

Isle of Beauty.

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME IV.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

NUMBER 19.

The Platform.

Death—Its Need.

By the Controls of J. J. Morse, of England, delivered in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco Sunday Evening, Oct. 2, 1887.

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

The eternal providence of God radiates through every department of being, in every experience of human life; there is never a careless flaw in the chain of existence, there is never a needless experience in the career of man, and over all and governing all there is that eternal Love and Wisdom that with an increase of human knowledge man will increasingly trust from age to age. Some times it seems that the day is dark and chill, the way wearisome beyond all words to tell; the cold and bitter blasts eat into the very marrow of your bones, and the pitiless showers of sorrow fall relentlessly upon your defenceless heads, and then, in your hour of sorrow, pain, misery and agony, it may indeed seem hard to believe that the providence of God is governing all wisely and well.

You have been taught in former days that "Behind a frowning providence He conceals a smiling face," and there is more of truth in this than perhaps some may believe. It is hard indeed, we know, when you have seen the tender infant blossom upon the rose bush of domestic life, bloom into childhood, develop into youth, unfold into manhood and present all the evidences and indications of a prosperous, virtuous and useful career so far as human life is concerned—it is hard indeed to see that noble promise stricken down and to find the outward frame thereof lying cold and still within the narrow confines of the casket. You have watched it, you have nursed it, you have loved it, and the heart-strings have entwined around about its life, and the home has been filled with sunlight and happiness by its presence. Then your heads are bowed, your hearts broken, the waters of your soul gush from your eyes, the tears fall down your cheeks, and you seem for the moment to have lost sight of the providence of God.

But if you trust God in the sunshine why not in the shade? If you see His loving mercy and goodness in the gentle rains of summer and the beautiful flowers that deck

the garden, why not in the sterner blasts in the barren trees of the winter season of the year? If you can hear Him speaking to you in the tender tones of happiness and love, (why not when the other side of the same divine providence is presented) when sorrow and darkness like a tiny cloud obscures the sunlight for a passing season? We know it is hard and bitter for those who have loved to have the Death Angel invade their houses and to take away, (steal it almost seems) the beloved of their hearth stones, and in place of the living active person, to give them only the cold and lifeless clay. Yet life and death, birth, development, maturity, each is the inevitable order of existence; construction, development and destruction are the orders of material nature, and when we find that association, development and decline run through every department of being, the laws of God, of that same loving Providence we have just referred to, being ever true to themselves, we must naturally expect to find that they shall hold good in the realms of human life as well. Therefore so it is man is born; he grows, matures, declines and dies, and his death is as much a part of the plan of God's providence as was his birth or life, an inevitable sequence that all must encounter, from which there is no possible escape.

The wisdom of the past has expended much of its time in an effort to discover an elixir vitea that should preserve the physical existence. But all such labor has proved in vain; a healthy body is the only elixir that can prolong the life thereof. But the inevitable result is that in every department of nature the law of association, development, maturity, death, construction, and destruction holds sway in the grand unfoldments of universal being. The forms of to-day are builded upon the dead of yesterday. Therefore, death is a need, an absolute need, in the progress of nature and humanity.

Having thus placed it before you, in its general bearings, let us now consider it in its especial bearings to human life itself, and in doing so we shall be able to present to you the reason why you die.

You are born, you live, you die. Why do you grow?

"Well, we cannot help it. We take in food, and through the normal processes of life we grow."

Then why do you not go on growing as

tall as the mountains around about you, or until you can overlook the world itself?

"We cannot do that, of course. We grow to a certain development, and when we have reached the culminating point, why, then we stop."

But if growth is the law of life, why not grow indefinitely?

"Because we die."

Exactly, but there is a deeper reason still. As we stated to you in the previous address, the processes of growth are twofold. Let us now more elaborately place that fact before you. There is the growth of the body physical, and there is the growth of the body spiritual. You will remember that we stated to you that the purposes of the human body were not only the elaboration and development of itself, but it was the laboratory wherein was distilled the refined elements that entered into the making up of the spiritual body that was beneath it. Here we have, then, an important fact. The inner body that is elaborated is to become your spiritual environment, as this material body is now your outward environment. Through this you will work to the inner conditions of existence, as through your present physical body you work to the external condition of being. But this would not be possible if the spiritual body did not reach a condition of maturity that would warrant the individual dispensing with the outer form. It is the law of God that when this inner spiritual body has been elaborated, that the links that bind it to the outer body should be severed, for the outer body can no longer minister to the needs of the immortal soul. Therefore if the providence of God is an intelligent providence, it becomes necessary that the outward body should be removed, or in other terms, that you should be taken out of the body that can no longer serve you, and that you should be related altogether to the inner body that will then be perfectly adapted to your new requirements.

The need of death then is for your progress, your happiness, or, if we put it in another form, your future progress, and your spiritual, mental and moral development in the future, depend upon your dying in the present, so that instead of death being something terrible, an injury to you, or a dreadful ordeal that you are called upon to pass through, it is a blessing and a benefit, for without death you would be circumscribed, limited, held within a prison-house, and prevented from gaining that experience

and development which, when you are ready to die, you are ready to gather in a superior world.

At this point let us consider one or two other important considerations. The need of death is to release you from conditions that confine you—that is clearly understood, we trust. From the very moment of your first conscious rational existence—aye, prior to that, in the embryotic stage, your immortal soul has been gradually expanding and growing, increasing in power and activity, and as a consequence, you continually enjoy and realize more and more of life and being. But some people seem to utterly fail to realize this important fact, for instead of reaching out into the eternal principles of God and life, they concern themselves with all the petty needs of their present career; they are circumscribed and bounded by their physical senses, by their trades, their business, and their commerce; bestow more attention upon the gratification of their ordinary desires, hopes, fears or revenge, than they do in the cultivation of the immortal powers and elements that belong to their eternal natures. These people do not grow spiritually; they may grow within the sphere of mental and sensuous life, but when it comes to spiritual development there is but very little made manifest. You have heard of “lean souls,” there are a great many such in the world, those who are all out of order, spiritually speaking. These people, though they do not by the natural processes, the laws of nature, spiritually unfold here and develop, they must die as well as the rest of humanity, and when they come to life again on the spiritual side they present a “leanness,” which is the result of the improper development of their activities while in this world, and such, instead of presenting a creditable spiritual appearance, really present the very reverse. This we shall deal with more fully in our next lecture when we consider the effects of death upon the individual himself.

Here let us make a digression. At this point we wish you to clearly understand that there is a spiritual growth as well as a physical growth, and that just now we are not referring to the growth of the spirit body, but to the growth of yourselves, the immortal part of you, and that when this immortal part of you has grown so far that it can no longer be ministered to by the ordinary senses of the physical body, your intellect and your moral nature are then upon a better plane more conducive to your enjoyment and development, and you need to die as a consequence of your progress here.

We now come to a very curious consideration indeed. There are some people who tell you it is necessary for the immortal soul to come back again into a physical body, and into the physical sphere of life, to be “re-embodied” in a *physical* organization, so as to assist its *spiritual* growth by becoming

limited in the environments through which it has to manifest itself! Now, if we take the argument we have just presented, (and we assure you it is true), that this spiritual growth fits you for a better world, and demands an organization better adapted for your necessities than the physical one, then the argument we have just mentioned falls to the ground, and you can not get the superior development by coming back into the physical conditions. If the law is that the need of death is that you shall be lifted to a sphere of being where greater opportunities and a more perfect unfoldment of yourself becomes possible, the logic of the situation is that you outgrow the conditions of materiality and physical environment, just the same as the perfect fruit is the outgrowth of the latent possibilities of the tree. You might just as well say that the peach upon the tree must go back again and be the stone before it can become a beautiful peach fit to be eaten. There is no necessity to go backward in order to go forwards. There are periods of rest, meditation and development, but they are no periods of re-embodiment.

Therefore the need of death coming in at this point again teaches you that you must accept it as part and parcel of the divine purpose of the eternal God. God's providence, when it can have free scope, so to speak, when there are no deflections from its line of operations, causes you to realize the ultimate benefits of the past, and all that is possible in the future. But a word at this point: There is something exceedingly painful in the early deaths that so frequently occur. To see the little forms of babes lying cold and still in death is to us the saddest of all sad sights; to see a man in the full promise of his manhood stricken down by the fell hand of disease is to us almost as painful. These are not ripened fruit, they have no need to fall from the tree of life; there is no need for their dying, for they have not yet attained that condition of growth wherein the necessity of change becomes apparent. It is to the aged, to those full of health, happiness and usefulness to the world, that the change should come, when all the possible experience that individually can be gained while here has been gathered in, when all the powers of body, brain and mind have exercised themselves to their fullest and most complete extent; then, and then only, does the true need of death begin to assert itself. Then is distilled and elaborated that ethereal frame which becomes the spirit body when you have passed away from mortal life. Through the changes you are experiencing here, the process of this elaboration and distilling is proceeding, and as a consequence could you see, as we have seen and can see the inner nature of man's physical form, the living picture we are now about to present to you would then be manifested.

Close your eyes for a moment, let the

distracting scenes and thoughts of the outer life pass away while you, in sweet meditation, turn internally to realize the sublime processes of God and nature, which, when accomplished, render death an absolute necessity for humanity at large. There, within the human frame, you see a pale pulsating silvery light, glowing like a lambent flame in every department of the physiology. We lay aside in this consideration all the varied hues and colors of the spiritual light belonging to the outer form itself, and turn our attention altogether to that spiritual light that glows beneath all other lights. From head to foot, from toe tip to finger tip, in every department, we find this silvery lambent glory pulsing with a divine beauty, and as we look at it more closely, and examine it as to its apparant form we find that it is the very semblance of the outward man, but oh! so beautified, so refined and etherialized you could scarcely believe that the one was the counterpart of the other. It is, as one might say, the divinely painted picture of the noble artist in contrast with the model, or the subject, that he copied. This inner light, glowing and pulsing, the very semblance of the outward form, is the spirit body that will be your immortal vesture when you pass from hence; it goes with you; the vitalic processes of life are engaged in elaborating it as an inner building. This inner body is related to the outer body by a species of physical magnetism, a species of vital-magnetic cord binds the inner and outer bodies together, and while the process of growth is going on this inner, vital-magnetic relationship comes in contact with every department, so that the outer surface of the spiritual body is in every department related to the inner surface of the physical organization. The snapping of the cords we described to you in the former lecture is the commencement of this withdrawing of this spiritual body from the outer one that now covers it. But when, in physical maturity, the spiritualized elements have built up the interior body, then the necessity arises when this perfected spiritual body must be freed from its physical environment, when the person who dwells within that spiritual body must experience the change, being now fitted to enjoy a condition of existence to which that spirit body is related.

