and helpful influences of life. While the man who beguiled her is allowed to roam at will in his quest of new victims. He may even transform himself into a hideous minitaur, and he is still accepted and crowned with garlands. The great central truth of Christianity that there can be no *at-one-ment with God*, without self-sacrifice, the reconciliation of all that would "cause our brother to offend," without that divine love that extends to our *neighbor as ourselves*, and above all that no vision of God is possible without *purity of heart and thought*, as well as eternal life, all this is practically ignored, or supposed to be of interest to women only. And hence the appalling facts that everywhere confront us. The single fact that three-fourths of church attendants are women, while men are in overwhelming majority at all haunts that minister to whatever is low and sensual, ought of itself to show to everyone who can think, that something is vitally wrong,—"out of joint," and in utter discord with the idea that we are all children of one All-Father. Add to this fact of the small proportion of men who are church attendants, the alarming disproportion between the number of centers, as institutions that stand for religious culture, and for refining and uplifting influences, and those that minister to the lower nature, that inevitably debase and drag down, and we may well stand appalled. Take the statistics of Chicago, 304 churches, all told; open from three to nine hours per week, 3,800 saloons, each open eighteen hours out of the twenty-four! Then, if we could add all the gambling dens, all the foul dens of infamy, the houses of assignation, what a terrible sum total stares us in the face. Surely, "something is rotten in the State of Denmark." The



evolution of the race from barbarism to our present type of civilization, has been a long, slow process, and we everywhere find still, abundant traces of the old savagery not yet eliminated. A marked feature of savage life is, that woman is regarded as an inferior being, subservient to man, created to be his slave and minister to his physical wants and passions. An inevitable outgrowth of this barbaric idea is unlimited license for man, with the most jealously guarded restriction of woman. And this is the origin of the *double standard*. And since it has planted itself so deeply in selfishness and unbridled passion, it still flaunts itself in our midst, as it has through all the centuries. At last we have reached a point in the progress of morals and religion, where in the name of God, we challenge it. It is utterly false. Away with it! It will not bear the least analysis or investigation. It resolves itself into blasphemy. It is impossible to believe in a God of justice, purity and truth, much less in—"our Father who art in Heaven," and accept its shocking results as a part of the divine plan, and purpose. It makes human life contradictory, chaotic, revolting, when we know it should be harmonious and beautiful. From chaos to cosmos! At last, "the fullness of time," has come for this moral advance. By our earnest endeavor to save humanity from the slavery of drink, we have been lifted to a point from which we can see as never before, the hideousness and falsity of this double standard, and where we get our first glad glimpse of the possibility of supplanting it with the *divine standard of purity for men as for women*, the same standard for all God's children. And this is the central thought of the White Cross movement. It is for the accomplishment of this Herculean task that its noble bands of knightly men are being mustered into one great world's army. And by their side is gathering another army of consecrated women—they are coming by hundreds and thousands—an endless host of women who think and pray, who love and aspire, and all voices blend in the clear bugle-call—*one standard of purity for men and women*. Let us make all possible haste in putting this drink-demon beneath our feet, and then—on to this grander victory!—

C. T. COLE, in *Iowa Home Journal*.

### A Discerning Teacher.

HOW SHE DEVELOPED A BOY'S BRAIN—A VALUABLE LESSON TO INSTRUCTORS.

A teacher had, says *Child Culture*, charge of a school in a country town, early in her career, and among her scholars was a boy about fourteen years old, who cared very little about study, and showed no interest, apparently, in anything connected with the school. Day after day he

failed in his lessons, and detentions after school hours and notes to his widowed mother had no effect. One day the teacher had sent him to his seat, after a vain effort to get from him a correct answer to questions in grammar, and feeling somewhat nettled, she watched his conduct. Having taken his seat, he pushed the book impatiently aside, and spying a fly, caught it with a dexterous sweep of the hand, and then betook himself to a close inspection of the insect. For fifteen minutes or more the boy was thus occupied, heedless of surroundings, and the expression of his face told the teacher that it was more than idle curiosity that possessed his mind. A thought struck her, which she put into practice at the first opportunity that day.

"Boys," said she, "what can you tell me about flies?" And calling some of the brightest by name she asked them if they could tell her something of a fly's constitution and habits. They had very little to say about the insect. They often caught one, but only for sport and did not think it worth while to study so common an insect. Finally she asked the dunce, who had silently, but with kindling eyes, listened to what his schoolmates hesitatingly said. He burst out with a description of the head, eyes, wings and feet of the little creature, so full and enthusiastic that the teacher was astonished and the whole school struck with wonder. He told how it walked and how it ate, and many things which were entirely new to his teacher. So that when he had finished she said:

"Thank you! You have given us a real lesson in natural history, and you have learned it all yourself."

After the school closed that afternoon she had a long talk with the boy, and found that he was fond of going into the woods and meadows and collecting insects and watching birds, but that his mother thought he was wasting his time. The teacher, however, wisely encouraged him in his pursuit, and asked him to bring beetles and butterflies and caterpillars to school, and tell what he knew about them. The boy was delighted by this unexpected turn of affairs, and in a few days the listless dunce was the marked boy of that school. Books on natural history were procured for him, and a world of wonder opened to his appreciative eyes. He read and studied and examined; he soon understood the necessity of knowing something of mathematics, geography and grammar for the successful carrying on of his favorite study, and he made rapid progress in his classes. In short, twenty years later he was eminent as a naturalist, and owed his success, as he never hesitated to acknowledge, to that discerning teacher.—*Farm and Fireside*.

Follies are better satirized than treated seriously.

### Clothes That Kill.

The advice to women to promote their health by out-door exercises is never wanting. But no amount of fresh-air exercise can save women from the evil effects of their present style of dress. It is their clothes that kill them.

Every step a woman takes her foot contends with her skirt. She lifts it on the instep, and she lifts it on the heel. The weight may be ounces or pounds, but it is taken up at every step. The heavy skirts, with flounces, overskirt, and other trimmings, hang their many pounds flapping around the feet and legs of the wearer. The corset does not allow space to take a full breath, and the tight sleeves cause the muscles to cry for room. Dressed in this fashion, the wearer comes back from her walk for "fresh air and exercise" tired through and through, and is the worse for it, because she has lifted and carried hundreds of pounds.

Stand at any city street-corner, and watch the women as they pass. How tired they look! How their dresses flap around them! Contrast them with men. Men's feet lift no weight of clothes. Men's steps contend with nothing. Every muscle has its natural exercise. Out-door air and exercise are good for them.

