



Charles Ehrenfeld.

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME IV.

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Biography.

Charles Ehrenfeld.

Charles Ehrenfeld, whose portrait we give in this issue, was born in the southern part of Germany, October 23d, 1846, and came to this country when seven years of age, settling with his widowed mother at Poughkeepsie, New York.

He remained there until the winter of 1863-64, when he entered the U. S. navy. During his residence at Poughkeepsie he received a common school education and served an apprenticeship in the carpenter's trade, assisting in the construction of Vassar college during a portion of the time.

In December, 1863, he ran away from home (being then but a little more than 16 years of age), enlisted in the navy, and went forth to defend the flag of his adopted country. He was assigned to the "Hartford," a sloop-of-war carrying 21 guns, and received his discharge when Farragut was promoted to vice-admiral. Within a period of less than two months he was again among the country's defenders on the "Onondaga" a double turret monitor, on the James river, and remained in the service until the close of the war. The winter 1865, found him traveling through the south, but not being satisfied to remain there, he turned his steps westward and landed in Chicago, that great metropolis, where so much of the best young blood of the country has centered, in 1886.

His life there was one of untiring energy. For four years he was a member of the Board of Trade, and like thousands of others, made and lost money in a most liberal way. He left Chicago finally with less than \$50 as the sum total of his worldly possessions. Not minding the reverse in fortune, he turned his steps again to the mighty west, and landed in San Francisco in the fall of '75. Spending a few months there in learning western manners and customs, he proceeded to Virginia City, at that time the seat of the great bonanza output. While there he worked at his profession for a period of eighteen months and then directed his steps to the Black Hills, which were just then coming into prominence as a great gold and silver producing district.

He once more found himself at the foot of the financial ladder and thrown amongst the hardest characters that could congregate

anywhere. This was just after the Custer massacre, and the hills were full of gamblers, blacklegs and villians of the deepest dye.

Resolving on quitting such uncongenial quarters he returned to California, taking up his residence in Marysville, and engaged in business as an architect and builder, remaining in that vicinity about four years.

Leaving there he drifted to Tucson, Arizona, spending about 18 months at that place and leaving all the money he had accumulated. Nothing daunted he again proceeded in search of a fortune, going to Los Angeles, arriving in the summer of '85. By the merest chance he came to Pasadena with a friend, a few months later, and taking a liking to the little town decided to locate there. Thinking that there was a grand future in store for Pasadena, he resolved to cease his wanderings and settle down. Acting upon his resolution he purchased a lot, put up a shop and went earnestly to work as an architect, contractor and builder. The building still stands on the original site, and is the wooden structure on the south side of East Colorado street next to the railroad track. He started there with less than \$500 capital, and during the few years he has resided there has pushed himself to the foremost ranks of Pasadena's wealthy business men.

His upright character and uncompromising integrity, coupled with his active business life, have made him a brilliant example to the young men of the community. His predominating virtue is his genuine and unostentatious generosity. While a member of the Board of Trade in Chicago, he gave an unfortunate member of the board \$1,000 to start in the world again. His heart is always warm, his purse ever open to the deserving poor and needy, and he thoroughly rejoices in helping those who struggle to help themselves. Many a citizen of Pasadena has cause to gratefully remember him. With all his wealth and generosity Mr. Ehrenfeld is wholly without ostentation, an ideal man of the people, living quietly and plainly. His success has been the result of his own labor; he ranks as one of the representative business men of Pasadena, and counts his wealth by many thousands of dollars, over \$50,000 of which he has made during the past year.

His motto is, "Bread cast upon the waters, will return after many days," or in other words, by helping others we help ourselves, not directly from those we help; for

it is impossible for the needy to help us, but by being charitable to the deserving puts us in a condition to be helped by a power which is superior to man's help. He believes that there is no good deed that passes unnoticed, any more than a bad one.

On January 11th, 1886, he married Miss Ella Smith of Wisconsin, who was visiting friends in Los Angeles at the time. His married life has been perfectly happy, and a bright boy now nearly 12 months old, was the result of their union. Living in a beautiful home on Valley street, possessed of a lovely and accomplished wife and a fine child, with a plentiful supply of this world's goods, Mr. Ehrenfeld is not only one of our best and wealthiest citizens, but one of our happiest and most contented.

The Platform.

Eliza Fuller McKinley.

Funeral Discourse by Mrs. E. L. Watson, at Metropolitan Temple, Nov. 17, 1887.

[Reported for the CARRIER DOVE by G. H. Hawes.]

INVOCATION.