God does nothing uselessly. This spiritual body is a finer organization than the external one you now possess. As your life in the external body relates you to the external world, and enables you to derive all the benefits and advantages from that external world that are possible, so this inner spiritual body, by correspondence, must be related to that inner spiritual world, a more refined world than this. As you would find it somewhat difficult to live actively and consciously in both worlds at the same time, though you serve an actual relationship to both, the need

of and advantage of avoiding the destruction of your bodily energies at once becomes apparent; therefore when man's spiritual body has been developed, when he has attained that spiritual growth that we have so much insisted upon, then the need and absolute necessity of a change of condition asserts itself.

What is death? The realization of this need of change, the fulfillment of this necessity, the casting aside of the external material body, the retiring from the outer into the inner realms, the breaking of the external form that you may come into relation with the inner condition of being, a going forwards, never, never a going backwards. Here, in this world, the law of life is apparent that the senses and avenues of the outer body are fitted for all the needs of outer existence; then if the inner body be a duplicate of the outer, then the senses and avenues of that interior body will be fitted to the needs of the interior world; and if that interior world be a higher and nobler world than the outer one it follows that the exchange will be decidedly to your advantage. Not only has the spiritual body developed and been fitted for the higher life, but is an absolute necessity to enable you to enjoy the conditions of that larger and nobler realm of existence.

If God thus fits you to this plane of being, will he not also fit you for all other spheres of being? And as He, through the laws of nature takes you into the regions of eternity, so shall He go on lifting you up to higher and more celestial realm still, and death shall prove the stepping-stone to grander things that lie beyond.

Here, then, the nature and need of death stand disclosed before you. In the providence of God it is one of the divine necessities that you must encounter, for if you were to remain indefinitely or eternally in this world there would indeed be but a very limited possibility for your progress, for after all it is a very tiny world. Its laws and principles, great though they are, are only a fragment of the laws and principles of the universe. To live here in this little ball, whose circumscribed circle around its primary is only a drop in the sands of eternal being, would be to confine you to a prison house, and the processes of intellectual growth would crowd you to the very limits of its verge.

This is the primary school of life. The Divine Teacher sends you here for kindergarten experiences, intellectual and spiritual, it is the modelling house wherein your forms are chiselled, shaped and built. Here you commence; here you build up that spiritual environment that shall be yours when you pass away from the confines of this life; here you commence the elaboration of that personality that is yours for the ages yet to be. Here, then, you begin; here you are trained in the preliminary experiences; here

your immortal needs are built up, and when this process has been accomplished, when the laws of nature and the purposes of God have prepared you for an immortal career, it is absolutely necessary that you be transferred to the stage you have been fitted for.

As the bud must die before the flower can come, as the green ear must die in the burning embrace of the sun before the golden grain shall shine in the autumn glory, as the blossom must die and fall from the tree ere the fruit can mature in the summer sunshine, so man must blossom upon the tree of mortal life, and that blossom (his material body), must drop from the tree ere the immortal fruit (his spiritual personality) can blossom in the eternal sunshine of the Hesperidean gardens over there. And as the same loving providence works in nature as in man, so the ripening processes upon the greater tree of being shall ever continue onwards over there, to your advantage and to your unfoldment. There shall then be neither grief, nor pain, nor suffering, nor sorrow, nor fear, for the coming of death, for it is in harmony with the needs of your own natures. When rightly experienced, it is the evidence that you have come to that point where you must go forwards; it is the stepping-stone from life that is, to life that is to be.

Having now placed the nature and the need of death before you, this much only remains for us to say, that the need of death is God's manifestation of interest in you, and His desire to exalt you to higher planes of existence. Then dry your tears, still the beating of your hearts; no longer drape yourselves in sable garments, but lift your faces with a loving trust to the eternal Providence beyond, and know, without a single doubt, that in the darkest hour of human trial and suffering He ordereth all things wisely and well. Then shall the voices of the angels make music in your breasts, fill your souls with divinest joy, and by opening your eyes, and unsealing your spiritual perceptions, enable you, to see beyond all question that the great need of death is because humanity is destined for a progressive and eternal life of beauty, ever unfolding in the worlds beyond. That commencing here in this world as conscious, rational beings, you are being gradually prepared for a life more expanded and enlarged beyond the grave, where the care and sorrow of mortality shall be left behind.

And when you plunge beneath the stream, and climb the glorious heights, and stand upon the plains of heavenly light, you shall meet each other there, and we, too, shall greet you, clasp your hands, and gaze into your faces. And as you look back upon the world left behind, there will rise a song of gratitude and praise from all your hearts and souls, for knowing the nature of death, the great value of its need

when accomplished in your cases, you will then give praise to the great Giver of all things, and know then that death was the gateway to eternal life, the means by which your Father gathered you to a fairer home in His many mansions over there.

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 VII.

SUPPLIES AN OMISSION AND DOES PARTIAL JUSTICE, AT LEAST, TO TWO AMIABLE YOUNG LADIES.

The universal tradition of the novel-reading world is that all works of fiction must contain a love story as one of their essential elements. No matter how absorbing the sensation plot may be, the general reader yearns for the presence of the loving heroine and the persecuted hero. Certain cynics have thus been led to argue that this thirst for love in books is plain evidence that there is but little to be found in life. Traitors are these cynics, every one, or perhaps disappointed ones, who, like the fox in the fable, only cry sour grapes when the fruit is beyond reach, as do many of our kind over other sorts of disappointments that love is not concerned with at all.

The aforesaid universal tradition, however, reminds us that hitherto this veracious history has suffered from the omission of that very element, a love story, to-wit: which alone, it is said, can give a truly human interest to an author's work. That such defect shall no longer mar the symmetry of this chronicle let it at once be here set down that the said defect exists but suppositiously in the over-anxious mind of the author's best friend, the genial and intelligent reader. The important movements of our characters up to this point have precluded us from dealing with the gentler interest, for only now can it be justly introduced with a due regard to the exigencies of the action of the story. The omission, then, was purely nominal, but what follows will undoubtedly supply it, no doubt to the full delight of all concerned.

Down there in Berkstone, where the gentle south winds lightly toyed with the whitening locks of the earnest Vicar, or kissed the sweet faces of his loving wife and daughter, life at the vicarage had been very quite and sad since Ernest left then. The very rooks seem to miss him, as did the people, for he was greatly loved by all. His sunny chamber, the window of which faced the hills beyond the village, was

kept even as if he still tenanted it. The neat bed, covered with spotless clothes, the downy pillow in its white case, inviting slumber, seemed to tower above the rest of the bed as a lone mountain might rise from out a field of snow. The neat and fragrant bunch of flowers, in the old familiar vase, was there, its fading tenants being duly replaced from time to time with fresh and fragrant blossoms. The jessamine was carefully trained around the window frame, while on the table were books, writing materials, his old date case, paper knife, and a framed portrait of himself standing by the side of his sister Constance, as they had been "taken" months before. All were just as they used to be in the happy days when he was at home, and now kept thus by the hands of that loving, faithful sister who thus tenderly maintained his memory in their home. The name of the absent one was rarely mentioned, for the pain of the parting was still fresh in the father's heart. It was not anger, it was rather a sense of injured pride that pained that father, added to which there was a tinge of shame that his son had turned his back upon the teachings of the church. So, at this time, by tacit consent, as little reference as possible was made to Ernest in the home he had lately left, at least, in the presence or hearing of its master. When mother and daughter were alone the silence was broken, and they freely conversed upon the son and brother so dear to each of their hearts.

During one of these delightful confidences between Clara Courteney and her sweet-natured daughter, Constance incidentally remarked, "I wonder, mother dear, whether Ernest will ever marry?"

"It is impossible to say; but why do you ask?" replied Mrs. Courteney.

"Because I sometimes think he would succeed better if he did," answered Constance.

"Perhaps," assented Mrs. Courteney, "but, my dear, so far as I know his heart is quite free."

"Yes, I am sure of that, but if he is free, I fancy someone else is not," added Constance with a smile, at which her gentle mother was much surprised, inquiring then as to where her daughter's thought was pointed. In answer, Constance said, to Lilian Eversleigh, asking her mother if she had never noticed the gentle interest that Lilian ever took in all that concerned the absent member of their household, to which Mrs. Courteney made answer that, beyond the interest of friendship and natural amiability, she had noticed nothing—so blind do our own loves often make the keenest-seeing among us. Talking further on the subject, Constance told her mother that she had recently written Lilian—the two were almost like sisters—telling her all about Ernest's future plans,

and that he had left Berkstone, to carry them into execution, strong in his sense of duty and self reliance, with many tender, sisterly references, of course, to his goodness and worth, which she modestly forebore from mentioning to her mother at this time. Then slipping her dainty hand into the pocket of her dress she drew forth a letter that had come to her from Lilian Eversleigh by that morning's post. It was dated London, — 17, 18—, and after the opening sentences of loving and sisterly greeting, became quite serious in its tone. Let us listen as Constance reads hermissive.

"So Ernest has gone," commenced this serious-toned epistle at this point, "and you 'all miss his face and presence about the house.' I can well believe it, dear, for without doubt, his absence must be sore to bear. Yet, Constance, dear, I somehow feel it is better thus—better for him, for you, for you all. I know how painful it all must be to your father, dear, especially as Ernest so frankly avowed his scruples concerning the matters so dear to your father's faith and conscience. I grieve deeply that your happy home must linger in the shadow caused by parting under such circumstances, but convictions command respect even, though we differ." Then followed a few unimportant sentences of sympathy, after which the fair writer thus continues: "I can scarcely conceive of a mission better suited to Ernest's noble nature. There is a patience, enthusiasm and nobility of purpose expressed in his character which eminently befits him to become a missionary to our heathen at home. If it were possible for my loving Constance to be by her brother's side, I am sure he would be even more able to accomplish his work than he is now. I shall watch with deepest interest all he does, and shall look to you to tell me all of his movements. May all the powers of good help him, dearest, is my heartiest prayer for all your sakes." Then were a few pages of domestic news, among which was this item, i. e. that her "dreadful, but best beloved old father," was continuing his mesmeric experiments with very gratifying success, the young person upon whom he was experimenting proving much more "lucid" than he ever anticipated was possible, after which she closed, with two curious paragraphs, which are here reproduced in full: "I must tell you, dear, that papa was recently solicited by the Professor Camdock—the person who was the mesmerist that brought Miss Hurton to papa—to attend his daughter, with the result that the professor is now a grandfather, or was, for the little stranger only lived a week. Very sad, was it not, dear?" The final paragraph contained this statement: "At present, I feel my life is largely wasted. I can do so little, in the circle of life we move in, to help others. Then it is considered un-
maidenly for one to have opinions, or to go

out into the dark spots of our cities, and help to cleanse them. How I wish, at times, I was a man, and could strike out a course of my own. Perhaps yet my hopes of being helpful and useful may all be realized." "There," said Constance to her mother, "I feel sure my thoughts are right. Lilian loves Ernest, and would gladly share his exile, and help him in his task."

