



Alonzo Danforth.

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME IV.

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Biography.

Alonzo Danforth.

BY THOMAS LEES.

This zealous worker in the ranks of Spiritualism, whose portrait adorns this week's issue of THE CARRIER DOVE, and whose name is inseparably connected with Educational Spiritualism, especially in connection with the Children's Progressive Lyceum, was born in Boston, July 21, 1837, and is consequently in the prime of life. Backed by a robust constitution and indomitable will, Brother Danforth may yet live (as we hope he will) to see his noble aspirations crowned with success, viz.: the better systematizing of the Lyceum work for our children.

Alonzo Danforth was one of a family of eight children, four of whom passed to the higher life during childhood, his mother also dying when Alonzo was but six years of age. The bereaved father became interested in Andrew Jackson Davis's "Divine Revelations," thus preparing him to give cordial welcome to Modern Spiritualism as revealed by the manifestations at Hydesville, and rapidly developed by numerous other mediums in all parts of the country. Through the influence and example of his father, Alonzo was led to investigate the subject at a time when the penalty for belief was the estrangement of friends and the scorn of community.

Passing over many events of early life we are brought to the years 1867-8, when the Children's Progressive Lyceum was first organized in Boston, but a few years after the system was first given to the world, through the mediumship of Mr. Davis, in the fullest hope that Spiritualists would foster the angelic work. (When will they do it?)

From a leader in the C. P. L. Mr. Danforth has run the gamut of official position up to that of conductor, and has been

actively identified with Lyceum and other work in Boston through this long term of years. Lyceum No. 1 and "Shawmut," as can several other societies, well testify to the zeal and ability that this devoted Spiritualist has displayed in his long connection with them. With Bro. Danforth the Lyceum work is paramount, and to make it progressive in fact, as well as in name, he has constantly strived to extend its usefulness.

He is the author of "The Children's Lyceum Instructor," published by the Boston Lyceum, No. 1, also a series of lessons under the head of "Shawmut Educator," and also "The Children's Progressive Lyceum Educator,"* etc., all of which were designed as progressive lessons in Spiritual Philosophy and for the spiritual and moral unfoldment of the little ones. Mr. Danforth was editor of the Lyceum department in several spiritual papers lately merged into *The Better Way*, and is still conducting the Children's Educational Department in *The True Messenger*, of Boston, and striving in various ways to popularize the Lyceum work. Mr. Danforth wields a ready pen, and it is industriously used in promoting the cause of Spiritualism.

The 21st of last July completed his fiftieth year of earth life, thirty-five of which has been in the interest of Modern Spiritualism. Espousing the facts of phenomenal Spiritualism in its early days, he is enthusiastically working to instil into the minds of the rising generation the glorious philosophy, the only one that seems to us to cover the great problem of life and death. Go on Bro. Danforth in your good work! May the good spirits still continue to aid and strengthen you in the holy mission in which you are engaged, that of promoting the interests of the the Children's Progressive Lyceum, for through that noble institution our children can be better prepared to fight the battles of life; and victory will yet perch on the white banner of Modern Spiritualism, which, in time, is evidently destined to prepare humanity for the duties and better enjoyment of this life, and as a legitimate and logical sequence a higher position in the next, "The Strange Beyond."

*Lyceums, especially those in process of organization, should send to Bro. Danforth for sample copy.

The Platform.

The Realm of the So-Called Dead—
Its Punishments and Employments.

By the Controls of J. J. Morse, of England, Delivered in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco Sunday Evening, Oct. 30, 1887.

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

Probably one of the most effective descriptions of the punishments of the future life that has ever been presented to the world in modern times, came from the pen of the Italian poet, Dante, while we might also refer you to equally vivid and vigorous descriptions from the Swedish seer Emanuel Swedenborg, and also in the same connection refer you to a tiny manual still used in certain portions of the world—Great Britain—to-wit: by the Catholic Church, entitled "Hell Opened to Christians." These and other manuals, shall we call them, of greater or less note might all be presented to you as containing vigorous and vivid word picturing of the punishments of the realms of the so-called dead. But, perhaps, after all, we might sum them up by the old anecdote, by way of illustration. When it was said that a certain naturalist having a certain definition of a crab presented to him, said, as we may say of these illustrations just referred to, that the crab was not a fish, it was not red, and it did not walk backwards, but in all other respects the definition was correct. But as those three essential points were the main points of the definition, why then the inference was that the whole story was wrong from beginning to end. These descriptions, if they had been true, would have been correct, but as they are the results of imagination, we have to take them as poetical license that give you what might be supposed to be in harmony with certain prevailing religious opinions.

Shall we dismiss them? In one sense, yes; in another, no. Let us use them first of all to illustrate a very important proposition in regard to one of the statements that are made concerning the conditions of life in the world beyond. Hitherto, whether you refer to the religious literature of the Occident or the Orient you will find that the descriptions of the future life are mainly in accord with the creed of the systems,

rather than the possibilities of the believer's nature. In other words, the religion formulates the description of the future without any direct reference to the real nature of the people who are to enjoy that future. Therefore the Christian has his hell for the misbeliever the same as the Mahomedan, the same as do all the other religions of the world, and the misbeliever, and the wrong doer finds most uncomfortable circumstances hereafter, which circumstances take their rise from the teachings of the priest rather than from the actual facts that are to be encountered in the world beyond.

Indeed, as we have frequently said, and which we have no hesitation in repeating, that to the average Christian individual, who in all other respects may be a very worthy person—faithful, honest and honorable in his life, and a credit to the community, outside of his theology, to the ordinary theological believer, hell, the very idea of punishment in the world beyond is a means whereby God vindicates his own might against the unbeliever rather than punishes a wrong doer. Thus, frequently it is that unbelief rather than wrong doing is the sure and certain passport to eternal damnation.

Now common sense is beginning to assert that such kind of a doctrine is altogether wrong and opposed to an idea of a just God and certainly in the view of human experience that practical life makes you acquainted with your opinions are not the result of your own free choice in the matter, and it is extremely hard and cruel that a man should be damned forever because he could not happen to believe with a certain section of humanity while living here on earth.

Then comes the idea, what if there is no punishment at all? What if death is the end of all, and if this is the case punishment or pleasure in the future state may be dismissed in a breath. If there is no future state, therefore there can be neither pain nor pleasure beyond the grave. This will not do. The experiences of Modern Spiritualism and the experiences of Spiritualism in all ages, (for it is an error to suppose that spirit communication is confined to the present century, for it has run through all the centuries, and undoubtedly proves that there is that other world, and that humanity that has passed from this is living over there,) and naturally this being so accepted, the only great question that arises, is, what are its punishments? What are its pleasures? How do the dead employ themselves, what is their individual condition over there?

Now we tell you frankly, that in our judgment, God never punishes any of his children directly.

"Oh, that is a nice sort of God," says one; "if I only could feel that was really true, why I should be the happiest fellow alive. God does not punish anybody? that is capital doctrine!" Then says a misanthropic individual, "Does not God pun-

ish anybody? I do not believe in any such God, for there are a great many people in the world who deserve the severest punishment in the world to come." Are you one of them? "Oh, no; I have made my peace with the Lord." Why not help others to make their peace with the Lord, also, and instead of increasing the army that ought to be punished, do your best to decrease its numbers?

"Oh, but the Lord is just, and for the wrongs of this world there must be punishment in the world to come. If you tell us God does not punish the wrong of this world, then you give free license to all to do just as they please and pay no penalty for it." Indeed! we have not got quite so far as that. All we had said was, that God directly never punishes any of his children, but by doing it indirectly the same result may be accomplished. "Oh, if we do not know God punishes, what does it matter?"

You may rest assured that if God does indirectly punish wrong doing, the culprit or the victim of the wrong doing must surely realize the punishment when it comes. "But are we not punished in the world beyond?"

The old fashioned idea was that the Lord invited you to take a sulphur bath, and while roasting in the everlasting oven forever and forever you are engaged in the delightful occupation of cursing the Almighty and damning your associates; that there were legions of devils with pitchforks and other pleasant instruments of amusement with which they were constantly engaged in stirring you up. That was considered good doctrine. "Oh, but we do not believe anything like that nowadays, you know; those were fanciful ideas; they were ignorant and barbarous conceptions. We have grown more intelligent and do not believe anything of that sort."

Is it a question of what you believe? Does that determine what is in the world beyond? If that is the case, why the man who deserves punishment will have no faith in the world beyond, because he don't want to have any faith, and if he don't believe it exists why then it does not exist; and to the man who does not believe in heaven, it will not exist; and if your opinions and beliefs are to determine the conditions of the future world, those conditions will be as various as were the colors of Joseph's coat. Such foundations will not do at all. You have got to stand up squarely and say you do believe or you do not believe. For our own selves we have no need to believe in it because we have never found it. We come to this point, that a literal, actual and material hell is ruled out of our consideration to-night, by reason of the fact that human intelligence has grown beyond it and left it behind, and because in the actual conditions of spiritual life that we are personally familiar with there is no such thing in any

sense whatever to be found or seen. "Oh, then," says some one, "I am all right!" Yes, so far as the mere outward conditions are concerned, but there may be fires that rage just as fiercely that have been said to rage within the mythical hell; there may be horrors just as awful and fearful in their character as this old fashioned hell that the nineteenth century intelligence is rapidly leaving behind it.

Suppose that you die in your imagination and come with us to discover something of the punishments that are to be seen upon the other side of the veil. You will not see anything very horrible we promise you. You will not see that horned and cloven-footed devil that you were taught to believe existed, in the years gone by, you will not even smell the slightest trace of brimstone in the air, but you will see punishment nevertheless; you will find hells nevertheless; and you will find, if not one huge devil, in all probability an infinite number of miniature representations of him.

Let us look at the pains and pleasures you experienced through your actions and your thoughts. They are mental and spiritual pains and pleasures. When you die you leave behind you the material envelope, it is true, but your minds and souls go with you, and these being the sources and centres of your pains and pleasures, your capacity for pain and pleasure continues beyond the grave. What pains you? "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office," as the great poet has truly said. These and the fires of conscience, damning pains that rise like daggers thrust into the tender fibers of your thought and feeling, awakened conscience, the recollection of time misspent, of ill deeds done, of evil living, of vicious thinking—all these in your better moments rise up in judgment before you and meet you there. Probably there is no one here to-night but what has felt what we are going to describe, who can look back upon some petty, mean, malicious or injurious action, and have said to themselves, "Oh! what would I give to unsay that word, to call back that action; if I could only counteract that special deed, what would I give! A king's ransom, ah! that would be mean and poor. I feel that I would give my very life if I could right the wrong I did in the years gone by." When you sit in the silence of your chamber, wrapped around with your rueful reflections, nursing this bitter sorrow in your heart and mind, and gazing upon the haunting spectre that stands accusingly before you, do you want a devil to keep you company? Are you not in misery enough? Is there not misery enough, is there not sorrow and blackness enough rolling its turbid waters over your soul? Ah! you have more pain than hell could ever give you, and a deeper chastisement than the devil could ever inflict upon you.