The advice women need is for shorter, lighter and looser dresses. Mrs. Jenness Miller has not come a day too soon with her better costume, if the health of women is to be improved. Mrs. Celia Whitehead has shown "what's the matter." Before her, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, nearly forty years ago, set the example of short, loose dresses.

That style was adopted by many women, among them Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Susan Anthony, and the present writer. How light and comfortable and neat it was! How easily we went upstairs without stepping on ourselves! How we came downstairs without fear of being stepped on! A walk on a rainy day or in a muddy street had no terror, for there were no dragged skirts to clean. We had room to breathe, and freedom for our feet. But this healthful dress was "despised and rejected" by the great public. On one occasion, Miss Anthony, in company with me, started to go to the post-office in New York, in the Bloomer costume. But we were surrounded and wedged in by a crowd which hooted and jeered. We escaped only by a carriage sent by a friend who saw our dilemma.

It was so difficult to wear this dress, with the odium that was cast upon it, that we returned sorrowfully to the bondage of our bodies for the sake of freedom to live unmolested. That was long ago. Now women might accept the light, sensible dress which Mrs. Jenness Miller wears and commends without fear of unpleasant comment. In it they may take fresh air and exercise, and gain in health.—*Lucy Stone*.

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**THE CARRIER DOVE,**

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**Spiritualism a Conservative Ecclesiasticism.**

A certain class of Spiritualists, whose amiability exercises a preponderating influence upon their characters, lose no opportunity to assert the all-embracing and catholic character of their Spiritualism. There is nothing exclusive about them, or their faith. They are willing to shake hands all around, ignore all awkward protruberances, and find a seat for every sort of visitor without asking whether the visitor has come to get a temporary meal without rendering a return, or whether he is there out of need and honesty. It may be conceded that Spiritualism is broad enough to embrace all hungry souls seeking for its truth and light, as, also, it may be allowed that our philosophy is catholic enough to contain the truth from any quarter. But in making these admissions it must be borne in mind that a clear understanding of their import must be had to avoid the dangers that would arise from a loose and careless interpretation.

In saying that Spiritualism has room for

Christians, Jews, Roman Catholics, Brahmans, Pharisees, Mahomedans, Infidels, etc., it surely is not implied that it has room for these as devotees of their several faiths. It truly has room for them as men and women, but as creedists it could never contain them. If they will leave their creeds—as the Moslem does his slippers—outside our Temple of Truth then are they welcome. We greet them then as our brethren and sisters, but we cannot know them as units of systems, wherein each claims itself of greatest nature. Spiritualism teaches us we ALL are children of the Infinite, and that nature and God know nothing of the individual faiths and peculiar creeds of man.

Spiritualism has room for truth from all quarters. Yes, as truth *pur et simple*, it knows no distinctive color or grade of truth, and declines to admit in special merit in truth because contained in this, that, or the other form of religious practice. Spiritualism should represent the truth as we know it concerning man's spiritual nature and needs—it ought to be *the* science of human life in its physical, mental and spiritual unfoldments. Therefore, Spiritualism in its philosophical department is a conservative ecclesiasticism, judiciously selecting from all forms of material and spiritual observation and experience their central truths for the avowed purpose of uniting them into one harmonious whole. This, too, without any attempt or desire to admit that forms of faith and practices of devotion are better or greater than the truth itself.

Spiritualists do not need to curry favor from religionists, scientists, or philosophers. They cannot make a Joseph's coat of their community by patching a partial peace with conflicting creedalists. But by judiciously taking the truth from all quarters and blending it into a rational philosophy in harmony with nature and man, they will become the nucleus of the free minded, liberal thinking, pure living, and unfolded humanity of the future.

**Hell and the Devil.**

On Sunday last two of the most eminent "divines" of this city preached sermons on the relations of God to man and the future condition of human souls. Rev. William Kincaid "questioned if in any age or country the majority has ever been on the side of God," and Rev. Dr. McKenzie is re-

ported as concluding his sermon by saying: "I deem it my solemn duty to say to you there is a bottomless gulf and endless suffering for the impenitent soul." So by putting the statements of these two theologians together, it appears that the majority of mankind are doomed to suffer eternal torment. The devil is represented as more powerful than God himself, having managed to get the majority on his side, and God appears to favor the devil's efforts by consigning most of his creatures to everlasting misery. This estimate of God and the devil sets up the two as rivals in wickedness, and it is not easy to perceive which one has the lead in the race. To use a familiar phrase, they are "neck and neck."

In Mr. Morse's discourse on the same evening, he called attention to the fact that the devil, instead of coming from hell, where it is generally supposed he belongs, originated in heaven. Theology represents him as "falling from his high estate," and if the estimate which these two Doctors of Divinity place on the character of God is correct, he has not far to fall to be on a level with his Satanic Majesty. Any decent man would turn away from such a being with loathing and disgust; yet, in the same sermon wherein Dr. McKenzie depicts the Almighty in such dark colors, he calls upon his hearers to love him if they desire to escape the horrors of hell. He plays upon their fears, and appeals to their selfishness, the most cowardly and most selfish of human motives. It is strange that such sermons continue to be preached in this enlightened age, and especially in this progressive city. They are a disgrace to the times in which we live, and a shame to the intelligence of those who listen to them.

**Our Duty to the Young.**

A fact frequently noticed in connection with Spiritualism is that those who take most interest in it are people of mature years, and their interest appears to increase as they advance in life. This is natural, and being natural, it must be right. In our early years, the mind is attracted to the things of this life—to the joys of childhood, the pleasures of youth, and later to the acquisition of knowledge and the entering upon the active duties of life. We are struggling with material things, and our development is necessarily upon the plane of existence in which we are called to act.

After passing the half-way milestone of life, physical development has ceased, mental culture is well under way, and the spiritual nature is gradually unfolded, the progress in each line of development being in harmony with the nature of the individual and the order of environment. In some, spirituality is of early growth; in others, it is only awakened when trials and disappointments have turned the mind in upon itself, and it seeks within for that happiness which outward things have failed to give.

These considerations should teach us to be more patient under what sometimes appears to be the slow progress Spiritualism makes among young men and women. We cannot force this progress; we should look upon nature as it is, and be willing to accept its results. The most that can be done or attempted is to seek to prevent the warping of young minds by false teachings. To this end our children should be guarded from the influence of "orthodox" Sabbath-schools, and induced to attend Progressive Lyceums and spiritual meetings, which should be made attractive to them by music and flowers, by social enjoyment and innocent recreation, as well as by judicious instruction.