At this Mrs. Courteney grew very thoughtful, a grave, and somewhat troubled look spread over her face, while for a time the two sat in silence. After awhile Constance said to her mother that she would so like Lilian to come down upon a visit to them, so that it might be that something of her true state of mind concerning Ernest could be ascertained. Presently this plan of hers was put in motion, and Lilian Eversleigh again became the Courteney's guest.

A fortnight after Lilian's arrival at the parsonage Constance was seated with her late one afternoon under a shady tree on the lawn in front of the house, when the two began to talk again of Ernest and his work. Unconsciously the sister warmed as she talked, praising lovingly the absent one. At times tenderly and almost tearfully regretting the differences between the father and son, and then sorrowfully speaking of his loneliness out in the north there—wishing the while that she could be with him. Wondering how he was faring, for, so far, his letters had but been few, and the news they contained disclosed but little result. Her heart yearned to her brother, and the sweet and tender thoughts that throbbed within her breast went out to him in a love so deep and sisterly that made her feel his absence more acutely day by day.

Lilian sympathized with her, doing all within her means to soothe her dear loved friend, and joined in full with all the praises raised in Ernest's name. "Tell me," said Constance, "do you not think him a dear, dear fellow?"

"He is very good," said Lilian.

"Ah! more than that, dear, he is what all men ought to be, and more than many are. There, there, though," added Constance, "I am a partial judge, I know, but he is my brother." She said these last words with a tenderness no pen could put into words. Here they rose from the seats, and passing down the path they entered the churchyard hard by, and there paced among the little mounds sentinelled by their grim grave stones, under the shade of the yews and cypresses, each encircling the waist of the other. They moved slowly on to the stile that led to the meadows on the further side. The sun was just sinking to his rest, flooding the sky with an amber tinted vermilion glow, deepening from gold to red, and red to purple, as the great light sank behind the hills, the crescent moon the meanwhile shining like a silver scimitar up above their heads. These two pure

souls, thus standing on the edge of that sea wherein it seems as if at times are engulfed the fairest flowers, seated themselves upon the old and well-worn stile in a silence too sweet to break, each busy with the thoughts within her mind. One was thinking, will he ever come back to us, and share our peaceful home again? Will father and son come together again in the old-time fashion, or must the absent brother go on his way alone, bearing the burden of absence and a father's coldness without aid or comfort? Would this true-hearted friend of hers ever win his love, help him in his work, and in blessing him bless them all? Deep, sweet thoughts of love and hope and trust in a wise power over all, at last filled her mind with their power, and made her hope in spite of all that the end would yet be well.

The other of these twain looked far away across meadows and fields, up to the heavens above, the purple beauty of which was but a trifle deeper than the hues of the eyes of her who gazed upon them. As she sat there her thoughts were full of a deep, unutterable, and all true womanly tenderness for the man who knew not how deep he was loved. Was she invoking the aid of some bright angel from out the azure deeps o'erhead, and praying that some accident of fortune might bring about what cold propriety prevented? In sooth, 'twas like enough! 'Twas such a dear, sweet secret though, that woman-like, she locked it close within her breast; but rising presently she drew Constance to her and fervently kissed her cheeks saying, with deep emotion, "God bless your noble brother, darling, and may he never fail to find a friend in any hour of need." It was simply said out there under the moonlight, yet it was said as solemnly as if a vow was registered there in the presence of the remnants of mortality that lay beneath the daisy and grass-covered mounds beside them. Was it the plighting of a troth, the consecration of a love, the dedication of a heart and life to one other heart and life, in the silent strength to bear a cross that makes a true woman, in her better nature, so near akin to a divine nobility? It matters not just now, but Lilian Eversleigh was thereafter more sweetly serious and earnest than heretofore.

The stars peeped in at the windows of the chambers, wherein rested these two loving women, as peacefully they slept through the silent watches of the night. May all their hopes be realized, and the ties that now unite them become still closer by a deeper one even yet. If one old rook could have peeped into Lilian's chamber, she would have seen a tear drop on her eyelash, and heard a name murmured in her slumbers, that sounded like Ernest, and could she have flown across country, and told whereof she had been, and heard, then perhaps, our hero's heart had been made

happier, and his lot brighter. Being but a rook, though, she but perched on Constance's window till at early dawn, and "caw, cawed," in her usual knowing fashion, as was her custom. Let us have patience, and all shall yet be well for the loving hearts and laboring lives herein concerned.

(To be continued.)

Original Contributions.

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

Home.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

The happy home is God's true temple,
And loving hearts, in-dwelling there,
Are fragrant, incense-breathing censers
Tremulous with perpetual prayer.

Love, the only creative power,
There plies its splendid potency,
Till souls immortal bud and flower,
To shine throughout eternity.

The Holy Spirit, with dove-like pinions
Broods th' mother's wonder-throbbing breast,
And plants within its pure dominions
The living thought of God as guest.

Now stilled be every pulse of passion!
Draw near, O white-robed angel-throng!
While heaven's law doth nobly fashion
A deathless Hope, a ceaseless song!

A world concentrate in one Being,
Virtue and Truth new-orbed again,—
Another blissful dream of heaven
Where perfect innocence doth reign!

O, friends! with awe and reverence enter
Where none but th' pure in heart should come,
And let divinest love-thought centre
Around sweet Motherhood and home!

The Signs of the Times.

BY G. F. PERKINS.

"Watchman tell us of the night
What its signs of promise are?"

Who can answer the question?
We fancy the different answers coming
from all creeds and beliefs would be somewhat varied and complicated. We do not attempt to answer the question, but cannot help wondering about it, and are led to exclaim, in the words of a good father long since gone to the spirit world, "I don't know, I swags."

Circumstantial evidence goes to prove that some great change is coming to this country. Surely "there are signs in the sky" which are worthy of attention. Our Advent friends are confident that the end of the world is nigh at hand; the Methodists and Presbyterians are counting on "the Millennium," the Catholic portion of the community are firm in the belief that soon the whole world will be brought into one fold, the shepherd of the same being

the Pope of Rome, our political friends have various plans for "saving the country," and so it goes.

In an article in the DOVE a short time ago, we hinted at the possible figure of the future that might have been seen in the great procession of the "Young Men's Catholic Mutual Aid Society," which marched through the streets of San Francisco. We call the reader's attention to the *Chronicle's* report of The Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia, Sept. 17th. There is a blending of the Catholic element into the ceremonies, which cannot be passed by unnoticed. We quote the following:

"After the Bishop had concluded his prayer, General Sheridan, with aides, followed closely by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, and a number of Catholic clergy, marched down the aisle and were cheered to the echo. At the close of the singing, President Kasson gently took the arm of Cardinal Gibbons who, with the glittering sun pouring down upon his cardinal vestments and the "red hat," so lately placed upon his head by the venerable Leo XIII, looked his best; and was the recipient of marked attention as he turned around, faced the President, and offered up a prayer to the Almighty. He was listened to with the closest possible attention."

Ah! indeed, sure now, of course, God would pay close attention to the big man with the "red hat."

The President spoke at the Hibernian banquet, and flattered the flannel-mouthed citizens to such an extent, as to prompt the Catholic organ of the Pacific Coast, *The Monitor*, to throw its editorial arms around Grover's neck and give vent to its feelings, as follows: "It is consoling to Irish American Catholics, to find the Chief Magistrate of this nation not imbued with that ignorant and malicious native Americanism, which is characteristic of the New Know-nothing party just at present bobbing up from the grave where it was buried in its own black bigotry."

Do you mind that, now! It is a very satisfactory sight to a shrewd Catholic to see General Sheridan followed by the Catholic clergy. Is it not a possible figure of the future? *The Monitor* shoots another gun. "Columbus did not discover America for the Know-nothings or the Mormons." Is that so? Suppose he didn't, what has Columbus got to do with America at this present day?

This same *Monitorial* has discovered that five of the past Presidents of the United States were of Irish descent. He can have Jeff Davis if he wants him. The same organ contains in full a "Brief from the Holy Father," which especially refers to the project of "Our University," which is to be located at Washington, D. C., to the cost

of eight million dollars, the plans of which are already formed. His Reverence makes this remark: "The unlimited license of thought and of writing has been the root and source of unbridled opinions, and wicked men audaciously strive, by the craft of fallacious wisdom, to extinguish the light of faith in the minds of the young, and to enkindle therein the flames of irreligion." He goes on to say that all the plans and workings of this institution must be submitted "to this Apostolic See for its approval."

It is easy enough to see the drift of Catholic power. We are not especially advocating any particular party or religion. We believe this to be a country where every one has a right to his own religious ideas, so long as he does not attempt to crowd those opinions into a state or national government, which the Catholics are doing at every opportunity. We think it high time to wake up to the fact that when a power with such wonderful proportions, plants a University costing eight millions of dollars in the capital of the United States, whose doctrine declares that "No man can be a good Catholic, Romanist and Papist who shall deny that the vice-regent of God on earth is clothed with full power to rule the Earth in all matters," and at the same time are crowding their members and followers into public offices as fast as possible; *it means something*. The Catholic power recognizes nothing which cannot be used for its benefit. It will be remembered that that power refused at first to allow its members to remain in the "Knights of Labor," but suddenly changed their minds; the cause of the change was owing to the fact that they recognized the powerful influence of that party, and because of its power it must be used by them in the future. They do not recognize the Henry George movement simply because Dr. McGlynn was punished for disobedience and is now considered a dissenter, and the *Monitor* advises true Catholics to have nothing to do with the "Ex-Catholic."

Dr. McGlynn was invited to speak to the "Army of the Tennessee," but the *Monitor* says, "Owing to the respectful protest of prominent Catholics it was rescinded. General Sherman emphatically expressed his disapproval of inviting such obnoxious speakers to the Detroit reunion."

We think the breaking of Papal fetters by Dr. McGlynn to be only one of the stones that are being thrown in the Catholic mud pond. We think there will be a great stirring up of dirt and not a very pleasant smell will arise before it is through with.

With Generals Sheridan and Sherman, Blaine and President Cleveland in the rear, to work their diabolical schemes through, under the pretenses of loyalty to America it will not take long to develop a first-class pestilence.

