



E. W. Wallis.

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME IV.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

NUMBER 24.

Biography.

E. W. Wallis.

I was born at Teddington, Middlesex, on December 8th, 1855, fourth child in a family of ten. My father and mother are still in the form, and have for many years been engaged in the grocery business. When I was four years old, they removed to Twickenham, where they built a house and shop, and still reside; and where it may justly be claimed they are esteemed and respected as good, honest and upright people. They have not made any pretensions to religious life, but have nevertheless commanded respect and goodwill for their sterling trustworthiness.

Like most people, I can recall some experiences of childhood which border on the spiritual. One of my earliest recollections is of seeing "forms" in my bed-room at night, in consequence of which, I was afraid of being left alone in the dark. When a child, I frequently talked and walked in my sleep, and on one occasion, when about to leave the house, I was stopped by my father. As a babe I was weakly, and suffered considerably during youth. At school I was outstripped in my lessons by a younger brother, and was a dullard in my class. I could not master the intricacies of grammar, had a horror of history, while geography was to my mind a mystery. I could not remember the names of places, and "forgot" with the unmost facility. When 12 years old I left school (attending only in the afternoons for a short time) to assist in the grocery business carried on by my parents, and afterwards became a "paper boy" at W. H. Smith's Bookstall. There had been some disposition to apprentice me to a watch-maker, but owing to my weakness, it was felt that some out-door employment would be better. At Smith's I gradually advanced, until I became the "head boy" and the trusted assistant to the clerk in charge; and in my seventeenth year, was appointed to take charge of a bookstall at Vauxhall Station, Lambeth, and continued there four years, voluntarily surrendering the situation to devote more time to my mediumship.

But to go back a little. It is pretty generally known that Mr. W. Wallace, the Pioneer Missionary Medium, is my uncle

(although his name is spelt differently—a difference I cannot account for). Both my father and mother are mediumistic, especially the latter. In 1866, they held seances, and my brother and two sisters, all older than myself, became developed as mediums. The first No. of Vol. 1 of *Human Nature* contains some writings done through the mediumship of my brother; so also does the Report of the Convention of Spiritualists, held in Newcastle in 1866. In the home circle remarkable manifestations were obtained:—table movements, writing and speaking through my brother, clairvoyance, rappings and other physical phenomena through the eldest sister, and writings and drawings by the younger. For years the spirits were the family advisers, the only doctors my mother would heed or needed. I remember one Sunday night going into the seance room, when supposed to be in bed, and on being turned out, running to my mother, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, ours is a funny harmonium; it plays when no one touches it!" But the opposition and persecution became too strong; folks would "not go to Wallis's," lest they should get "spirits in their tea!" The mediums were laughed at and ridiculed in the streets, until the seances had to be broken up, as the children (the eldest was but 14) could not bear the treatment they received.

I was not permitted to attend the seances already referred to. On Good Friday, 1872, however (then in my 17th year), my uncle visited my parents, and a copy of the *Medium* was shown them by him; it fell into my hands, and was read with interest. Seeing that meetings were being held at Kingston-on-Thames, I prevailed upon my uncle and father to go, and take me with them. I was so much struck with what had happened, that I wanted to know more, and with some friends and my mother sat at a table in the (as I afterwards learned) usual way. We waited nearly an hour, then the table tilted, and my hands began to shake violently. Indescribable sensations were experienced in my arms and head. On a pencil being given me, efforts were made to write. This experience, although it frightened, yet fascinated me so that I became eager to know more. I began to go to Kingston, where Mr. and Mrs. Bullock were holding seances. Asking the spirit-guide of the latter whether I could become a medium, the reply was: "Yes, you are one. You will have a great public work

to perform, and your voice will be heard from the platforms throughout the length and breadth of the land." I shook my head and said, "Not mine, I know." "Oh yes," was the reply, "but you forget it will not be you, but the spirits through you." I could not credit it, being very nervous, diffident and self-conscious. I tried about this time to give a temperance recitation at a public meeting, and broke down in the middle, overcome with nervous trembling and loss of memory. Shortly afterwards, attending a seance of Mrs. Olive's, in London, I asked the same question, and received almost identically the same answer. The readers of the *Medium* can judge how far these words were prophetic. I visited Mr. Cogman at the East End, and in his developing seances was considerably benefited; but after a few months found it more convenient to go to Kingston, where, sitting with the Bullocks and others, I made more rapid progress.

One day, when anxious about financial matters, I jocularly remarked to Mrs. Wallis' spirit guide "Veina," "I wish you spirit-folk could help a fellow sometimes; couldn't you impress some generous soul to assist us with some money?" "Yes," she said, "but you mightn't like it if we did."

Some months after, a proposition was made that I should go to America, but the bare mention of it was enough for me, and nothing more was said. Again, six months later, a friend said he felt impressed that I was to go to the United States; and he would help me to meet the expenses if I would go. I did not relish the idea of leaving home, of separation from all I held dear for so long a time, but, on consulting with Mrs. Wallis, we both felt it was right, and that we must again elect to follow the course the spirits pointed out to us. They would not and did not use any force or persuasion, or say, "You ought to do this;" but placed the matter before us for consideration, and we felt we *could not* say, "No," painful as it was to contemplate. I was then reminded of my joke, and the answer as well as the fulfilment.

My sojourn in the States was of nine months' duration; my mediumship was considerably developed there, especially the psychometric faculty. Some remarkable experiences in that direction occurred to me. On one occasion a lady handed a fan to a gentleman in front of her, asking him to hand it up when opportunity afforded. He

did so, and "Lighthouse" stated the impressions he "sensed" from it. The lady somewhat indignantly repudiated the first part of the delineation (in which "Lighthouse" said the possessor of the fan seemed to have been very much the child of misfortune, to have been very low down and sometimes hardly knew where to get food or shelter,) but acknowledged that the last portion was quite correct. The gentleman, who had held and handed up the fan, then said: "That first part was for me; it was perfectly correct." Thus in the one object the two persons' magnetisms had been conveyed, and "Lighthouse" had read both.

The first form my mediumship took was writing; my hand was influenced to write, and messages, signed by names of people I did not know, were frequently given. This did not last long, however, for I found my head affected, my eyes closed so that I could not open them, and finally I was impelled to speak. I resisted this for a long time, and declared that I must be made unconscious. My grandmother was the first to speak through me, but finding she had not power to thoroughly subdue my consciousness, she brought the Indian spirit who now uses me. At first he made me speak his own language, a veritable "unknown tongue," but the patience of the sitters was rewarded by his eventually learning to speak English. I have ever found him kind, generous, true and wise, as gentle as a woman, and as patient and *lighthearted* as his name implies. He has proved himself to be a trustworthy guide and loving friend. I am now as confident of his identity and his distinct individuality as I am of my own existence. His language was once interpreted by a gentleman in Manchester, who said, "This is remarkable; this claims to be a South American Indian, who lived many years ago, and was killed, while hunting, by a jaguar springing upon him," thus corroborating the history "Lighthouse" had given in English through me at other times, which history the gentleman in question was quite ignorant of. To me it was a most satisfactory proof of the identity of my friend. On another occasion I was controlled at Kingston-on-Thames by a spirit claiming to be a Kaffir. A sergeant at the barracks there said, he "could soon tell if that was true," and unknown to me he was invited to the next seance. The same spirit came again, and was addressed by the soldier in question, who then carried on a conversation with the control, at the close of which he said it was undoubtedly Kaffir, and interpreted it.

At this time I used to be controlled by a number of different spirits, generally friends of sitters, and was made to impersonate the controls, frequently uttering their last words or enacting their death scenes. Gradually this phase left me, and the speaking controls began to use me to give addresses. "The

Standard Bearer," as he said we might call him, came more and more frequently, and eventually explained his history and object. He said he had been a "Friend," and had known George Fox. I have never been able to obtain printed evidence of his identity, but several Quakers have told me they felt sure they had read of him, the name, Benjamin George Endworthy, was familiar to them. He, however, assures us he is one of a number of spirits who inspire me. Quite unexpectedly a jocular spirit controlled me one night, who, upon inquiry, said his name was "Tom Joyce," an American clown, giving other particulars respecting his earth-life. This spirit has on several occasions been partially identified, a gentleman at Gorton, near Manchester, assuring me that he had seen him several times in circuses in America.

Visiting a town some distance from London, I found myself the guest of a young man about my own age, but a widower. We slept together, and he told me of his recent loss, and also said how anxious he was to get a test from his wife, as she had promised to return to him if possible. Knowing from past experience that anxiety defeats its own end, I said, "You need not expect it from me; I am not a test medium." I felt that he was greatly disappointed. The next night I got into bed first, while he knelt by the bedside to say his prayers. While doing so, I thought, "I wonder if I cannot pray, too, to some purpose," and mentally asked, "If there is any spirit-friend here who can give me anything for this man, please do your best for him." Instantly a nervous thrill shot through me, bringing tears to my eyes; then I saw a bright light, like a small cross, float gently down from the ceiling and settle on his forehead. When he rose from his knees, I said: "I do not understand it, perhaps you can explain, but while you were praying I saw a light, like a star, float down and settle on your forehead; it was the shape of a cross." He started back, clapped his hands to his head, his breath came thick and fast, he gasped out with a sort of sobbing utterance, "My God, it's come at last, at last, it's come at last!" I was thrilling, shaking and crying in sympathy, as he turned his back upon me and wiped away his tears. His explanation was, that when his wife lay dying, he spoke to her, and asked her to return if possible. She agreed to do so; "Then," said he, "let us have some sign as a test," and asked her to fix upon one. She replied, "No; you must choose it." "I bent over her and kissed her, and made the sign of the Cross on her forehead," and said: "Let that be it," and now it has come at last." He had been to various mediums, through whom he had received many proofs of his wife's presence; one of them actually laid her hand on his forehead, but did not make the sign he was so anxious for. I told him that I had pur-

posely knocked down his hopes, because as long as he was so intensely anxious he prevented the spirit giving the test.

In the early days of my development, I remember how difficult it was for me to realize that *spirits* really manifested, and to obtain evidence of a convincing character, especially on the point of spirit identity. I was not satisfied with my own mediumship; with being made to speak, to sing and do things I would not otherwise have done, but which I could not prevent myself doing. I was quite conscious of all I did, and tried to account for the curious experiences to myself by "reflex action" of the brain. I thought "unconscious cerebration" might account for them, adopted the "thought-reading" idea, and resisted the influence which impelled me, until overpowered by it.

On one occasion, I had a curious, and to me, educational and psychological experience. Being on a visit to a gentleman (who had investigated Mesmerism, and held some strong ideas of his own respecting Spiritualism), he tried to mesmerise me but failed. However, I imbibed so much of his personal magnetism, that he, unwittingly I believe, psychologized me to such an extent that I became a reflex of himself, and for some months refused to have anything more to do with Spiritualism; in fact, I thought as he thought, expressed myself as he did, even wrote the same style of hand-writing, and so great was the resemblance, the transformation in myself, that a friend declared that he should write to the gentleman in question, and ask him "to send his friend Wallis back again and take himself away!" I laughed at the idea at the time, but three months afterwards, woke from the psychological state to a realization of the fact that I had been temporarily submerged by his more strongly-marked personality, and learned a lesson to endeavor to keep myself free from such dominating influences.

Like other mediums, I have at times been rather roughly treated. On one occasion, a sitter came close to me, and suddenly flashing a bull's-eye lantern before my eyes, he was surprised to find that I did not flinch or wince at the glare of light; he could only see the whites of my eyes through the partially-open eye-lids. Another time a sitter inserted a feather up my nostril a considerable distance; finding that had no effect, he, being aware that I am normally very ticklish, set to work tickling me under my arms, but failed to rouse me or produce any sign of feeling. Such rough experiments are not justifiable, I think, for mediums may be under spirit influence and yet be susceptible to pain of body, indeed, may feel it even more acutely than in the ordinary normal state.