The youthful mind has a natural affinity for things beautiful to the eye, agreeable to the ear, and enlivening to all the springs of youthful nature, mentally, morally, and physically. This natural demand must be satisfied, and if it cannot find satisfaction in the society of Spiritualists, it will seek gratification elsewhere. The perceptive faculties of the young are wide awake; the reflective powers will come later on; let each stage of life have its proper food, and healthy growth will be the result.

#### Ladies' Aid Social.

The monthly social of the Ladies' Aid Society connected with the Temple meetings, was held on Tuesday last at the house of Mr. M. B. Dodge, 8½ Hill St., City, and was largely attended. Mrs. R. A. Robinson, the President, Mrs. Dodge, the hostess, and the other members of the Society united in providing the visitors with a most pleasant and harmonious evening, alike in the matter of social enjoyment as of creature comforts.

The pleasure of the company was materially enhanced through the presence of our old friend, Miss E. B. Joy, who entertained

the assembly with an exquisite piece of her vocalization, while the quaint control of Mr. Morse known as "the strolling player," entertained and edified the friends with his pointed remarks and illustrations. The occasion was a most enjoyable one, and a repetition is anxiously looked for at an early date. All concerned are deserving of every praise for the success attending the opening social of the season.

#### In Memoriam.

[By the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia.]

The report reaching us a short time since that Brother H. B. Champion had passed to the higher life reminds many of us of the pleasant associations had with him during the years he was of our membership and so faithfully discharged the duties of president. In view of our convictions of a life beyond the grave and of the beautiful truths given in the ministration of angelic intelligences, we have *no sorrow* to express of the event, in the which our mortal loss has been our brother's immortal gain. Therefore,

*Resolved*, That a record of the expression hereby given be put upon the minute book of "The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia" and published in the spiritualistic journals.

#### Washington Hall Meeting.

Sunday, September 18th.

The speaker, Mrs. Waisbrooker, editress of *Foundation Principles*, was greeted with a good audience, who listened attentively to her elucidation of her subject, "The Spiritual Gospel of Bread and Butter." She gave us her definition of the work of Spiritualism as follows:

"To find and apply whatever will aid, and to remove whatever hinders connection between the two worlds *upon the highest possible plane*, physically, morally, intellectually and spiritually."

She then went on to show that our present economic system hindered this desirable consummation; did not blame the people but the system; said that a system that produced extremes of wealth and poverty, cursed both rich and poor, and through a law that was dragging the race down in spite of its upward tendencies, to-wit: the hereditary transmission of qualities, through the readiness with which woman's fine nerve organization receives impressions.

She declared the results that we deplore inseparable from our present property system; that the magnetism of degradation was, like malaria, carried in the very air; that it adhered to the rich furniture paid for by rent, money received for rooms used as saloons, and for other purposes of a degrading character, and thus the sons and daughters of the rich were cursed by the same law that keeps the poor upon a low scale of moral and spiritual growth, compared with what all might and would attain were the gospel of bread and butter so actualized, that with a reasonable amount of effort all could secure the comforts of life.

The speaker was frequently applauded, showing that people are beginning to think in this direction. The lecture was followed by remarks from Mr. James Boyd, from Riverside, Cal., Mr. Anderson of San Francisco, and others. Mrs. Rutter, Prof. Perkins and little Miss Johnson aided to make the meeting interesting in the way of good music in addition to the usual singing.

Mrs. Eggert Aitkin then gave tests, and reports were called for from those who had had sittings with Dr. Schlesinger in the ante-room, and none expressed dissatisfaction. Good, very good, satisfactory, better than I expected, were among the responses. The meeting was adjourned with a vote of thanks to the speaker for her able lecture.

#### Australian Appreciation of California Spiritual Workers.

In a recent number of the well-known spiritual journal, the *Harbinger of Light*, of Melbourne, Australia, we find the following concerning two of the active workers in our State in the spiritual cause. Speaking of one of our contemporaries, it says: "Of its learned and most spiritual-minded correspondents and contributors, we place W. Emmette Coleman in the first rank, on account of his truth-loving spirit, which seems to have a horror of compromise of any kind, and whose extensive reading and profound learning place him, at least in our opinion, above ————. \* \* \* \* Our *Luna inter minores* [brighter light among minor ones] is and remains the inimitable Coleman, the *facile princeps* [the evidently pre-eminent one] the warm admirer of the grand woman, Watson, whom I place at the head of American women, on account of her profound spiritual intuition."

## Chips.

Weak minds complain. Strong ones bear.

Creeds may come from inspiration; but inspiration can never come from creeds.

Better die for a good cause, than to see a good cause die.

Our Correspondence is unusually interesting this week.

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.

Lois Waisbrooker, editress of *Foundation Principles*, has been in the city during the last week looking after the interests of her paper. It is issued at Antioch, where Mrs. Waisbrooker has located permanently.

Amid all the storms and tempests of life, the rush and roar of its battles, its struggles and defeats, the spiritually attuned ear can hear divine harmonies, and the soft, sweet voice of Love saying, "Peace; be still"

Criticism is the break upon vanity, the opponent of abuse, the terror of the cowardly and vicious. It is to be used, however, with strict integrity, and never to be debased by being made an agent to work injury or ruin for those who may differ honestly with us in opinion.

Our dear sister in Illinois who sent us ten new subscribers, accompanied with the cash, will please accept our sincere thanks for the same. We are truly grateful to all who are so nobly aiding us in our efforts to do good, and disseminate the truths of our beautiful philosophy.

Our illustration this week was drawn by Mrs. Allie Livingstone, and represents the beautiful "Lake of Song" described in the children's story of "Lily Benton." The boat is Elfine's, in which she glides over the crystal waters, and sings her enchanting songs.

G. W. Kates and wife, of Chattanooga, Tenn., well-known as speakers and mediums, also, as earnest workers in the cause of Spiritualism, will visit California during January and February, 1888, and desire engagements.

Address them, care of CARRIER DOVE, or Greenville, Darke Co., Ohio.

We understand that the Union Spiritual Society which holds its regular meetings every Wednesday evening at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin St., is going to give another of its pleasant entertainments during the first week in October. We will gladly make the announcement as to time and programme, next week, if such report is furnished us in time.

There is no musical instrument like the mellow toned piano, and we gladly call the attention of our readers to the fact that The Bancroft Company have secured the celebrated "Miller" piano. We are particularly pleased to know that our genial friend, Fred Emerson Brooks, the popular poet and humorist, is a representative of the great Company in the Piano Department. Read their full page advertisement.