One other point. You cannot run away from yourself. It might be—we only suggest it, of course—it might be possible that you could find a secret passage-way from the cavernous recesses of the remotest hell, and so work your way back again to the upper air, and elude the vigilance of Satan. When you come to think of it, this has been done, and this world is filled with the escaped inhabitants from Satan's kingdom. We beg you to understand that this statement does not rest upon what we say, for have not Spiritualists been told these thirty-nine years that all the spirits who come to them, are those who have been sent out of hell to torment and perplex you? What foolish devils they will be to ever go back again to the sulphurous country when once escaped therefrom.

But in all seriousness and putting jesting on one side, what we have just told you contains the essential element of the punishments of the future world. It is the awakening of the conscience to the knowledge that you have done wrong, the enkindling of the fires of remorse, the nursing of your misery and regret, and the consuming fires that shall eat into the feelings of your nature and cause you to regret the time that ever thus you did. In proportion to the magnitude of your action shall be the extent and character of your suffering. That suffering can never be vicariously endured, you can never put it on the shoulders of another person, you must bear it to the uttermost extent yourself.

"Well, if that is all we have to fear, it does not matter very much, for there are some people who do not care for your pangs of conscience; they would say let us eat, sleep and be merry in this world, and if we can add a little sharp practice, never mind about the pangs of conscience, let us have a good time here." Go on having a good time, do everything you like, laugh to scorn the doctrine we have placed before you, but as sure as the stars gleam down upon you, as sure as the regal king of day sheds his loving light upon the circling world revolving round him, as sure as there is a God, the time will come when the most scornful and indifferent will feel these scourging pains rolling over their nature, realize what the power and pangs of conscience mean, and learn beyond all doubt it had been better a thousand times to plunge into the billows of the molten fire than soil his immortal vesture. There can be no child's play here; it may seem fanciful and speculative to you now. But look, with us here are men and women the world has counted honorable; their outward lives have been fair and seemingly virtuous, good name and good repute have been theirs and high has been their station with humanity; but beneath they have been but whited sepulchres, and over here in this sunnier land you behold them in their true condition, and how they have reversed and per-

verted the order of their being; you will see the pangs and sorrows they experience, how hopeless many of them appear to be; the places they aspired to and fill, have vanished from them; they realize their spiritual inferiority, and learn that social eminence and wealth in the earthly state was no aid to distinction on the spiritual side of life.

It is the moral and spiritual character of you that alone constitutes the element of your passport into the upper and higher states of society over there. Murderers and thieves and wrong doers, as the world calls them, are frequently more sinned against than sinning; but those who usurp their position, misuse their opportunities, deliberately betray their trust and perjure their souls and their words while they are living in this world, stand disclosed in the spiritual world as the rascals and hypocrites they really are. Your poor wretch who steals a loaf of bread because he is hungry, your madman who slays another in a whirlwind of passion, which, perchance, he has inherited from an undeveloped parentage, these are criminals in the world, but to us your hypocrites and whited sepulchres, those who perjure their highest understanding and sell their souls for a mess of earthly pottage, these are disclosed as the real criminals, when they enter on the plain of spiritual life.

Does God punish them? No, not now—not directly—he does not punish directly at all. All he does is this: there are around you infinite laws and eternal principles, and you will have to recognize that compensation, restitution, forgiveness are the means whereby you can wipe out the stains of your soul, obtain reconciliation with those you have offended. Punishments, then, in the next life are mental and spiritual, the awakening of the conscience, the reaching out and effort of the soul to free itself from the bonds that hold it down.

Punishment is always remedial (at least it ought to be); when it ceases to be remedial in its purposes and its effects, then it becomes vengeance. God is not a God of vengeance, not an arbitrary, bloodthirsty, wrathful, cruel master, but a God of justice, therefore all the punishments that men experience in the world beyond are remedial in their intentions and results. Directly the soul has awakened to its own conditions, the wrongs it has done, the misdirection it has been the victim of, then the desire is born within it to grow up, to come out of these conditions and to take on a higher, and a better state. Then the pain of sorrow compels the necessity of amendment and advancement; then the remedial results of that sorrow and pain begin to manifest themselves in the chastened soul, and it begins to ascend in the way of progress and of life.

We come now to the pleasures of the dead. What pleasures can there be in the world beyond, think you, if you can look down

from the battlements of heaven and see millions of poor wretches rolling there in the billowy plains of fire, and hear them cursing and blaspheming in their agony and misery? If you could see such things and you had a spark of manliness in your souls, if you had any goodness in your nature, you would plunge headlong into those fiery depths to rescue them from their burning bed and soothe their hellish pain. But you will never see such a sight as this, but you will find pleasure and joy nevertheless in training the untrained, in educating the uneducated, sympathizing with those who need sympathy, and ministering to the necessities of others who have not the privileges that you have attained to. These very people whose punishments we have described to you, call for your sympathy and aid to relieve them from the bonds of ignorance and despair that still may bind them to conditions of suffering.

But these, you say may be pleasures only for the philanthropist, the philosopher and those who are benevolent, is there not something lighter than this? Oh, yes! over there you shall find sufficient for enjoyment and occupation for every quality of mind that enters into the spiritual brain.

"Well, coming down to practical detail, I am very fond of going to the theatre in this world; there is nothing I enjoy better than a fine dramatic performance, and when I am dead shall I be able to go to the theatre?" My friends, you can probably go back, many of you, thirty or forty years in your earthly experience and remember the time when, if it was suggested in the faintest kind of a whisper that there might be dramatic performances beyond the grave, everybody's hair would stand right up straight in horror and affright at the blasphemy of the suggestion. Things have altered. Let us ask you, why there should not be such a form of educational pleasure in the world beyond? "But it is very material," says one, "It is extremely absurd," says the second, and the third says "It is wicked." Maybe it is, but it exists nevertheless. "Why, how horrible!" Nothing of the sort. If man's nature is not changed by death, he is still the same person after death, and he will, in the great majority of cases demand employments, pursuits and pleasures in accordance with his present condition of development. God is capable of ministering to all the needs of the people living there in that realm, and hence we shall find that all forms of dramatic representation, purified and cleansed from many of the objectionable features attaching to it on earth, are frequently used there as an educational means, as well as a matter of mere amusement. Music, vocal and instrumental, literature, science, art and philosophy, mirth and happiness, all have their spiritual equivalents and counterparts, and shall all be there enjoyed and pursued. The dreams of beauty

that were in the soul of the sculptor shall there be realized more clearly than they were while here. The rhythm and harmony that sung and rolled so deeply within the mind of the musician shall there thrill with every beauty and power of melody, and the listeners assembled shall be filled with sweet thoughts too pure for earthly comprehension. The burning and throbbing ideals of the poet's brain shall there stand out in vivid form and delight and inspire all who behold them. The master problems that perplex men here on earth shall become so plain and simple, that you may wonder you did not perceive it when a resident of earth.

And sometimes like a breath from the golden country the poet's thought, the musician's dream, the sculptor's result will float down still and soft into some receptive mind here on earth, and a new thought, a new conception, a fresh theme, another inspiration in art or music thrill the world with its beauty and its power.

Over there you will find employment and pursuit. All of you will find pleasure, for labor becomes a pleasure, because you do that which you want to do, continue at it as long as you desire, and are able to cease from it whenever you will. "Well, is not this making the world beyond a very real sort of place?" Yes, a very real sort of place. "But apart from these things may there not be some other considerations of a higher character, and shall we not grow up and leave behind all these forms of employment and amusement, and search out the deep truths and sublime mysteries?"

Oh, yes, you will find immortal principles, eternal truths and divine verities in the higher ranges of the life beyond, but until you are infinitely better in thought, in aspiration and in character than you are to-day, you will not be able to appreciate or approximate to those higher realms that stretch beyond you. There is no royal road to knowledge in any condition, as we have often said, and death does not make a fool into a philosopher, or a man of science into a doctor of divinity. Each of you and all of you must grow up to the sublime verities that lie beyond, and when you are fitted to enter into and receive them, then most assuredly you will take that position.

If the pains are mental and spiritual, the pleasures also are mental and spiritual, and the joy and happiness, the beauty and order, and all the varied pleasures of the immortal life are capable of inspiring you with a deeper power and a keener feeling than ever there could be felt and enjoyed here on earth. The whole experience of that life is keener and more acute than is possible for any one to know while here on earth. So, then, the punishments of that future life are the punishments you make for yourselves, the pleasures of that future life are the pleasures you make for yourselves, it works in both directions. You

either curse or bless yourselves by your own desires, motives, and actions. You need not go to hell unless you want to; you will not go to hell unless you have deserved it. You may enter heaven if you will. You will surely find heaven if you have laid its foundation within yourself.

One principle remains we have not referred to. Let us briefly consider it. You have to recognize the fact that the wicked man is just as happy in his wickedness as the virtuous man in his goodness. We are not saying anything as to the quality of the happiness, mark you, but if the wicked man was not satisfied with his wickedness, he would cut adrift from it and turn to that which was good. It is in the periods of transition where pain and misery come to you, when conscience is awakened and you are making the effort to leave the bad path behind you and strive for the happy future that lies before you. If you wish to improve the condition of the wicked you must first make them think, make them understand the wastefulness of their present life, get them into the transitional condition, and then you may urge and help them forward as a natural result.

Let your purpose be one of integrity in all things. Be ye honest and be ye just, and you shall escape the shadow land where punishment and sorrow reign, and go out into the glorious light where happiness and peace and progress rule and operate among the lives of all therein contained.

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 XI.

MR. ELDERTON HAS A CONVERSATION, HUBERT LUNDY GROWS MYSTERIOUS, AND ALICE HIRES A MAID.

How little thought is bestowed upon the fact that our prejudices, rather than our judgments, rule the great majority of our lives. Sympathy or antipathy are usually the foundation of our friendship or dislike, though most of us would hesitate to so confess. Why such hesitancy should bar us from acknowledging the fact would form an interesting subject for inquiry, though one thing may be safely set down concerning our antipathies at least, and in their favor too. In many cases our antipathies often prove our truest safeguards against the insidious advances of the crafty, vicious, and malicious, who, concealing their designs beneath a plausible address, would often, but

for the antipathy they inspire, succeed in their plans for our undoing.

Some there are who tell us that a subtle atmosphere surrounds us, the wavy undulations of which sway or swirl with every changing thought, at times standing as serene and calm as the airy mantle that enwraps the earth, or, as our anger and our passion swells, whirling with an angry turmoil as does the atmosphere when convulsed by the cyclone's power. While, also, it is told us, that this subtle envelope surrounding us is tinted and tinctured in its appearance and nature by the character of the thoughts and motives pertaining to our real selves, thus giving to those capable of reading the indications of this subtle atmosphere surrounding us a means of measuring the true character of those approaching them. We call it instinct in the faithful dog; what shall we call it in the thinking man—antipathy? A better term is needed, one that argues a clearer understanding of this subject, if, as stated, it be true such envelope surrounds us, and in its nature and effects it is as many to-day believe. Faces, manners, words may and do deceive, but this antipathy, as we poorly call it, this aural influence acting upon receptive natures, rarely fails in telling truly that thine enemy approacheth. Happily, we are in an age disposed to learn from the *subtler* side of human life, willing to act responsively to the mystic region, where darkness has so long obscured the under life of man on earth, so the time advances when "antipathy," "sympathy," "thought transference," "brain waves," "personal magnetism," and "aural surroundings" will be even better understood than they are to-day, though even now such subjects had a great attraction for Alice Elderton and her accepted lover, Hubert Lundy.