At one seance a dog, a big, brown-coated fellow, and great friend of mine, came bounding into the room and pranced

towards me, but before reaching me his whole aspect changed. Down went his ears and tail, and with a curious yelp of terror he rushed to the door and down stairs, "as if," as a sitter said, "the very old gentleman were after him." Some people discredit the idea that animals see spirits, but from the above and similar experiences I am inclined to think that they sometimes do.

It has been my experience, with regard to so-called tests, that they come when least expected. The more *anxious* we are for them the less likelihood is there of their occurrence; our anxiety seems to prevent the desired manifestation being made. For a long time I was extremely desirous that some evidences of spirit identity should be given through me; I feared to allow myself to be used, and resisted with all my power the impulse to speak, lest what I did say should be but my own thoughts, and not due to spirit influence at all. I did not wish to deceive others or be deceived myself, but a number of messages were given through me, conveying information which was strange to me, and in some instances unknown to the recipients of the messages until further enquiry.

A number of messages were given through me about this time, and hearing the test descriptions and messages given through Mrs. Wallis (then Miss Eggar) gave the *quietus* to my doubts, especially when one day Miss Eggar brought me to the point, by asking: "What *more* would you have to convince you? You have had fact after fact given through you to sitters of which you were ignorant, yet the statements have been proved true, thus evidencing that it was not your own mind; that 'thought-reading' would not account for them, because people did not know the facts themselves at the time you told them. What *will* account for these things satisfactorily unless you admit that spirits are the active agents producing the phenomena?" When thus taxed and brought to the point, I faced the issue and admitted that "the logic of facts was too strong for me to any longer doubt or hesitate, and declared my conviction that it was spirits who performed a large part of it, anyway. Since that point was reached and satisfactorily settled, I have been an unflinching Spiritualist, have never wavered or faltered, because I *know* now far more conclusively than I did then, that Immortality is a fact, and that I am used by spirits as their instrument. Almost immediately after I became more settled and free in my mind, I became more sensitive, the spirits used me more thoroughly and successfully, and I became less self-conscious and more unconscious when under their influence, although of late I have found myself becoming more cognizant of what I am saying. Sometimes, I can hear myself speaking almost as if listening to another speaker; at

times I can recall to memory part of what has been said, but generally it leaves me when I return to my normal state, and fades out of my mind.

In the early days of my mediumship, I had some little physical power, which, when sitting with others, was used to produce physical phenomena, but I could not get such evidences alone. When sitting with the Bullocks, we frequently heard raps, from the tiniest ticking sounds to loud blows; these occurred on the table, walls, floor and ceiling, at request. On more than one occasion the table was tilted up, so that anything on its surface must have slipped to the ground, and then fixed in that position so firmly as to resist all efforts to pull it down again to the floor, and then at our request it would gently settle down. I witnessed the movement of a large heavy table in full gaslight, when untouched by mortal hands or limbs. These facts disposed of the theory of "unconscious muscular action" most completely.

Some Spiritualists hold that deceptive or evilly-disposed spirits cannot, are not permitted to, manifest; others believe they are more powerful than good or kindly-intentioned spirits. I am inclined to believe the truth lies between the extremes. The following is an instance in which a spirit carried out for some months a systematic impersonation of another with malicious intention. Sitting with Mr. Cotterell one day, "Lighthouse" said he saw a young man, who had been ill in hospital over "the big waters," recovered, had a relapse, and had gone into another hospital; was then spiritually free from the body and present and visible to "Lighthouse," but whether he was dead, as we call it, "Lighthouse" could not say. Mr. Cotterell recognized the description of the young man as that of a nephew, Debosco by name, then in Australia, and desired "Lighthouse" to get more news of him for the next seance, if possible. At the next sitting, the fraud commenced. A message was given to "Lighthouse," purporting to come from Debosco, to the effect that he had passed away in the interval. From that time, through different mediums, messages were given professedly from Debosco, and at last when sitting with Mr. Eglinton, a form stepped out one day and touched Mr. Cotterell on the shoulder. Turning round, Mr. Cotterell jumped up, exclaiming, "Why, Debosco, is that you?" so life-like was the appearance. You may imagine his surprise and consternation, when a few weeks after he received a letter from Debosco narrating that he *had* been ill, twice in hospital, and nearly dead; that he had written, but the hospital attendant had kept the money for postage and burnt the letters. He was now better, and out of the hospital.

Mr. Cotterell was thoroughly shocked; I was equally dumbfounded. Weeks

passed; he left London and wrote me a pitiful letter full of his doubts and perplexities. I bethought me of a lady friend, Miss E. Young, a good clairvoyant, and resolved to visit her. Being interested in Psychometry, I gave her the letter sealed, and asked her guide if she could tell me anything about the state of mind of the writer. She described his appearance, feelings, and then a spirit standing near him, whom I at once recognized as his wife in spirit-life; spoke of her concern about him, and gave a message from her to him, "Tell him not to worry, it can all be explained." She then described another spirit, low and evil-looking, who, she said, had been deceiving us, and was even then trying to prevent her giving me the explanation. "But," said she, "he cannot hurt me, and I *will* tell you." I wrote, telling Mr. Cotterell the result of my sitting; he immediately came to London, had a seance with Miss Young, and received the most convincing evidences of his wife's presence and identity, receiving also from her an explanation of the whole affair. It was as follows: Some time before the first message from Debosco, a relative of both of them had committed suicide owing to money matters, in which he had felt afraid that my friend Mr. Cotterell would take proceedings against him. Shortly after this event, Mr. Cotterell had sat with Miss Lottie Fowler, who had described the spirit of the suicide to him, and warned him that he must beware of his influence, as the spirit bore him ill-will. Nothing more transpired, however, until the request to "Lighthouse" to get more information about the nephew. This was the spirit's opportunity, and he carried out the deception successfully, determined to deceive and mislead, but was thwarted by the good wife, and the spirit guides of Miss Young, who revealed his miserable subterfuges. Although this was a painful experience, Mr. Cotterell, after the explanation, regarded it as a most marked evidence of spirit existence and power as well as identity.

Healing power has been associated with my mediumship from the first, one of the earliest instances of cure being that of Mrs. Eggar of a "Goitre," from which she had suffered for years. It had grown to unsightly proportions, and was constantly painful. My guides said they thought they could cure it, and after magnetizing it twice a week for several weeks, and at intervals afterwards, it was so much reduced that she was able to take in the neck-bands of her dresses nearly three inches; it continued to decrease until her neck became of normal proportions. Since residing in Glasgow, I have been able to give more attention to this gift, and I am frequently called upon to sit with people requiring diagnosis of disease and advice. "Lighthouse" is invariably successful in discovering the difficulty, tracing it to its cause; often dating back

many years, and generally benefits the sitter by his healing powers.

I have been very much struck and interested by "Lighthouse's power to read the past, when giving psychometric readings. Speaking to a lady recently, after telling her many things, he said, "Six years ago you passed through a bitter trial, experienced much trouble and pain, and have never been the same since; again, three years after, you had similar trouble, but not so heavy." She stated afterwards that just six years before, she had gone through a painful trial, the first trouble of her life, and it nearly killed her. She admitted that she had never been the same since; and three years since she had been in deep waters again. Turning to the next lady, "Lighthouse," traced her life from girlhood, and spoke so correctly of her sad past experiences, that she and the first lady both shed tears. A few weeks since, "Lighthouse" had a gentleman come to him to be psychometrically read, and to him, too, he told the story of his life, which had been an eventful one. To me, it is a constant cause of wonder *how* it is done; I tremble sometimes at the thought of it. A gentleman asked me to go and see a little girl who appeared to be idiotic from birth; she was almost speechless, and yet could hear slightly. "Lighthouse" controlled, and after examining her stated that her condition was due to pre-natal conditions, a severe nervous shock experienced by the mother having disorganized and partially paralyzed some of the nerves in the brain. The mother distinctly remembered the occurrence referred to by "Lighthouse," but had never thought of connecting the two as cause and effect.

Permit me in closing to say, that Spiritualism is to me the essence of Religion. But for it, I feel I must have been a Secularist; with it, my soul goes out in praise and aspiration. The knowledge, that I am a Spirit, Immortal, and a Son of God, fills me with joy, and a sense of responsibility, too. Life is so real and earnest, its duties so many, that I feel almost afraid; but the knowledge that perfection awaits me hereafter, if I keep on trying, nerves me to try again, and cheerfully hope and work for the Truth and Humanity, and make the best of the present hour with its duties and delights.

To those loving angel friends—the wise preceptors of the spirit-life, who have guided my steps, enlightened my understanding, strengthened and directed me so lovingly with parental solicitude, encouraging me to "be myself," never infringing on my rights, but leading me to see and do for myself—I can render only such thoughts of grateful love and recognition which rise from a full heart.

I will conclude with some lines given through me by the "Standard Bearer" at the close of a discourse in America:—

We are each and all another's
We can never stand alone,
And, for pain or wrong inflicted,
We must every one atone.

Let us feel that we are brothers,
That our interests are one:
We shall help each other onward,
And the "will of God" be done.

An Impromptu poem given by "Lighthouse," through Mr. E. W. Wallis, at Derby, and published in 1878. The word "Children" was proposed by a sitter.

This life is a school, where all must learn,
The children of earth must, each in turn,
Pass through their classes; gain the truth,
And rise to the land of immortal youth.
'Tis hard for the children, while here below,
To struggle and strive 'neath care and woe,
The battle is fierce, and the struggle long,
But praise and joy is the victor's song.

Weak are the children, yet they grow,
From childhood upward, plough and sow—
Sow on the way of life their seeds,
Good, bad and indifferent, earthly deeds.
The children are loved by a Father's love,
Are watched by the angels who dwell above,
Are guided and guarded, when they will,
But often roam where death doth kill:

Roam in the pathway of Sin's delight,
Out in the darkness of Error's night;
Away from the Father's love and care,
Away from the angel's watching fair;
Yet their wayward feet must ever turn
To where the sacred watch-lights burn,
Through sorrow and pain to be purged by fire
And freed from dross ere they go up higher.

O children! arise and onward go,
And learn the Truth, for thus, I trow,
You will leave behind your load of care,
And mount to dwell with the angels fair;
To learn, in the college of Spirit-life,
The fruits of your earthly toil and strife;
To reap your recompense in heaven,
For the trials and woes 'gainst which you've striven.

"Upward and onward" then be your cry,
As ye go to the mansions that are on high;
No longer children but "Sons of God,"
No longer toiling on Earth's dark sod,
But rising as men and women pure,
With knowledge and strength that must endure;
Give God the praise for his wonderful plan,
For the love he has shown to his creature—Man!

Miss Kate I. Kelsey has been elected School Commissioner in Menomonee, Wis.

Mrs. Marion V. Dudley of Milwaukee, well known in literature, has sailed for an extensive European tour.

The International Typographical Union has pronounced in favor of equal wages for compositors of both sexes.

Mrs. Hendricks, widow of the late Vice-President, is a director in the Hecla Mining Company of Montana.

Miss Tillie May Forney is permanently attached to *Leisure Hours*, a society journal of Philadelphia.

Miss Dolph, daughter of the Senator from Oregon, has scored a social success in Washington by her-kind courtesy to strangers.

The Platform.

The Realm of the So-Called Dead— Its Scenery, Cities, and People.

By the Controls of J. J. Morse, of England. Delivered at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Oct. 23, 1887.