The Baltimore *American* reports a controversy between the Rev. Dr. Wharton a Protestant clergyman and the Rev. Mr. Currier, a Roman Catholic priest. Mr. Wharton makes this remark: "The Pope has set his heart on winning our fair land and it will not take long to get it if he continues to advance and the Protestants sit still and let him bind them hand and foot."

Now and then a man is bold enough to say a word, but the majority of the people are scared to death if a word is said to offend this hydra-headed monster with the new "red hat."

The Presbyterians of South Carolina have waked up, and are vigorously discussing the encroachments of the Catholics. One prominent clergyman is reported as saying that "The next twenty years will be the settling of the future religion of America. Whatever that decision is, that will be the religion for the next five hundred years, not only for America but for the whole world, for America will be the ruling country."

We are of the opinion that the reverend gentleman is fishing in deeper waters than he thinks, and will be surprised at the big fish therein.

We think the "American party," which the *Monitor* so contemptuously refers to, will be a great power toward preventing the wholesale slaughter by Catholics, judging by the manner in which Catholics oppose it.

It is a noteworthy fact that the American party has no enemies so bitter as the Irish Catholics. Our newspapers that oppose it have Irish Catholics for editors. The *Argonaut* refers to a daily paper in this city, that has bitterly opposed the party, and says of the editor "He is an Irishman by birth, a Romanist by religion and a citizen by adoption."

We regard the American party, "Labor Question" and the "Woman's Suffrage," question, as the trinity that will eventually work for the maintenance of human rights. In this trinity lies the hope of all free people, who will not submit to the iron rule of Catholicism.

What is Love?

BY IMPRESSION, OR SO-CALLED UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION, THROUGH A. F. MELCHERS.

Love is the harmonious vibration of positive and negative conditions coming *en rapport* with each other. Law is a like condition, with the exception that the positive and negative entities are of equal proportions—equal in force, strength, power, motion or volume. Love is harmony, the accordant vibration of two conditions having similar qualities, propensities, virtues or evils—if non-spiritual actions may be so termed—many such cases also existing in which the above is manifested, harmony. But

not all conditions of harmony is love. Love in its true sense is a pouring out of spirit, of soul, of being, a state of existence which gives, imparts, bestows, and none greater known or more profuse in gifting than what man has denominated God, spirit, nature, intelligence, causation, or law. Now law and love are one in the first-named instance, and if law constitutes causation, it is love in the latter instance also.

But what is God, nature, spirit, intelligence, etc.? If they all constitute causation, there is no difference between them and law, or even love, and it becomes indifferent which term we use in speaking of the origin of creation. If God and law are one, then God is love, for does He not constitute a condition which constantly gives, imparts or bestows? Does He not constitute a wonderful condition of harmony? Is not the entire universe a glorious existence of harmony—of love? What else is harmony or love but the coalition of positive and negative entities vibrating in one pulsating beat of the heart—one accordant vibration of coalitions—whether individual or universal? Does not the latter betray the cause by a similarity of conditions? Does not man prove himself to be a child of love, of God, of law? Is not reproduction an effect of love or law? But dissimilar in force or motion, action or impulse, feeling or emotion, three stages which compose the material, the animal and the human, the sensuous, the sensual and the spiritual, but all the effect of a previously existing cause, a priority of force or motion, and proving that the origin is not where the effects are manifested. But they must begin somewhere. God is love, a purely soul condition of existence, one which gives, imparts and bestows, and consequently positive in nature. Matter is the opposite—inactive, inert and inanimate, and consequently negative. But the action of God, law or love, creates life in the same. But what is life? Life is an effect, *i. e.*, material, animal or human life, and is produced by the coalition of positive and negative conditions, principles or elements—except God be regarded as life. Under these circumstances it becomes a cause. But as we are commenting on those conditions, which originated from God, we will regard them as effects of this cause. Thus life is an effect, and as such it reproduces as it was originally created, but which only continues as long as it exists as an effect, not a cause. And love being a cause, does not reproduce. Thus love does not exist in matter, and that which is regarded as love is either sensuousness, animalism or an emotion of a material nature. But what originally produced life in the universe of existence? God, the positive condition of the same. But such is not reproduction. He exists as a unity—one cause, and the only existing original cause—therefore not an effect, and

the creations of such a cause cannot be imitated or reproduced by effects. Man may be an effect of love, but he does not constitute a purely love condition, one that constantly and only gives, imparts and bestows, as nature does, as God does. But his soul-nature strives to reach the condition at all events—a condition which only gives, imparts and bestows, a so-called love condition, a positive condition of existence. As a positive life entity, he must become analogous to God, and as such, reproduction ceases. Thus, man must free himself from matter, or the sensuousness which exists in connection with the same, to reach a pure condition of love; or this condition naturally makes him positive to matter and its effects, and man himself ceases to be an effect—now, like God, a cause, and as such, may be able to create as God does, but in comparison, which is equal to nothing in the beginning.

But how to reach the love condition is the question. If love is law it must constitute absolute motion, activity or power. Man is gifted with passion; an effect of animalism or self love. The latter is the extreme opposite of love, and as such must constitute absolute inertia, inactivity or impotency, a state which is analogous to matter itself, even if it is impossible for any being to fall into this abject condition, in consequence of the immortal or perpetual life-condition of the soul-nature. But as the spirit-body becomes imbued with all that which man indulges sensually or negatively as it were, and this contains the passions of the life-entity, it must be more or less disposed to inactivity or impotency of motion, and affecting the physical body with a similar inactivity. But as the passions exist in the spirit, and which becomes inert in comparison to the force or impetus for the same, the latter must be attracted to matter accordingly, passion and matter being one, and causing like to attract like. To overcome this, therefore, is the soul's mission if it desires to get away from matter; and to accomplish this, it must add to its own condition an opposing force, or an impetus which will overcome the spirits' attraction for matter. Love is the only, or at least the most powerfully opposing force to self-love or passion, and to reach the love-condition, therefore, man must practice love, *i. e.*, give, impart, bestow, or indulge in actions which have a like purely spiritual or divine effect. Benevolence, charity, sympathy, and a strict adherence to the duties of life, as they are planned for each one by a higher power, will lead to the goal, and when the soul-motion becomes superior in power to that of the spirit-body or its attraction for matter, the aim is accomplished, and instead of dragging the soul down, the latter will drag the spirit up, as it were, or control it, instead of being controlled by it.

As such, man becomes a positive exist-

ence, a positive life-entity—the coalition of a positive and negative condition originally, and still existing as such in having a spirit-body, which represents the negative entity, but whose inferiority lacks influence to manifest itself—thus leaving all action or motion in favor of the soul-nature, the positive part of the being as a life-entity, and as such it now becomes a positive condition of existence. Whether analogous to God in point of fact, may be left to reason for inference, although comparisons are out of the question. As love and law are one, there are undoubtedly other developments necessary for the soul to attain outside of a mere positivity to matter, and which belongs to the future. Our "impression" is that the soul itself, outside of its sensuous appendage in the form of a spirit-body, has to attain a condition which represents a positive and negative entity to make it harmonious in its mutual vibrations with each other—new conditions which have equal proportions—equal in force, volume, strength, or motion. And as the spirit-body becomes lost unto insignificance, this cannot constitute its negative side in the far-off future, and become perhaps nothing more than a pivot, on which the soul revolves, to prevent it from losing its individuality, or becoming amalgamated with God or nature as a purely positive entity. In this respect it will always remain an effect, but, compared to material life, a cause in being beyond the animalistic condition of reproduction. But as such, it becomes a purely love condition *per se*, whether it attains this state before throwing off its mental coil or not. If the former, it has achieved a wonderful end as a life-entity in a connection with matter, and may prove that love does exist in conjunction with matter—being veritably an individualization of love or law, or simply a personification of love in its divine or purified state—freed from passion, sensualism and materiality, for such only is positive love—God's love.

(Signed) MORE ANON.

Uniformity.

How monotonous would be our lives were they all uniform, all cast in the same mould! The mind craves for variety, and the more the better, providing there be harmony. Even as a perpetual blue sky or skies of changeless leaden hue, every leaf and flower of the same form and shade would ere long become intolerable, so a sameness in opinions in our individual way of viewing the same fact or circumstances would deprive life of one of its charms. The sooner we learn to allow our neighbor the greatest possible scope for his opinions and theories, claiming also the same privilege for ourselves, the sooner will we commence to discover the true worth and beauty of variety. As it is presumable that no two persons are constituted precisely alike, no

two lives similar in all their details, so it is folly to expect two individuals to think in unison and agree on every point. We each view matters from our own standpoint, others may take a lesson from us, and we in turn may learn from our friends, but we should not expect or desire uniformity in any sense.

May the time be drawing very near when humanity will be freed from all the wrangling and useless words which cause such bitter feelings, and are a disgrace to the civilization and enlightenment of the nineteenth century. EXCELSIOR.

BOSTON, Sept. 24th, 1887.

Selected Articles.

A Prophetic Dream.

THE VISION THAT CAME TO LINCOLN BEFORE HIS ASSASSINATION.

There were only two or three listeners. Mr. Lincoln was in a melancholy, meditative mood, and had been silent for some time. Mrs. Lincoln, who was present, rallied him on his solemn visage and want of spirit. This seemed to arouse him, and, without seeming to notice her sally, he said, in slow and measured tones: "It seems strange how much there is in the Bible about dreams. There are, I think, some sixteen chapters in the Old Testament, and four or five in the New, in which dreams are mentioned; and there are many other passages scattered throughout the book which refer to visions. If we believe the Bible, we must accept the fact that in the old days God and his angels came to men in their sleep, and made themselves known in dreams. Nowadays, dreams are regarded as very foolish, and are seldom told, except by old woman and by young men and maidens in love."

Mrs. Lincoln here remarked: "Why, you look dreadfully solemn; do you believe in dreams?"

"I can't say that I do," returned Mr. Lincoln, "but I had one the other night which has haunted me ever since. After it occurred the first time, I opened the Bible. Strange as it may appear, it was at the twenty-fifth chapter of Genesis, which relates to the wonderful dream Jacob had. I turned to other passages, and seemed to encounter a dream or a vision wherever I looked. I kept on turning the leaves of the old book, and everywhere my eye fell upon passages recording matters strangely in keeping with my own thoughts—supernatural visitations, dreams, visions, etc.

He now looked so serious and disturbed that Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed: "You frighten me. What is the matter?"

"I am afraid," said Mr. Lincoln, observ-

ing the effect his words had upon his wife, "that I have done wrong to mention the subject at all; but somehow the thing has got possession of me, and, like Banquo's ghost, it will not down."