Sad it was, though true, that the first time Alice encountered Henry Pilkins an involuntary shudder spread all over her, while her feeling of repugnance was most acute, yet coming, as he did, with her father's sanction she dutifully restrained herself. Hubert felt but little better upon the subject either, though upon Alice hinting to her father that she was not quite overwhelmingly impressed in favor of his guest, Mr. Elderton turned the matter aside with a smile, and a mild jest, at his child's fancifulness. Now, as if in support of the theory of antipathy, it must be recorded, even at the risk of making our dear friend, Henry Pilkins, seem ungallant, that he also was manifestly disconcerted upon his first introduction to Alice, fidgeting upon his chair, averting his face, and acting generally as if the society of a young and very charming lady was unnerving to the last degree. Clearly if some who tell us they can read the souls of others had been there to exercise their talents, it may be they would have said that Alice disliked Pilkins, and that he as cordially disliked her; wherein though justice may

allow that neither was to blame, since each was acting out, shall it be said, the law that antipathies in spirit can no more blend than can opposites in chemistry.

But how does all this supposition of antipathy and affinity work out in the person of Mr. Elderton, who was as warm-hearted and loving a parent, and as kind and genial a man as one could hope for from the ranks of men? He found delight and comfort in the society and conversation of his visitor; nor seemed to dream that he was in any sense other than he represented himself. Was it that age had blunted his sensitiveness, or that his deep good nature overruled his calmer judgment? Doubtless both causes exercised their influence upon him, but, let the cause be what it may, the fact remained that Pilkins stood high in the esteem and regard of his amiable and generous host, and that wise young man duly profited from his present status to the full extent within his power, though ever, it might be fancied from his actions, looking for possible arrangements leading to wider benefits for himself hereafter.

For some days succeeding the reception given to Henry Pilkins, Mr. Elderton had treated Hubert Lundy quite coolly, as if annoyed at his speech upon that memorable occasion, but Hubert wisely refrained from noticing his future father-in-law's displeasure, and left time to work its own cure unaided. Thus affairs went on in their accustomed way, until the Pilkins' reception had been a thing of the past for nearly a month, and Mr. Elderton had almost forgotten that Hubert Lundy's speech had been mainly a scoring of his guest. Henry Pilkins had been casting about him as to his future plans, and had decided that Miss Tulbythorpe was the party who would be of the most service to his future. She was elderly, comfortably off, had a large and well-furnished house, and with her upon his side he would be provided with a home, a friend and a good supporter. All these matters he judiciously kept his own counsel upon, making quiet preparations the meanwhile to avail himself thereof as soon as the time was ripe for doing so.

Things went on in their usual manner for some time, the feeling of dislike between Alice and her father's guest growing stronger daily, of course a piece of extremely bad taste on the part of so seeming an amiable young lady. In extenuation of her conduct, it may be stated, that perhaps, one little act, upon the part of her pet aversion, as she had unkindly dubbed Henry Pilkins, that act being the fact that he was frequently guilty of persisting to remain in the parlor under the pretext of reading a book or magazine, whenever he found Hubert bent on paying his *devoirs* to his lady sweet. Hubert had, at such times, hard work to respect the presence of Alice, the fact that he was under her father's roof, or his own self-respect, for

had he less self-restraint, Pilkins—who was proof against the broadest of broad hints at such times—would have descended the front-door-steps with the speed of a Canadian tobogganer, aided by a pedal emphasis that would have alike made an impression and created a decided sensation upon every part of his nature. Yes, altogether, Alice surely was excusable.

Just about this time when Mr. Elderton and his guest were seated together one evening, Pilkins, in his sniffling, whining way, said to his host:

"Oh, I say, Mr. Elderberry," Pilkins had a habit of playfully altering people's names, "Oh, I say, Mr. Elderberry, do you think Mr. Lundy is a good young man?"

"Why, certainty, or I would not encourage his suit with Alice," answered Mr. Elderton; "but, why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing, only he never seems to be satisfied, and he always denounces some poor, struggling medium or other. I don't do so! I am charitable to them all. I think it is wicked—don't you?—to hold up people's faults to the public. We ought all to be united. But I saw Mr. Lundy somewhere the other day!"

"Well, where?"

"I won't tell you; it wouldn't be right!"

"Come, come, tell me now," remarked Mr. Elderton, a trifle testily.

"Well, I saw him walking arm in arm with a young lady!"

"Alice, I suppose?"

"Oh, no!"

"Did you see her?"

"Not her face; that was veiled!"

"Where was this?"

"On the common, last Tuesday night."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Elderton, reflectively, "that was the very night Hubert excused himself from taking Alice to the theatre, after securing tickets, too."

"Well," said this candid friend, "it is no business of mine, I know, but I hope my impressions about Mr. Lundy are not correct."

Was this an attempt at sowing mischief between our two lovers? Was Pilkins, like many others, too, doing it secretly and by indirection? If so, his attempt was not without some success, for it set Mr. Elderton a thinking, and in thinking he became considerably disturbed in mind. At an early opportunity he politely questioned Hubert upon the matter, saying it had been reported to him that he, Hubert, had been seen walking on the Common with a certain lady, veiled, too. If he was playing his daughter false, he could not, nor would not countenance his visits any longer. Hubert answered he had no intention of dealing dishonorably by Alice, and as evidence of his honesty Alice was already in full possession of all the particulars of the lady and the interview in question. All this he said with some pride

of manner, as if hurt at a groundless suspicion, which was indeed the case—shrewdly guessing that Pilkins had obtained some partial knowledge of the circumstance, though doubtful of how much he knew; thus the matter rested between the two men, though the unfriendly guest every now and then, sought to fan the flame, and add fuel to the fire, causing Mr. Elderton to alternate between confidence and distrust in Hubert, as Pilkins intended should be the case, when suddenly and without a warning, Henry Pilkins folded his tent and silently stole away from his temporary home, like the Arab of the poet. All his leave-taking consisted in a brief note he left on Mr. Elderton's table, stating that as Miss Tulbythorpe was soliciting him to become the leader and teacher of the new Chamoren Fraternity about to be established, he had accepted the call, and that when this letter reached his, Mr. Elderton's, hand he would be gone! Yes, when this precious missive reached Mr. Elderton's hands gone its active writer was—gone without even the courtesy of thanks or any other formality of leave-taking, actual or implied. But even then Mr. Elderton excused him—so loyal to a good opinion is an honest man.

Ill news needs no wings, though good often moves with leaden feet, was the utterance of some poor misanthrope in the dark ages of the past; therefore, it was small wonder that Hubert heard that same night of Pilkins' abrupt departure, though, in truth, he considered it anything but ill news, nor, for the matter of that, did Alice either, both rejoicing rather at their pet aversion's departure. It may seem a trifle shocking to record it, that is for Pilkins' friends, but nevertheless Alice and Hubert actually congratulated themselves in no unmistakable terms upon being freed from the late ill-bred intrusions upon their *tete-a-tetes*, now her father's guest was gone. However, the subject was soon dismissed, so volatile are lovers in their talk, while a new topic, evidently a serious one, was introduced by Hubert. Long and earnestly the two young folks conversed, when finally it seemed as if some plan had been decided upon. During their prolonged conversation, Hubert spoke under his breath, acted most cautiously, and was wondrous careful of interruptions, and greatly anxious that no one should overhear aught of what he had to say. Had not his earnestness and sincerity been so plainly manifest, his mysterious manner to-night would have been more comical than impressive to a disinterested observer, for among his proceedings were the cautious inspection of some photographs, the reading of some letters, and the perusal of several official-looking documents. Altogether these two spent a very unloverlike, but most mysterious evening, and evidently Hubert was in the centre of the plot or mystery, let its character be what it may. A full un-

derstanding had been arrived at though, and Alice promised to get her father to do as she desired in some matter, expressing her strong belief in her ability to obtain his assent. They then parted, as young people in their case always part, in a manner and with tokens we are all aware of, and have experienced in the happy days of that innocent love of by-gone times in the sweet days of our early loves.

The next day Alice said to her father, "Oh, papa, dear, I want you to do me ever-so big a favor, will you?"

"It depends upon what it is, young lady."

"I want to hire a maid."

"Good gracious, daughter, what next?"

"Nothing, papa. I know a very nice young woman, lately from England, to whom I have taken a great fancy. Won't you let me engaged her?"

"Well, well, I will see about it later."

"No, you dear old pa, you won't. I want you to see about it now. We really do need a little more help about the house, dear, and this young woman is just the one we need; besides," continued Alice, as a sort of final appeal, "her wages will not be great."

"There! let me see her, say to-morrow, and I will then decide," said Mr. Elderton, thus assuring Alice she had gained her point, as was proven on the following day by the engagement of the new maid, Mamie Murton. Some day the little mystery of the veiled figure on the common that was seen in company with Hubert Lundy by the high-minded Henry Pilkins will be made clear. When it is the reader's may, or may not be surprised thereat.

(To be continued.)

Original Contributions.

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

Deeds versus Creeds.

This is what the angels teach:

"Better by far to work than preach."

This is what they always say:

"Better by far to work than pray."

"Better a kind and loving deed
Than priestly cant, or priestly creed;
Better a loaf to a hungry one
Than mumbled prayer, or organ's tone;

"Better for cold, a good warm fire,
Than all the prayers beneath church spire;
Better by far to dry the tear
Than cause its flow through slavish fear."

And this great truth our minds must store:
Loving deeds are the open door
Through which God's angels enter in
To purify a soul from sin.

You better thus a soul can draw,
Than drive by fear of broken law;
And all the bolts of wrathful Jove
Will fail to win like deeds of love.

HORACE M. RICHARDS.
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Spiritual Philosophy.

No 3.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The home of the enfranchised spirit, its abiding place when freed from the trammels of mortal clay, must have been originated and developed, and must be ever sustained, by natural law, devoid of miracle or supernaturalism. In like manner as the material universe was evolved by slow and steady growth, amid permutations, combinations, and recombinations of the primordial elementary substances, so has the present spiritual universe, to which we are related, been evolved slowly and steadily from primordial beginnings.

Spiritual science reveals to us that the first spiritual world connected with our planet was evolved from the spiritual essences pertaining to the planet,—that from the time when the first stable, solid crust was formed on our globe, in pre-geologic times, millions of years ago, up to the present time, the process of unfoldment and improvement of the earth's spiritual counterpart—the spirit world proper of this earth—has been going on unceasingly, by and through the gravitation to that world, from the earth, of its emanations in the form of refined spiritual essences,—the life principles of material elements, forms, organizations. *Pari passu* with the growth and upbuilding of the material planet has been the evolution and development of its spiritual outgrowth,—each primary spiritual world being the natural efflorescence or flowering out into higher and grander spheres of being and action of the grosser, more ponderable, physical world from which it is evolved. Spiritual essences that once formed a portion of the inner life of our planet now compose its spirit world,—its land and water, rocks and hills, plains and forests, fruits and flowers, and beasts and birds, as well as its men, women, and children; all are the flowering and fruitage of our old mother earth.