Dr. Schlesinger's seance last Tuesday evening was a very pleasant social affair. Tests were given to all present, and Mr. Fred Emerson Brooks contributed to the enjoyment of all present by giving some original recitations in his usual inimitable manner. Mrs. Jennie Clark contributed some sweet vocal and instrumental music. These seances will be continued every Tuesday evening for the present.

G. W. Kates and wife closed their engagement at Lookout Mountain, Tenn., on August 28; spoke at Somerset, Ky., August 30; Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 4 and 5. Were engaged at Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 11 to 19; and Evansville, Ind., Sept. 20 to Oct. 3. They are *en route* westward, and intend to reach the Pacific Coast about New Year. Good reports come to us of the platform work done by these southern mediums.

The psychometric tests given by Mrs. Kates are said to be superior to any ever given from the platform. Her methods and results are startling.

### COMMENDATION.

We fear we have been guilty of neglect bordering on professional discourtesy in not noting the progress and changes in the business of our excellent Pacific co-laborers. The CARRIER DOVE has given another marked evidence of the enterprise of its management, and manifestation of business pros-

perity, by changing from monthly to weekly issues. Two great artistic attractions of the DOVE, ranking, we think, above the average of its illustrations, have been portraits of the revered T. Starr King and Eliza A. Pittsinger, the poet-prophetess, authoress of "The Divine Guest," a tide of poetic fire that was originally poured through the columns of *The World's Advance-Thought*. Readers will be pleased to learn that at an early day we will present them with another grand inspirational poem from Mrs. Pittsinger's pen.—*World's Advance-Thought*.

### METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

The usual services were held in Metropolitan Temple on Sunday last to the interest and instruction of the company assembling. The questions in the morning were aptly answered by the guides of Mr. J. J. Morse, and the lecture in the evening was listened to with the closest attention. It has been reported, so we hope to present it to the readers of the DOVE in due season.

On Sunday evening next the controls will commence a series of three lectures upon "Death," treating it on the first occasion as to its nature, dealing with its phenomena, science and general circumstances. Considering the interest all feel in the above subject no doubt goodly gatherings will attend. Questions as usual in the morning.

Excellent soprano solo singing by Mrs. L. P. Howell.

The work of Spiritualism as we understand it, is to find and apply whatever will aid, and to remove whatever hinders connection between the two worlds *upon the highest possible plane* physically, morally, intellectually and spiritually. We are connected on the physical side by the law of materialization while the trained intellect, honesty of purpose and a keen spiritual insight are needed to enable us to analyze, classify and use to the best advantage the facts and philosophy of this most wonderful unfoldment of this wonderful century. That the economic system which produces extremes of wealth and poverty antagonizes this desirable end, hinders—yes, prevents the growth necessary to the best good of the race, is too apparent to be denied. Then, as this highest good can be reached only by attaining that which we have said it is the work of Spiritualism to bring about, it follows logically that the question of justice to labor is one in which

every Spiritualist should take deep interest.  
—*Foundation Principles.*

The universal groan going up from all over this country to-day, that we have no longer any great men, or men who are worthy to represent so magnificent a constituency, is due to the fact that the effect of the moral and intellectual thralldom imposed by the government upon the mothers of the people, is inherited by the sons. The child of the intelligently and spiritually bond woman must forever be a slave. Even if, by virtue of his sex, he is legally freed, he carries the inherited birth-mark to his grave. And so long as women are hindered from, or are not compelled or impelled to do their duty, by voice and by ballot, to their homes and their country, just so long will their sons, the men of the country, be, by inheritance, vacillating, unscrupulous demagogues and politicians, instead of self-reliant, honest, pure statesmen. If the men of this generation wish their sons to be great, they must place moral, intellectual and political responsibility, and freedom of action, upon the consciousness of the mothers of their sons.

MARY WEEKS BURNETT, M. D.

## 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.

### To Intending Subscribers.

To introduce the CARRIER DOVE to new readers we will send it every week for four months for fifty cents, free by mail. We consider this a better plan to extend a knowledge of our paper's character and worth than paying exorbitant commissions

to canvassers—which, by reducing returns, generally endanger the stability of undertakings that adopt such plans. The above offer does not apply to present subscribers, but we will send the paper to the friends of our subscribers to any addresses furnished us by our present patrons.

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

### PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS AND ADVICE UPON

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

ARE GIVEN BY

J. J. MORSE, of England,

in accordance with his System of Physio-  
Psychological Science.

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

### A CHART

Upon an entirely new basis, which contains a systematized statement of the organs, functions, divisions, attributes and physio-psychological composition of the human being, has been prepared, for the purpose of marking out the relative powers, capacities, characteristics and development of the individual as ascertained by the examiner; thus enabling all to obtain a tabulated statement of great value in all the relations, duties, and engagements of life. His chart will prove of great service in aiding physical, mental, moral, and soul culture.

### THE PHYSIOLOGICAL ANALYSIS

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

### THE HYGIENIC ANALYSIS

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

### A MARRIAGE TABLE

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

### MORSE'S MANUAL

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

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

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

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 33 1/2 Turk street, San Francisco, Cal.

Aug. 27, t.f.

### J. J. Morse's Meetings.

J. J. Morse's Sunday services under his engagement with the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of this city 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. S. Arrilliga; vocalist, Mrs. L. P. 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,) Thursdays at 8 P. M. Single admissions Mondays and Fridays, fifty cents, Thursdays, \$1.00.

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

### J. J. Morse's Classes.

The second class is now meeting in Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar building, on Mondays and Fridays at 8 P. M. Tickets for this course of twelve lectures, price \$5. Single admissions, fifty cents.

The Advance Course of six lessons, fee \$5; single admissions, \$1. Assembles at this office on Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock.

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

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

## Our Table.

*Hall's Journal of Health*, New York City. This excellent monthly maintains its usual excellent character, and among other notable articles contains the following:

Ill Health from Over Eating, Laws of Health, Spirit Likeness, Starving the Teeth, Children and Pet Animals, Clothes that Kill, and A Triumph for Pasteur, Crystal-line Phosphate.