Thou Eternal Spirit, in whom we live and move and have our being, life of our life, Thou Love whose wide-spread wings canopy creation, whose sweet, soft breath of eternal power plays upon this wondrous world of matter, and bringeth forth sweet and everlasting harmony; Thou who art so great that we can conceive of no limit to Thy life or power and yet who art imminent in every atom, art present in death as in life, and dost bring forth from seeming chaos perfect order, from darkness such light as lighteth men's souls, such hope from despair as bears us through scenes of greatest trial, even such as this which hath come now to these mourning friends.

Spirit, we thank Thee for Thy presence here, manifest in sweet and tender hopes, in faith that bears us steadily on through darkness and trial, and holds us to our duty, though one by one the precious props, the sweet blossoms, and the very stars of love themselves, do seem to fail us.

We thank Thee for Thy tender ministrations unto these friends, and for the knowledge that Thou wert with her, our beloved, in that hour when she saw the loosening of all the cords that bound her material being

to its sacred anchorage in home and the earthly life. We thank Thee for that expression of Thy will and love which we find in the law that permits those who have traveled through the earthly life and been born into the higher state of existence to cast back upon the bereaved, sweet loving glances, to outstretch their hands in welcome to those just passing over, and to fill the chambers of death with songs of resurrection.

We thank Thee, Spirit, for the divine ministrations of this noble woman's life; for Thou didst find embodiment in her, and her good actions live as testimony of Thy power and Thy mindfulness of Thy mortal children. We thank Thee for the beautiful vision of her fair womanhood, that forever seemed like a heavenly benediction to the suffering and sorrowing, and left a healing influence wherever she did pass. We thank Thee for her pure motherhood, the most perfect symbol of Thy love towards us, enwrapping, as it did, not only the little brood that gathered at her feet, but extending to those other children of Thy care whose heads were bowed in the lap of sorrow, whose bodies were full of sores, and whose hearts needed comforting words and holy influences.

Thou Spirit, who hast filled this universe with forms of beauty, we thank thee for the thought that comes to us to-day in the presence of the prostrate body, that this was but the true and successful beginning of a better and nobler life upon the earthly plane, which hath rendered the new birth, now experienced, most beautiful. And while we miss her visible presence, we thank thee for the thought that her soul will remain with us in loving ministrations, and that not only shall wider fields of philanthropic action open up before her, but Thou wilt permit her still to minister in the home to mother, husband, children, brothers and sisters, and to all to whom she is bound by tender ties.

O Spirit, we thank Thee for the conviction that Thou art sovereign of all the worlds, and that not a child of Thine can by any possibility be lost to Thee, to Thy loving care, not even in its human expression, for good can never die, and Thou art all in all.

And O, ye ministering angels, who under God's law gave this woman a work so noble to perform while here on earth, we thank you, too, for your presence here this hour, in proof that she, who was your obedient instrument, shall still have your care, and that for the work so faithfully, dutifully, and earnestly performed, you will return to her an adequate reward. O angels, do ye still tread close upon our footsteps, continue to breathe your tender benedictions, and still exhale these healing balsams of your holy power to help our mortal world?

O Thou Spirit of Love, manifest through

every form of beauty and of truth, sanctify this loss to our soul's gain, and when the time cometh for reunion, oh! may we be as well prepared for the great change as she, who, awakened to the new life, would sing to-day a song of faith and love.

ADDRESS.

Dear friends, this is an hour which tests our faith to the uttermost; our feelings are too deep for ready words. But we were false to ourselves and the faith most dear to her we love did we withhold such tribute as she has earned in the short space of her earthly life.

Our sister, who is not dead but arisen, was a rare woman, and one who will be so missed, that we look around and ask ourselves why not some other one? Why should she, who was so much needed by her family, by her friends, and by the community at large, be taken? Why so many whose earth work seems finished should be left to drag out weary months and years, waiting for the opening gates? And our hearts are troubled; but if we glance a little deeper than these ripples of our surface life, we shall see God's purposes fulfilled even in a change like this; a bereavement so deep, so wide reaching, for it is the departure of the best beloved into those new realms of being that draws our hearts closest to the good and true, while we labor and wait this side of the vale. And the knowledge that she is not lost to you, to any that loved her, that is she not dead to any interest which she knew on earth, that God's home for pure spirits received her, not to rest in idleness, but to go on to the completion of the noble plans that were foreshadowed in her blessed ministry on earth; this fact illumines the darkness of our sorrow.