(Reported for CARRIER DOVE by G. H. W. Stipp.)

The scenery, cities and people of the realm of the so-called dead is the theme for our present consideration. Concerning these matters, there is always a large amount of very pardonable curiosity, on the part of a great majority of intelligent men and women. For men say: "If there be a future life, and it be possible for us to know something thereof, how absolutely necessary it is, that the knowledge come to us in so plain and simple a manner, and by so clear and definite a statement, that the meanest among us, can comprehend the facts and principles that are involved."

The realm of superstition has grown so perceptibly smaller in modern times, that it is of almost insignificant proportions to-day; and as scientific truth and the power of reason unfold and assert themselves, men are no longer content with an "I believe," or, "thus saith the Lord," but want, as near at it can be obtained, the unadulterated truth; therefore, it will be our purpose as far as practicable, and within the means at our disposal, to give in simple language, and as actual facts, the statements that we shall have to offer for your acceptance. Ere we deal with them, we will digress for one moment, into a department that will, of course, be more or less familiar to you all.

In regard to the realm of the so-called dead you will remember that you have all been taught to believe in the existence of a Heavenly country, as well as an Infernal region. These were presented to you as actual, veritable facts. There was no fine spun supposition concerning it. They were realities. The flames of Hell burned with eternal fires; the Courts of Heaven were paved with gold, and its gates were made of precious stones. There was that great White Throne and that marvelous Sea as of glass. They were considered as veritable actualities, nothing of symbol was supposed to be associated with them. They were accepted as plain matters of fact, as much so as the sand hills of this very city. We might ask why opinions have changed in these respects, and, having changed, have they changed for the better, might be another query. We might be almost inclined to say they have *not* changed for the better, and in the refutation of the literalism of the past, the substitution of the symbolism of to-day has not been altogether to the benefit of mankind. What is needed is something between the extremes of the

transcendental ideas on the one hand, and the material realism on the other hand. At one time you fully conceived it not improbable that there should be a celestial city, whose streets were shining gold and whose gates were also of gold and sparkling jewels. When it is said that the next world is a counterpart of this world; that it is diversified with hill and valley; that it has lakes, and seas, and continents—when a Spiritualist has made such a statement as that, those who believe in the future Jerusalem as a literal reality, with one accord will exclaim; “Why, how is this? You Spiritualists are too material.” Ask the great majority of people what kind of a country they suppose the dead live in and their ideas of it would be of the most varied possible character. Should we tell them that it has its flowers and trees, and streams and towering mountains, and broad sweeping glades, and unbrageous woods, and silent solitudes, and the deep recesses of the forests, and many other things too sweet for words to paint—when it is said these things are to be found over there, then, forthwith, everybody who pretends to be intelligent, rises up and says: “Why these Spiritualists are materialists. There is nothing spiritual about their interpretation of the next life. They are materialists of the grossest character and they take to flowers, and fields and streams as tho’ such things could be found beyond the grave.”

But, if streets of gold, why not streets of celestial soil? If we find a bare materialism from a theological point of view, why not a universal nature from a spiritual-point of view? Therefore, we tell you that the next world’s condition, so far as scenery is concerned, it a veritable reality, as real and tangible to the people who are living in it as is this world to you. Then, of necessity, you will ask: “How comes it that this spiritual world shall be diversified with all these peculiarities of scenery, etc.?”

In the fulfillment of the Divine plan of being, are we to imagine for one moment that when God has made a rose, the most beautiful of flowers, he has exhausted all the possibilities of making flowers; or, when he has created the giant trees of Mariposa, he has exhausted all that he can do in the way of woods and forests; or, when he has made the great Mississippi River, and the other mighty streams which drain the continents, that he has made all the streams he can possibly create; or, when we come to the quiet wood, where cooling shades allure the weary, or the crystal lake bursts upon the admiring gaze of the traveler, are we to suppose the Omnipotence in making these has prevented himself from making any other lake in any world or state? Are we to suppose that when the scenery of the terrestrial world has been outworked that God’s powers have been exhausted, and that this world’s fulfillment

marks the limits of God’s omnipotence? Beyond the grave is a power just as sure, just as supreme, for the accomplishment of Nature’s efforts, as in this world, for we have told you before there is promise for greater fulfillments in the world beyond.

Glide upward with us upon the bosom of the celestial stream, and enter the far country. First, you are struck with the seeming familiarity of the scene, and you exclaim: “I had no idea it was so real as this,” and altogether you are astonished and overwhelmed that, after all, everything is of a seemingly physical and tangible nature. But a closer observation discloses some very important differences. You detect a decided difference in the character of the soil, and in the character of the atmosphere; one noticeable effect is the almost entire absence of that humidity with which you are familiar in the atmosphere of material existence. There is a sense of lightness and buoyancy and increased vitality, so to speak. Then, you notice that the foliage of the trees which is waving in the gentle breeze, is of a semi-transparent character, so seemingly thin and clear that you would almost say the leaves are made of glass. They are just as real and vital forms as their prototypes here on earth. You travel a little further, and behold, you see streams in the distance, towering mountains rearing their blue caps in the celestial light—you discover a singular auroral light that pervades every condition, and you wonder at this light that seems so strange to a newcomer, until he gets used to it.

Then you ask: “Are there spiritual scenes of this kind all over? Is the spiritual country so fair as this?” But, he who is with you, guiding you in this strange land, answers: “No, you have neither seen the best nor the worst of the country beyond.” “But,” you reply, “if this be spiritual matter, how can there be any worse? It must be good, and being good can have no worse.” But the answer is: “There are differences, that, relatively speaking, may be considered worse; that is to say, by comparison with what you first observed. There are undoubtedly places in the world, wild, bleak and uninviting—bare topped hills and dark ravines; but, in the gnarled and tangled forest that seems all unpleasant to you, there are hidden beauties to those adapted to their enjoyment, and, those who seem the wrecks of former greatness are possessed of grandeur that shall transcend the seeming imperfections which prevail, for when you come to consider the people who live in this country, you may then be able to understand the use of such localities as we have just sketched. Besides what you see in the higher order there are yet grander and inferior scenes, which would be far more than a new-comer, in the great majority of cases, could face with impunity,

or endure with comfort. Hence, when you come upon the celestial shore, you find such scenes around you as first depicted. It is the perfume of the flowers, the azure blue of the sky, the cooling zephyrs from the sea,—a something that can be realized, which makes it apparent to all arrivals that it is an actual, real country after all, diversified by all the effects of landscape and scenery, with which we have been familiar before.

Now, pardon us making one other digression. It may be asked: “Why is it thus?” and we answer: Because for every effect there is a reason. God does nothing without purpose; therefore, everything contains within itself the answer to the eternal question, Why is it thus? You will remember we told you that you retained all the elements of consciousness, intelligence and understanding that you possess in this life when you died and came to consciousness again on the other side. Now, supposing this to be true and you ask the question as to what kind of a being you will be over there, our answer is: If you were at once to come in sight of the new Jerusalem, you would not know what to do with yourself. It would seem quite unfamiliar to you. It would be a condition of existence for which you had been unprepared in the past, and at the present time would be unfitted for. In such a city you would be a disorderly intruder, because not properly related to its surroundings. Therefore, the Wisdom—as well as Love of the Eternal power so orders it that there is no break in the continuity of consciousness, or in the familiarity of association that you have been previously acquainted with. Hence, the next world is like this in many respects. Its buildings even are something similar to these you have been accustomed to here, as we shall show presently.

You are told, as you travel on and come to a certain city, that it is a spiritual city, and you ask, as the thought strikes your mind, “Are not all cities spiritual cities?” but you are answered: No. You ask, “Why not? Why, what do you mean?” and the answer comes, that some cities are built by inhabitants who have outgrown the attractions of their previous lives on earth, and they being spiritual in the true sense, have built their cities like themselves—spiritual cities; but there are other cities built by those who have not outgrown their earthly attractions, that are to a large extent reproductions of earthly cities here upon this planet. These are natural cities by contrast, though, in that larger sense, they may be considered spiritual cities. There is, however, a vast difference between them. This latter class of cities, is built by those who are still bound to earthly associations on this planet. Let us look at this lower class of cities first. But it is asked: “Is it not peculiar there should be these cities over there?” Oh, no. Suppose you take

some person who has lived in the city of San Francisco, for sixty years. He was born in this city; he lived in it, married in it, labored in it, made his fortune in it, enjoyed his competency in it and died in it, and you ask this individual: Which is the finest city in the United States? and, without a quaver of voice or lip, he will say, "San Francisco." And you ask him: Where is the finest climate in the world and he will say, "Here in California!" Now that man thinks the very highest pleasure and fullest felicity on earth was associated with the city of San Francisco and the climate of California; and if you put that man (supposing he is mentally, and morally the same kind of man after death that he was before,) in the new Jerusalem, why he would be sighing for the Mission, or some other warm nook in San Francisco, before twenty-four hours, individual he was before, therefore, if he cannot have a spiritual counterpart of the city, wherein he spent so much of his time, he will be a very miserable and dejected sort of a person in the spiritual world, or he will come back to San Francisco, and find a temporary lodgment therein, until he has outgrown the dissatisfaction he has experienced in the other world. In the lower conditions of the spiritual world, you will find all the great cities of this world in duplicate built by the people who have not outgrown the attitudes and the opinions and feelings, surrounding such aggregations of humanity. These are the spirits of the purely lower order, and until they have outgrown their former associations, they remain in such condition as we have described.

There is nothing extraordinary in this, for, if Christians go to the new Jerusalem, why should not a good San Franciscan think that a Spiritual San Francisco was good enough heaven for him? This holds true in the case of the inhabitants that have died in the great cities throughout the world, and you can see that the love and wisdom of God is made manifest in providing the same qualities or attributes in regard to local habitation, and in ministering to your happiness, when you enter that world beyond, as are concerned with your surroundings while on earth.

Other classes of cities are provided for those high conditions where men and women have emancipated themselves from the old bondage, and now stand clear in the spiritual life. They build cities in a very different manner from those already described—cities wherein are gathered together all those who are on the same special plane of development or action, who have the same great purposes in unison, and being thereby, so to speak, as to their spiritual natures in one bond of harmony. The inhabitants of these Celestial cities are bound together as so many happy, harmonious families—we call them brotherhoods, distinguished by some predominative peculiarity or circumstance

associated with them, it may be philosophy, science, music,—it may be one of a hundred different things—but the one dominating thing or purpose gives the character and peculiarity to the particular city concerned, and that peculiarity is not only a quality or attribute, or an idea, associated with the character of the people, but it is expressed in the edifices in which they live, in the employment they pursue, in everything they do and handle, wear or use.

There are beautiful parks, and places of delightful resort, and places also, where it is very undesirable for you to be—dark localities where the vapors of degradation are almost as poison to your spiritual nature. There are bogs and swamps where unfitted spirits could hardly breathe the atmosphere. But you say: "Surely this cannot be correct." Why not? If God provides paradises for his angels, why should he not provide the opposite for those who have not attained angelic development? A pigsty is a paradise to a pig. Yet, put the pig in the drawing-room of an intelligent man, and he would be a most unhappy animal; put the man in the sty of the pig, and he would consider himself the most abused of all persons. If you are only capable of appreciating a pigsty, then the pigsty to you will be a comparative paradise. If then, God knows this, and His judgment gives direction to all that concerns his children, most surely he will provide pigstys for the human pigs, as well as cities for the intelligent. There is nothing very revolting in this, for how many human pigs are there in the world to-day, who, so to speak, are bent on the piggish plan of life! How many such have lived in the world! How many such have died and passed out of it, and have awakened into spiritual life, with very little of their social piggishness removed from them by the process of death—hateful beings, cunning, lying, slandering, thieving, malicious and ireful, who wallow in psychological and spiritual filth. How many such have you known in the world? These die, seek their own congenial sphere, their own precise locality, in these bleak and barren places we have referred to—in places where darkness and misery hold joint friendship. In caves and valleys, in hamlets and in hovels, in associations, where all their mental and moral characteristics have been reproduced in surrounding souls, and, as in the case of the higher beings; have their bonds of community and friendships, and enjoy as best they can, (and until they need something better, it is enjoyment to them), the condition in which they find themselves. God is as responsible for the happiness of the lower as the higher. All are his children, and all according to their needs depend upon him for ministry and succor.