This only inflamed Mrs. Lincoln's curiosity the more, and while bravely disclaiming any belief in dreams she strongly urged him to tell the dream which seemed to have such a hold upon him, being seconded in this by another listener. Mr. Lincoln hesitated, but at length commenced very deliberately, his brow overcast with a shade of melancholy.

"About ten days ago," said he, "I retired very late. I had been up waiting for important dispatches from the front. I could not have been long in bed when I fell into a slumber, for I was weary. I soon began to dream. There seemed to be a death-like stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered down stairs. There the silence was broken by the same pitiful sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room. No living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed along. It was light in all the rooms; every object was familiar to me, but where were all the people who were grieving as if their hearts would break? I was puzzled and alarmed. What could be the meaning of all this? Determined to find the cause of a state of things so mysterious and so shocking, I kept on until I arrived at the 'end room,' which I entered. There I met with a sickening surprise. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers, who were acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered; others weeping pitifully. 'Who is dead in the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers. 'The president,' was his answer. 'He was killed by an assassin!' Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which awoke me from my dream. I slept no more that night, and although it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."

"That is horrid!" said Mrs. Lincoln. I wish you had not told it. I am glad I don't believe in dreams, or I should be in terror from this time forth."

"Well," responded Mr. Lincoln, thoughtfully, "it is only a dream, Mary. Let us say no more about it, and try to forget all about it."—*Ward H. Lamon, in Philadelphia Times.*

Cause of Divorce.

BY ESTHER E. DYSART.

The reason divorce is so very much increased in these latter days, is owing directly

to this system of the married slavery of women. An intelligent woman who has all her life done as she liked, known no authority over herself, but her own will, and has had money to expend which she has earned, finds the situation utterly unendurable when she discovers she is entirely under the control of a husband, or master, as some English women call them. Defeated in her plans and aims, her tastes and wishes ignored, no wonder she refuses to be immolated and steps out of such a hades. A writer on this point says: "In New England and in communities that have sprung from her people, divorce is more prevalent than elsewhere. But it cannot be said that this result is the outgrowth of her ignorance nor of her want of civilization. Her people are not ignorant nor corrupt. Among the applicants for divorce in New England, the greater number are women. The reason is, that in New England a woman is an independent, intelligent person, who knows her rights, and who becomes in marriage a wife, not a slave. Her independence goes with her wherever she goes. She can die for a man that treats her well, and if he does not treat her well she can leave him quicker than lightning."—*The Woman's Standard.*

What Christianity Has Done for Woman.

BY MRS. A. M. SWAIN.

Have just returned from church. Our minister took for his theme "What Christianity has Done for Woman." In these days when the "Woman Question" occupies so large a share of the world's thought, every public utterance on the subject is noteworthy. The point on which he laid most stress was that "Christianity had lifted woman from a condition of serfdom up to equality with man." Now, if this be so, why do not Christian men—Christian ministers at least—allow her to occupy the position to which one good brother says, Christianity has raised her? Is there an evangelical denomination in christendom to-day that allows women equal rights and privileges with men? Is there a Christian government in the world that allows women equal political rights? Is there a Christian home in the world where the wife is the legal equal of the husband?

'Tis true the Methodist church allows women to pray aloud in public, and even to preach and conduct revival meetings, but when it comes to giving the right hand of fellowship to those she has persuaded to choose the better way and come into the fold, she must stand aside and let some ordained brother do that. The Presbyterian church will allow women to talk aloud in Sunday school (all churches will allow them to work) and sing in the choir, but the highest authority has decided that "the

ministerial office is too sacred for women to hold, and the word of God too holy for women to expound. Poor things! Like Mohammed's coffin they are suspended 'twixt the heavens and the earth. Religion too sacred for them to meddle with and politics too corrupt! According to our good brother's theology—which we shall not question—woman was at one time on a much lower plane than man, but by the aid of Christianity she has risen to his level, showing conclusively that she has progressed much more rapidly than he has. The impetus she has acquired in this ascent, and the still continuing aid of Christianity, will, of course, carry her still higher, and unless some force can be applied to push man ahead, he will soon be left again to plod his weary course alone—this time with woman above him instead of below him.

Now, if Christianity will take man's case in hand and lift him out of the condition of subjection to his appetites and passions so he can keep step with woman in the onward, upward course of humanity, it would deserve double praise. Women are not selfish; they do not ask Christianity to shower all its blessings upon them. They are willing to share with their brothers.

The old saying that the gods help those that help themselves is certainly true in woman's case—she has fought for every inch of ground she has gained; nothing has been conceded that has not been demanded.—*The Woman's Standard.*

How not To Do It.

The Seybert commission having made a splendid failure to find interesting and valuable facts where other investigators have succeeded, their blundering ignorance is now assisted by newspaper mendacity. The *New York Times*, of Aug. 22, concludes an extremely stupid article on this subject, by the following paragraph, which, if the writer gave any indications of intelligence, would be set down as a pure specimen of mendacity, but is more probably a specimen of indolent ignorance:

"If Spiritualists could furnish one clearly-proved case of a spirit from the other world, seen and tested by those now living on the earth, there would be some sense and reason in their claims to be heard; but until they do, the great mass of intelligent people will refuse to listen, and rightly, to."

There must be an immense mass of the same kind of lazy ignorance in the community, when such stuff is tolerated in a newspaper. The contents of daily newspapers show that they expect more patronage from the debased and ignorant classes than from the intelligent and honorable.—*Buchanan's Journal of Man.*

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Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class
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32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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THE CARRIER DOVE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., OCT. 15, 1887.

An Apologist for Bishop Misrepresents the Critics of the "Mind Reader."

In a report of an inspirational lecture delivered in this city on Sunday evening last, published in the S. F. *Examiner*, the following sentence occurs:

"Just here I wish to state that, in our opinion, the attacks made on Mr. Bishop by persons who are in no way recognized as representative Spiritualists, is simply dastardly. No one has the right to accuse Mr. Bishop of mercenary or dishonest motives. The personal attacks on that gentleman are simply infamous and entirely uncalled for."

Is it "infamous" to let the public know that a man repudiates mediumship for a more lucrative calling, and abuses and attacks his former friends? Is it "entirely uncalled for" to denounce financial trickiness done in the name of philanthropy? Inspired talkers should get posted

upon facts before endeavoring to instruct their audiences. A "positively eloquent" speaker ought to be positively accurate; for charitable excuses are no satisfaction for condemning the misdeeds of others. The recorded interviews by the *Examiner's* representative with certain Spiritualists upon the matter of Bishop's practices, which appeared in that journal on the morning of the day upon which the lecture referred to above was delivered, included the names of William Emmette Coleman, J. J. Morse, Dr. Louis Schlesinger and Joseph W. Maguire, and as the speaker referred to says they "are in no way recognized as representative Spiritualists," they will all now consider their local, national and international reputations destroyed! Two at least of these gentlemen, Messrs. Morse and Coleman, were household names to the movement for years before the "inspired" lecturer was ever heard of. For a disciple of "charity," it is excellent taste to score a point, though to do so he is obliged to utterly disregard the truth.

Since writing the foregoing the following advertisement appeared in the San Francisco papers of Wednesday, October 12th; we clip it from the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and it reads as follows:

METROPOLITAN HALL.—Fifth street, below Market. M. B. Leavitt, Lessee. Last week, and positively the last opportunity of seeing the great mind-reader and anti-spiritualist, Washington Irving Bishop, the original and world renowned mind-reader and exposé of spirit mysteries.

Do the dead return?
Is it Spirits, or is it not?

Important notice, by special request of hundreds of San Francisco's citizens, Mr. Bishop will give his extraordinary reproductions and startling exposure of the most marvelous manifestations claimed by Spiritualists to be done by the aid of the spirits of the dead. Popular prices, 25c., 50c. and 75c.

Seats reserved at Sherman & Clay's Music Store, without extra charge, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Comment is unnecessary in this case. The criticisms made upon Bishop are thus fully justified, his apologist notwithstanding.

Gnostic.

Webster's Unabridged defines the word Gnostic thus, when applied to the individual: "One of the so-called philosophers that arose in the first ages of Christianity, who pretended that they had a true philosophical knowledge of the Christian religion. Their system was a fantastical combination of Oriental theology and Greek philosophy with the doctrines of Christianity. They held that all natures, intelligible, intellec-

tual and material are derived by successive emanations from the Deity. These emanations they call *mons*." Evidently the "Gnostic" has nothing in common with Spiritualism! Plain, unadulterated Spiritualism has no room for, or need of, these revamped "mysteries" of a superstitious past. As one of the "leaders" of the modern Gnostics repudiates independent spirit-guidance or guardianship, how can the Gnostics honestly appeal to Spiritualists for support? Present day intelligence does not need a re-hash of either "Oriental theology," or "Greek philosophy;" instead we need an accurate understanding of facts as they are viewed in the light of our better systems of investigating and determining upon the so-called "occult," which is only our common nature's spiritual powers.

Who Will Do Likewise For Us?

A NEW HALL IN ENGLAND.

We are just in receipt of an English newspaper, *The Alfreton and Belper Journal*, of Belper, Eng., from which we learn that the foundation stone of a Spiritualist Hall was laid in Belper, on Monday, September 5th, by Mr. W. P. Adshead, a fairly large company assembling at the site of the new building in New Road, to witness the ceremony, many friends from a distance being present. The Hall is the gift of Mrs. Alfred Smedley, and is to seat 200 people. It will also be available for public purposes at a small charge. Mrs. Smedley is defraying the whole of the expenses, excepting the furniture. Short addresses were delivered on the occasion, and a collection made to assist in the liquidation of the internal fittings. Messrs. Wheeldon Bros., Belper, are the builders.

As indicative of the position of the cause, in the estimation of the press, in the district in which the new hall is being erected, the subjoined comments in the above-named journal are appended: "Belper is instant upon achieving greatness in the religious world. A new sanctuary was brought before public attention on Monday night. Some few years since, religious feeling was profoundly stirred by a visit from the American evangelists, who traveled the length and breadth of the land. Prior to their arrival there had been many so-called 'revivals,' but the effect was not of long duration. Now scarcely a trace of the fervour aroused appears to be left. Within the past few years Spiritualism has originated

in Belper, and is undoubtedly making progress. They have held their services at the Brook Side Lecture Room. Partly from want of more commodious premises and partly owing to the room being required for business purposes, they are driven to seek new quarters. Mrs. Alfred Smedley has filled the office of good Samaritan, and supplied their wants. There is no religious sect in the town which has made the strides the Spiritualists have in the last year or two. Whether this is from the reputation of the preachers or from their magnetic fascination I cannot say. They have no minister in the town, and I am not aware these gentlemen are part of the necessary adjuncts to the conduct of their services. But I do know they have addresses delivered which are pregnant with human interest, biblical truths, and diverse original styles of appealing to the passions. A sermon can be extemporized to suit the wishes of the hearers, and the utterances are often very peculiar, yet minus the cold formalism which has sprung into custom."