Our sister was acquainted with the angel life. Ever since her early childhood she has been herself the instrument of a higher power, and ministered in many ways to the needs of suffering and mourning mortals, giving evidence of the faith which made her life so sweet and bright to all who knew her, and carrying the message of glad tidings into hundreds of human homes. When it required the staunchest moral courage to stand up and declare faith in angel-intercourse, this grand woman in her earliest youth was brave enough to do it, and did it so effectually and so free from arrogance or any false pretence, that wherever she bore the angel message she gave it especial emphasis, and so appealed to the minds of men, women and little children, that looking upon her beauteous face touched with the flame-light from off the altar of truth itself, it was hard to believe that her blessed tidings were not true; hard to question the reality of that faith which so illumined and empowered her as to constitute her indeed an angel wherever she was called to serve humanity.

Her life was full of noble deeds and pure influences; no one knew her but to love her. The best promise of her awakening into the future realm, to the beauty of that new being, is found in the life she lived. She lived for others. What better can we say for the noblest who have ever lived, even for the man of Nazareth, himself? Perhaps it was this fact that brought her down to death at an earlier age than otherwise she would have come, but the question is, whether it were not better to be faithful to this highest calling of her being, than that, in remembering self, she had diluted the influence of that life and spread it over larger space and time. I do not know but the jewel of this life makes brighter gleam, will hold us steadier under its influence by the very concentration which it manifested to the last, and which rendered her oblivious, almost to her own personal needs; for she was not aroused to the fact that in bestowing strength on others she was weakening her own life forces, until she, herself, recognized it was too late to rebind the broken cords.

Spirit ministry through this sweet instrument was free from all cant or extravagance; and this fact makes our grief to-day so much the deeper, for we feel how great the need of such as she to work still in this dear cause which shall bring the fact of immortality to light, give healing to suffering humanity, and bring order out of chaos. We feel her need just now, almost more than ever, for she was faithful to her highest self in being true to truth, so obedient to the angels' call, and at the same time neglecting no least duty of her woman's life in the little home, where she was not only wife and mother but ruling queen.

Oh, it was a tender life! It is blest in your memory by the work it wrought for you, and now you will recall as you did not when she was here, clothed in the flesh, the eloquent words which have fallen from her lips, pleading for purer and braver living; you will recall now, as you would not otherwise, perhaps, the beauty of her life, and feel also how near you all are to the great mystery which has seemingly swallowed her up so suddenly, and lost her to our sight.

The lesson of this life we cannot afford to miss, for it speaks to our deepest consciousness, and tells us in clearest accents that the only thing worth living or dying for is goodness and truth; that the only thing that makes our life beautiful and precious in the sight of others is such fidelity, virtue and pure love.

And now, in the presence of great death, how like rags seems all the outward trappings of our mortal life, how puny all our efforts to amuse ourselves, how feeble all other thoughts compared to this that we are in the presence of eternal life, and that at a moment's warning we shall be summoned to

meet such change as this, and shall be ready only if we shall have lived a true and pure life. This brave woman had no fear of death, and would have welcomed it for herself, but for others' sake she clung to life. It seemed so strange to us, perhaps, that she, who had vanquished death for others so many times, should herself be so easily conquered by that strange power. But it was this very giving of her life for others' sake that brought her spirit to its higher home, while yet so young, and let us rejoice that our beloved sister knew beyond a doubt that there is no actual death for anyone, but that the life of to-day is a part of the eternal life, and if we make it noble, there are enjoyments there of which we cannot now dream. I say she had no fear of death, and were it not for those who need her so, she would have been glad to have folded tired hands and whispered a soft farewell; but true in death, as in life, she would fain have put back these shadows under whose gloom you drop these tears, and for the sake of those whom she loved better than her own life, would have gone forward with her earthly work, bearing and forbearing; and above all, her motherhood cried out against the sundering of the mortal ties, for motherhood shone through every action; it was the supreme inspiration of her being, the most precious jewel of her life. But take home to your hearts the thought that that motherhood still lives, not a single faculty is dulled, no principle of being has been lost in the chemical change that has transpired; on the contrary, death is simply an evolutionary process by which the powers of immortal being are liberated, borne out into a wider sphere, and with renewed energy, she takes up her life-lines to walk faithfully on to that period when all those who drop their tears of grief and sympathy to-day, shall meet with her upon the other side of the line of the visible. And, dear friends, she is not lost to us. Her brave and noble acts will live forever, bearing fruitage here below through interminable years. She scattered flowers of truth, sympathy and love wherever she went. The lessons taught by her will shed a glory-light upon our earthly journey, and strengthen us in the hour of mortal agony; the thought of her will make bright the path by which we follow her into the world beyond.