*Phrenological Journal*, New York City. To all students of the subjects to which this periodical is devoted we can confidently recommend this oldest and best expositor of the subjects treated by its able contributors. The September issue has articles upon:

Count Lyof N. Tolstoi, Know Thyself, Natives of North America No. 2, A Noble English House, Reciprocal Influence of Mind and Body, A Girl's Problem, Handwriting and Character, Notes from a Teacher's Diary, Palpitation of the Heart, Health Papers No. 6, Sleeplessness, and Notes in Science and Industry—Fire and Water Proof Paper, A Simple Scientific Trick Caught Him, How to Clean Engravings.

*The Free Thinker's Magazine*, Buffalo, N. Y. The current issue is as usual full of thoughtful contributions, chief among them being an article dealing with the "Seybert Commission" from the able pen of Lyman C. Howe, which we shall utilize at an early date. The following summary of contents will afford our readers an idea of the merits of this periodical:

Alcohol—Mr. Wakeman—Col. Ingersoll, by Allen Pringle; Secularism in Practice, by Charles Watts; How an Emperor Went to Rome, by S. H. Preston; Prohibition, by A. B. Bradford; I Dreamt that I was God, by W. P. Ball; Free Religious Association—Asleep or Awake, by F. M. Holland.

Mrs. Mary Emily Dawson, after four days' examination before the Irish College of Surgeons, received her license to practice, the first lady surgeon in Ireland.

## Children's Dept.

[WRITTEN FOR THE CARRIER DOVE.]

### Daisy Dell.

BY MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

Beneath a leafy maple tree  
Lived little Daisy Dell;  
Her house, as cunning as could be  
Was filled with sunshine, mirth and glee.  
And all the birdies sang: "Ah, me!  
How sweet is Daisy Dell."

The house was round and snowy white,  
And made of canvas strong;  
Its seams were very firm and tight,  
Its walls were hung with flowers bright,  
And everything was clean and light,  
Through all the summer long.

Through all the lovely, golden days  
Played little Daisy Dell;  
And all the birdies knew her ways,  
While toad and beetle watched her plays,  
Till autumn, with its ruddy blaze,  
Warned little Daisy Dell

Of needful study, rule on rule,  
So back to town she went  
While down beside a sedgy pool,  
In twos and threes—as if by rule—  
Like pupils in some city school,  
With many a sad lament,

There grouped a motley little crew;  
Each, with a little yell  
For all the livelong summer through  
While plummy grass and wild flowers grew—  
These, felt themselves companions too.  
Of little Daisy Dell.

Upon a reed with drooping head,  
And mournful, gloomy note  
There perched a pretty robin red,  
Who in his gravest accents said:  
"Now, all our summer joy is fled."  
Then, choking in his throat

Could say no more. The jay replied:  
"No tongue can ever tell  
How we shall miss her. Flowers have died,  
The autumn leaves are brown and dried.  
Ah, me! the world is cold," he cried,  
"Since vanished Daisy Dell."

"Let's go and seek her," said the wren,  
"And search the wide world through,  
Until we get her back, and then  
We'll never let her go again,  
But keep her in our shady glen."  
The others piped: "Let's do."

"For you to talk, 'tis good and great,"  
Spoke up a croaking voice,  
Where master bull-frog sat in state,  
With lofty mien, and air sedate,  
Upon a big rock with his mate.  
"But those who have no choice

"Must stay at home, nor join the quest  
For little Daisy Dell.  
Though sorrow swells in every breast  
And robs each mourner of its rest,  
To stay at home and wait is best  
Till comes back Daisy Dell."

Then cricket, grasshopper and bee  
Joined in the general cry,  
"We want our Daisy Dell, do we,  
We will not stay, our wings are free  
To come and go, no slaves are we  
To linger here and die."

And off they started, one and two;  
But froggie settled down  
To sleep the long, cold winter through,  
With no loud murmurs, no ado;  
Content to wait till spring-flowers grew,  
And Daisy came from town.

They wandered east, they wandered west;  
But never Daisy met,  
And daily sorrow filled the breast  
Of bird and bee; and wild unrest  
Was all they gathered in their quest,  
Though they are wandering yet.

But winter fled, and once again  
Came little Daisy Dell,  
To rouse old froggie in his den,  
To waken echoes through the glen.  
Ah! all the world was happy then,  
With laughing Daisy Dell.

### Lily Benton.

BY JULIA SCHLESINGER.

### CHAPTER III.

Lily's home had always been in the city, and many times she had longed to live in the country, among the birds and flowers, where she could play on the soft green grass in the shade of the great trees.

Knowing her pet's desire, grandma had prepared a beautiful little home-nest in a lovely valley, to which spirit Lily was borne by the angel band.

Arriving there they passed through an archway of snowy lilies into a beautiful garden, in the centre of which was a cottage completely covered with vines and flowers. Near the entrance were more of the waxen lilies, forming the base of another arch composed of tiny vines and delicate white flowers, with here and there a bright red blossom, emblematic of the love which had prompted the preparation of this "Retreat Among the Lilies," as it was named.

They entered the cottage and passed into a small room, which had been especially prepared for the reception of the young spirit. In the center was a snowy couch, whereon was tenderly laid the fair child for a brief season of quiet repose, during which time the forces of the new-born spirit would become strong and active. Everything in the room indicated exquisite taste and harmony. Flowers were arranged in graceful garlands over windows, doors, and even the beautiful pictures which adorned the walls. They were twined amid the gossamer-drapery over-arching the couch, and looped back the soft lace curtains from the windows.

When grandma saw her darling quietly sleeping she left her side and hastened back to comfort the bereaved and sorrowing mother. She entered the chamber of death and saw the stricken parents bending over the pale, silent form, and heard them speak her name in broken accents, and she thought could they but know how blest and beautiful, how cared for and happy their darling really was, they would cease their grief

and say, "It is well." But all the tender, whispered words of comfort appeared to fall on ears of stone, so unresponsive did they seem to spirit ministry and consolation.

After Lily had reposed awhile on the snowy couch in her new home she was awakened by soft, sweet strains of music of the most enchanting kind. She lay listening attentively and wonderingly, when a beautiful lady approached her saying, "Darling child, will you not come with me and see our little fairy musician?" Lily gladly accepted the extended hand, which was as soft and warm as her own dear mamma's, and not at all like "dead folks," as she had been taught to think those who had gone into spirit life were. They passed out of the cottage and through the lovely grounds, where bloomed a profusion of rare flowers such as Lily had never before seen, and joined a group of gaily dressed happy children, who were standing upon the shore of a small lake, called the "Lake of Song," through whose crystal waters could be discerned the shining, silvery sands at the bottom, and the golden-hued fishes swimming merrily below. Beautiful plumaged birds flitted about among the graceful trees and flowering vines upon its margin, while on the opposite shore was seen, gleaming through the mellow haze and green foliage, the outlines of what appeared to Lily to be a magnificent crystal palace. She did not stop to question her attendant, for her attention was drawn to a small boat floating idly upon the surface of the lake, while within it sat the fairy musician, whose deft fingers were wandering over the strings of an instrument somewhat resembling a guitar, producing the exquisite music Lily had heard.