Would that we had a Mrs. Alfred Smedley among our wealthy Spiritualists in this city. Surely we have of one sex if not of the other.

Wedding Anniversary and Birthday Celebration of Mr. J. J. Morse.

A goodly number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse assembled at their residence, 331 Turk street, on Saturday evening, October 1, the occasion being the seventeenth anniversary of the marriage of the host and hostess, it being also the thirty-eighth natal day of Mr. Morse. During the evening, Bro. Morse and wife were the recipients of a most handsome testimonial in honor of the occasion, from the friends present and Mrs. E. L. Watson, in the shape of a large and elegant plush photographic album, with a beautiful stand attachment, which latter included some of California's choicest floral productions, carefully mounted between glass. The album and appendages were the richest and most ornate that could be procured in San Francisco. In the album were contained the photographs of some of the recipients' numerous California friends, additions to which will be thankfully received and cordially appreciated.

A very rich, hand-painted birthday card was also presented to Mr. Morse by the same donors. The scene upon the card is emblematic of the almost boundless power of love; a majestic lion in repose, with a

circlet of roses entwining his neck, attached to a rosy chain held in the hand of a lovely maiden, standing fearlessly near the ere-while savage beast. Bro. Morse facetiously designated the central figure of the design as the "British lion couching in the grass," to which Mr. Coleman retorted that the maiden was the American goddess of liberty; whereupon a lady friend suggested to Mr. Morse that, on his return to England, he should show the card to his friends there, as indicative of the British lion having fallen a victim to the fascinating allurements of the Columbian goddess.

The pleasurable task of presenting these gifts to Mr. and Mrs. Morse was deputed to Mrs. H. E. Robinson, and in her usual felicitous manner, in choice, fitting, and expressive terms, such as only a woman could voice, was her task performed. Mr. Morse was also the recipient, from the veteran R. A. Robinson, of a handsome cane made from the wood of the famed steamer *Kearsarge*, with a mounting of silver and abalone shell, the work of manufacture being performed by convicts in San Quentin prison. An original poem, couched in mellifluous, smoothly-flowing verse, written for the occasion, was read by its author, Mrs. Julia Schlesinger. Mr. W. E. Coleman indulged in some remarks pertinent to the occasion, and a number of the other friends, of both sexes, briefly extended their congratulations to the happy couple. A lovely poem from Mrs. E. L. Watson, who was unable to be present, was read by Mr. Morse. Mr. Morse touchingly responded, on behalf of himself and family, to the many kind tokens of appreciation and regard with which they had been greeted; and later in the evening, the guests were favored with a visit from Mr. Morse's jocular control, "The Strolling Player," whose sparkling flashes of wit, sandwiched between "chunks" of solid wisdom humorously imparted, were received by one and all with hearty delight and sympathetic appreciation. Musical selections by Mrs. Holifield and Miss Florence Morse contributed, in no small degree, to the enjoyment of this most pleasant evening.

Prior to adjournment, refreshments for the inner man (and woman), solid, liquid, and, as "The Strolling Player" termed them, semi-liquid, were served in bounteous profusion, and were as liberally partaken of. Just as midnight was about to be reached, the hap-

py assemblage dispersed, joyous smiles wreathing every countenance, while congratulations and thanks to Brother and Sister Morse for a most delightful evening spent, fell thick and fast upon their devoted heads.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

[Having secured a report of Mr. Coleman's remarks on the occasion above referred to, we append them here, as they contain gems of thought too valuable to be lost.

ED. DOVE.]

Remarks Made Upon the Seventeenth Anniversary of the Marriage of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse, Saturday, Oct. 1, 1887.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

"Marriage is the beginning and summit of all civilization."—*Goethe*.

"A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest, easy; and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life."—*Addison*.

"Such a large, sweet fruit is a complete marriage, that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season it."—*Theodore Parker*.

When I took occasion, a few weeks since, at the jubilee reception to Mrs. Watson and Mr. Morse and family, to refer to the principles of true conjugality exemplified in the home life of our host and hostess, I little thought that it would so soon be my pleasure to again testify, in this manner, my appreciation of the practical exemplification of well-ordered and happiness-bestowing marital relations which their daily lives evidence to the world; and right glad am I to be enabled to thus truthfully testify. The foundation of all society in this, and in all other succeeding worlds, is the family circle. The relations of husband and wife, parent and child, are of eternal duration. The universe itself is, if I may be allowed the expression, redolent of nuptial unions,—God and Nature, spirit and matter, co-exist in sempiternal union, duality in essential unity. How gladsome, then, to every lover of Nature's principles eterne, is the sight of a happy, harmonious home, where love felicitous and sweet content for aye abide, such as we feel assured crown the hearthstone of our genial brother and sister in whose honor we have assembled this evening.

Queen Eleanor, of Arragon, is reported as having said: "True love cannot exist between those who are married to each other." The fallacy of this statement, I think, is signally illustrated in the couple now before us, as it has been many times in other cases known to us all. Rather can our good friends say with the poet:

"Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below."

Of those who are rightly mated, where heart meets heart, and soul unites with soul in blest accord, how fittingly may it be said:

"But happy they; the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate,
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human law,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will
With boundless confidence; for naught but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure."

What Gail-Hamilton calls the "true essence of marriage" has, we think, been realized in the wedded life of Mr. and Mrs. Morse; namely, that "its love is mutual, equally giving and receiving at every instant of its action. There is neither dependence nor independence, but interdependence. Years cannot weaken its bonds; distance cannot sunder them."

Our American hermit-sage, Thoreau, once remarked that there is more of good nature than of good sense at the bottom of most marriages. While, undoubtedly and unfortunately, many marriages do evince a woful lack of good sense, yet, in this instance, good nature and good sense were happily blended some seventeen years ago, and, as a natural consequence of this harmonious blending, we have with us this evening a living embodiment of both good nature and good sense in the person of our young friend, Miss Florence Morse. There she sits! Don't you all see the good nature irradiating her expressive countenance, with her every feature betokening the bounteous supply of good sense which has descended to her as a natural heritage?

A good wife; what an inestimable blessing! and how pleased we were to hear Brother Morse's appreciative tribute not long since to the "angel of his household:"

"A wife's a man's best piece, who till he marries
Wants making up; she is the shrine to which
Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage.

She is the good man's paradise, and the bad's
First step to heaven, a treasure which, who wants,
Cannot be trusted to posterity,
Nor pay his own debts; she's a golden sentence
Writ by our Maker, which the angels may
Discourse of, only men know how to use,
And none but devils violate."

"A good wife is Heaven's last, best gift to man; his angel and minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels; her voice is sweet music; her smiles, his brightest day; her kiss, the guardian of his innocence; her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry his surest wealth; her economy his safest steward; her lips, his faithful counsellors; her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head."

Old Sam Johnson has told us that he who

would have fine guests must have a fine wife. Now we are all fully aware that our jolly English host has provided himself with the "fine wife," and to that, it is presumed, he attributes the presence here to-night of so goodly a collection of fine guests; for when I look around at this assemblage of smiling, happy faces, of intelligent heads and warm loving hearts, I am convinced that the Johnsonian style of guests alone are with us on this occasion. One vacancy in the number do we especially deplore. We miss the loving presence of "our little minister," Mrs. Watson. Would that her royal soul were with us in *propria persona* at this time!

Spiritualists can well appreciate the pertinency of the sentiment quoted from Theodore Parker at the beginning of these remarks,—the necessity of a long summer to ripen the fruit of a complete marriage, and then a long winter to mellow and season it. Brother Morse and wife have been for seventeen years enjoying the summer of their wedded bliss; and may they both be spared to enjoy in still greater measure, and for a more lengthened period here below, the mellowing and seasoning winter of their conjugal love! As they pass through life, come weal or woe, sunshine or shadow, joy or sorrow, may the bonds of mutual affection uniting them be strengthened, and closer and closer may they be drawn together, never to separate while eternal ages roll!

"Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow;
Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain."

"Not for this span of life alone,
Which as a blast doth fly,
And like the transient flower of grass,
Just blossom, droop, and die;
But for a being without end,
This vow of love, we take.
Grant us, oh God! one home at last,
For ours and Florry's sake."

Reception to Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers.

A large number of the leading Spiritualists of San Francisco, and a select sprinkling from other portions of the State, assembled in the beautifully furnished and commodious parlors of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers, 524 Eddy street, on Wednesday evening, October 5th, in response to an invitation to attend a social reception, to be given to the host and hostess. A most delightful evening was spent by all, as sociability, harmony, and good will reigned in undisturbed serenity, and each one seemed to vie with all the rest in the endeavor to make the occasion a grand success. The pleasant social converse of the evening was

happily interspersed with exquisite musical selections, instrumental and vocal, and brief remarks of welcome and appreciation from a number of the ladies and gentlemen present. To the latter, both the doctor and his charming better-half made fitting responses, in choice, expressive diction.

About the hour of ten an adjournment was made to the banqueting hall, where "a feast fit for the gods" had been spread, and all seemed to partake of the bountifully provided viands and toothsome edibles with delectable gusto.

Dr. and Mrs. Rogers have recently arrived in California from the Atlantic coast, from which we have of late been in receipt of marked testimonials of the Doctor's remarkable gifts in psychography, and spirit art, a beautiful specimen of the latter gracing his parlor on the evening of the reception. To the writer, Doctor and Mrs. Rogers expressed the determination of making this state their future home for the remainder of their mortal sojourn. If dependence may be placed in the accounts, published and private, that have reached me, relative to the Doctor and his wife, both mediumistically and personally, and I know of no cause for doubting their accuracy and truth, then the California Spiritualists are to be sincerely congratulated upon securing them as co-workers in their midst. WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Advice on Health and Character.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Morse in another column, where he announces his ability to give examinations and advice on the above matters. We know a number who have consulted him, and they report themselves astonished and benefited by the accuracy of his delineations, and the value of his advice. The system Mr. Morse uses is entirely new, and has been elaborated under the inspiration of his controls. It presents many marked peculiarities, all of which are duly set forth in the elaborate chart contained in the manual of explanations. Mr. Morse has fixed his scale of charges at a very moderate rate, viz.: \$3, for a complete examination, and full advice upon development of character, protection and maintenance of health, development of psychological powers and spiritual faculties—all most important topics. Having full confidence

in Mr. Morse's skill and judgment, we can fully recommend our readers to avail themselves of his services.