She was a brave woman, never fearing to speak her convictions under any circumstances, and yet so gentle in utterance that it carried to the heart a double ministration of beauty and of tenderness.

She was so true as a daughter and sister, as a wife and mother, and as a minister of angel truth, that now we wonder not to see her clothed in robes of spotless white, a smile of sweet recognition resting upon her face, as softly she whispers, "Be not afraid, nor grieve for me as dead; the noblest tribute you can pay me, my beloved, is to

take up my work and carry it forward, with such aid as I can give you, as your days go on." Oh! may the angels break to the mother's mind her awful loss so gently that she shall awake upon the summer shore unconscious of ever having missed a daughter's care; may the spirit wife bring to the husband's heart such testimony of angel power that he can no longer feel the shadow of a doubt of immortality, and may these little ones become so receptive, so sensitive to her holy presence, that she will not miss their innocent prattle, nor they her wise guidance; may that home-life be so true, that the faint shadow of anxiety for those she loves resting upon the angel's face to-day, will be lifted forever.

And may the purity, the nobility, the wisdom and truth of this fair woman's life, so dwell with us who have known her in past times, that it shall be a continual inspiration for pure living on our part. So shall the eternity of life and love be justified, and the two worlds, apparently so far apart, be joined by grief and love and everbrooding truth, and thus, all our tears be dried, our losses compensated, our loved ones once more held in yearning arms, and all sweet prophesies of earthly being fulfilled within the shining circle of perfect joy, to be broken no more forever.

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 XIII.

NARRATES THE FURTHER PROGRESS OF HENRY PILKINS, AND LEAVES HIM IN THE ZENITH OF HIS GLORY.

Six months have passed since the Chamorim Fraternity was formed, and week by week it has grown in dimensions and strength. Miss Tulbythorpe's house was inconveniently filled with the members of the New Home, her guests being people of means, who had devoted large sums—in several cases their all—to the commencement of the Chamorim Home and Community, the beginning of which was in this amiable maiden lady's house, but the ultimate location of which was expected to be in the State of Florida.

Several cool judging members, however, just at this time determined to withdraw. Upon being pressed for their reasons they agreed that they were not quite satisfied with the business arrangements. That too much rested upon the word and good faith of their leader. They were rude enough to insinuate also, that too much money passed

through one person's hand, while they had the further bad taste to protest against un-audited accounts. Upon being chided for their want of faith and their lack of spirituality they retorted hotly that they thought the whole enterprise—Pilkins and all—was neither more nor less than a swindle. As if to prove how uncharitable and unjust were their suspicions, the chief of the Chamorim counselled that these disturbing elements be permitted to withdraw, and that all the money they had invested with the Fraternity be repaid to them, no deduction even being made for the cost of their maintenance, whereat all the other members loudly lauded the magnanimity of their chief who thus silenced the seceders by not only removing their cause of complaint, but by putting them under an obligation as well.

The little meeting place of the new sect that Pilkins was forming inside that movement he professed to love so well, was fairly attended by some hundred or so of his most devoted admirers—mostly old women of both sexes—though in reporting his work for the press Pilkins was always careful to let it be understood that his audiences were immense, such a trifle as the inelasticity of brick walls not troubling his conscience at all. Three times a day on Sundays, besides as many times more during the week, this disciple preached his gospel. Everything was moving onwards in a thoroughly satisfactory fashion, and it looked as if in a year from the inauguration of the Fraternity that the members would have means enough to commence their Community.

A disinterested observer might have noticed, however, that a somewhat marked change had lately come over Miss Amanda Tulbythorpe, who now seemed to act as if half afraid of offending her protegee, Henry Pilkins; indeed, it frequently appeared as if that gentleman was a greater authority in the house than was its mistress and owner, for she had fallen into the habit of referring all business matters to him for arrangement and settlement. Pilkins was now faring better financially than he ever had done before, but, apparently, his money did him but little good for he seldom had any great amount in hand, though his benevolence accounted for that, his admirers asserted. He devoted himself most assiduously to the building up of the Chamorim Fraternity, and in his eccentric fashion devoted a sharp eye to all its monetary concerns.

One morning Miss Tulbythorpe was much astonished at receiving a call from Hubert Lundy, who, in the course of conversation with her, actually apologized for his former severe strictures upon Mr. Pilkins, as he now saw that gentleman in a clearer light. Indeed, so desirous was he of doing Pilkins justice, that he was anxious to become a member of the Chamorim Fraternity, and have his name entered upon its roll of mem-

bership. So earnest was he in this matter, so defferential to Miss Tulbythorpe, and so anxious to learn from the leader of the Fraternity was he, that he succeeded in silencing all that lady's scruples, while she, in turn, removed Pilkins's objections, so that at the next business meeting of the Fraternity, the name of Hubert Lundy was added to the list of members.