This little fairy-like creature was one who had passed to spirit life when but an infant, and had inherited her wondrous gift of music from her parents, who were first in rank among the brilliant geniuses of that far-famed land of song and story—sunny Italy. Her mother possessed an exquisite voice, which had been cultivated to the highest perfection, and had charmed and swayed multitudes with its sweetness and power. Little Elfine Stacoli inherited all this grand power, and had she remained in earth life until maturity, she would have been one of the most brilliant stars in the world of song; but going into spirit life, the fullness and perfection of her inherited soul-gifts attracted the attention of the great teachers, whose duty it is to assist in the unfoldment of genius wherever discovered, and under their wise tutelage her rare, rich gifts soon blossomed into beauty and perfection unsurpassed in one of her tender years. She was now eight years of age, but of such delicate and exquisite mold as to appear no larger nor older than one-half her age. Her face was one of rare loveliness and delicacy. Her large dark eyes were mild and heavenly in their expres-

sion, yet beaming with the fires of genius which permeated every fiber of her being. Over her fair shoulders streamed the wavy, jet-black mass of silken hair, in vivid contrast to the snowy-white, gauzy drapery, which enveloped the *petite* figure. Twined among her tresses and above her brow were clusters of lovely scarlet blossoms with waxen green leaves. Sprays of the same bright blossoms trailed among the soft folds of the white drapery which fitted with careless grace the tiny form.

As the fairy-boat floated near the shore where stood Lily and her guardian, the latter said: "Darling Elfine, can you not give us a song of welcome for the fair Lily-bud which has just been transplanted from the garden of her earth-home to the more congenial garden in this, our spirit home?"

The boat paused, and its occupant turned her lustrous eyes towards the speaker, revealing a depth of tenderness and love as they rested upon the new-comer. Then, as the boat touched the shore, she sprang out and greeted Lily most affectionately, and together they all proceeded to the cottage, where the fairy Elfine entertained them with her delightful music until the sympathetic sorrow Lily felt for her parents was soothed and charmed to rest under the magical power of song and the loving care which enveloped her.

(To be continued.)

## Correspondence.

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

### Notes of Travel.

EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE: It seems like a long time since we turned our faces eastward, and said good-bye to you and many other dear friends who live in the land of flowers and sunshine. Our first stopping place after leaving Oakland was the City of the Saints on the great Salt Lake. There we remained over night and until noon the following day, enjoying the beautiful city and its many places of interest. In company with two gentlemen, who were fellow-travelers, we visited the grave of Brigham Young, and the last resting-places of four of his wives. The plot of ground dedicated to this celebrated Mormon and his family is quite extensive, and well cared for by a gardener who sees that Brigham's graveyard is kept green; as the graves are all, with one exception, covered with heavy slabs, the gardener's care extends to only their surroundings. President Young's grave is covered with a heavy, undressed granite stone, and its rough surface is unbroken by a single letter. A plain iron fence encloses

his grave, and in its shadow rests his first wife; two other graves lie near, and at the other extremity of the enclosure the grave of another woman bears his name, and a faded wreath of flowers that encircles the sacred name of "mother." This dear name in that strange place, and the faded offering that loving hands had reverently placed there, brought to mind a flood of reflections which were doomed to hasty extinction by my more practical husband, who had finished his investigations and was ready to go.

We visited the portion of the city that contained the many homes of Brigham Young, and had a little chat with a very pleasant-faced lady, who lived in a house that still bears his name on the front door; she was evidently one of his widows. A Mormon elder showed us the beautiful new temple now in the process of erection, also the famous Tabernacle which seats ten thousand people. The organ is said to be one of the largest in the world. The building is lighted by 300 gas jets. A few days previous to our arrival the funeral of their last President, John Taylor, had taken place from the tabernacle, and a beautiful shield of fading flowers and elaborate mourning decorations remained to remind one of the event. Over eleven years ago, they placed garlands and festoons of evergreens in this house, and they are as green and beautiful to-day as when first gathered for this purpose. Assembly Hall is a very tasteful building. Its ceiling contains beautiful frescoes representing various events in the history of their religion. While we were admiring these, the Elder gave us quite a lengthy sermon, beginning his remarks by telling us we were very ignorant in religious matters, and as he proceeded to expound the truths of his faith he told us that the glorious light of the Mormon belief would yet illuminate the whole world.

The sacred buildings are all enclosed in a high wall, and as we approached one of the gates, my husband ventured for the first time on a few remarks, but as these did not harmonize with the views of our Mormon friend, he allowed us to pass out, when, without further ceremony he shut the gate and locked it leaving us laughing on the outside. Our train left at twelve o'clock, and we departed from this famous place with many regrets that we were unable to hear the wonderful organ, and listen to the choir of one hundred singers, as we might have done could we have remained a couple of hours longer. South of Salt Lake some twenty miles, we passed a beautiful sheet of water called Utah Lake, around which were many pleasant homes and what appeared to be an industrious and prosperous farming country. After leaving Utah Lake we soon reach high table-land, surrounded by lofty mountains and towering peaks of the Hintah range. Fantastic shapes of pink and yellow sandstone

greeted the eye in all directions; and as the rays of the setting sun illuminated this strange picture it made an impression never to be forgotten.