You will ask us, "How are these cities made?" "When we get into the spiritual world," you will also ask, "will the laboring

man have to work again—shall we have to labor?" Now death, as we have so frequently insisted, does not in any essential character, change your nature to any perceptible degree or extent. The worker is still a worker, the man of leisure is still as lazy as down here; and the man of energy and action, still retains his activity when translated. A mechanic is there a mechanic still, he must do something; he finds, by subtle laws of spirit life that he can put his skill into operation with less fatigue, with greater pleasure and with far less inconvenience to himself than was the case when here below. For the mere pleasure of employing his time and thought, he will devise plans, rear edifices, assist in their erection or do anything that happens to be congenial to him that will supply the need of mind and soul for occupation. The worst of all people are those who have nothing to do. The heaviest load you can bind on the shoulders of any human character, is made up of idle hours. Give the strongest idleness for twenty-four hours a day, and they would pray for a broom to sweep the gutter.

When we come to higher conditions, we find these cities are erected by the thoughts and the will of the individuals and the masses living in them. This maintains coherence in the individual edifices, and a continuity in the cities' existence that cannot be destroyed so long as that harmony and unity remain. Where edifices have served their uses, then the vital forces that maintain their coherence having been withdrawn, the materials return back to the atmosphere or the general conditions from which they have been derived.

Let us turn for a moment to the people of this country beyond. You will say on meeting one of the newly arrived inhabitants, "Why he looks like death." Those you see landing there and coming up the celestial river, look very poor and starving! "Surely," you say, "they are not going to retain that pinched and pained and sorrow-like appearance, are they?" Oh, no. The starving of the mind and of the soul forces such an expression upon the features of many people, when they first come into the spirit life, but there, their pains are assuaged, their tears are dried and all the better part of them that has been constantly starved while here on earth, being fed, ministered unto, and nourished when entering into the spirit life, soon rounds up,—then the eye regains its brightness; sparkles with a celestial glow, and behold at last in perfect form, health and happiness, the soul stands, as it were, ripe in the richness and beauty of this new existence. Again, you say, "Why, what a repulsive looking creature; surely you have not got any room for such a person as that here? Why there is a smell from him that is positively disagreeable." You have heard of the smell of death, have you not?

It is quite a common thing. If death has an aroma, surely life will have also, as indeed is true, for each life has its own particular aroma; and, if you are sensitive enough, you can detect it in all cases. This man looks personally repulsive, and actually stinks in the nostrils of the higher order of spirits. This is because there is a moral perversion and inversion associated with his mind and character, that has the opposite effect of moral purity and sweetness, and presents, of course, the opposite of the aroma which proceeds from such perfect beauty and excellence as is found in those of a higher order. You being of a refined disposition now standing upon a higher plane, not only see the repulsive appearance manifested in his face and person, but you actually detect the effluvia proceeding from his person.

The next question that comes up is, "Will the people of this world be recognizable over there, or will all individual and national character be extinguished by death?" Have you ever noticed when you talk to people about this fact how they ignore the possibility of the individual or national characteristics surviving death, and seem to entertain the general idea that when an Asiatic dies, or a Caucasian dies, or an African dies, they all will come to life again in the spiritual world and be like one another, very much after the old plan of the twin negroes, Pompey and Cæsar, who were exactly alike—especially Cæsar! Now this supposition is altogether erroneous, for if the lines of national character were to be obliterated by the change of death, all the recognizable characteristics of the individual would be obliterated by the same stroke. In the spiritual world, however, in its earlier conditions, you will find people marked by the national peculiarities of the lands or races they belonged to while on earth. Thus, you will have all the peculiarities of worldly life actually reproduced in the characteristics and natural idiosyncracies of the earlier inhabitants of the spiritual world. Now, as you go forward, these peculiarities vanish and merge into one grand family, but there are certain lines of special character, that are not easily obliterated. While the restrictions which nations put about themselves, to ignore others, are outgrown, and fraternity is established among them, yet even here the lines of personal peculiarity, are not so fully obliterated but that for many ages you will be able to tell that this man came from such a country, and this one from such another country. They, however, live in a spirit of fraternity, and the old lines of division having been somewhat obliterated, there is a unity and fraternity between the inhabitants of this class. But even in this section of spiritual life, you will find national customs, even forms of religious belief and societies, dealing with philosophical and moral subjects.

It is sometimes urged by your opponents that spirits, when they come back to talk to you, tell you contradictory things, that you can have all degrees of philosophy talked to you when spirits come back. We are asked to tell you why this is so. Spiritualism is supposed to be a sort of conjurer's bottle. Why is this? Because of the very fact just stated, that the national peculiarities of the world are continued beyond the grave. People there imbibe ideas, and stimulate you, probably, with them. They are very frequently, as you yourself are, inspired by the newness, rather than the truthfulness of the idea concerned. Having learned something that is quite new, and without stopping to think whether it is essentially true, they come back and tell you of these beliefs, and, forthwith, mayhap, we hear you say, "Here are the spirits coming back and preaching to us the religion of Brahma and assuring us that it is true." Then says someone: "I have a spirit I have known for many years, and he has come back and taught me the philosophy of the Greeks, and I believe it to be thoroughly true." You must remember that the spiritual world's people in their earlier stages (and they are the most in sympathy with this world,) are a diverse mixture of all the people, of this world, and that by listening to their stories, you would in the course of twelve months become hopelessly bewildered. Our advice is not believe all, but sort out for yourself, take that which seems right and reasonable, accept nothing, unless it agrees with your judgment, and accords with your highest convictions of right.

We have here, then, before you, outlined the scenery, cities, and people of the realm of the so-called dead. Let the beauty and light of this scene vanish from your soul for a little while; let the memory thereof, as we have faintly outlined it, ever attend you; and, as you return to the winter world with its struggles and cares; with its weary plodding steeps and dull rounds of miserable work; when the stones are cutting your feet and the briars are tearing you garments; when sufferers who have sometime been nursed in the warmth of your own breast, return and sting you—if you can remember something of the facts, certainty and reality of that realm beyond of which we have endeavored to speak to you upon, some of the care and sorrow of life shall be lifted—some of its gloom shall be banished, and in the place of it shall be airs from heaven that shall fan your cheek, and fill your souls with sweetness and love. Sweet spirits, with loving hands, may sometimes press your aching brow, throw their presence round about you, and whisper gentle words to you, that shall still the tempest. Remember then the certainty and reality of that better country beyond. Let the doors of your souls swing silently upon their hinges so that angel guests may enter whenever they come, that

you may have your hearts endowed by the living hosts around you. Their presence shall be with you, when death shall claim you and you shall float peacefully upon the celestial stream, up to the evergreen shore, and there shall be there to welcome you, the beloved of your life, the dear ones you had lost—all shall stand there and greet you, with the words: "Welcome thou good and faithful worker—enter thou into that happiness which the honesty and sincerity of your life, while on earth, entitle you to receive when passed from it into the realms of the so-called dead."

Here then, we pause. The realms of the so-called dead have been placed before you in their practical consideration; you have seen something of their location, their condition, the employments and punishments of the people who are living there, and now ere we close we have to ask you one question. Where will you stand when the garment of flesh is laid aside, when the death angel calls you home, and voices ring in your ears that the earthly light is being left behind, and the immortal one draws near? Where will you stand—it is not for us to say. It is only for us to hope, that you shall stand in the sunlight, that loving voices shall give you greeting, that kind hands shall clasp your own, and the welcome words shall ring in your ears as you step upon the vernal shore, "Come into the light, for thou art of the light. Thy purpose and thy motive have been sincere and pure, and over here with us in the perennial lands mistakes of judgment are not allowed to weigh against integrity of purpose."

Upwards and onwards, friends, let your pathways be, heart to heart and mind to mind struggling and battling for the right, and when the angel helps you o'er the stream and places you in the fairer country beyond, then you, entering the realms of the so-called dead, will find it a real locality, peopled by a real humanity, and know beyond all doubt that honest life and true purpose are the only stepping stones to happiness and pleasure in that beautiful realm whose nature and whose character we have endeavored in the last three addresses—all too inadequately we are painfully aware of, yet in all sincerity—to place before you, so that in the name of Spiritualism you might know that the Spiritualists have a definite hope and a clear understanding of the reality and naturalness of life beyond the grave.

In the list of ministers belonging to the Western Unitarian Conference appear the names of Miss C. J. Bartlett, Sioux Falls, D. T.; Mary A. Graves, Chicago; Ida C. Hultin, Algona, Ia.; Marion Murdock, Humboldt, Ia.; Anna J. Norris, Sinaloa Colony, N. M.; Mary A. Safford, Sioux City, Ia.; Eliza Tupper Wilkes, Sioux Falls, D. T.

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 XII.

CONTAINS A BRIEF DISSERTATION UPON OLD MAIDS, NARRATES HOW THE CHAMORIM FRATERNITY WAS FORMED, WITH SOME OTHER ITEMS OF IMPORTANCE TO THE STORY.

Witless jokers and shallow-pates in general think all old maids are fair game for levelling all sorts of small jibes against, little recking in their search for fun whose hearts are hurt, or minds are grieved. The Vestals of ancient days were old maids, as was many a woman of mark in past times,—Elizabeth of Britain for instance. History's pages, however, need not be searched for noble types of virgin womanhood, for many an example can be found in private life today, where the "unmarried sister," as she is delicately called, is alike an honorable and useful member of our body social. Some heretics, there are, who hold that woman need not think that the entire object of her life is, willy nilly, to get married, for, say these heretics, if man may justly choose bachelorhood; woman may select spinsterhood with equal right. Now, though the author would like to see a woman duly married, yet he would prefer her to remain an old maid rather than change her estate from merely worldly wise considerations. A marriage for a home, dresses, place, or wealth robs a solemn and noble institution of its purest elements, debasing it and them to most sordid ends. Better honor as old maids than a bond that has no element of love and virtue. There are, of course, old maids and old maids. Some are soured, bitter, crooked and crabbed, embittered by some heartless trick, or disappointed and over-reached by some more astute intrigante; such are frost-bitten fruit, let us mourn their cases, but avoid adding to their pain by ill-timed or unkind jests. There are others, though, whose lives exhibit all the deep tenderness and watchful care that seems so natural to a woman's nature. In sickness, distress, and a dozen other different ways in which many such as these exhibit their sympathy and love for the sorrowful and needing, for kindred and friends, the term old maid is the synonym for all that is good, true, patient and kind in woman's nature. In the hospital, the parish, the home, in times of public sickness, during battle and siege, in prisons and in schools, how many of our poor, suffering and struggling race have had cause to say bless the old maids who have labored for the

easing of human pain, the soothing of our sorrows. Helpers and healers are these whose vocation here earns them heartiest blessings, which will surely be crowned hereafter with praises added by the angels in the land wherein even old maids will find the honors justly due them.