As the material body of man serves to elaborate the spiritual body, destined to exist, after the process of physical death, in eternal separation from the material form to which, under the law of nature, it owes its existence, so the material globe itself, under the same general law of evolutionary unfoldment, elaborates a spiritual world, its ethereal *alter ego*, or counterpart, in a sense; and as the spiritual body of man is constantly upbuilt and sustained by the inner forces of the material body so long as it is connected therewith, so does the material earth upbuild and sustain its spiritual body during the whole continuance of its (the material earth's) existence. So long as the material world continues to produce

and build up immortal souls by whom the spirit world shall be inhabited, so long must the spiritual world continue to be, in a measure, dependent upon the spiritual emanations constantly gravitating to its sphere from the sphere of the material globe. When, in the fullness of time, our mother earth shall have completed its mission of individualizing human souls, and through natural decadence and death it shall have passed away, then the time cometh when the first spiritual world, or second sphere, as it is called, shall have also fulfilled its task; and it in turn shall likewise pass away, through a process of natural dissolution,—evolution and dissolution being ever correlatives in the workshops of the Infinite, dissolution being practically a stage of evolution, a necessary preparation for grander unfoldments *in futuro*.

In a similar manner to that by which the higher spiritual essences of the material planet gravitate to form a spiritual world, so, in turn, do the higher emanations from this spirit world, this second sphere, its most refined essences, gravitate to an appropriate plane of action superior to that occupied by the world from which they sprang, and there help to form a second spirit world, the third sphere as it is called. But not from the sublimated emanations alone from *one* primary spirit world or second sphere are the third spheres of immensity formed. The law of universal unity and fraternity becomes exemplified in larger measure in the process of development of each successive series of spiritual worlds. At first each inhabited planet has its own special spiritual *locale*, its soul so to speak. These are the so-called second spheres to the individual planets. The third spheres are composed of the spiritualized emanations from a number of the second spheres, pertaining to different planets, uniting to form one grand associated spirit sphere. Upon the same principle, a number of the third spheres unite in the formation of each of the fourth spheres, and the same law is paramount in the cases of the fifth and sixth spheres; the number of spirit worlds of each class becoming less and less at each successive evolution, and the unnumbered millions of immortal souls from the myriads of worlds in space becoming more and more closely associated in fraternal oneness; until, finally, when the seventh spiritual sphere is reached, the highest in the first order of the spiritual universe, there is *only one* inconceivable spirit world for all the entire universe in which we dwell.

It has been stated that the dissolution or disintegration of each material planet is followed by the dissolution of its spiritual counterpart, the second sphere; the latter, of course, not occurring until all the inhabitants of the spiritual sphere have exhausted the capabilities of unfoldment pertaining to that sphere. The decay and death of the

material planet having stopped the supply of immortal souls to its second sphere, then through the law of progress the spiritual inhabitants of that sphere will successively pass through its upper circles, and, having attained the acme of evolutionary development so far as contained within that sphere, they will plume themselves for higher flights; and, passing through a change in some respects analogous to that of physical death, they will bid farewell forever to that lower spiritual state, and in their new spiritual bodies (which were evolved as an inner lining to the grosser spirit bodies of the second sphere, upon the same principle that the primary spiritual body was evolved as an inner lining to the material or physical body on earth,—man thus ever retaining his trinity of outer body, inner body, and inmost spirit),—in their new spiritual bodies they continue existence in the first circle of the third sphere or second spirit world.

When all the inhabitants of the second sphere shall have departed therefrom for the deeper glories and grander beatitudes of the third sphere, then, having ended its allotted work in the economy of nature, it will cease longer to exist as a form, a body, and it will be dissolved or dissipated, so to speak. In a similar manner, when the inhabitants of each of the third spheres shall have quitted it for the fourth sphere, the former will cease longer to exist in organized form; and the same principle holds good as regards the successive disintegration or dissipation of the fourth, fifth, and sixth spheres respectively; so that at length there will remain in existence only one grand spiritual sphere in all the universe, the seventh sphere,—all the lower forms of spiritual worlds having been mere stepping-stones, under nature's wise, beneficent provisions, over which the glorified spirits of the men and women of all material worlds might find entrance at last to the vestibule of the Infinite, the vast and unimaginable seventh sphere of our universe.

The vestibule of the Infinite has this sphere been called above; for, unspeakably grand and glorious as it may be, it is far removed from constituting a finality in the evolution of the spiritual universe. This sphere is the highest evolved in the *first* order of spiritual worlds. This sphere of beauty, power, and wisdom, the beatified dwellers upon which surpass immeasurably our highest conceptions, all feeble as they are, of the grandest and mightiest gods,—this sphere is, in truth, only the entrance-way to the loftier plains of sublimated being, the more transcendent heights of wisdom supernal, power Deific, and love celestial, crowning the more interior and exalted realms of spiritual existence. Onward and upward, in an ascending series of orders of spiritual suns and worlds, they rise before our enraptured vision, until finally we reach the perfected sphere of all universes,—the one grand Deific sphere of

life and love, where the perfected souls of all worlds reign in unison as lords and gods over all lower nature, spiritual and material.

Here it may be said that spiritual evolution, in the present order of creation, reaches its ultimate. Here the purified and wisdom-crowned spirits of the sons and daughters of all past time, who have, through an almost eternal progress, attained to the ultimate of spiritual being, in complete harmony and unity exercise Deific supervision over all nature; being, in fact, the veritable God of nature, the omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent God of the illimitable universe,—omnipresent, etc., though the action of subordinate forces and agents, permeating universal being. To this super-exalted station is each human soul in every world inevitably destined to attain in time. Each one of us will be eventually a god or goddess; and in union with all others on the same plane of being, we shall, when thus conjoined, exercise, in unity, the prerogatives of, and be in truth, the God of Universal Being.

For a more extended elaboration of the mode of evolution of the spiritual universe, the reader is referred to the third volume of Mrs. Maria M. King's great inspirational work, "The Principles of Nature," and to a pamphlet by the same author entitled "God the Father and Man the Image of God."

Is it True?

BY LUPA.

I am not egotistic enough to suppose that the extract from Ruskin in a late Dove was a gauntlet thrown at my feet, yet I have picked it up in spite of the great difference in mental stature between John Ruskin and myself, for he angers me when he talks about women.

The first and most important question to ask concerning what he says of us is, Is it True?

In this extract, the wife is a spiritual orchardist, and the husband a passive tree in her hands. "She keeps him in shape by continual pruning." Yes, she may lovingly snip around him with her embroidery scissors so long as she only pretends to find something that needs pruning, because it flatters his vanity to receive the attention; but let her so much as *pinch* some moral excrescence, let her, for instance, suggest that the pruning-knife should pass under the tobacco parasite, that the sap of the demijohn should be let out, or that less of the scarlet blossoms of a passionate temper would leave the moral atmosphere more wholesome, and how soon this purring lion begins to roar. The facts of thousands who have tried being private missionaries and failed, disprove his words. Said one to whom I was indignantly protesting, "Well, a woman is a fool for thinking she can make

an angel of the devil." Granted; but it is such high-sounding talk as Ruskin's that has excited woman's conscientiousness and benevolence into action, and led her to think that if, as she has been told, the devil was an angel once, and she has such power as man pretends to credit her with, it ought to be used in bringing him back to his first estate. Not more than one in a thousand who marry to reform men, succeeds in anything but the bringing upon themselves of disappointment and degradation; for generally a woman's influence for good is much greater before the law secures her to him than after.

"If you say anything silly she will affectionately tell you so." Now I really wonder what would be the result if one should try it, even on him. "If you declare you will do some absurd thing, she will find some way of preventing you from doing it." As if she had not enough to do to keep herself and the children from doing absurd things without looking after a great baby of a man! "By far, the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to women." I should certainly think it did, if this is a specimen of the mental condition of our superior men. Among the sure signs of an unmarried man he mentions eccentricity of manner, but, according to my observation, it is just the opposite, for, when married there is no more necessity, in his mind, for making himself attractive, and the knobs of his nature may protrude as they will.

He talks of a woman as queen always and everywhere, but her sovereignty is like that of other very much limited monarchs; it lasts as long as she commands according to the wishes of those who support her. Let her assert but one of the rights which the founders of this government declared belonged naturally to all—"liberty," which in many cases would include "life" and, consequently, "the pursuit of happiness"—the right to own herself, unsubjected to his dictation or threats, and what becomes of her crown?

• It is all absurd nonsense, yet worthy a descendant of Adam, to say, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me," is responsible for every turn in the disposition, whether good or bad. How supremely selfish, too, not to question as to whether or not it is a moral help to a woman to think she has married a being too cowardly to face his vices, too dishonest to own them and too weak to correct them of and by himself. Is it nothing that she must lose her self respect by finding she is bound to one she cannot admire for either inherent or acquired goodness, that she should be told if she is "judicious" she will turn him, and pat him, and mold him, while he will be putty under her fingers? The kind of goodness in a man that depends on a woman's petting will last only so long as the physical instinct, and be at a discount in the next life where;

I am happy to believe, "there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage" such as this world furnishes.

The facts of everyday life prove that wives do not rule; that they pay dearly for every concession, real or seeming, even while men make a virtue of their abasement and are proud of their humility. Why do not men make themselves grand and pure enough for women to respect them, so that when they walk by their side they can respect themselves?

It has been for man's interest to over-cultivate the feminine conscience, for he well knew that her tenacity of purpose would cause her to persevere in what she considered her duty, whether she made a martyr of herself or not. Herein lies the strongest power of the Catholic Church and our chief danger from it. In some way neutralize a Catholic woman's faith in the divinity of priest and Pope, the necessity of the confessional and her obligation to endure, without seeking legal relief, any treatment man chooses to inflict upon her, and "Othello's occupation's gone."

What ought to be, or what might be under favorable conditions is not always what *is* or can be at present. To make those conditions favorable, a judicious husband may be needed as well as a judicious wife.

A late article in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, entitled "Women on Men," says, "We would see ourselves as women see us," and wonders that so few opinions of man in general have been placed on record by women, and hints that it may be "because women have not the trick of the epigram."

Perhaps the before mentioned twigs and knobs make it impossible to crowd him into the pint measure of a couplet or a verse, perhaps she may yet make it appear that people should be considered more as individual human beings, "without distinction of race, color or previous condition of servitude," or even sex.

O, man! beyond our power to comprehend!
Out-reaching far as time and space extend,
Yet pausing like a mole to burrow in the turf,
Grand, great, yet small, a tyrant and an abject serf;
A tyrant over weaker things, a slave to self;
Enduring loss of friends, of place, of power, of self,
With patient fortitude that holds no doubt,
Yet groaning at a toothache, or a twinge of gout;
'Mid Tropic heat, and Arctic snows,
In fire and flood and battle's woes,
Strong, brave, heroic, yet at sight,
Surrendering to a passion or an appetite;
Though generous with purse and charitable deeds,
Too saving of the tender words that weakness needs,
While pitying the body's pains, impatient, blind
To all the nameless miseries of the mind.
So limitless the subject, so diverse
The stations where its branches point, no single verse
Can group, explain, define or show the plan
Of this most complex being we call man.
If in his image God created him,
No wonder our weak vision has grown dim
In trying thus to learn the Infinite; and still,
We wonder, as we watch the discords of his will;

The many curious contradictions of his soul;
His anxious struggles to secure a transient goal;
The weaknesses that in his nature lurk;
Where was the failure, in the model or the work?

Unkind Words.