The following morning found us at the entrance of Black Cañon, where begins the most picturesque portion of the Denver and Rio Grande route. While memory lasts I shall never forget the sublime grandeur of the scenery of the Rocky mountains. Black Cañon is rightly named, for of all the dark and awfully mysterious wonders of nature this crowns all that my astonished eyes have rested upon, but when I would endeavor to portray something of the magnitude of frowning rock that towered so high above us, words fail and I am dumb with the memory of one of nature's grandest results. From this on, wonder upon wonder greets the eye, until propelled by two powerful engines, we reach the summit of Marshall pass. Here one of our engines became disabled, and we remained for over an hour gathering wild roses, asters and other beautiful flowers, at an elevation of 10,852 feet above sea level. The next object of especial interest is Grand Cañon, only equaled in gigantic proportions by Black Cañon already alluded to. We reached Denver at ten o'clock in the evening of this eventful day, and were glad to rest after the fatigue of our long journey. Morning found us much refreshed and ready to enjoy a sight of the beautiful city of Denver. We remained until three P. M., when we entered the cars and proceeded some fourteen miles to the quiet little city of Golden, the home of my husband's sister, where we visited three weeks and enjoyed such royal hospitality as few people know how to confer. On the 24th of August, we proceeded eastward, making two short visits on the way in Indiana and Ohio. The evening of the 1st of September found us once more in the familiar city of Springfield surrounded by warm hearts and loving faces. The beauties of an eastern summer have not yet waned, and all nature is charming. The frequent rains peculiar to this climate have washed all traces of dust from tree and shrub, and the clear waters of the Connecticut reflect with perfect accuracy the exquisite beauty that borders its banks. Many changes have occurred here since our absence. A number of new public buildings add beauty to the place, while whole streets of tasteful dwelling houses seem to have sprung into existence by some magical process. These are not the only changes, for some familiar faces we hoped to meet once more are missing, their owners having joined the host of arisen loved ones, who will welcome us again when we have finished the journey of mortal life. As soon as possible we shall endeavor to present the merits of the beautiful Dove in

such a manner as to secure a goodly list of subscribers. Truly yours,

EMMA C. PEET.

Sept. 6, 1887, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

#### Letter from Mrs. J. L. York.

*Editor* CARRIER DOVE:—After leaving Denver, from where I last wrote you, a tedious ride of two days and one night brought us to Ottumwa, Iowa. The weather was exceedingly hot, but two large audiences greeted Mr. York, the Liberals and Spiritualists working together harmoniously. Why should they not? They have both the same bedrock belief in materialism, and if the Spiritualist has grown a little taller and blossomed, is that anything to quarrel about? A pleasant reception was given us at Mr. T. W. McCarroll's who, with his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Millersack and the aged father, now too feeble to do battle with the outer world, have long stood in front ranks of Spiritualism in Ottumwa. At the reception spoken of we met many friends, and among them we were pleased to meet Miss Katie Khem, a bright young lady of seventeenth years, who is working hard to fit herself for usefulness in life and has already given several free-thought lectures as reported in *Truth Seeker*, with credit to herself and the cause; and last, but not least, Bro. Wm. Lindsey, whose heart is in the right place, a whole-souled liberal and his good wife a Christian, but she promised to pray for us. Moses Hull, in passing through the town gave us a short call and a grasp of the hand; his genial face was like a lamp in a dark place. Success to him and his *New Thought*, published at Des Moines, Iowa. We also met at Ottumwa a bright, intelligent lady, perhaps fifty years of age, who lives alone with her flowers, books and pictures; her walls are literally covered with the latter; her hair is grey and worn short, and she dresses in the bloomer costume. She is interested in all the live questions of the day and her eyes would sparkle as she discussed them, but the singular part of her life is, that she is a prisoner—imprisoned, as she believes, by spirits. Although living right in the city it is seventeen years since she has left her home, as we were informed by the lady who took us to her house. She believes that spirits are developing her for various forms of mediumship and that it is necessary for her to remain at home. Sometimes she has been persuaded that she can go if she *will*, but by the time she reaches her gate her voice is gone and she falls as if dead and has to be taken home. Their treatment of her is such that she dare not disobey. This case is similar to that of Jennie Leys, who was taken from a field of usefulness and imprisoned in the four walls of a cottage, her grand powers allowed to stagnate and become lost to the world. Who can tell what it is that can acquire such a power

over individuals? It is spirits, as many believe it? If so, by what right or authority do they act? If spirits, they are, in my opinion, vagabonds who are trying to get even with earth for something they suffered here, and their power is to be dreaded and avoided. However, may it not be a diseased imagination? I believe it to be just as wrong to hold circles where any spirit who chooses, regardless of character, can control a medium, as it would be to throw our street doors wide open and bid all welcome who choose to enter.

To my mind, when Spiritualism has proved that death does not end all, that life still continues, its mission is ended; and our business is not to sit around tipping tables to talk with our grandmother, but to make this world better and brighter. This is just as good a place to begin making heaven as any we will ever find, and our lives should be devoted to this world while we live in it, not to selfish ends, but for the best good of humanity; then we will be prepared for whatever awaits us.

From Ottumwa we went direct to Ionia, Michigan, our old home, to lay up for repairs, during the terrible hot weather of such a summer as has not been experienced for fifty years, and with an almost total absence of thunder, lightning or rain. During our stay, Mr. York gave one lecture at Ionia and one at Grand Rapids, a beautiful city of seventy thousand inhabitants, where wood is manufactured into everything desired for use; a great manufacturing town situated on the Grand River and on the Detroit and Milwaukee line of Railroad. He also spoke at Belding, a few miles north of Ionia, where the Belding spool silk is manufactured. While there we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum, two earnest Spiritualists who are nearing the boundaries between the two worlds; but to them the future is bright. There are several active liberals there I would gladly mention for their open-handed courtesy, but have lost their names. Our next point was Alliance, Ohio, a town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants. We were the guests of Dorwin Smith and wife who, with his brother P. G. Smith and wife, and Smith senior, vied with each other to make our stay pleasant. They have the finest watch and jewelry establishment in Alliance, and their home is the speaker's always. We wish the world was full of just such Smiths. The Spiritualists of Alliance own a nice little church with stained-glass windows, pulpit and big Bible all complete, but it is so far from the business part of the town that its usefulness is greatly impaired, so Mr. York persuaded them to take the rink, and they were greatly surprised at the result. Instead of the few that would go to the church several hundred convened at the rink, to listen to two lectures, one "Free Thought," the other "Capital and Labor."



A pleasant ride of a few hours brought us to Columbus, the capital of the State, which gave birth to the "God in the Constitution" party. Free thought has one live, active worker there, R. H. Rawlston, whose best energies are expended in the cause, making the lectures a success, but little seed has been planted there and much work is needed. While there Mr. York spoke for the Labor Party, and also attended the funeral of a child whose parents were members of the Secular Union. It was the first secular funeral ever held in Columbus. A good Catholic neighbor brought in a Bible and laid it on the table, for "how would a funeral look without a bible, sure?" The woman was shocked because the wicked infidel laid his hand on it; she expected God would come right down and strike him dead, but he still lives. Mr. York was also invited to lecture to the prisoners in the State Penitentiary, located at Columbus. We accordingly attended their Sunday morning services. The chapel seats seventeen hundred, and every seat was full and more wanted. Thirteen hundred of the audience were prisoners; thirty of them women; the balance of the audience were from the outside world. Mr. York read one of Lizzie Doten's beautiful poems "The Chemistry of Character," then spoke for an hour on the subject of "Wasted Power," throwing in along with wit and humor many a thought of golden truth that we hope may have fallen on good soil, showing them that though overtaken by misfortune, life need not necessarily be a blank, that there was hope for all in the right use of their mental faculties, that their lives for good or ill were in their own hands, and that avenues for right doing were always open for those who chose to seek them.