In a short time Lundy made himself almost a constant companion of Pilkins, seeming to defer to him in nearly everything, and to a large extent, acting as if entirely under his influence, whereat the leader of the Fraternity congratulated himself greatly. Hubert Lundy was now a regular attendant at all meetings, and presently, at the distinct request of Pilkins, he took up the duties of Secretary, Mr. Gardener being unceremoniously removed therefrom. The result of this new-formed friendship was a quarrel between Hubert Lundy and Alice Elderton, in which Mr. Elderton also took part. Hubert communicated the state of affairs to Pilkins, who flippantly remarked, "Oh, old Eldergun is a soft old idiot; he'll never give you a cent, even if you do marry his daughter. Most old folks are fools. Stick to me, and I'll make your fortune." Then Pilkins and Lundy grew increasingly confidential, until at last they became inseparable, and all the Chamorim said how loving and brotherly they had become and what a sweet example these two amiable young men were to the rising generation!

At this point Pilkins was being borne along upon the full tide of prosperity. His sky was fair, his breezes favorable, his course quite clear. He was the admired and beloved head of his growing flock, among whom his influence was paramount. Let us now leave him for a time so that he may enjoy to the full all the advantages surrounding him. Will he, nay, can he profit by them for his own unfolding, morally or any way? Or is it too true of him, as of others like him, that the moral twist is too pronounced for straightening in this world? Alas! it must be feared that Pilkins will never be aught but Pilkins, and that even now, in the very zenith of his power, he will fall from his height, and so prove at last that he is but of the poor stock of his widowed mother, who keeps that chandler's shop in the mean squalor of Waterman's court, over there in London's teeming city, and who often wonders "were that 'ere 'Enery can be?"

CHAPTER XIV.

RETURNS TO ERNEST COURTENEY AND HIS WORK,
SHOWS WHAT HAS BEEN DONE, AND TELLS
OF UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT.

Clang, clang, clang, rings out a burly bell upon the crisp morning air, and the cheery echoes float out upon the breeze, rippling over the moor, floating above the

stream, stirring Rivers lane and awakening some twenty slumbering youths who were soundly sleeping in the home that Caleb Halleck's generosity and Ernest Courtney's unselfish labors had provided for the erstwhile members of the brotherhood of crime. Brightly fell the sunbeams upon the glistening dewdrops adorning trees, flowers, and grasses, the trim lawn in front looking as the rising sunlight glinted upon it as if strewn with diamonds. Sweetly sang the lark and many another feathered soloist, as the warm sun woke them from their sleep; fair, bright and joyous woke the day, as she arose from the couch of night, and presently the chatter of the awakened lads mingled with the music of the birds as daily duty again asserted its sway within the walls surrounding Rivers Lane House, as the establishment had been named.

By dint of considerable perseverance Ernest had collected some twenty lads, varying from twelve to twenty years of age, inducing them to accept the offers he made them of free board, lodging and instructions in some suitable handicraft, if they would promise, "on their honor," to remain with him three years, at the end of which time he would see them placed in good service where their past records should not rise up against them. The utterly novel idea to them all of being trusted was so strange an experience, coupled with the fact that Ernest always treated them as would a father his children, that they almost at once became attached to him, and accepted the mild government he had instituted without a murmur. True to his plan, Ernest had nearly all the work needed to make the property suitable for his plans done by the lads themselves. They had cleared the grounds, trimmed the shrubs, returned the lawns, remade the gravelled paths, mended, painted, restored here and there as required until there could not now be found a neater house and grounds elsewhere in all New Northtown. Inside the house too, great changes had been made. There were no bare walls, each room being neatly papered. Pictures, busts of distinguished men and women, plaster medallions and various ornaments were liberally bestowed throughout. The sleeping apartments were light, airy, and scrupulously clean; the beds, small iron camp cots, were all bright and sparkling with their white linen sheets, pillows and Marseilles quilts. These rooms occupied the entire upper floor; the floor below was devoted to a reading-room and library—with writing accommodations—upon one side of the house, and upon the other side the entire floor was used as an assembly or lecture-room. On the ground floor was the dining-room on one side of the entrance hall, while on the opposite side was a recreation-room, where various games and amusements were provided. The kitchen, wash and bath-

rooms were in the basement, while a large shed at the rear of the house had been utilized as a gymnasium. The old coach house and stables had been converted into workshops and storerooms, where various occupations were pursued, such as blacksmithing, carpentering, tailoring and so forth. Quite a considerable kitchen garden had been established, from which a full supply of table vegetables was obtainable. It will thus be noticed that very important improvements had been made in the house since Ernest had occupied it, for being now in full repair, its windows clean and perfect, its outer painting "spick and span" in its brightness, it was scarcely recognizable under the new reign of order and utility that was now ruling it in every department.