Let it also be remembered, too, that some hearts there are, thank goodness, that find one true love, even if they lose it, becomes a presence that cannot be banished from them. Such, though they do become old maids, mellowing with the lapse of years, purified by the sweet memory, cherished all out of public sight, become angels of mercy in many a household, whose quiet and patient service constitutes an example of faithfulness in small things, as well as righteousness in daily duty, the like of which many might cull bright example from. All in all, then, let us be thankful for the virgin sisterhood, nor ever scoff at their seeming failure to secure a prize in marriage's most risky market—for husbands, sometimes, turn out a loss instead of gain, to those who get them. For sturdy independence, fine feeling and deep sympathy the world must often turn to the old maids, who, for generations have labored under many an undeserved aspersion.

One class, though, of these dwellers without the connubial temple, who, never, having experienced the effects of the tender passion, though amiable enough in character, take life as a simple question of practical economics, and therefore steadily devote themselves to some trade, or professional pursuit, by which they seek to assure their age a competency independent of a marital encumbrance. One of these practical minded ladies was Miss Amanda Tulbythorpe, formerly a trained and skillful nurse, but at this time retired from active service, and living comfortably upon the results of her past employments; in fact, she had invested a considerable portion of her accumulations in a large and handsomely furnished apartment house, in which she herself resided, and from which a fair revenue returned to her. She is now upon the shady side of fifty, and was a generous and warm-hearted friend wherever she was interested. Taking, as she did, an active interest in many of the movements of the day, and having no settled convictions or prejudices upon religious matters, she, hearing of, soon became interested in the great upheaving of Modern Spiritualism, though lacking judgment in such matters she became an omniverous consumer of the various doctrines, statements and opinions she heard discussed, to her own no small bewilderment, it must be confessed. In a fateful hour she heard the new importation, was quite captivated by his musically flowing sentences and at once considered him the future guide and light upon her path of spiritual progress. The fresh light

visited her from time to time, improving her friendship to his advantage upon each occasion, and increasing her attachment to himself by many a well-considered little turn of act or speech, until the hoped-for end was attained, that of her offering him a home within her house, the open card played being the statement, oft repeated, that Mr. Lundy always brought such an evil influence that he could not endure living at Mr. Elderton's much longer. The real purpose underneath, however, was that he, Pilkins, was making use of this amiable woman for ulterior purposes, as mean and fraudulent as could be in their character, for he had fell designs upon her house and purse in connection with the starting of his new society; indeed, within a week of his arrival, he called a meeting at her house for its formation. Let us note how the new effort was builded and launched.

It was in Miss Tulbythorpe's large double parlors that the materials for the new society assembled pursuant to the public call made by Henry Pilkins on the previous Sunday, and quite a number of those whom we met at the reception held at Mr. Elderton's were there, though neither that gentleman, his daughter, or Hubert Lundy attended. At one end of the room was a small table upon which were pens, ink and paper, and a large blank book, with a smaller one by its side. Seated at this table was an effeminate, fair-featured young man, whom the company found was to be the secretary of the new society, his name being Alfred Garden, though Pilkins usually spoke to him as "Freddie, boy," out of sheer playfulness.

Miss Tulbythorpe sat at the other side of the table with, apparently, no other purpose than to, at present, beam upon her guests, which she did with marked success.

Miss Markington, with Pansy, was there with a far away look upon her face, as if lost in the contemplation of matters far too exalted to communicate to the common mind.

Mr. Jellby, too, was among the company, with every appearance, to judge by his facial expression, of being still wrestling with the Havenness of the Whitherward, and the Divine Elements of Being, topics that, apparently, tended towards dyspepsia and the doldrums, for the poor young man seemed limper and more dejected than ever. In fact to judge generally from the looks of most of the company it would seem that a limper, softer, or a more morbidly minded set of people could scarcely have been collected from any community whatsoever, the marvel was that the city of culture contained such folks within its borders.

Shortly after the hour struck Henry Pilkins announced that the proceedings would at once commence, and he forthwith proceeded to enlighten his auditors as to the objects in view. His remarks, extending

over more than an hour may thus be summarized:

He commenced by welcoming his dear and beloved friends in the beautiful names of Love, Faith and Charity, which were the finest graces of our natures. The spiritually minded lived together in harmony and spirituality. There was a sympathy that united them, an affinity that attracted them. To them the outward forms and formalities signified nothing. The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. They were already organized by the union of spirit that impelled them to attend there that evening; each was a centre of himself. No popes, no leaders, no creed were wanted; only union of soul. The organization about to be formed was merely a business one. It was to be formed and conducted in harmony with the Christ spirit; it would be apostolic in character. He was proud to promote such an undertaking, to act as its Shepherd, for the fold was to be comprehensive and exclusive; it would be large enough for all, but only those who were spiritually unfolded enough would be permitted to enter, for it was under the direction and guardianship of the most advanced minds of the spirit life, Fourier, Robert Owen and other minds of equal power. Would they join such a body? (Vigorous applause.) He was sure they would. Would they accept him as Shepherd? (More vigorous applause.) Again he felt he was right. Would they take Mr. Garden as Secretary? Certainly they would. (Whereat there was another outburst of applause.) While he was sure their dear hostess, Miss Amanda Tulbythorpe, would be acceptable as Treasurer. (Great applause.) No one could better suit than her. He had been inspired with a name for them, they deserved it; he was sure they would accept it as fitting, and continue to merit it; it had an occult and mystical meaning that, as they advanced along the road he hoped to guide them upon, they would in due time fully appreciate. He had been inspired to name the society the Chamorim Fraternity; would they assent? ("Yes, yes," and more vociferous applause.) They would enter their names upon the Fraternal roll, they would pay their dues to the keeper of the treasure, they would harken to their educator, and surely all would unite as one family and thus grow in grace and spirituality.

Then his strain changed, and he depicted in glowing colors the delights of communal life—simplicity, unity, purity. It would be Eden again. The daily world was full of snares and sorrows. Conditions were bad, and on all sides pure living was almost impossible. To retire from the world to some sweet retreat where they could be guided by the spirit of truth, and cultivate the Spirituality of their natures would be bliss indeed. Would they not like it? His inspirations told him such would come—down in the

Sunny South he already saw the Chamorim Community—he also saw its beginnings, "here in this very house," where a few happy and harmonious souls had already determined to form the nucleus of this great spiritual home of modern times—that lovely lady and grand soul Miss Markinton nobly led the list, and following her was that intelligent and fine minded gentleman the Hon. Hosea Jellby of whom they had no doubt often heard. The teachings of the fraternity were Love, Charity, Spiritual Mindedness; a reverence for Oriental Wisdom, the supremacy of mind over matter in all things, the oracular teaching of the unseen powers through himself, their chosen head, and much more of cult, mystery, sentiment and rhapsody, though none seemed to discern the contradictions, artfulness, scheming and self-seeking running all through Pilkins' precious harangue, but why they did not passeth comprehension when the following was actually his concluding observations: "Then why organize? Was he not their chosen chief? Let our fraternity be free, fraternal, spiritual in all things. If this beautiful home to be formed in this elegant mansion was hampered by rules and regulations to guide our free natures it would not be the home we desire to see established. I will see that all that needs be done is done, and your confidence in me will be duly confirmed in the expenditures and working managements of our home here. Trust me in all things, dear friends, and you may rely upon it your faith shall meet its full reward. The favor of Heaven and its angels rests upon us all in this matter, the holy ones are about us, we must in our mutual trust and purity look up to immortal things and not too closely concern ourselves with the grosser things of matter, sense and time."

Miss Markinton was delighted, she would certainly join the Fraternity and enter the Home. It was just what her soul had ever yearned for, but hitherto had never found. She would aid so noble an undertaking all within her power.

More of same purport from Mr. Jellby, who now felt he was rapidly approaching the time when he was to enter into companionship with kindred spirits who could discuss the Witherward of the Was in a manner befitting the deep importance of so subtle a theme, to the welfare of the world. Then an odd speech or two from several others, after which all who desired were invited to sign their names to the Fraternal Roll and pay their entrance dues, which some sixty did that evening. This being all of practical business the assembly adjourned; during the departure of the company; Pilkins, being in high, good humor, skipping and frisking in a very playful and kittenish fashion among his departing friends.

On so sandy a foundation was the Chamorim Fraternity and Home builded, and

under such crafty circumstances was it launched into the deceptive waters of Henry Pilkins' hopes. None suspected him, or doubted him—he was to nearly all the most seeming fair and honest, a modern saint whose life and labors were free from guile and selfishness!

As Pilkins slept secure in his own confidence that night he dreamed not of an irate mesmeric Professor three thousand miles away, nor did his guardian angels warn him that the time was coming when that same irate Professor, and he would meet face to face again, and that, too, in the city of culture, art and science, there on the verge of Massachusetts historic and isle gemmed bay.

(To be continued.)

Original Contributions.

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

"Truth Shall Make You Free."

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

What woe hath not the world endured
Under the rule of ignorance?
What joy hath knowledge not secured,—
From least to largest circumstance?

For centuries the human brain
Was swathed in th' monk-like cowl of fear,
And superstition forged a chain
For every hope to th' heart most dear!

How dread the answer following fast
All eager, earnest questioning!
The sword, and fagot, and furnace-blast,
Sealing thought's waters at their spring!

Till th' path of progress, always red
With precious blood—Truth's winding way
Marked by mile-stones of th' martyred dead—
Hath led unto this golden day!

When Reason, throned in royal state,
Sole umpire sits above the world,
And the human soul emancipate,
Its strong, white pinions hath unfurled

In tireless search of truth divine;
No fear its noble beauty mars,
But with a confidence sublime
It soars and sings among the stars;

Life's burdens lessen,—joys increase,
And even Death's dread mystery,
Dissolved at last, and sacred peace
Crowns every soul whom Truth makes free.

The Distinction between Mediums and Sensitives.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

A correspondent has enquired of me, "What is your authority for the statement that the answers to questions received by Allan Kardec, upon re-incarnation, were reflections of his own mentality, and not genuine responses from the spirit world?" and I am also asked to state the facts and circumstances from which I conclude the

non-spiritual origin of those answers. In reply I would first state that my article in the CARRIER DOVE of October 29th was largely devoted to the statement of these "facts and circumstances," and a careful reperusal thereof should enable the reader to determine the nature of the evidence upon which I base my conclusions. In addition to what has already been published, the following summary and amplification of the salient points in this matter is submitted:—

(1.) The facts of mesmerism, hypnotism, and electrical psychology (so-called), and those of Modern Spiritualism, demonstrate that impressional subjects or mesmeric sensitives, and many so-called mediums, often give to questioners a reflection of the ideas and opinions of the more powerful minds present. Much that is given from so-called mediums as of "spiritual" origin is undoubtedly derived from those in contact with the mediums or sensitives.

(2.) Table-tipping and planchette writing are confessedly among the most unreliable and uncertain modes of spirit communication. The greater portion of that which is thus received is easily traceable to the minds of those present at the time of its reception, and nonsense and absurdity are often largely intermingled with such communications.

(3.) It is also well known that all communications are more or less colored by the medium's mentality, and that spirits are often misrepresented by the mediums purporting to communicate their ideas and expressions.

(4.) It is also well known that mediumistic persons are sensitive to the influence of those still in the material body, as well as of those out of the body, and that many times at *seances* that which is given is a reproduction of the views and sentiments of parties present. A notable instance of the effects of this mundane influence, in the case of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, has been published. A gentleman attending one of this lady's lectures some years ago willed strongly in his mind that, instead of delivering the lecture advertised, she should lecture upon a certain other subject, and in that lecture should express certain ideas as he should will; and it happened accordingly. Mrs. Richmond did lecture on the subject willed by her auditor, and she reproduced throughout the lecture the ideas and words willed by him. In various cases as soon as he had thought of the words to be next spoken, the speaker would utter them upon the rostrum. Mrs. Richmond, be it remembered, is the leading American exponent of re-incarnation, and I think its first public advocate in this country.