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ESTHER DYSART.

Religious truth is larger than any creed. The faith of humanity is greater than any sect. The treasure of the soul cannot be contained in the casket of any single church. The sun is not for any race alone. The ocean cannot be emptied by any people upon its shores.—*New Theology Herald.*

Next week will appear the concluding lecture of the series of three, given by the controls of Mr. J. J. Morse, upon the sub-

ject of "Death." This last is intensely interesting and instructive as it relates to the effect of the "great change" upon the human spirit.

"John," she said through the keyhole of the front-door, "is that you?" "Yesh, m' dear," replied John. "Well, 'truly rural' is the countersign to-night." "Tooly looral." So John slept in a hotel that night.—*Puck.*

Dakota owns a smart woman who is editor of the *Hawkeye Star*. During the last six months, besides running her paper, she has proved up on a pre-emption, planted five acres of trees on a tree claim, built a saw mill, raised the largest turnip and the biggest squash in Hyde County.—*Waukon Standard.*

We received a pleasant call from Mrs. Parry, one of our well-known mediums, and was given much encouragement by her controls, who prophesied an enlarged sphere, and increased usefulness for the DOVE. Mrs. Parry is an earnest, conscientious woman, and is doing a good work. She gives sittings daily at her residence, 1635 Hyde street.

"God bless all mediums worthy of the name! May they always be surrounded by the best and kindest influences, so that their mediumship may subserve the best uses, without perversion or obscurity!"

This sentiment, to which all Spiritualists will say Amen, was given by Wm. Emmette Coleman at the reception to Dr. and Mrs. Rogers, noticed in another column.

Mrs. R. H. Schwartz of San Jose, called at the DOVE's office last Saturday, and we enjoyed the pleasant social hour very much. Mrs. Schwartz and her good husband spent the greater portion of the week in the city "seeing the sights." They report great need of missionary work in San Jose. Who will be the first to volunteer to carry the gospel of peace to that benighted city? Don't all go at once.

A young lady in an Episcopal-school told her class the story of the good Samaritan. One small boy went home and related it to his mother as follows "Well, mamma, a sick man fell by the wayside, and a Catholic priest came along, looked at him, and paid no attention to him, and walked on. Then a Republican came along. He did

not ask him any questions, and went on. Then a good American came along, stopped, asked him how he felt, and took him to a hospital, and told the doctors not to charge him heavy."—*Harper's Magazine.*

MEANDERING.

A city girl writes: "It is a fond dream of mine to become a farmer's wife, and meander with him down life's flowery pathway." Ah, yes, that is a nice thing to dream about, but when your husband meanders off and leaves you without wood, and you have to meander up and down the lane pulling splinters off the fence with which to cook dinner, and you meander around in the wet clover in search of the cows, you will find that the meandering business on the farm is not what it is cracked up to be.—*Kansas City Squib.*

St. Nicholas has recently received a request from England for permission to have some of its stories printed over there in raised type for the blind. The process is an expensive one. The story particularly mentioned was Mrs. Rollin's "Johnny Interviews an Anemone," and by a singular coincidence Mrs. Rollins had written just before the letter was received, a companion story to this called "Tommy Interviews a Peacock Feather," in which the peacock feather, with an eye that could not see, shows a little boy how sad it is to be blind of that "inner eye" of the mind which after all sees more for us than the physical eye.—*Argonaut.*

Spiritualism "still lives," notwithstanding Washington Irving Bishop has endeavored to kill it, and by the mighty power of his gigantic intellect explained the philosophy of the "raps." Spiritualists will be delighted to learn that the loud, distinct raps produced in the presence of rapping mediums are caused by "the dislocation of the knee joints, and the slipping of the tendons of the heels." What an expert Mrs. Ada Foye must have become to enable her to produce the perfect shower of loud raps which are heard in the public halls at her seances. One would suppose that twenty-five years' constant use of the aforesaid "joints" and "tendons" would have completely worn them out. Such an absurd explanation was an insult to the intelligent audience he was pretending to edify.

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This significant sentence is from a Massachusetts school report: "As this office involves neither honor nor profit, there seems no reason why it should not be filled by a woman." Why did he not add, or by a dog? they no doubt stood on a level in his estimation.
ESTHER DYSART.

Religious truth is larger than any creed. The faith of humanity is greater than any sect. The treasure of the soul cannot be contained in the casket of any single church. The sun is not for any race alone. The ocean cannot be emptied by any people upon its shores.—*New Theology Herald.*

Next week will appear the concluding lecture of the series of three, given by the controls of Mr. J. J. Morse, upon the sub-

ject of "Death." This last is intensely interesting and instructive as it relates to the effect of the "great change" upon the human spirit.

"John," she said through the keyhole of the front-door, "is that you?" "Yesh, m' dear," replied John. "Well, 'truly rural' is the countersign to-night." "Tooly looral." So John slept in a hotel that night.—*Puck.*

Dakota owns a smart woman who is editor of the *Hawkeye Star*. During the last six months, besides running her paper, she has proved up on a pre-emption, planted five acres of trees on a tree claim, built a saw mill, raised the largest turnip and the biggest squash in Hyde County.—*Waukon Standard.*

We received a pleasant call from Mrs. Parry, one of our well-known mediums, and was given much encouragement by her controls, who prophesied an enlarged sphere, and increased usefulness for the DOVE. Mrs. Parry is an earnest, conscientious woman, and is doing a good work. She gives sittings daily at her residence, 1635 Hyde street.

"God bless all mediums worthy of the name! May they always be surrounded by the best and kindest influences, so that their mediumship may subserve the best uses, without perversion or obscurity!"

This sentiment, to which all Spiritualists will say Amen, was given by Wm. Emmette Coleman at the reception to Dr. and Mrs. Rogers, noticed in another column.

Mrs. R. H. Schwartz of San Jose, called at the DOVE's office last Saturday, and we enjoyed the pleasant social hour very much. Mrs. Schwartz and her good husband spent the greater portion of the week in the city "seeing the sights." They report great need of missionary work in San Jose. Who will be the first to volunteer to carry the gospel of peace to that benighted city? Don't all go at once.

A young lady in an Episcopal-school told her class the story of the good Samaritan. One small boy went home and related it to his mother as follows "Well, mamma, a sick man fell by the wayside, and a Catholic priest came along, looked at him, and paid no attention to him, and walked on. Then a Republican came along. He did

not ask him any questions, and went on. Then a good American came along, stopped, asked him how he felt, and took him to a hospital, and told the doctors not to charge him heavy."—*Harper's Magazine.*

MEANDERING.

A city girl writes: "It is a fond dream of mine to become a farmer's wife, and meander with him down life's flowery pathway." Ah, yes, that is a nice thing to dream about, but when your husband meanders off and leaves you without wood, and you have to meander up and down the lane pulling splinters off the fence with which to cook dinner, and you meander around in the wet clover in search of the cows, you will find that the meandering business on the farm is not what it is cracked up to be.—*Kansas City Squib.*

St. Nicholas has recently received a request from England for permission to have some of its stories printed over there in raised type for the blind. The process is an expensive one. The story particularly mentioned was Mrs. Rollin's "Johnny Interviews an Anemone," and by a singular coincidence Mrs. Rollins had written just before the letter was received, a companion story to this called "Tommy Interviews a Peacock Feather," in which the peacock feather, with an eye that could not see, shows a little boy how sad it is to be blind of that "inner eye" of the mind which after all sees more for us than the physical eye.—*Argonaut.*

Spiritualism "still lives," notwithstanding Washington Irving Bishop has endeavored to kill it, and by the mighty power of his gigantic intellect explained the philosophy of the "raps." Spiritualists will be delighted to learn that the loud, distinct raps produced in the presence of rapping mediums are caused by "the dislocation of the knee joints, and the slipping of the tendons of the heels." What an expert Mrs. Ada Foye must have become to enable her to produce the perfect shower of loud raps which are heard in the public halls at her seances. One would suppose that twenty-five years' constant use of the aforesaid "joints" and "tendons" would have completely worn them out. Such an absurd explanation was an insult to the intelligent audience he was pretending to edify.

GILROY, Oct. 3d. [Ass'd. Press.]—A girl, thirteen years old, belonging to a Spiritualist family here, has startled the community by communications and penciled sketches of heads, supposed to be from life. These written messages and likenesses appear on her arm, and often remain visible for an hour.

The father of the girl says they come and go on the girl's bare arm evidently under the cuticle, and cannot be washed away. A statement which has gained currency that the girl is in the habit of sewing carbon tracing paper in her sleeve is indignantly denied by the family, and many regard her as a most remarkable medium.—*S. F. Call.*

I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited my house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time after my wife had a son; he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-daughter. My father's wife, *i. e.*, my step-daughter, also had a son; he was, of course, my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle.*

Our readers will, no doubt, be delighted to learn that we expect soon to commence the publication in the CARRIER DOVE of a series of articles from the pen of the close thinker and ripe scholar, Wm. Emmette Coleman. They will be devoted to Spiritualism, pure and simple, and will consist of an exposition of the beauty, grandeur and power of the spiritual philosophy, and of the blessings and benefits which it imparts to humanity. They will embody some of Mr. Coleman's best intellectual work, and will, we feel sure, be read with interest and profit by all. The articles will not be published in consecutive weekly issues of the DOVE, but will appear at intervals, from time to time. Each article will be complete in itself, treating upon a special branch of the all-comprehensive subject under discussion.

Special Notices.

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.

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.

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 7.45 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 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, Thursdays, and Fridays, fifty cents.

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 at the office of the CARRIER DOVE, 32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, on Mondays and Fridays, at 8 P. M. Tickets for this course of twelve lectures, price \$5. Single admissions, fifty cents.

The third or Advanced Course of six lessons, assembles at this office on Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Single admission fifty cents.

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.

J. J. Morse's Next Class.

The next advanced class to be taught by the control of Mr. J. J. Morse, while he is entirely entranced, will assemble at the office of the DOVE, 32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, on Friday evening next, October 21st, at 8 P. M. The late series of lessons was intensely interesting, and our parlors have been crowded each evening with a highly satisfied class. The list of subjects for the ensuing class is appended, their importance is so self-evident that no comment is needed to impress their value upon our readers. This new class will be Mr. Morse's fourth since he commenced this form of work in July. It will consist of seven lessons, and the fee has been fixed at the very low rate of \$3.00 for the course; single admissions to this and all other classes, 50 cents. Tickets can be had of Mr. Morse, or Mr. M. B. Dodge, at the Temple, or of Dr. Schlesinger, at this office, and as Mr. Morse limits the number to fifty students, early application is necessary to secure seats.