BY M. W. P.

What a text for the devotee to the interests of humanity! Though lightly spoken and often without the thought of serious result, no tongue can tell the hopes they have blighted, the floods of tears that have been shed, while the one who spoke them smiled or slept the hours away, that were taking the bloom from the cheek of youth, and plowing deep furrows upon the brow at the prime of life, and bringing the grey hair of a great multitude that no one suspects, to an untimely grave. If the grave of the suicide and the cell of the insane asylum could be made to speak, and their fearful stories plainly told, Victor Hugo's "*Les Misérables*," and Dante's "*Inferno*," would be over-shadowed, and lost in the comparison.

The Beginning of Life.

BY "LUPA."

Not life in the universe, for that I could never in the least comprehend, nor of existence on this planet, though it can be brought nearer to our understanding, but the beginning of life in each individual.

Some say this world furnishes the commencement and end of all; others, that as we are always to exist in the future; for the same reasons we have always existed in the past; some claiming that numerous physical lives are strung on an immortal spirit line like beads on a thread; but either theory is hard for most of us to believe. We prefer to think that though the elements of which we are composed may be as eternal as electricity, the particular combination forming each person has not had a previous existence, but will continue in the future, for we have had demonstration of the latter fact. That it will live, as an individual eternally we do not know; so as both ends of the life line seem to be obscured by the mists of uncertainty, it appears as though our main concern is with the present; and the most important question that can be asked is, how can human beings be so well born that they will not need to be born again to make their impulses turn them in the right direction?

I am not scientifically educated, but that does not keep me from continually wondering; so now, I wonder if the spirit body does not, as it were, spring into existence at the first minute of prenatal life, composed of emanations from corresponding parts of the spiritual bodies of father and mother, and projected into form by the union of positive and negative electricity, then the physical body gradually formed afterward in

harmony with it. This nebulous, sensitive substance would respond to every deep impression on the mother's mind or spirit, and thus produce those peculiar marks of body and traits of character which have puzzled us so much.

To my untaught mind this seems possible, answers many questions, and points out the way to protect future generations from being born so far wrong as the past have been; but if the idea contains no atom of scientific reasonableness, will some one please give a theory that cannot be proved untrue, and will solve some of the riddles of life?

Selected Articles.

Business Failures and Success

There are many who think that because a man has happened to fail in his business undertaking he should be pronounced of "no account." There are many things in the business world that may bring about a failure which no human foresight could have anticipated or prevented. The simple fact of a "failure" should not be set down to the disadvantage of any man. It is the circumstances connected with the failure which should be taken into account in estimating a man's ability or honesty. Even if a man fails more than once, he should not be unqualifiedly condemned. The person who has never failed cannot possibly know whether he is possessed of the requisite amount of "grit" to constitute a successful business man.

It has been truly said that the paths of some of the world's greatest men, both living and dead, were marked with financial disaster, and they achieved success in the end only by liberally exercising this one quality of "grit."

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet-maker, locomotive-builder and grocer. But as often as he failed he "tried again," until he could stand upon his feet alone, and crowned the victory by giving \$1,000,000 to help poor boys in time to come.

Abraham Lincoln failed, to make both ends meet by chopping wood, failed to make his salt in the galley-slave life of a Mississippi flat-boatman. He had not wit enough to run a grocery, and yet he made himself the grandest character of the nineteenth century.

Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the *Tribune*, worth to-day \$1,000,000.

Patrick Henry failed in everything he undertook until he made himself the orator of his age and nation.—*Pacific Rural Press*.

Why does a sculptor die a harder death than other men? Because he makes faces and busts.

Inspired Hours.

Wonderful are the heights to which the human spirit attains in its best moods! glorious and beautiful the inspirations which come when the windows of the soul are opened to light from every side; even as the windows of the chamber of Daniel, the Hebrew seer, were opened to the four quarters of the heavens. In such hours the whole spiritual being seems possessed and held in the noble service of some high theme or tender emotion or great thought, and the words there written or spoken are immortal—the world will never let them die.

"Curfew must not ring to-night,"

is one of the poems that thrill and melt the soul. Its author, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, tells how she read the story of Bessie, and of her lover doomed to die in the evening at the ringing of the curfew-bell from the old English steeple, and saved by the heroism of the brave girl, and how the words, "Curfew must not ring to-night," came ever between her eyes and the figures on her slate, as she vainly tried to add them up in the school-house, until she desperately swept those figures from the slate and wrote, "England's sun was slowly setting," etc.; her flying pencil moving rapidly; her brain throbbing and on fire, until the whole poem was finished.

It went round the world in a few years, translated into many tongues and read by many peoples, coming from the illuminated soul its light shone far into other souls.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe tells in the *Century* how her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was written. Being in Washington, in 1861, she rode out with some military officers to a review of troops near the city, witnessed a skirmish between Union and Confederate soldiers, helped to sing the John Brown song on the way back, was touched by the cheers and the singing of the boys in blue, and said she had often wished to write some verses fitted for that tune. Reaching the city she says:

I slept as usual that night, but awoke before dawn the next morning and soon found myself trying to weave together certain lines which, though not entirely suited to the John Brown music, were yet capable of being sung to it. I lay still in the dark room, line after line shaping itself in my mind, and verse after verse. When I had thought out the last of these, I felt that I must make an effort to place them beyond the danger of being effaced by a morning nap. I sprang out of bed and groped about in the dim twilight to find a bit of paper and the stump of a pen which I remembered to have had the evening before. Having found these articles, and having long been accustomed to scribble with scarcely any sight of what I might write in a room made dark for the repose of my infant children, I began to write the lines of my poem in like manner. (I was always careful to decipher these lines within twenty-four hours, as I had found them perfectly illegible after a long period.) On the occasion now spoken of I completed my writing, went back to bed, and fell fast asleep.

The poem was given to the *Atlantic Monthly* at the wish of its editor. Months

after it came into wide notice, was sung in prisons and on battle fields, and years after she tells how:

A printed copy of the words and music was sent me from Constantinople, by whom I never knew. But when I visited Robert college, in the neighborhood of that city, the good professors and their ladies at parting asked me to listen well to what I might hear on my way down the steep declivity. I did so, and heard, in sweet, full cadence, the lines which scarcely seem mine, so much are they the breath of that heroic time and of the feeling with which it was filled.

Like the curfew poem this inspired and inspiring battle hymn went around the world. Both filled and uplifted all whom they reached, the one the story of love conquering pain and danger, the other "the breath of that heroic time," which is now dropping into the past, but which never should be forgotten, the high aspects of which should be held in due reverence as the clash and clamor of its hot conflict die away.

Such words may well lead us to higher reverence of the spirit in man that giveth him understanding. In such hours, too, the windows of heaven are open and the blessed immortals help and inspire us. We are spirits clad in earthly bodies; they are kindred spirits clad in celestial bodies; in our highest moods they are nearest to us, and sometimes possess our whole being, psychologize and hold us in some noble service, and light our souls and touch our lips with fire from heavenly altars.—*Religio Philosophical Journal*.

The Liberty of Children.

If women have been slaves, what shall I say of children, of the little children in alleys and sub-cellars; the little children who turn pale when they hear their fathers' footsteps; little children who run away when they only hear their names called by the lips of a mother; little children—the children of poverty, the children of crime, the children of brutality, wherever they are—flotsam and jetsam upon the wild, mad sea of life—my heart goes out to them one and all. I tell you the children have the same rights that we have, and we ought to treat them as though they were human beings. They should be reared with love, with tenderness, with kindness and not with brutality.

When one of your children tells a lie, be honest with him; tell him that you have told hundreds of them yourself. Tell him it is not the best way; that you have tried it. Tell him as the man did from Maine when his boy left home: "John, honesty is the best policy; I have tried both." Be honest with him. Suppose a man as much larger than you are larger than a child five years old, should come to you with a liberty pole in his hand, and in a voice of thunder shout: "Who broke that plate?" There is not a

solitary one of you who would not swear you never saw it, or that it was cracked when you got it. Why not be honest with these children? Just imagine a man who deals in stocks whipping his boy for putting false rumors afloat! Think of a lawyer beating his own flesh and blood for evading the truth when he makes half of his own living that way! Think of a minister punishing his child for not telling all he thinks! Just think of it! ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Perseverance.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, "I can't."
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.

ELIZA COOK.

Keeps honor bright. To have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. SHAKESPEARE.

Robert Bruce, restorer of the Scottish monarchy, being out one day looking at the enemies of his country, was obliged to seek refuge at night in a barn which belonged to a poor, but honest cottager. In the morning when he awoke, he saw a spider climb up the beam of the roof. The spider fell down to the ground, but it immediately tried again, when it a second time fell to the ground. It made a third attempt but did not succeed. Twelve times did the little spider try to climb up the beam, and twelve times it fell down again; but the thirteenth time it succeeded and gained the top of the beam. The king immediately got up from his lowly couch, and said, "This little spider has taught me *perseverance*. I will follow its example. Twelve times have I been beaten by the enemy. I will try once more." He did so, and won the next battle. The king was the spider's scholar.—GOODRICH.

The two qualities of perseverance and thoroughness are the master keys to unlock the treasures of riches, reputation, and fame. To be on the threshold of success and then give up the enterprise, is infinitely worse than if no attempt whatever had been made; while to hurry through the work to the end in a slipshod and slovenly manner, is dishonesty. Moreover a failure from either cause is sure to exercise a baneful effect upon future endeavors of the kind. It is the steady, lasting pace that wins the race of success. A fitful display of talent may shine like a meteor for a while, but unsustained by the qualities of perseverance and thoroughness, it waxes dim, and becomes extinguished before the race is well begun. It is not the erratic comet, brilliantly flitting across the sky that bids the earth rejoice, but the glorious sun itself—fitting emblems of steadfastness and perseverance, never tiring of shedding joy and gladness upon the world.—DR. J. SIMMS.

THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER.....Editress

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

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

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

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THE CARRIER DOVE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOV. 12, 1887.

We bespeak our readers' careful perusal of the article in another portion of this number of the Dove, by Wm. Emmette Coleman, upon the "Evolution of the Spiritual Universe." Somewhat of novelty, to the general reader perhaps, may be found to attach to the outline exposition therein contained of the laws and principles, and their modes of operation, by and through which the various orders of spiritual worlds are evolved. Mr. Coleman has informed us, that he considers this as probably the most striking one that will be presented in the series of essays which he is now engaged in preparing for our columns. It will, we think, be found fruitful of suggestions to the thoughtful enquiring mind, and eminently inspiring to the reverent and philanthropic truth seeker.

If the glorious exalted destiny which it foreshadows for the entire human race in this and all other worlds were fully recognized and realized in the world's conscious-

ness it seems to us that the human soul in the proud consciousness of its inherent nobility, grandeur and divinity would rise superior to the degrading follies, the petty meannesses, and the vicious criminalities which now so sadly mar the beauty of this finite reflection of the essential attributes of the Infinite Oversoul; and that with redoubled zeal and energy, with rekindled fires of aspiration for the practical embodiment, in its own inner shrine of the highest virtue and truth, the soul would endeavor to cultivate here in this life, so far as practicable, those beauties and graces of character, of heart, and of intellect, which are its natural birthright, and by and through which alone it can attain to that peace and joy, that serenity and happiness, for which it was primarily evolved, and of which its everlasting heritage was foreseen by the angelic hosts when, at the beginning of time's unwearying round, "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy."