(5.) Allan Kardec was a believer in re-incarnation before he became a Spiritualist, and in his original questions to his first sensitives, he introduced the subject, and obtained, through mental sympathy, answers corresponding to the questions put, and in

accordance with his own preconceived opinions. It was he who put the ideas upon this subject into the minds of the supposed spirits; they were not independently given him by the spirits.

(6.) Before Kardec put these questions to his girl sensitives re-incarnation was unknown in French Spiritualism, so far as I can ascertain. Spiritual communications received prior to that time had expressly stated that after passing to the spirit world no re-birth into another body of flesh and blood was possible. Kardec is the father of this erroneous dogma, so far as its connection with Spiritualism is concerned; he inoculated our divine philosophy with its poisonous virus.

(7.) The sensitives through whom Kardec first obtained the foundation of his "Spiritist" philosophy were two frivolous young girls, the answers being given through table-tilting and the planchette (see Anna Blackwell's introduction to Kardec's *Spirits' Book*). In the light of the preceding propositions, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, these responses are worthless as spiritual communications. No evidence of their spiritual origin has ever been presented, and the whole weight of common sense and exact science is against their validity.

(8.) A Parisian mesmeric sensitive and somnambulist, Madame Japhet, had taught re-incarnation prior to the advent of Modern Spiritualism; and, after Kardec had obtained his answers from his girl sensitives, he went to Madame Japhet, and from her obtained another supply of answers to questions sustaining the truth of re-incarnation, which he embodied in his *Spirits' Book*, the primitive Bible of French "Spiritism." From sensitives, then, not from spiritual mediums, was re-incarnation received. A large portion of the French mentality we know to be more addicted to the ideal and the erratic, more prone to extravagance and fanciful conceits, than the Anglo-Saxon, the American and English; hence the reception extended to this *outré* theory in France. The Celtico-Italian races may accept this soul-despairing delusion as a blessed truth, but the sturdy Teutonic intellectualist can never be brought to swallow such self-evident absurdity, especially when unsustained by the smallest particle of substantial evidence.

(9.) Spiritualism had its advent in America, and thence was early transplanted in England. Through American and English mediums was given a system of philosophy embracing the nature of the spirit world and of its connection with the earth, in which re-incarnation had no part, and which if true demonstrates conclusively the falsity of the re-incarnation theories of Kardec, Miss Blackwell, and all the rest. The doctrine of progression from sphere to sphere in spirit-life is the foundation, the essential basic principle, of the spiritual philosophy in

America and England; but if Kardec's and Blackwell's speculations were true, the whole of this is a delusion, and we do not progress from circle to circle and from sphere to sphere, but, instead, while we are in the spirit world we are in a state of erraticity or wandering, and can only make definite progress through rebirth in a material world. If re-incarnation is true, the host of communications, from 1848 to the present time, annunciative of progress in spirit-life, are lies one and all, and Spiritualism, in its most fundamental basis, is a gigantic delusion.

This dogma was, I think, unknown in America until about 1870, when Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond began to teach it, and she doubtless derived the idea of its truth from Kardecian "Spiritism." For twenty years Mrs. Richmond had been lecturing on Spiritualism, under alleged spirit influence, and had never inculcated re-incarnation. All at once her sensitive mind caught a glimpse of the French "Spiritists'" school of thought, and she reproduced its central idea as if it came from the spirit world, instead of being an emanation from her own mind, as it undoubtedly was and is, and as are the many other untenable statements found in her lectures. As soon as this specious dogma came under discussion in America, its truth was denied by the best mediums, clairvoyants, and lecturers in the country. The spirit world, in the most emphatic manner, opposed its truth, and still continues so to do; as witness the unqualified denial of its verity in the lecture thereupon by Mr. J. J. Morse recently published in the CARRIER DOVE. With a few exceptions, the whole of American and English mediums and lecturers are in opposition to this dogma, and there is little likelihood of any important change in this regard in either country. If re-incarnation is true, then why was it that here in America, where it had birth, and where it had and has most vigorously flourished, the spirit world was entirely silent concerning it for over twenty years, and in its stead taught, and still teaches, a philosophy diametrically opposed to its truth? Why did Mrs. Richmond for twenty years promulgate a philosophy of the spiritual world in which re-incarnation had no part, and never allude to the possible truth of such a theory until she borrowed it from the crude, irrational speculations of certain French mesmeric sensitives? The truth is that the spirit world had and has no lot or parcel in this noxious theory. It is foreign to the consciousness of the dwellers in that land of light and love, save as an exploded dream or fancy of certain unscientific earthly minds still enwrapped in infantile mental swaddling-clothes; and no genuine, truthful communication from the inner-life has ever endorsed its verity. No truly sensible person, in this or any other life, could pos-

sibly believe in so self-evident an absurdity, so unreasonable, unphilosophic, unscientific, preposterous, and altogether nonsensical a doctrine. In what a miserable, undeveloped condition portions of the human race still are, when a belief in such puerilities as are involved in this demoralizing, degrading dogma is yet possible among the inhabitants of the more enlightened sections of this planet. Naturally among savages and barbarians such theories might be expected to find credence; but in civilized lands, in the nineteenth century, it is, indeed, a matter of shame that anyone claiming average intelligence, or ordinary common sense, can be found willing to acknowledge belief in such repulsive and absurd doctrines.

(10.) The literature and oratory expositive of re-incarnation fancies cannot compare in evidence of spiritual origin or in intrinsic worth, in whole or in part, with that in which non-re-incarnation and a progressive spiritual state are embodied. There have been three prominent trance mediums, so called, who have earnestly advocated re-incarnation in America; and there is a striking fact connected with these three psychics or sensitives, and it applies especially to these three. In the public utterances of all of them is contained a large admixture of purported scientific and historical facts; and it is notorious that the bulk of these alleged facts are utterly untrue, and that a large portion of this so-called science and history was and is the veriest rubbish, the most unmitigated nonsense imaginable.

For example: One of these three psychics claimed repeatedly, under the same alleged influence as that through which she taught re-incarnation, that our earth extended into space at the North Pole for *millions of miles*.

Numbers of other just such absurd statements in science, history, philosophy, and literature purporting to come from Parker, Channing, Paine, and others, were published year after year in connection with her teachings on re-incarnation; and one was as sensible as the other. Another *outré* idea of spirit life taught by this psychic was, that, as a result of our every lewd and lustful *thought*, a child is born to us in the spirit world,—that every time we look upon one of the opposite sex with licentious thought, that thought causes the production of a *bona fide* child in the spirit country! This statement is paralleled by the similar one found in a lecture from another of these three psychics, purporting to come from the spirit of Epes Sargent just after his decease, in which Mr. Sargent is made to say, that the imaginary characters invented by him in his plays and poems were by that invention endowed with life and became his children, and that on his entrance into spirit life they came to him and greeted him as their father!

As for the third of these psychics, *if he is really a psychic, which is strongly doubted*

by some, his asserted scientific, literary, and historical statements teem with blunders and nonsense. As specimens of these, the following may be mentioned:—In an address delivered not long since he stated that leading geologists divide geological time into the following six periods: Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, Age of Reptiles, Age of Mammals, Age of Man. The amazing ignorance of this statement, probative of a lack of knowledge of the simplest elementary principles of geologic science, is only equaled by the presumption displayed in daring to make such a ridiculous statement to a presumably intelligent audience. In the same address it was also stated that a certain noted Greek philosopher taught the knowledge then contained in the Alexandrian Library. Inasmuch as the philosopher named died several hundred years before the Alexandrian Library was in existence, and over two hundred years before the City of Alexandria was even founded, it is quite a puzzle to understand how he could possibly have been acquainted with the learning then contained in that library. But of course a trifling deviation from historic truth like this, a chronological blunder of a few hundred years, would present, to a full-fledged re-incarnationist, no difficulty as regards its satisfactory adjustment with established fact. To any one who pretends to reconcile with science and philosophy the absurdity and rubbish, worthy of emanation only from the feebly-developed brains of Australian aborigines or Digger Indians, which are gravely proclaimed by the public advocates of re-incarnation as inspired, heavenly truths, in accord with sound philosophy and undoubted scientific fact,—to any one who can descend to such fatuous folly as this, it should be a mere *bagatelle* to seriously believe that Solon was thoroughly conversant with the wisdom stored in the then-existing Alexandrian Library, although neither the city of Alexandria nor its famous library had then ever been thought of by mortal man! The peculiar ideas that re-incarnationists solemnly cherish as truth are, as a rule, more difficult of rational recognition and assimilation with known truth, more strongly opposed to nature's unerring teachings, more in contravention of the inculcations and deductions of common sense, than even the marvelous Alexandrian Library story of this erudite re-embodiment *savant*; whose unsurpassed and unapproachable scholarship merits his installation as Regius Professor of Vacuous Nihilism and Metaphysical Stultiloquy in the yet-to-be-endowed college of Inspirational Nescience. This professor *in futuro* also discourses quite glibly of Egyptology, and of Assyrian, Hindoo, Persian, and other Oriental lore, using a ludicrously promiscuous *melange* of unusual proper names, terms, etc., calculated to delude those not acquainted with their true character, history, and meaning with the idea

of the possession of great learning on the part of the assumed "inspired" expounder, or his alleged "controls,"—the truth being that these discourses evidence the possession by the mind voicing them of as much genuine knowledge of the subjects treated as his statements anent the six geologic periods demonstrate him to possess on geology; that is, merely a superficial smattering of a number of names, terms, and alleged facts, with scarcely a glimmering of their real import, character, history, or significance. As regard sound, valuable information upon any of these branches of science, about as much could be derived from a Comanche Indian or a gipsy vagrant, and it would be less harmful to the interests of truth and fact to consult one of these latter; for the reason that while he would not be able to inform you of anything truthful or trustworthy thereupon, he, at the same time would not endeavor to mislead you, as does the *soi-disant* inspired (?) oracle, by pretending to impart as truth that which is false,—devoid of truth, sense, or reason.

The three psychics above referred to (assuming that the third one is in verity a psychic, which to say the least is problematical) are the leading American exponents of re-incarnation; and it is evident that their ideas on that subject were and are as unreal and chimerical as were those upon the peculiar spirit children adverted to above, and those upon the many scientific and historical subjects concerning which all three have blundered so outrageously. Is it reasonable to suppose that the amazing misstatements in matters of fact and history constantly made by the re-incarnation psychics or sensitives ever came from the highly-enlightened minds of Parker, Paine, Channing, *et al*? Certainly not. It would be an impossibility for them to become such ignoramuses. Those spirits had no connection with such utter untruth and nonsense; *neither is it necessary to suppose that any spirit had*. They emanated from the crude, ill-informed, ignorant minds of the psychics or sensitives; and from the same source was derived their re-incarnation doctrines. One is as untrue as the other; one is as foolish and preposterous as the other. The spirit-world has, through its duly accredited instruments, positively repudiated all such teachings, and indicated their true source. The spirit-world has nothing to do with them.