The rules of the house were few and simple. All were placed "upon honor;" discipline was maintained by the lads themselves in the main. The word punishment was never used. The most heinous offense was that of lying. Discipline never degenerated into harshness, when any point was presented for Ernest to decide upon, he ruled by love instead of force. The lads rose at six in summer and seven in winter, breakfasted half an hour later, and at the end of another half hour all were expected to commence their day's duty. At noon dinner was served, an hour later labor was resumed for two hours, three days per week; the other days were devoted to educational pursuits, as were two evenings each week during the winter season, during which period one night each week was devoted to amusements, and one evening to a brief address by Ernest, expository of some point in science, art, morality or physiology, as was the case with every Sunday evening through the winter and spring. During summer time long rambles were enjoyed on Sundays, the lads carrying lunches with them and picnicking at a previously arranged locality, returning home in time for the evening meal.

No stranger encountering these lads for the first time, either in their rambles, their workshops, their school, recreations or home life, would have credited the fact that less than a year ago they all had been inmates of the city jail, so great was the alteration in their appearance and manner, yet such was the fact. There was a manliness and spirit, a self respect and an *esprit de corps* characterizing them individually and collectively, that certainly was most remarkable. The results mentioned had not been achieved without serious hard work by Ernest Courtney, not without his most unremitting attention. There had been anxieties, disappointments and perplexities innumerable, taxing alike his fortitude and patience to their utmost, but aided by the hard-headed common sense of Caleb Halleck, order had at last emerged, and the enterprise, so far, had ceased to be a mere experiment.

This labor, however, had made a deep

drain upon Ernest's health and strength. So unremitting had been all his exertions, until he really began to fear, as Mr. Halleck had repeatedly insisted, that he was over-tasking his strength. He struggled on, however, for he was making ready to install twelve new comers just at this time, over which matter he felt, of course, that his own personal supervision was absolutely necessary for the first few weeks. He joined some of the lads in making certain alterations in the sleeping-rooms so as to accommodate the new arrivals. When, getting overheated, he incautiously threw off his coat and sat down to rest before an open window. The next morning the Leader of the week was struck with consternation upon finding their benefactor wandering in his mind, while his body was in a state of high and dangerous fever. A messenger was at once dispatched for Mr. Halleck, who soon had a medical man in attendance, who, besides the usual remedies, prescribed the utmost quiet. Five dreary days passed by, during which the lads were full of grief, for it was plain that Ernest Courteney was daily growing worse. Mr. Halleck was full of grief, and perplexed beyond measure as to what he ought to do, until the doctor suggested it were best to communicate with Mr. Courteney's friends in case of danger; so then he telegraphed to the Vicarage at Berkstone, asking that someone come at once. An answer was received that mother and sister would start that afternoon, and Constance sent a message to Lilian Everleigh, that they would stop that night with her as their journey lay through London. Sly Constance, she had a motive here, for she had not then an idea how really ill her brother was, had she known she would have deferred her plan until a more seemly season. Just at this time, though, that Ernest should be thus smitten by sickness was a most unfortunate incident, though, perhaps, once again, it may be that out of evil cometh good. Let us hope so for all concerned herein.

(To be continued.)

Turtle Tricks.

Turtles can be tamed and taught tricks. A boy in Brookfield had six of them in a tub filled from a well. He fed them daily, and they soon became used to the little fellow's call. He kept a float on the surface of the water, upon which he placed food. At his call they would in turn crawl upon the float and get a morsel of food, and oftentimes take it from his hand. He taught them to march around the outskirts of the tub, and each one took the same place every time. They would also go around the tub and carry a match in their mouths. Unfortunately a mink visited the tub and killed the turtles.—*Danbury News.*

Original Contributions.

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

The Carrier Dove.

BY DR. C. C. PEET.

Beautiful dove, Carrier Dove;
Welcome art thou with thy words of love
And messages from the realms above.

Beautiful dove, let be unfurled
Thy snowy pinions o'er all the world,
'Till all have truth in them imperaled.

Bird of the Earth and Heavens arise!
For in thy beak is a golden prize
That tells to us that the soul ne'er dies.