Spiritual Revival.

Our town is in a sort of spiritual ferment at present, brought about by the presence here of Mr. J. J. Morse and Dr. Schlesinger. Many persons visited the latter's room yesterday, and came away mystified. The reporter called upon the doctor last evening and was cordially welcomed and given a "sitting," and he can truthfully say that he witnessed a most wonderful manifestation of mystic power. The names of his parents and that of a departed brother, as well as the place and manner of death of the latter, and many other things, were revealed to him and all without the slightest clew being given. We cannot say how this was done, but there was no mistaking the fact that it was done. The doctor will remain here a week or more, and will no doubt be kept pretty busily engaged.—*Tulare Daily Register*, Saturday, Nov. 5th, 1887.

Miss Lizzie Plimley.

According to previous arrangement Mr. and Mrs. Plimley, and their little daughter Lizzie, came over from Oakland to the Tuesday evening seance, held at this office, last week.

Miss Lizzie was soon controlled by her little Indian guide, Minnie, who proceeded to draw a picture with colored crayons,

which was completed in about twenty minutes. It was a crude sketch representing a scene in Africa; but, when all the circumstances were taken into consideration, it was a remarkable test of spirit control. She also gave a few names and drew a small portrait on the palm of her hand. One curious and novel manifestation was produced by the medium taking a piece of white cloth and folding it a number of times and twisting it about in her hands, and when it was shaken out and held up to the light a number of faces were seen upon it. No explanation was made of the phenomenon; hence, we are unable to account for it. There can be no doubt, but that, under proper conditions, Miss Lizzie will make a wonderful medium.

Social and Dance.

The Union Spiritual Society of this city has inaugurated a series of delightful monthly socials ending with dancing. We attended the third of these reunions at their place of meeting, St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street, on Tuesday evening last. There was a fine programme consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations etc. Mr. J. J. Morse made a few happy remarks at the opening of the exercises, and later on read a humorous selection from Mark Twain.

Our space will not admit of the entire programme, which, we are pleased to say was well carried out, after which dancing was indulged in until 12 P. M. It was announced that on Wednesday evening next, Mr. Morse will address the Society upon the subject, "Spiritualism a Factor in Religious Reform." We bespeak for them a full house. Admittance free.

It would be well for our older organizations to follow the example set by these enterprising young people and have some more such pleasant reunions; they go far towards uniting the people in bonds of true fraternity. We need more sociability, more enjoyment, more "real good times" to advance harmony and good fellowship among us. When we "know as we are known" many of the mists which now veil us from each other will vanish in the sunlight of a better acquaintance. Now that the long winter evenings are approaching, let us set to work with the determination of making this the happiest, brightest, most

social and fraternal period that has ever been experienced among the Spiritualists of San Francisco.

New converts are rapidly filling our ranks; let us welcome them with festivity and rejoicing, and make them feel "at home" among us. Then will the brighter ones from the "other side" be more attracted to us when they discover that we are really striving to make the world better by making the people in it happier.

Gone to his Reward.

DECEASE OF ALLEN PUTNAM, ESQ., OF BOSTON; FUNERAL AT FOREST HILLS CEMETERY.

Allen Putnam, whose name has been prominent in Boston as that of an upright citizen for nearly half a century, and who is known abroad by reputation wherever Spiritualism has a name, through his published works, and his valued contributions to the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT and other papers, passed to spirit-life, and a renewed companionship with the loved ones in the better land, on the morning of Friday October 21, 1887, at the ripe age of 85 years.

It was our privilege but a week or two since to meet and converse with this now ascended worker, at our office, and he then expressed himself as ready and willing to "go hence," feeling that his labors in the mortal were nearly at an end. We are informed by Dr. Paxson, to whose kindly services the deceased brother was indebted for added comfort in the closing hours of his life, that Mr. Putnam retained his consciousness to the last, and was cheered as the hour of change drew nigh by the recognized presence of spirit friends, and the sight of rare garlands of beautiful flowers which they brought before his vision as a foretaste of the sympathetic welcome which awaited him in the Summer-Land.

Full of well-spent years, and laden with the sheaves of good endeavor for the advancement of the New Dispensation, our brother has gone to his reward in the Eternal Home. Another of the old guard of Modern Spiritualism is missed—as a mortal—from his place in the ranks; their number grows smaller year by year, but to the trembling lips of age the death-angel is, in turn, pressing the cup of immortal youth, and in the soul-land the risen ones indeed realize that the cause for whose advocacy their youthful energies were so self-sacrificingly devoted, is destined to go on conquering and to conquer. Let us close up the ranks and continue the struggle until to each weary toiler shall come the spirit signal of release that speaks of victory assured!

Funeral services were held in the beautiful chapel at Forest Hills Cemetery, West Roxbury, on Monday at 1 o'clock, at which a large number of Spiritualists and other friends were present. The services were conducted by the venerable Rev. W. P. Tilden, formerly pastor of a Unitarian church in this city, and an intimate friend of the deceased, who in his address bore emphatic testimony to the eminent virtues and spiritual faith of the risen brother, whom he characterized as one who had carried consolation and hope to many homes. The speaker had often visited families in his own parish in which Mr. Putnam had been, and where he always imparted much of his own serene faith in the Heavenly Father and confidence in the reality and nearness of the unseen world. His remarks were eminently appropriate, and satisfactory to the Spiritualists present.

The remains were deposited in a charming location, on an elevated terrace, beneath the boughs of a spreading oak, in one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the world. "His soul is marching on."—*Banner of Light*.

J. J. Morse in Tulare, Cal.

J. J. Morse, an inspirational lecturer from San Francisco, has been lecturing in Library Hall to large audiences. His effort on Wednesday evening was universally considered a masterly defense of Modern Spiritualism, as held by the most advanced investigators.

He took for his theme, "The Relation of Spiritualism to Christianity, Science and Morals." He claimed that the manifestations of Modern Spiritualism is in harmony with the supernatural manifestations of Bible times; that the constitution of the human mind and the laws of the Universe are the same, and that spiritual manifestations are just as essential now as then to convince the skeptical mind of the reality of the supernatural, and that death does not end all.

The next point was the scientific basis of Spiritualism. By an elaborate argument he tried to demonstrate that in the whole field of modern scientific investigation, spiritualism has an unanswerable defense.

The lecturer closed by showing that spiritualism contended for the highest code of morals; that it did not believe in forgiveness of sins, but in self help and individual moral culture.—*Tulare (Cal.) Weekly Standard*.

We would call the attention of our readers to the notice "To Intending Subscribers" under the head of Special Notices.

Good Words.

The attention of our readers, and especially our Spiritualist readers, is called to the advertisement of THE CARRIER DOVE, in this number. It is one of the best and ablest publications issued by our Spiritualist friends. It is got up in a style that makes it an ornament to any place where it is found. Each number is finely illustrated.—*The Freethinkers' Magazine*.

Accompanying the above editorial notice, our esteemed contemporary publishes a full page advertisement of THE CARRIER DOVE, gotten up in such an artistic manner that we really think it is as ornamental as a picture, and we trust that many of our readers will subscribe for the *Freethinkers' Magazine*, not only for the purpose of seeing how handsomely it advertises a spiritual journal, but for the purpose of reading the very best liberal literature to be obtained anywhere.

The cost of this excellent magazine is but one dollar a year.

Address H. L. Green, 165 Delavan avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Ada Foye.

It is with many regrets that we announce the return to San Francisco of this excellent test medium. The severe climate of Chicago has so injured the health of our kind friend, that for her to remain here much longer would no doubt have proved serious. The good work that has been accomplished through the mediumship of Mrs. Foye, can not be fully realized as yet; but her own efforts in behalf of Spiritualism has won for her thousands of true friends, and many workers have been added to the roll of spiritual laborers, by her kind advice. Our sincerest sympathy is extended to her in her illness, and we hope and pray that ere long it may be our pleasure to hear that the good work in San Francisco is prospering, as it did in Chicago while our kind friend was with us.

Y. P. P. S.

Jno. Slater to be in Chicago.

The Young People's Progressive Society have had the good fortune to secure this excellent test medium during the two last Sundays in November, 20th and 27th inst. Mr. Slater has but few superiors as a platform test medium and perhaps none when the number of messages at each seance is taken into consideration. The gentleman has an envi-

able reputation in the East, his audiences in Brooklyn numbering 2000 and 3000 daily. The Young People will introduce him both on the south and west sides of the city, so that all may have the benefit of his wonderful powers. The Spiritualists of Chicago are kindly asked to aid us in this effort and secure good audiences for Mr. Slater.

CELIA.

Avenue Hall, 159 Twenty-second street.

Spiritual Meetings.

J. J. MORSE AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

In spite of a dull and uninviting morning a goodly audience assembled at Metropolitan Temple, on Sunday morning last. The course of procedure was varied on this occasion by Mr. Morse's control delivering an address upon a subject selected by the audience. The topic agreed upon was "What is God from the standpoint of Modern Spiritualism?" upon which a most profound, exhaustive and eloquent address was delivered.

The evening service was, as usual, largely attended, and the proceedings consisted of answers to questions. Quite a number of queries were ably replied to, among them being a series concerning the Anarchists; the control in replying eliciting from a few in the audience tokens of dissent to his statements, but continuing his remarks and closing them amid enthusiastic and prolonged applause.

Mr. W. H. Keith, Jr., commenced his engagement with the society as its vocal soloist, singing in his most accomplished manner Wagner's "Bright Evening Star," from "Tannhauser," receiving liberal applause for his artistic and pleasing effort. All should hear this beautiful vocalist.

On Sunday next the usual services, at 11 A. M. for answering questions; at 7:30 P. M. the control will speak upon "Jesus the Saviour *versus* Man the Worker." Admission free to each meeting.

THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

The usual Sunday afternoon services, under the auspices of this society, were held at Washington Hall, Nov. 6th. Dr. W. W. McKaig delivered an eloquent address upon "All Souls' Day," which elicited the hearty applause of his interested hearers. We understand that the society has secured the services of this talented speaker for some time to come, which, it is to be hoped, is

true, as a good speaker is what is most needed.

Mrs. Eggert Aitken made a brief address and gave some platform tests. Prof. Perkins sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." E. G. Anderson and Mrs. Ellis each made some well-timed remarks.

THE UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY.

This society had another very interesting meeting on Wednesday evening of last week. The hall was crowded, as it had been announced that Dr. W. W. McKaig would speak. His subject was appropriate for the occasion (All Saints' Day), and was well received, and hopes were expressed that he would soon favor them again.

The circles were well attended; the best of good feeling prevailed. The meetings commence at 8 P. M., and those arriving after that time are not likely to get a seat.

Chips.

Reform.

It is so cheap to praise what all applaud,
To bend the supple knee and bow the head
Over the graves of the illustrious dead;
Extol the past in popular accord,
And with the lips confess that Christ is Lord.
If we have not the martyr strength to tread
Their thorny paths, lead onward as they led,
Far in advance of ancient bounds, unawed,—
If, cowards in the present, we recoil
From grappling with the evils of our time,
Content with bygone, vanquished sins to moil,
Our praise of olden heroes is but slime;
And we are naught but cumberers of the soil,
And parasites, and panderers to crime.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Many and many a girl would remain honest if she could earn enough to live upon.—Chicago *Inter-Ocean*.