Against the truth of re-incarnation we have a wealth of substantial evidence from spiritual sources. The teachings of our ablest mediums, lecturers, and writers are in opposition thereto. The ablest and most powerful trance speaker in America was Thomas Gales Forster. His lectures were replete with sound logic and cogent illustration, intermingled with many scientific and historic facts; and these latter were generally accurate and reliable, in striking contrast to

those of the re-incarnation speakers, which are mostly untrue and nonsensical. Mr. Forster taught a system of spiritual philosophy directly opposed to re-incarnation, and in full consonance with the sensible and elevating inculcations of Rational Spiritualism. Hon. Selden J. Finney, one of our ablest trance speakers, indulged in many scientific and historic illustrations, using them with accuracy and truth; and his philosophy negated re-incarnation *in toto*. The same remark applies to Lyman C. Howe and other able American non-re-incarnation lecturers. In none of them do we find the mass of absurdities and blunders that disfigure and vitiate the utterances of re-incarnationists.

Among the English trance speakers we have had three able lecturers in America, all opposed to re-incarnation,—Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, Mr. E. W. Wallis, and Mr. J. J. Morse. Mrs. Britten is so well-known everywhere that it is unnecessary to speak of her power and efficiency upon the platform. The lectures of Mr. Wallis and of Mr. Morse are free from the scientific and historic absurdities so characteristic of re-incarnation speakers; and instead they abound with sound, solid logic, common sense, practical, spiritual truth. Mr. Morse, we know, has few equals as a speaker in our ranks, and his head is level. It is also noteworthy that our own eloquent inspirational speaker, Mrs. E. L. Watson, has ever opposed the truth of re-incarnation.

Among the inspirational authors in Spiritualism, three stand pre-eminent,—A. J. Davis, Hudson Tuttle, and Mrs. Maria M. King. Each of these has produced works dealing with the evolution of the universe, or of matter and spirit, including the origin and development of the human spirit. See Davis's "Nature's Divine Revelations," "Great Harmonia," etc.; Tuttle's "Arcana of Nature," and Mrs. King's "Principles of Nature," "God the Father," etc. These works are all inspirationally written, and they each contain facts in science and history unknown to the writer in his or her normal state. All three decidedly oppose the truth of re-incarnation and pre-existence, and for ability and intrinsic worth as inspirational production they tower above any works yet produced. There is nothing at all in the whole realm of re-incarnation literature in all parts of the world that is in any manner comparable to them. In comparison therewith, everything that has been produced by re-incarnation mediums (?) sinks into insignificance. These are the non-re-incarnation Sciento-literary inspirational productions of America; let the re-incarnationists match them if they can. There are many other worthy inspirational productions of the opponents of re-incarnation. I specify the works of these three as pre-eminent, to indicate the immeasurable superiority of our literature over that of

our deluded re-incarnation brethren and sisters.

We have another non-re-incarnation work which the re-incarnationists are challenged to match. In 1858 was published "Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams;" a work of over 500 pages, the whole of which was written through a medium *in the earthly hand-writing of Mr. Adams*; it also contains several pages from George Washington written in his own hand-writing, and several pages from Mr. Adams's mother written in her own hand-writing. In addition, the truth of the book is attested by 544 different spirits, each signing his name with his own earthly signature. This book is exclusively devoted to life in the spirit world, and its contents demonstrate effectually the untruth of all re-incarnation theories. Where can re-incarnation show anything like this? I doubt if it can show one page in favor of re-incarnation written in the earthly penmanship of the alleged spirit author.

Concerning the sickening mass of twaddle which the European re-incarnationists have given to the world, as emanating from the most famous minds of earth, now resident in the spirit world, the sturdy spiritualist veteran and noted author, William Howitt, has well remarked: "At least before we credit these sham Tassos, Ariostos, Michael Angelos, Bacons, and Franklins, we shall demand from them poems and works, discourses and philosophies, equal to what they produced on earth. They must write, if not a new 'Divina Commedia,' a new 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' a new 'Orlando Furioso,' a new 'Novum Organum,' and a new 'Triumph over the Lightning,' works equal to them. Indeed, if they have progressed in the infinite, as we have reason to expect, they ought to bring things far greater. Instead of this, the vapid twaddle to which they treat their dupes is their condemnation, their stamp as impostors to all sane intellects."

The foregoing evidences that re-incarnation is a figment of the earthly imagination, and that spiritual progression is a soul-cheering truth, in accord with reason and science, given us from the radiant upper heavens.

(To be concluded next week.)

Alfred the Great's Last Words.

To his son: Alfred the Great was fifty-two years of age when he died. His body was interred in the great Cathedral at Winchester, and the kingdom passed peacefully to his son. His own dying farewell to his son Edward is the best memorial ecomium which can be passed upon his life, and he most truly earned the title of Alfred the Great—great in wisdom, great in power, and best of all, great in goodness; and his purified spirit passed from earth with these

truly great words upon his lips: "Thou my dear son, sit thee now beside me, and I will deliver thee true instruction. I feel that my hour is coming. My strength is gone; my countenance is wasted and pale; my days are almost ended. We must now part. I go to another world, and thou art left alone in possession of all that I have thus far held. I pray thee, my dear child, to be a father to thy people. Be the children's father and the widow's friend. Comfort the poor, protect and shelter the weak, and with all thy might, right that which is wrong. And thy son, govern thyself by law. Then shall the Lord love thee, and God himself shall be thy reward. Call upon him to advise thee in all thy need, and he shall help thee to compass all thy desires."—*Boys' Book of Famous Rulers.*

A Baby Beaver's Dam.

"I know of a naturalist down in Eastern Main," said a well-known Main College Professor, yesterday, "who wouldn't be convinced that beavers could build dams till he saw it done with his own eyes. I bought a baby beaver of a hunter who traps them, one day, and sent him to my skeptical friend. He grew greatly attached to the little fellow and kept him in the house, but he often wrote to me that his beaver didn't show any propensity at all for dam building. One Monday, washing day, his wife sat a leaky pail full of water on the kitchen floor. The beaver was in the kitchen, he was only a baby then, too. He saw the water oozing out of a crack in the pail. He scampered out into the yard, brought in a chip, and began building his dam. The naturalist was summoned. He watched the little fellow, thunderstruck. Said he: 'Leave that pail there, wife, till doomsday, if need be, and let's see what the little fellow will do.' The beaver kept at it four weeks, until he had built a solid dam clean around the pail. My naturalist friend is quite a beaver man to-day. They say, you know, that way down East there is a beaver dam that \$200,000 couldn't build the like of. Oh! men don't know everything. The wasp knew how to make paper before we did."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

Mrs. Mancel Talcott of Chicago has established and maintains two day nurseries for the children of working-women. One thousand children on an average are cared for in these nurseries every month.

Jenny Lind (Mme. Goldschmidt), the celebrated Swedish singer, is dead. She was 66 years of age. She had been seriously ill for some weeks. She retired from the stage after her marriage in America in 1852, but reappeared at various concerts in aid of charities. She had not appeared in public since 1866.

THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER Editress

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

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

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

TERMS:

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

Address all communications to

THE CARRIER DOVE,

32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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THE CARRIER DOVE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOV. 19, 1887.

Spirit Ministration.

In our hours of deepest woe, when the sunlight seems to have faded, and the stars of hope forever set; when darkness without and heaviness of spirit within fold their mantles of gloom about us, then comes the blessedness of spirit ministration, and spirit communion. Then, although we may be treading the wine-press of sorrow alone, though human love and sympathy seem afar off, the bright, the beautiful, the loved ones draw near unto us and pour into our wounded hearts the balm of their tender and devoted love; then come the faithful and true, the noble unselfish ones, who, knowing our griefs, our trials and temptations, gently fold us in their arms of love and whisper words of hope and trust, of encouragement and sympathy. After such baptisms of angelic ministry we emerge from our Garden of Gethsemane strengthened, uplifted, purified

and blest. The sun again shines, the stars beam on us lovingly; friends once estranged seem nearer and dearer than before; our own hallowed experiences having drawn us nearer to them and they to us, until we wonder that a thought of coldness or unkindness could have crept in and opened a gulf between ourselves and our friends.

Let us ever welcome these angelic visitors who came to us with blessings manifold; without them life's burdens were too grievous to be borne; its paths too rough for our untired feet; its friendships too false and fickle; its joys evanescent; its gloom impenetrable, and its climax—death—an unsolved mystery, a grim and horrible spectre ever haunting our dreams, and blighting the fairest hope buds on the tree of human life.

Is Mediumship Everything?

Certain earnest Spiritualists frequently give expression to the opinion that mediumship is the be all and end all of Modern Spiritualism. That mediums are alike the foundation, superstructure and roof-tree of our cause. Everything depends upon them alike on the spirit side as well as upon the mortal side. As the issues flowing from their existence are so vast and important they must needs be encouraged, indulged and supported at all costs. Will such propositions endure the light of criticism? In the first place the argument is most frequently used in support of our public professional mediums. But is this class an unmixed blessing to us at this time? Are they not indiscriminately lumped together in the advertising columns of our city dailies with charlatans and frauds of all sorts? Does not this result in the uninformed public putting these advertising mediums upon the same level with the people they, no doubt, have no affinity with? How many shows and tricksters are there upon the road to-day who drag the names of Foster, Home, Davenport and others through the dirt? Do such things do us good; do they do mediumship good; do they do honorable mediums good? Has not mediumship in its public professional character degenerated into a mere business speculation? Then can it be truly urged that this sort of mediumship is all our cause rests upon? If so, God help the cause!

It may be truly said, that if every professional medium and speaker was to disap-

pear to-day, there is more than enough mediumship in private life to maintain the movement in every city and country throughout the world. So much then for the cry to preserve the mediums at all costs.

Spiritualists may also seriously ask if developing mediumship is the highest purpose Spiritualism has set before them.

To try to become a medium for the mere sake of being one, is childish in the extreme. To use that mediumship for vain and idle purposes when developed is more than ill advised. To use it for scientific enquiry into man's spiritual nature and relations, to open up intelligent communion between the next world and this, and to have its highest efforts expressed under the sanctifying influence of the family life are all commendable and advantageous in the highest degree.

The scientific facts and laws associated with spiritual phenomena, the important principles to life and duty concerning our future estate, the evolution of the possibilities of our own spirits, minds and natures, as the results flowing from the development of mediumship, justify its development and exercise—but such things have nothing in common with the "advice upon life, love, stocks and shares," business that is embraced in the catch-penny advertisements of some alleged mediums whose advertisements are daily hurled at the public's head.

Spiritualists, there is something more for you to do than develop mediums, or to "sit" for phenomena. There is a cause to build up, a philosophy to establish, a coherent system of spiritual fact and truth to present. Wonder gaping in the seance room, or using all your spare time in the developing circle, will not assist you in such matters. For our present and our future welfare; nay, for our existence as "a party in the State," remember the development, practice, or indiscriminate support of mediumship is not all there is for us to do. Every honest medium knows this, as does every earnest Spiritualist. When we are better organized then all true mediums will be more efficiently sustained. Shall we not see it soon?

Passed On.

Mrs. E. F. McKinley, so long and favorably known in this city, passed to spirit life on Tuesday, Nov. 15th, of typhoid fever.

In her death Spiritualism has sustained an irreparable loss. She was one of its

most noble, grand and accomplished exponents; a devoted wife and most exemplary mother. To us she always seemed the realization of a perfect type of womanhood and motherhood. A perfect physical form, the embodiment of health, grace, fullness and symmetry. Her sweet face seemed lighted with an inward peace and holy calm that brought joy and happiness to all with whom she met. Her bereaved darlings, her faithful companion and the dear old mother all have our deepest, heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of trial and sorrow, yet we know they are cheered and comforted with that sublime faith and trust; that perfect knowledge of immortality, which made the life of their beloved one a beautiful poem, a sweet and deathless song, whose cadences will forever echo in the hearts and lives of those who knew her.

Next week we will give a full report of funeral services.

Mr. Morse's Forthcoming Book.