Beautiful bird, go build thy home,
In every heart and templed dome
That is by doubts and fears o'ercome.

Build high thy nest and rear thy young;
For ne'er were thy true graces sung
By any bard with mortal tongue.

Speed on, speed on, in thy upward flight,
And scatter those messages of light,
Which makes life here on earth more bright.

And may thy strength and power increase,
Until the angels—Love and Peace—
Shall bring to all mankind release.

Then as thy pinions fold in rest,
May there appear upon thy breast
These words: "Humanity we've blessed."

OAKLAND, July 17th, 1887.

The Distinction Between Mediums and Sensitives.

PART II.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

My conclusion that Kardec's re-incarnation theories were obtained from sensitives, not mediums, and were a reflex of his own mind, is endorsed both by the spirit world and by mediums on earth. D. D. Home, probably the most remarkable physical medium the world has seen, in his *Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism*, p. 268, says Kardec's "earnestness was projected on the minds of the sensitive magnetic subjects whom he termed his mediums. The thoughts thus forced into their brains their hands committed to paper, and Kardec received his own doctrines as messages from the spirit world." In 1880 was published the second and third volumes of one of the most remarkable productions yet given us from the spirit world, Mrs. Maria M. King's *Principles of Nature*. This work, which, in my opinion, has never been excelled as a mediumistic production, gives strong evidence of having been written by a wise and lofty spirit, familiar with the principles animating Nature's wide domain in all worlds and spheres, from the atom to God. The whole of the crude, unscientific productions of the re-incarnationists are dwarfed into insignificance when com-

pared with this thesaurus of inspired wisdom. The spirit-author of this book denies the truth of re-incarnation in strong terms (see *God the Father* by Mrs. Maria M. King); and in the third volume of her *Principles of Nature*, in treating of the distinction between mediums and sensitives, my remarks concerning Kardec's sensitives, which I originally published in 1878, are endorsed as true. The following extracts from this work are submitted for the careful consideration of intelligent, thoughtful Spiritualists. The acceptance, as spiritual truth, of the utterances of undeveloped sensitives, has wrought much harm to Spiritualism in other directions than as regards re-incarnation; and the wise lessons conveyed in these extracts will, it is hoped, be of some value to my readers.

Referring to the prevalent delusion among Spiritualists relative to the supposed malignant action of spirits upon mortals, as taught by some mediums, the author remarks as follows: "The fact that this delusion has taken such deep root in the body of believers is to be accounted for, in part, on the principle that *spirits are misrepresented persistently through sensitives, and media whose preconceived erroneous notions are not eradicated by spiritual development*" [the italics are the author's]. "To spirits," he continues, "there is no other way but to consent for the time being to a delusion which it is out of their power to confute successfully. Their hold of fleshly instruments is based upon such laws, so intricate is the science of control for teaching, and so liable are they to fall short of accomplishing what is, in their estimation, of the most importance; that they neglect details, as of doctrines and principles, where they cannot do these justice through their channels of communication. That this is the rule is shown by the teachings of inspired persons in all ages to the present, wherein the truth comes conspicuously to the light. The churchman is confirmed in his doctrines by the spirits that communicate through him or his children or friends educated as he has been. The Atheist is equally strengthened in his views through the same sort of channel; and the Spiritualist, who has decided views on any subject, finds them confirmed by his favorite medium, who, perchance, may teach one thing in his presence, under his psychological influence, and another under that of another; and another still when left free to the unbiased control of the spirit prompter.

"The term mediumship is misapplied by general usage. Every one who is susceptible to spiritual influence so as to be able to produce manifestations is a medium in the estimation of the multitude; a veritable exponent of spirits' thoughts and methods with the outer world. A grosser error it is impossible to imagine. If mediumship means a qualification for transmitting thought

and illustrating principles from another sphere, let it mean so and no mistake. If it means that sensitiveness that imbibes impressions from mundane sources as readily as from spiritual, and intermixes thoughts from the two spheres, then let terms be changed, and a proper understanding be given of the distinction between the two conditions by the terms applied to each. Otherwise there is unavoidable confusion of ideas; and more disasters yet will flow from the misunderstanding. *Sensitive*—this is an appropriate term for general use in contradistinction from *Medium*, since those to whom it particularly applies are more receptive by nature than mediums proper, as here signified.