Lupa has a spicy article in this issue of the DOVE, entitled "Is it True" which will be readily answered by most of her sex.

We are obliged to Brother Luther Colby, Editor *Banner of Light*, for advanced slips of the Putnam Obsequies, which reached us too late for use in our last issue.

Portraits of J. J. Morse, price 25 cents, can be had at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. It is a very fine picture—cabinet—by Bushby, of Boston, Mass.

Would a jury with mothers upon it be likely to sentence to the gallows a half-witted girl of eleven years, as has just hap-

pened in South Carolina?—*Woman's Standard*.

Seven years ago Mrs. Frank Leslie was not worth a dollar. To-day she could sell out for a million. She is the third largest ink consumer in the United States, and 1,500,000 ems of type are set every week in her composing rooms.

Our correspondence column contains an exceedingly interesting letter from Dr. Joseph Simms, the celebrated physiognomist, written from Berlin, Prussia. Dr. Simms promises to send letters to the DOVE as often as circumstances will permit during his travels abroad, which we know will be read with delight by all.

TEMPERANCE.—"For the first time in the history of Iowa, Fort Madison Penitentiary is short of a sufficient number of convicts to enable it to fill contracts made upon the basis of the usual supply. This and many similar instances go to prove that prohibition *does* decrease crime."

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, for October 29th, contains a most remarkable account by Dr. N. B. Wolff, of Cincinnati, Ohio, concerning some "materialization" seances by Mrs. Fairchild, held with him in that city. It equals in marvelousness any thing we have ever read in any other journal.

Whether beneath the cassock of the priest or the gown of the professor, whether in the service of old theological superstition or of materialism dogmatism is ever the same, ever unreasonable and inimical to freedom and growth. From all its manifestations, and from its evil and belittling influences, we may well say, Good Lord, deliver us!—*R. P. Journal*.

Mr. J. J. Morse returned from his trip to Tulare, well pleased with the country, the people and his reception by them. He delivered two lectures while there to large audiences. A real spiritual revival was commenced, and Dr. Schlesinger remained for a week longer to demonstrate the philosophy of spirit communion to the many who are earnestly seeking the light. Elsewhere will be found extracts from Tulare journals concerning the good work so auspiciously commenced.

A correspondent, E. C. Leonard, of New York City, thus writes us concerning the series of lectures upon "Death" delivered in this city lately through the mediumship of Mr. J. J. Morse: "Will they be printed in pamphlet form? If so I would take 100 copies, for it is the best thing I ever heard or read upon the philosophy of Death—it is most grand." Our friend's opinion is also shared in by many other readers of the DOVE near and far.

A child that is raised up without learning angel communion, is but half raised. By the actual presence of angels, and by children seeing and conversing with them, the proximity of heaven to earth becometh firmly established in the child's mind, and it becometh the fitness of one world to the other. And it shall come to pass that many of these children shall not only see without their corporeal eyes and hear without their corporeal ears, but they will attain to adeptism. And the angels of heaven shall descend amongst us, and no one shall practice deception; for the minds and souls of all shall become as an open book. OAHSP.

In a recent issue of the *Theosophist* there is an article headed: "A Self-Levitated Lama," which is written by a writer personally known to Mr. Olcott, as a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity. The Lama was an ascetic from Tibet, who came to the house begging. The writer asked him if he possessed psychic powers. The Lama asked him what phenomena he would like to see, and being told that of rising in the air, he accompanied the writer into a private room. He was then seated upon an *ásana*, or small board, and after various evolutions which the article describes, still retaining his sitting posture, he rose perpendicularly into the air to the height of three feet, then floated, without a tremor or motion of a single muscle, like a cork on still water. "His expression of face," says the writer, "was placid in the extreme; that of a rapt devotee, as described by eye-witnesses in the biographical memoirs of saints." Upon descending he emptied his lungs of the surplus air he had inhaled, by three or four strong expirations, open his eyes, stood up as easily and naturally as though he had done nothing extraordinary, and laughed upon noticing the bewilderment of the spectator. The Lama said that this sort of

"common-place Siddhi" could be performed by pupils in his Guru's monastery, even by those not very far advanced.

There never was, in the world's history, a time when hypocrisy or play-acting was so out of place as it is now. In the last fifty years, the world, in all its relations, has changed as it never changed before. Men's conditions have widened, and with them their thoughts, aims and ideals. Complications and problems have arisen never dreamt of before.

The old faiths do not meet men's spiritual needs, or solve their intellectual problems, proposed by advancing science. The old education does not fit men for the duties of the present life. The old ways of doing good, which suited small communities, where manufacture and commerce ran in narrow grooves, do not answer for the great communities which improved means of communication have made possible.

The great enterprises and competitions of modern industry have brought about conditions—mountains of injustice leading to spiritual and physical degradation—with which the old remedies are utterly incompetent to deal. As well might one think to quench a Chicago fire with a few old-fashioned water buckets filled from a draw well, as to settle the problems and difficulties of modern life with the old ways of doing good.

PROF. THOS DAVIDSON.

Special Notices.

J. J. Morse's Sunday 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. Soloist, Mr. W. H. Keith, Jr.

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.

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.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The above offer will continue in force until the end of the current month, after which no subscriptions will be received at the above rate.

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 Advanced Class.

The fourth class is now meeting at the office of the CARRIER DOVE, 32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Fridays at 8 P. M. Tickets for this course of seven lectures, price \$3. Single admissions, fifty cents.

Course tickets or single admissions, can be obtained at the class room any 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 previous classes have been extraordinarily successful.

Advice on Health and Character.

We should 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 them-

selves 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.

IN THE PRESS. PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.

A SERIES OF LECTURES
THROUGH
J. J. MORSE.

The work will contain all the lectures delivered by the control of Mr. J. J. Morse at the late advanced class of spiritual students, verbatim reports of which have been taken by Mr. G. H. Hawes. The topics are deeply interesting and most instructive, making many points perfectly clear and intelligible that are often obscure to students of spiritual matters. The work will contain six lessons, upon the following topics, with an Appendix containing the questions and answers arising from the students.

LESSON NUMBER ONE.

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

LESSON NUMBER TWO.

(First Section.)

Mediumship: its physiological, mental and spiritual results.

LESSON NUMBER THREE.

(Second Section.)

Mediumship: its foundation, development, dangers and advantages.

LESSON NUMBER FOUR.

Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.

LESSON NUMBER FIVE.

The material, spiritual and celestial planes of the Second State.

LESSON NUMBER SIX.

The Soul World—Its hells, heavens and evolutions.

APPENDIX.

Answers to Questions.

PREFACE

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The work will be printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and handsomely bound in cloth. The price is fixed at one dollar per copy. All desiring to possess a most valuable work should send in their names at once. Subscribers will be supplied in the order in which their names are recorded. Orders received by CARRIER DOVE publishers, 32 Ellis street, San Francisco, Cal.

EXAMINATIONS AND ADVICE UPON

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

ARE GIVEN BY

J. J. MORSE, of England,

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

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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. 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 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 Mr. Morse's class on the evening of Friday, in each week, at the office of the CARRIER DOVE. Mr. Morse's office is 331 Turk street, San Francisco, Cal.

Aug. 27, f. t.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

San Francisco.

J. J. MORSE, THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH trance speaker lectures for the Golden Gate Society, Metropolitan Temple, Fifth street, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Answers to questions in the morning, a lecture in the evening. Mrs. L. P. Howell soprano, Sig. S. Arrilliga, organist. Admission free to each meeting. All are invited.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meets every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 P. M. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission free.

Chicago, Ill.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE Society of Chicago, meets in Avenue Hall. Wabash Avenue and 22d St., Sunday evenings at 7:45.

Cleveland, Ohio.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS FOR THE PEOPLE, at the Columbia Theatre, Euclid Avenue, every Sunday evening at 7:30. Speakers, Rev. Samuel Watson, Mrs. Ada Foye, Charles Dawbarn, J. Frank Baxter and others. Thomas Lees, Chairman. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, meets at G. A. R. Hall, 170 Superior Street, every Sunday, 10:45 A. M. The public invited. E. W. Gaylord, Conductor.

The gold held by the Treasury, in its vaults at Washington weighs 519 tons. If packed into ordinary carts, one ton to each cart, it would make a procession two miles long, allowing twenty feet of space for the movement of each horse and cart. The silver in the same vaults weighs 7,396 tons. Measuring it in carts, as in the case of the gold, it would require the services of 7,396 horses and carts to transport it, and would make a procession over twenty-one miles in length.—*American Flag*.

Children's Dept.

The Land of Little People.

Far away, and yet so near us, lies a land where
all have been,
Played beside its sparkling waters, danced along its
meadows green,
Where the busy world we dwell in and its noises only
seem
Like the echo of a tempest or the shadow of a dream;
And it grows not old forever, sweet and young it is
to-day,
—'Tis the land of little people, where the happy
children play.

And the things they know and see there are so won-
derful and grand,
Things that wiser folks and older cannot know or un-
derstand;
In the woods they meet the fairies, find the giants in
their caves,
See the palaces of cloudland and the murmur of the
waves,
Know what all the birdies sing of, hear the secrets of
the flowers,
For the land of little people is another world than ours.
Once 'twas ours; 'tis ours no longer, for, when nurs-
ery time is o'er,
Through the land of little people we may wander
never more.
But we hear their merry voices and we see them at
their play,
And our own dark world grows brighter, and we seem
as young as they,
Roaming over shore and meadow, talking to the birds
and flowers,
—For the land of little people is a fairer world than
ours.—*Selected.*

Lily Benton.

BY JULIA SCHLESINGER.

CHAPTER IX.

LILY'S BABY BROTHER.

Lily's beautiful home—The Retreat Among the Lilies—was the scene of rejoicing and festivity, for grandma had returned from a prolonged visit to the home of Lily's parents and announced to the eager group who welcomed her return, that a darling baby brother was sweetly nestling in Lily's earthly home. This was an event that many bright spirits had looked forward to with delightful anticipation, for they knew that the little one who had just been clothed in the garments of materiality was destined to become a grand and noble instrument in their hands for the dissemination of light and truth among the children of earth. They had guarded and guided the mother, impressed her with beautiful thoughts, filled her soul with high and holy aspirations for the good, the beautiful and true; and all these beautiful things were impressed upon the babe, making it mild, gentle, and lovable; a fitting instrument to reproduce the harmonies of spirit spheres upon the planes of the earth.