Owing to the special request of the members of Mr. Morse's advanced class, the lecture delivered to them at the regular meeting at this office on Friday evening, November, 11th., upon "Life, Development and Death in Spirit Land," will be included in the forthcoming volume, entitled: "Practical Occultism," concerning which, see our special notices department. This will not increase the cost of the book.

We have received a pleasant letter from Mrs. F. A. Logan who was in Denver, Col., at the time of writing. Herself and sister held seances in Salt Lake City where they very kindly received and well treated. Mrs. Logan has also lectured to good acceptance in Denver. The DOVE thanks her for subscribers' names sent in.

Mrs. Ada Foye.

We received a pleasant visit from Mrs. Ada Foye who has recently returned from the East, having been obliged to cancel all her engagements on account of a serious attack of throat and lung difficulty.

During Mrs. Foye's stay in Chicago she held two public seances every Sunday; in the afternoon at Martine's hall, on the west side and in the evening for the Young People's Progressive Society at Avenue hall, South side; Mrs. Foye was under con-

tract to serve this Society for the remainder of the year. During her visit East she lectured and held seances in Sturgis, Mich., Albany, Wis., and was engaged for Cleveland, Ohio, also. Since Mrs. Foye's return home her health has been steadily improving and her friends hope she will soon be able to engage in public work again in this city from which she has been greatly missed since giving up her public work last spring.

Jno Slater in Chicago, Ill.

We kindly ask the Editor of the DOVE, to inform its many readers that the Y. P. P. S. of Chicago, have the pleasure of again presenting to the public another of the able exponents of the truth of immortality, Mr. Jno. Slater of Brooklyn, N. Y. This gentleman who is one of the most remarkable mediums now before the public, has won for himself an enviable reputation in the east, wherever he has appeared before a public assemblage. His tests are remarkable and startling, and have brought many into the field to labor for the cause. We trust that Chicago Spiritualists will take advantage of the short time Mr. Slater is with us, and aid us in bringing good audiences, and in seeking to have skeptics and our Christian friends perceive the proofs we have of our belief in the return of our spirit friends. Mr. Slater will appear at 615 W. Lake St., at 2:30 P. M., and at Avenue Hall, 159 22d St., at 7:30, Nov. 20th and 27th.

A. L. COVERDALE.

Spiritual Meetings.

J. J. MORSE AND MRS. E. L. WATSON AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

A very numerous auditory assembled as above on Sunday morning last, and on leaving the building there were many emphatic expressions of approval concerning the many good things said by the control of Mr. Morse, in answer to the questions submitted. The queries embrace the "Continuance of Sex in Spirit Life," "Marriage and Divorce," "Obsession" and other points of minor interest.

The usual large congregation assembled at night to listen to the lecture upon "Jesus the Saviour—versus—Man the Worker," which was the topic discussed by Mr. Morse's control. We have secured our usual report, and shall print the lecture in

the DOVE in due course. It was a deeply interesting and very able effort.

Sig. S. Arrilliga gave a most finished and exquisite interlude upon the grand organ, and Mr. W. H. Keith, Jr., sang with fine effect, "Rest in the Shadow of the Rock," for which he was loudly applauded and encored. He then gave another excellent little *morceau* to the delight of his auditors.

Mrs. E. L. Watson was then ushered to the platform, her advent eliciting a round of most hearty greetings from the friends present, who were all delighted to see "our little preacher's" face again. Mrs. Watson in a few earnest sentences expressed the delight with which she had listened to the brilliant and able lecture through our eloquent brother, and contrasted it with the dreary character of an orthodox sermon she had listened to that morning as a matter of duty. Then, under a strong inspiration, she gave the Benediction, which was full of pathos and deep spiritual feeling and sympathy.

On Sunday morning next answers to questions as usual. At night the control of Mr. Morse will deliver a grand Thanksgiving Day address. Music by Sig. S. Arrilliga; vocal solos by Mr. W. H. Keith, Jr. Admission free.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

On Wednesday evening last the control of Mr. Morse addressed a crowded meeting at St. Andrew's Hall—at which there was not even standing room. The subject was "Spiritualism a Factor in Religious Reform," and as usual the address was a masterly delineation of the subject. Mr. Morse contributed his services free for the benefit of the association's funds.

The young people of the Union Spiritual Society are proving very efficient workers as their crowded hall evidences. Their entertainments, and regular Wednesday evening meetings are attracting attention and proving of general interest, St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, of Berkeley, addressed this society at its usual meeting last Sunday afternoon. Her subject—Mental Healing—was well handled, and elicited many questions from the interested audience,

all of which were ably answered by Mrs. Harris. Mrs. Scott-Briggs made a few remarks, and Mrs. Rutter sang very effectively, "He Knows." It was announced by the chairman, Mr. S. B. Clark, that Dr. W. W. McKaig would address them next Sunday, November 20th.

Chips.

"Fair Truth, for thee alone we seek;
Friend to the wise, supporter to the weak;
From thee we learn whate'er is wise and just;
Creeds to reject, professions to distrust;
Forms to despise, pretensions to deride,
And following thee to follow naught beside."

LIFE.

"To be, or not to be, is not 'the question';
There is no choice of Life, aye, mark it well!—
For Death is but another name for Change.
The weary shuffle off their mortal coil,
And think to slumber in eternal night.
But lo! the man, though dead, is living still;
Unclothed, is clothed upon, and his Mortality
Is swallowed up of Life."

To speak the truth at all times requires Spartan courage; to *live it* when it conflicts with old, established usages and opinions requires the stuff that martyrs are made of.

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.

Lois Waisbrooker of Antioch, made us a visit the early part of the week. She reports that *Foundation Principles* is flourishing and hopes soon to issue it weekly instead of semi-monthly as at present.

Mrs. Hoffman, a well-known medium of this city, has returned after an absence of fourteen months in the northern counties of the state. She reports ripe harvests for missionaries in the field of spiritual work. Mrs. Hoffman gave some of her experiences last Sunday at Washington Hall.

Mrs. E. L. Watson has been spending a quiet week visiting among her many friends in this city. Her appearance at the Temple last Sunday was a delightful surprise to many, and the few words of greeting from her at the close of the services were received with enthusiastic applause by the large audience in attendance.

Dr. Schlesinger remained in Tulare City two weeks giving proofs of immortality to many who were in doubt, strengthening the

convictions of already believers, and giving words of hope and consolation to those who were in sorrow and bereavement. He will visit Visalia and Fresno before returning home.

In a recent letter from Dr. J. S. Loucks, Canton, N. Y., we find the following pleasant words concerning the DOVE: "We prize it highly for it is a very beautiful and highly interesting publication. It will prosper and do much good in carrying to the world the glad tidings of man's immortality." Thanks, doctor.

People who have opinions, and the moral courage to express them, are quite likely to have enemies. Those who have no opinions are to be pitied; while those who have them and are too cowardly to express them when they conflict with the popular prejudices of the superficial classes, are to be despised.

Not in the thronged seance room, not in public halls in the presence of the gaping crowd, come our most hallowed spirit communications. Apart from all these, when silent and alone, our beloved draw nearest to us. They come with touch as soft as falling snow-flakes; with whispers as gentle as the summer evening's zephyr, and with presence so glorified and sweet that it penetrates our inmost being, as soft, delicious strains of music float through our happy dreams.

BLASPHEMY DEFINED.

I will give a definition of blasphemy that we can all agree upon. It is to live upon the unpaid labor of others—that is blasphemy. To enslave your fellow men—their bodies, their minds—that is blasphemy. To strike the weak and unprotected in order to gain the applause of the ignorant mob—that is blasphemy. To frighten little children with the threat of hell—that is blasphemy.—*Col. Ingersoll.*

If Spiritualism means simply the revelation of man's immortality, after establishing that fact through incontrovertible phenomena, it is of as little use to the world as the outgrown creeds of old theology. We believe that Spiritualism is a fulness of life; that it contains within itself a fountain of perpetual youth; that "new occasions" will teach it "new duties;" that it will never cease to be

the inspirer and benefactor of humanity; that it embraces all reforms that tend toward the enlightenment of the human race; that which gives it permanence is its inherent power that worketh for the good of all.—*Light on the Way.*

The baby grandson of Mr. Jay Gould is said to own a cradle of solid gold. This may or may not be true; but he owns much more than that. He owns a mortgage on the bones and muscles of all the children and grandchildren of this country, who must delve and sweat to pay fat dividends on several hundred millions of watered railroad stocks, created by the sharp practices of Grandfather Gould. American fathers and grandfathers must agitate, condemn and *vote down* these rascalities if they would preserve the liberties of their children.

A golden cradle for a millionaire's baby means a pile of straw and a crust for millions of babies!—*Ex.*

Saloonkeepers do not seem to be growing in favor. The Knights of Labor organization will not admit them to membership. The Baltimore Council of the Roman Catholic Church made it the duty of priests, bishops, and archbishops to discourage saloon-keeping, and to strenuously urge on their congregations the dangers of such occupations on religious grounds. And now comes the Masonic organization, greater in numbers and influence than even the Catholic Church, which proposes not only to refuse membership to the saloonkeepers but also proposes to expel those of the "trade" who are now members.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

Four men whom the law decided were dangerous criminals, were set at liberty Friday, Nov. 11th, in the city of Chicago. Going out from the prison cells where they had been closely confined and carefully guarded for months, with their hearts full of hatred and revenge, they will now have the privilege of transmitting those feelings of malice to the sensitive subjects whom they can easily find, and readily impress, and, as a consequence, other and graver crimes will be committed, growing out of giving absolute and unrestricted freedom to criminals, by means of a barbarous and inhuman system of legalized murder. When Spiritualism is known and accepted as the great, grand truth it is, our law-makers will find a more consistent and efficient mode of disposing of dangerous persons than by setting them free at the end of a rope.

Special Notices.

Premium Notice.

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

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.

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.

LESSON NUMBER SEVEN.

(By special request.)

Life, development and death in spirit land.

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.

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 themselves astonished and benefited by the accuracy of his delineations, and the value of his advice. The system Mr. Morse uses is entirely new, and has been elaborated under the inspiration of his controls. It presents many marked peculiarities, all of which are duly set forth in the elaborate chart contained in the manual of explanations. Mr. Morse has fixed his scale of charges at a very moderate rate, viz.: \$3, for a complete examination, and full advice upon development of character, protection and maintenance of health, development of psychological powers and spiritual faculties—all most important topics. Having full confidence in Mr. Morse's skill and judgment, we can fully recommend our readers to avail themselves of his services.

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.

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.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. H. (National Military Home, Kansas.) Many thanks for your interesting reminiscences which we have not space to use at present. Glad you appreciate the DOVE.

G. G. (Randolph, N. Y.) We do not care to be mixed up with the party you refer to, in any way. We have enough of people to look after in our own cause without borrowing trouble outside. Will return your M. S. if you wish, on receipt of stamps for postage.

L. W. E. (Burlington, Kans.) Your pleasant letter received, and you are duly "counted in" as a life subscriber. If you can get a good test medium to visit you as an offset to the materialist lectures good results would follow. Our experience is that materialists generally make excellent Spiritualists.

R. M. A. We are already overwhelmed with many articles similar to the one you have been good enough to send us, and for which you have our thanks.

J. C. (Pine Island, Minn.) Paper sent as you desire, our thanks for remittance sent. Glad you liked our little lecture upon "What has Spiritualism done for woman." Woman is having better times now, and the liberal teachings of Spiritualism, as you suggest, have helped her thereto. Thanks for your encouraging words.

Dr. H. F. Merrill. Your letter safe. Will write you privately in a few days. Glad to know you are so fully employed. Have handed your enclosure for Bro. J. J. Morse to him, and he sends you his thanks for same.