The prisoners were delighted, and every eye was fixed on the speaker, while frequent bursts of applause greeted him until he had to tell them he only had so much time, and every time they exploded they took from his time. There is a good choir composed entirely of male prisoners and an organist. It was a sad sight, many of them boys—only giving evidence of the effect of the ill-assorted marriages which curse our civilization. The visitors were requested to remain seated until the prisoners were marched out. They were taken directly to the dining room, and it was a sight to see that mass of men seated at their dinner, on stools, with their backs all one way, the tables being narrow boards so that no two sat facing each other. At a tap of the bell every cap was taken off, and at another tap the chaplain asked a lengthy blessing—we hope it may be realized. Over one hundred of the prisoners are in for life, and two were awaiting execution; one of them has since paid the penalty of his crime. In Ohio, when a prisoner receives a death sentence he is immediately sent to Colum-

bus where all executions take place, so the murderer has no opportunity to be feted and petted by silly women who too often make a farce of the situation; and what makes the ordeal still more fearful, the gallows is a permanent fixture and perfectly noiseless in its operation, and all executions take place between midnight and 2 A. M., with very few spectators allowed.

Mr. York received a note of thanks from one of the officers of the prison with a gold piece enclosed, for his kindness in giving them all such a treat, and informing him that he had the honor of holding the first purely secular meeting on Sunday in the place of religious service of any state institution in the United States, and that Ohio shared that honor as being the first to open its doors to Secular thought. We hope it may not be the last.

A pleasant ride of two hundred miles on the Pan-handle route brought us to the Birmingham of America, Pittsburg, with its immense foundries of iron and steel and manufactories of glass. The city is warmed and lighted, and all its furnaces, machinery, and factories are run by natural gas, no wood or coal used here; and some one, in taking a night view of the city from Mt. Washington, has compared it to "Hell with the lid off." A busy city, the streets narrow and blockaded with traffic, with the constant rattle and clang of iron in all directions, with streets and walks piled with all sorts of commodities and refuse. A person from our more orderly western cities naturally inquires, "Have they no town council or police here?"

They have a live Liberal League here, but working under great disadvantages, their hall being at the upper end of four flights of stairs. Although land is scarce and buildings from three to seven stories high, yet three hundred churches occupy land *untaxed*, which might be used for far better purposes.

This is an off year for fruit of all kinds—small, poor apples four dollars per barrel, potatoes \$1.15 per bushel. We paid two bits the other day for six small California pears. We go from here to Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, when we will gladly turn our faces westward. There is no place like home.

Yours for truth,

MRS. J. L. YORK.

PITTSBURG, PA., Sept. 7, 1887.

## Our Exchanges.

### Is Dr. Talmage Stealing our Teaching?

*Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.*

And those who in this life delighted in exercising the art of healing, they are still busily engaged at their old business. "No sickness in heaven," says Dr. Talmage, "but plenty of sickness on earth, plenty of wounds in the different parts of God's dominion to be healed and to be medicated." He

dwells on the probability that the healing spirits are still employed in their vocation on earth, and under greatly improved conditions and with vastly increased powers. He would not at all wonder if Abercrombie and Dr. John Brown, and others of renown as healers on earth, come back again and again to see some of their old patients, and to have their joy in healing the sickness and the woes of earth.

And as for those who found their chief joy here in social converse, what are they doing now? Dr. Talmage believes they are engaged in brighter conversation there and enjoying a grander sociality. "What a place to visit in," he exclaims, "where your next door neighbors are kings and queens, you yourselves kingly and queenly." And he fills up the picture with striking personalities. It is strongly evident that Dr. Talmage refuses respect for the old belief in the nebulous and vaporous indistinctness of the spiritual state, and ~~does~~ implicitly believe in spirit return and spirit service on earth.

### Just Words for Woman.

*The Open Court, Chicago, Ill.*

It is certain that the doctrine that through woman sin entered the world, and that her position is essentially subordinate, so plainly taught by Paul, was a part of the early Christian belief, and Mr. Lecky tells us "It is probable that this teaching had its part in determining the principles of legislation concerning the sex"—legislation which put woman in a "much lower legal position than in the Pagan Empire." Mr. F. M. Holland in his "Rise of Intellectual Liberty," remarks that "no ancient Christian of unblemished orthodoxy showed himself so friendly to female independence as the skeptical Seneca, Plutarch, Pliny, Hadrian and Antonius Pius. Clement of Alexandria, who lost his place on the list of saints more than a century ago on account of his liberality, urged that women have as much right as men to study philosophy, and gave high praise to Miriam, Sappho, Theano and Leontium. These names, with those of Portia, Livia, Agrippina, the Arrii, Fannia, Sulpicia, Zenobia and Hypatia, show that more female ability had been developed before the establishment of Christianity than can be found afterward for centuries. Women had almost ceased to figure in history except as devotees."

It seems to us that even those who reverence the Bible as the revealed word of God, a divine revelation, should object to having it longer used as an empty-headed oracle whose mouth can only echo back each individual wisdom-seeker's own opinion. It is time too that women should begin to understand the laws of natural justice as taught by history and experience to all people of all faiths, instead of relying for their ideas of right and wrong on an ancient book which is considered divine by but a comparatively small number of the earth's population. No Bible can forever uphold wrong; for whenever men grow intelligent enough to judge by its fruits and its possibilities as to the right of a question, sacred books will either be pushed aside, or as today, lamely interpreted in the interests of justice, but a too frequently changed interpretation must weaken its hold on the mind as a true oracle.

Editors have their peculiarities as well as other people. They practice and inculcate brevity, which is a virtue. They are absent minded, which is a failing. It is not strange, then, that one should send a note to his lady-love like the following: "Dearest, I have carefully analyzed the feeling I entertain for you, and the result is substantially as follows: I adore you! Will you be mine? Answer." Then, after a moment of thought, he added, in a dreamy, absent way: "Write only on one side of the paper. Write plainly, and give real name, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."