Lily and her companions were weaving bright garlands and mottoes of the choicest buds and flowers, which they were prepar-
ing to take with them when they visited the

little stranger, for upon that visit, a beautiful spiritual service would take place of the deepest import to those participating, for it was destined to be wide-spread in its influence for good to humanity. The bright spirits who had labored to secure proper ante-natal conditions for their little instrument, would, on that occasion, delegate certain spirits to act as guardians of the infant until such time as he could be used, to do the work assigned him. As perfect physical health and development was the first essential, such spirits were to be chosen for guardians as could best minister unto him through the agency of his earthly parents and their surroundings to produce the desired results. Through the strong bond of love and sympathy existing between Lily and her mother it was discovered that a thought or impression could be transmitted from the child to the mother, whereby she could be taught many things concerning the care and proper rearing of her babe that would prove of the greatest importance. Accordingly Lily was selected as one of the band who were to act in this capacity. Another, a friend of Onita, named Wanda, a young and powerful brave who possessed wonderful healing powers, was also chosen. Then there were little ones who had passed to spirit-life without the experiences of earth-life, who were chosen as playmates and companions, that they might receive the benefit of earthly experiences through the instrumentality of one who was passing through them. Two of these little ones called "Gem" and Pearlle, were sweet little blossoms that had drifted heavenwards, blown from the parent tree by the first rough wind of material life, and were fitting companions for the pure babe who was as innocent as they. Each member of the Golden Chain was also delegated to assist. The bright spirits who had charge of this work guided and directed the guardians as they deemed wisest and best, selecting those from time to time best fitted to carry out their wise plans.

When the arrangements were completed, and the company of children with their teachers and guardians, were prepared to visit Lily's home and the little baby brother, they went laden with floral offerings, which though unseen to the inmates of that home, were real verities, the influence of which was felt if not seen. They found the babe sweetly sleeping in a little snowy bed, tenderly watched and guarded by the loving mother.

The beautiful ones gathered around the sleeper, and each child dropped a lovely bud or delicate blossom upon the couch until it was covered with the beautiful tributes of affection. Over the little brow was placed a delicate wreath of the finest little leaves, whose perfect green was emblematic of its future work and usefulness. Then came a grand majestic spirit, whose

presence filled the room with a brightness indescribable, as he seemed the personification of light and beauty. He addressed the guardian of the group, Guiding Star, and she signaled for Lily, Elfine and Onita to approach. They came to her side, and placing his hand upon Lily's head the spirit said: "Beloved child, thou hast been entrusted with a grand and holy mission; thou art now about to enter upon the discharge of its duties and responsibilities; thou art delegated to become a teacher and a guide of this little one who slumbers so sweetly before us. In his waking moments thou art commissioned to linger near him, guarding and protecting him as well as thou canst, from the dangers incidental to childhood, whereby physical life is so frequently terminated, ere the sunlight of its morning has fairly visited it. In his quiet moments whisper softly and gently of the beauties of life. Sing to him of its birds, flowers and sunshine, and all lovely things. Whisper to him also words of warning of its dangers. Tell him of the serpent that sometimes lurks beneath the flowers; of the thorn beside the rose; of the deadly fruit that grows upon the pleasing vine; of the storms and tempests that sweep over the fair earth. As he advances in years, warn him of the pitfalls of sin and vice, whose alluring doors are ever temptingly open to catch the feet of the unwary. Teach him of the grandeur and nobility of a pure and holy life. Shield and encircle him ever with thy love, and let the protecting care of each member of the Golden Chain go out to him in helpful tenderness. May the wisdom, strength and courage of bright and glorified ones attend thee in all thy ministrations, until face to face with the one whose life thou has blest, together thou shalt stand upon the sublime heights of the glory-crowned mountains of life eternal, proud, triumphant victors over the trials and temptations of earthly life."

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

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

Berlin on a Spree.

Whoever thought it possible for the staid, even stolid, Germans to so far forget themselves as to give their Capital entirely to dissipating pleasure? Such, however, is the true state of affairs in this beautiful city of 1,400,000 inhabitants! Smoking, drinking, eating and lounging in the spacious beer and wine gardens, is the common rule. Most of the exceptions are found among the foreigners who are here sojourning. I will now tell you what I intend by the above joke contained in the head line.

Berlin is situated on the river Spree and that is how all Berlin is on the spree constantly. A few nights since we attended a concert in the beer garden attached to the Hotel Central and listened to the excellent music until we were smoked out. Ladies and fair women were there and seemed to enjoy the music interblended with smoke and beer!

Here is situated the largest University in the German Empire. It has 5,000 students during the summer months and from 6,000 to 7,000 through the winter. I am informed that there are 128 American students attending this famous University. I have the pleasure of the acquaintance of several of the American students attending this University; also I have had some correspondence on scientific subjects with Professor Virchow, the world-renowned pathologist and anatomist who resides here. Here are concentrated the culture, science, and military power of this vast Empire. There are more soldiers in and near Berlin than in all the United States. They are by far the best drilled and finest soldiers in Europe or any other country. They are well dressed, handsomely equipped and manly in their deportment. Right here let me say that the exorbitant tax which is imposed on the people in order to sustain this military tyranny, is a sad, dark stain on the prestige of the Teuton name. Dogs draw carts in the city; the horses are strong and good; while the pavements are largely asphalt, of the very best. As a rule the people are good natured and appear healthy and clean.

Emperor William is away from Berlin, hence his palace is open to the public. He is fond of blue, and there are many blue articles in the various rooms of his vast palace. One room has numerous gifts from the Czar of Russia, which are made of malachite, which is green, and lapis lazuli and other blue materials.

Another distinctly different building, called the Palace Royal, is far more costly and ancient than the palace of Emperor William. The former contains gold and silver plate of immense value. The paintings and valuable marble ornaments are too numerous to speak of in detail, suffice it to say that in this Palace Royal is a cross of gold, seven feet long, set with valuable stones and cost \$400,000. The new and the old museums contain many excellent paintings in oil. The National gallery is full of gems of art.

On a slight rise of ground beyond the Brandenburg gate is a monument erected in commemoration of the victory over the French in 1870 and 1871. It is nearly two hundred feet high, and bristles with brass cannon taken in that war. I look on this column as a rooster crowing over his defeated adversary. It is a work of child-like vanity. Everywhere in this fair coun-

try the hand of blood has left its crimson stain.

However, many great men were born here, among whom were Frederick the Great, the Humboldt brothers, the poet Tieck, Meyerbeer and others.

JOSEPH SIMMS, M. D.

Our Exchanges.

Spiritualism.

The Weekly Discourse, Chicago, Ill.

Spiritualism is the panacea of the world. It is the only light to-day, that, placed upon the hill tops, shows mankind the way of truth. We do not mean any narrow interpretation of Spiritualism; not yours, nor yours, nor any man's, but that which the world implies, the knowledge of spiritual things. And this is the light that the world must follow. What other name it shall have in another age of the world you may not know, but to-day it is the light, since it destroys death by destroying the fear of it, and that is all there is of it; since it sets man's conscience free by destroying the terror of hades; only winning him by the knowledge of truth and right, since it sets his immortal nature free while he is yet in the dust, to do its part, to fulfill its work while here, and thus make the spirit triumph over the body and make it obedient to its behest; thus shall it set man free. It teaches, also, that pain, sorrow, desolation, and ignorance shall flee away into the shadows of that oblivion from whence they came, such time as man, beholding his spiritual nature, is willing to follow its precepts, and shall no longer follow the ways of selfishness, the paths of Mammon, or the self-seeking of the world, but shall give the light of truth with abundant hand and heart forever, and thereby show that the Light of the World has come.

Materialization.

Light on the Way, Dover, Mass.

We most cordially endorse what the CARRIER DOVE says upon the much discussed subject of materialization. We have attended over three hundred materializing seances, and have received sufficient evidence to convince us that spirits do take upon themselves solid, tangible bodies upon rare occasions. At the same time we are also as thoroughly convinced that a very large per cent. of so-called materialization phenomena is the grossest and most palpable fraud ever perpetrated upon humanity, and in our opinion ought to be summarily dealt with. The ordinary public seance offers no evidence of the genuineness of the phenomena presented. The light, generally speaking, is such that one could hardly recognize his own hand held five inches from his nose. The "patent light," in vogue one year ago, was a greater annoyance than the ordinary light. The light shining through a small circular opening in the lantern was filtered through tissue paper of different tints. By means of a string reaching the inside of the cabinets the paper could be moved in the lantern and the "Spirit" could have the light tinted as he might desire. The tints most trying to the eyes of the sitters seemed always to please the "Spirit" best. When one got a little accustomed to a certain tint the "spirit-operator" would pull the string and the color of the light would be completely changed, and then the most startling manifestations would occur. We could fill volumes with our experience in materialization, and yet we could sum up in one brief paragraph all that we have ever seen that has made a lasting impression upon us. It is not the quantity but the quality of the manifestation that gives it permanence.

Poor Philadelphia!

Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

A certain daily paper in the "city of brotherly love" is vastly exercised over the spread of Spiritualism within the confines of that corporation. The

journal in question laments that this modern heresy "has always had a stronghold in Philadelphia," and mourns that several quite flourishing societies ("churches" it calls them) are now at work for the current season in disseminating—what? anything to call forth a groan from a respectable newspaper? We, at least, opine not, for the gatherings noted are seeking to spread among the citizens a knowledge of the demonstration of eternal life.

But to return to our Philadelphia Jeremiah, whose mournful platitudes we have under consideration. He cannot fathom, while he acknowledges it to be true, "why Spiritualism should flourish here more than anywhere else in the country except in Boston," he appeals to his fellow-citizens in this respect: "It is hard to see," he says, "wherefore this order of things exists, since Philadelphians are noted for their practical common sense." We hope the paper referred to does not set itself up as a measure or exponent of Philadelphia "practical common sense," indeed we may be pardoned if we presume to state that in our opinion the spread of Spiritualism which he acknowledges in that city is, on the contrary, an evidence of the application of practical common sense on the part of its people to the graver matters of life and human destiny.

"Delusions often seize upon the most rational persons," sighs this lachrymose journalist, as his only way out of the difficulty. But how is this? Is the exercise of the reason on the Delaware and the Schuylkill no protection against folly? In other words is it true that folly is intrinsically stronger than Philadelphia reason? We hardly think the writer referred to will after all desire to escape from his dilemma through this gate of his own making. Try again, brother.

Spiritualism in Maine.

Eastern Star, Bangor, Maine.

At no time in the history of Spiritualism has it been in such a forward and healthy condition as it is now in this state. There may be localities where it is at a low ebb, but as a rule, it has taken a new lease of life in the past five years and just boomed.

Of course there are causes attending this and it may be well enough to say, that it has come about solely through organized effort, and when you hear those terming themselves as Spiritualists, proclaim that we don't need to organize in order to advance and promulgate our principles, just inform the world that Maine, if no other place or state, is an example of organized Spiritualism and can show followers according to population more than equaling any other state in the Union. Our camp-meetings are marvels of wonder to visitors from abroad and they speak in thunder tones, "ORGANIZATION!"

Those who believe Spiritualism will be as popular, and spread as fast, without organization, had better emigrate to the north pole and settle down among the esquimaux, where Spiritualism has no hold because spirits and mortals have not met in organized effort for its promulgation.

We bless the day Spiritualism dawned upon our vision and its light penetrated the inmost recesses of our soul.

It has opened the door for a deeper, truer, and purer manhood. We see now as we never saw before. The spirit world stands by our side for we feel their presence day by day and in the still hours of the night. They waken us from our slumber and if we could only pen paint their impressions, at the moment, it seems they would far excel any of our previous poor efforts.

The principles of Modern Spiritualism rightly interpreted and carried out will keep any man or woman in the path of virtue and honor. They are glorious and far beyond the elucidation of mortals, by mortal words, and only when their tongues are fired by inspiration can we faintly catch a glimpse of the real true life that awaits the dissolution of the body.

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