LIST OF SUBJECTS.

Friday evening, October 21st. "The Material Universe; its Origin in the Light of Spiritual Science."

Friday evening October 28th. "Man,

What is He? An Answer from both Worlds."

Friday evening, November 4th. "Spirit Control, Obsession and Possession."

Friday evening, November 11th. "Life, Development and Death in Spirit Land."

Friday evening, November 18th. "The Realm of Bondage in the Land of Souls."

Friday evening, November 25th. "The Pursuits and Pleasures of the Arisen Man."

Friday evening, December 2d. Class conference directed by the control.

EXAMINATIONS AND ADVICE UPON
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A CHART

Upon an entirely new basis, which contains a systematized statement of the organs, functions, divisions, attributes and psychophysiological 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. This chart will prove of great service in aiding physical, mental, moral, and soul culture. With the chart is included

THE MANUAL

which contains a complete explanation, including a 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.

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.

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

For a complete examination marked upon the chart, and including the manual.....\$ 3 00

Ditto, ditto, with examination and advice written out in full..... 5 00

Examination No. 1 to members of Mr. Morse's Physio-Psychological Science Classes..... 2 00

Examinations at all times, or by appointment, which can be made in advance, either by letter or personally, as below, or at either of Mr. Morse's classes on the evenings of Monday, Thursday, or Friday, in each week, at the office of the CARRIER DOVE. Fees for classes of seven lessons \$3, single lessons admission 50 cents. Mr. Morse's office is 331 Turk street, San Francisco, Cal.

Aug. 27, f. t.

The Freethinkers' Magazine.

Published monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. H. L. Green, editor and publisher, T. B. Wakeman, Associate Editor. Price, 25 cents a single number; 50 cents for three months; \$1.00 for six months; \$2.00 per year.

This is the only free magazine published in the world. All questions relating to the interests of humanity are discussed in its columns. All can here have a hearing, *who have something to say and know how to say it.* It is in every respect a first-class publication, and got up in a style that makes it an ornament to any centre-table. The contributors to this MAGAZINE represent every phase of advanced thought. All sides of every important question that *the people* are interested in is here presented by its ablest exponent. The following are the names of some of the distinguished writers who contribute to the columns of this MAGAZINE: Robert G. Ingersoll, Richard A. Proctor, Thomas Davidson, Wm. Emmette Coleman, James M. McCann, Frederick May Holland, Helen H. Gardener, Allen Pringle, J. M. Peebles, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, A. B. Bradford, S. H. Preston, Courtlandt Palmer, Matilda Joselyn Gage, Harry Hoover, J. Wm. Lloyd, Lyman C. Howe, M. M. Trumbull, Susan H. Wixon, Parker Pillsbury and A. L. Rawson.

TESTIMONIALS.

I am greatly pleased with the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, and wish it the greatest success.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Without doubt the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, as now published, is by far the handsomest journal in the Liberal field. No matter how many Liberal papers a Freethinker may be taking, he cannot afford to be without the MAGAZINE.—*C. P. Farrall, Col. Ingersoll's publisher.*

I beg to congratulate you and your readers on the splendid appearance of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE. Nor is the mental part behind the mechanical. It must surely prosper, as it certainly deserves to.—*Allen Pringle.*

I think the MAGAZINE grows better and better with age. I like its liberal spirit. I believe it will live. I shall do all I can to help it. *Judge G. W. Lewis.*

The FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is excellent. Is growing super-excellent. May it live and flourish so long as the world has need of it.—*Parker Pillsbury.*

The FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is the only thing of its kind in the world, and should be taken and read—every word read—by every Liberal in America.—*Moses Hull, in New Thought.*

The MAGAZINE, as published at Buffalo, is a decided improvement over Salamanca's best effort—id fact it is a perfect gem in general appearance and make-up.—*Ralph Helm.*

The FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is a clean, liberal journal, whose editor does not trim his sails to the breeze of any crank who makes war upon society.—*John W. Truesdell.*

I like the spirit manifested by the editor of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, in allowing all sides a hearing through its columns.—*Clara Watson.*

If you are not acquainted with the MAGAZINE send fifty cents for three months on trial.

Address,

H. L. GREEN.

165 Delavan Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

When there are girls at home it is an excellent plan to allow each one in turn to assume the responsibility of housekeeping for a certain time.

A youthful clergyman who recently went forth to enlighten the ignorant, while dealing with the parable of the prodigal son, was anxious to show how dearly the parent loved his child. Drawing himself together, and putting on his most sober looks, he dilated at length upon the killing of the fatted calf. The climax as follows: "I shouldn't wonder if the father had kept that calf for years, awaiting the return of his son."

John Ruskin, in speaking of the wife, says: A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find some way of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching of all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married, he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed or talking absurdly or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man; for the corners are rounded off, the little shoots pared away, in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

Children's Dept.

A Word for the Mother.

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile—
Sweet childhood will tarry at best but awhile;
And soon they will pass from the portals of home,
The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.
Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "Good-night!"
The mantle of shadows is veiling the light;
And maybe—God knows—on this sweet little face
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.
Yes, say it: "God bless my dear children, I pray!"
It may be the last you will say it for aye.
The night may be long ere you see them again,
And motherless children may call you in vain.
Drop sweet benedictions on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite—
The spirit may slip from its casket to-night.

—*Living Epistle.*

Lily Benton.

BY JULIA SCHLESINGER.

CHAPTER V.

"There little children dance and play,
And weave bright flowers in garlands gay,
And grow in beauty day by day."

The illustration here given represents a school for children which is situated on a lovely little island called the "Isle of Beauty," not only on account of its beautiful scenery and surroundings, but also for the purpose of designating the nature of the instruction here given to the young. They are here taught many and varied accomplishments which add to the graces of the spirit, perfecting its beauty and preparing it for the higher schools, the same as children in this life pass from one grade to another. The little boats represented in the picture "just go," as a spirit child said, without the use of sails or oars, and afford the little ones great pleasure, as they glide gracefully over the silver waters, and gather the beautiful white lillies growing in profusion near the island, forming a lovely contrast to the deep, perfect green foliage of the trees and vines upon the shore.

The beautiful lady who was the first to approach Lily after her restful sleep in the cottage was a teacher and a guide, and had in her charge, a portion of the time, the members of the "Golden Chain," who were being trained and educated for a special work among the children of earth. They were not alone in this work, as there are many such bands of little ones who perform many acts of charity and kindness for the helpless and friendless waifs of earth.

It is the purpose of this story to show the children how they are aided by the unseen ones who throng our homes and gather a knowledge of earth-life through the experiences of others.

Among the members of this "chain" was one whom we will call by her spirit name, "Sunshine." She was, indeed, a veritable

gleam of sunshine everywhere. Personally, she was the exact opposite of Elfine. Her hair was long and straight, of a soft, silky texture, and fell about her form like a golden mantle, completely enveloping her, when left free and unrestrained. Her eyes were a perfect blue, large and expressive—clear, crystalline windows through which shone the light of a tender, loving soul. She was thirteen years of age, and combined the happy innocent gaiety of a child, with the thoughtful, earnestness of a woman in such perfect harmony of expression as to constitute a rare and wonderful development.

Many of the children were called by names, expressive of some peculiar characteristic, especially when they had been born into spirit life before having been named by parents here, as was the case with "Sunshine."

Another link in the chain was a sweet child named "Jewel," who was so called by a fond mother, whose pet and only darling daughter she was. After she had passed away, the home seemed bereft of its brightness, and sorrow brooded there, enveloping the sad mother, like a dark and dismal cloud. She could not look upon the faces of other little ones without feeling a pang of grief that her own little Jewel should have been taken, while others, less tenderly loved and cared for were left. She had not then become familiar with the truths of Spiritualism, and could not realize the gentle presence of the child, who often lingered by her side endeavoring to comfort her by many fond caresses and whispered words of love.

Upon Lily's first visit to the "Isle of Beauty," she was accompanied by a large number of children, some of whom went in the little boats, while others floated as easily over the water as light-winged birds. Upon their arrival they were greeted and welcomed by others who had preceded them there, from various portions of the Summer Land.

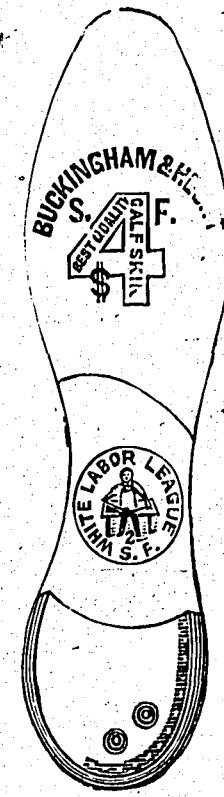
The grounds surrounding the school were laid out in many exquisite designs, where flowers bloomed in great profusion and variety. Beautiful birds flitted about, warbling sweet songs, and so tame that they would perch upon the heads or hands of the little ones who fondled their feathered friends with tenderness and delight. The interior of the school, unlike those where the young readers of the DOVE assemble, was elaborately decorated. The walls were covered with pictures and beautiful things, delightful to the eye and harmonizing in effect. Flowers were everywhere, and their fragrance filled the spacious rooms and halls. Heavy silken curtains were draped back from doors and windows, and soft rich carpets covered the floors. Musical instruments of curious designs and wonderful sweetness were there, and when touched by the fair hands of the young musicians, gave forth such volumes of melody as cannot be

described in earthly language. The beautiful groups of children as they glided gracefully through the intricate and novel figures of the dance, formed a fairy-like picture, almost beyond mortal conception. Here they were instructed in music, painting, oratory, and dramatic representations, which far surpassed the efforts of the most talented artists of earth. Those who excelled were awarded positions of honor as instructors of other groups. From this school were sent out organized bands of children for the purpose of utilizing their talents in teaching, helping and inspiring others—both in the Summer Land and on the earth plane—to cultivate the graces, developing physical perfection, as well as spiritual and soul faculties. We will follow one of these groups as they visit the earth, and see the effect of their ministrations upon the people whom they visit.

(To be continued.)

No government of whatever system is safely or firmly established so long as a few of its citizens are in possession of hundreds of millions of wealth, while there are other thousands of its citizens in a condition bordering upon the sufferings of poverty.

We have sold enough of our \$4 Shoes all over the State to warrant us in simply calling attention to them by this advertisement, relying entirely upon those who have been and are now wearing



them, to speak of their good quality. Remember they are made in all styles, widths and numbers. Give them a trial.

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