“The word *Medium*, specifically, as used in Spiritualism, means a person through whom the action of a spirit is transmitted,—not the action of any being of earth, or any influence emanating from any earthly source. This cannot be disputed; and, hence, for convenience sake, and for the sake of justice to spirits and men, let the term be properly applied; and, moreover, let the people learn to apply it. It must be confessed, that it is far more difficult to know when, and to whom, to apply the term, in the present state of spiritual science, than might be at first supposed. In the first place, in pointing out data on which to form a correct judgment in the matter, let it be distinctly borne in mind, as is evinced by abundance of phenomena, that there are few in the world to whom justly belong the title of *Medium*. The many who claim the appellation, and to whom it is thoughtlessly applied, are *Sensitives*; mediumistic, because of their partial development as instruments of spirits, and their receptiveness to the latter's influence. They may be termed the unguarded instruments of inefficient spirits, who fail in the use of the means to make them what they should be if used by them at all,—*Mediums* for their own thought and action exclusively.

“There can be no better illustration of the character and origin of the influence that prevails with the sensitives generally than that given by Wm. E. Coleman, in his treatise on ‘Re-incarnation, its Fancies and Follies.’ . . . In Article 1st . . . he states its genesis to have been through the so-called ‘mediumship’ of ‘two young girls,’ who, under the influence of the apostle of re-incarnation, ‘a practical magnetist,’ Allan Kardec, and through ‘planchette-writing and table-tipping,’ received responses to questions put by him, endorsing his favorite theory. ‘In fact,’ says Coleman, ‘questions and answers alike are virtually Kardec's, the girls simply giving back his own ideas and principles as reflected and impressed upon their sensitive mentalities.’ Well said, indeed! Such laying bare of ulcers in the body must result in a remedy being applied for their cure. The treatise abounds in facts, gath-

ered with care from a variety of sources, bearing upon the question here under discussion, evincing the author's devotion to truth, and his firm conviction that mistaken ideas relative to the reliability of so-called mediumship in general, is working immense disadvantage to the cause of the true philosophy of Spiritualism. It is one of the signs of the times full of promise to this cause, that the best minds among its advocates are agitating this question.

“They are sensitives of the class to which Kardec's subjects belonged who have wrought disaster to the cause, which, indeed, it was not their intention to cause, but which is disaster nevertheless. The inspired teachers who have had the public ear the longest and the most [such as Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and others.—*W. E. C.*] and who have taught perhaps with this, other theories as unsound in logic and as opposed to truth as that of re-incarnation, have been, and are, sensitives, who imbibe impressions too readily; who, while standing up as the mouthpieces, exclusively, of spirits of the invisible world, giving psychometric examinations, etc., are as liable to be exponents of the opinions of positive minds in the flesh who have gained a psychological power over them, and, perhaps, indoctrinated them with their theories, as of those of spirits out of the flesh; and often much more so. Mixed influences are what charge the brain of a sensitive of this sort, which cause the strange phenomenon of a speaker giving expression, perhaps almost in the same breath, and it may be in different lectures, to sentiments as opposed to each other in character in relation to truth and reason as light is to darkness.

“It is often the case that positive minds in the flesh educate into their own opinions speakers, or sensitives who pass for mediums, who are much under their influence; thus counteracting the efforts of a controlling spirit to do the same, and thereby make his subject his own instrument. Herein is the danger and uncertainty attending the use of sensitives, or intensely negative and receptive subjects, for mediums for communication with the spirit world. The channel, vitiated by the magnetic force of earthly minds, absorbed as with the breath from mentalities in attendance on the ministrations of the subject or at other times, becomes an unreliable one for the spirit. His thoughts cannot have just expression through it. He is misrepresented in what he attempts to teach; and often gives way for the flow of language through his subject's organs of speech, which is easy from the force of habit, and which is the expression of ideas inwrought in the mind, or projected there in fragments from a variety of minds, instead of being his own unadulterated thought. Speakers do often thus discourse; their inspiration of thought, of sentiment, being of the earth earthy, and

devoid of any from a higher source than the sphere of mind within which they live and move, and from which they imbibe opinions with a readiness determined by their sensitiveness to the psychological influence of others, rather than their own intellectual powers. Spirit controllers there are in plenty who allow this with their subjects, whom they regard as sufficiently under their own influence to warrant this sort of procedure. With them the power of discoursing on some important facts and principles is sufficient apology for any and all failures they may make in the matter of creating conditions of true Mediumship. They overlook what proves the bane of their method; viz., the fact that whatever comes through their subjects is apt to be regarded as direct from themselves; and, consequently, the multitude is deceived, while their logic appears as somewhat mixed, to the majority of thinkers. That the great names which are made to father this logic are assumed for the effect, is apparent to many in recent times; and this fact is sufficient warranty for the implication of their inefficiency in the field of labor they occupy.

“It has been the theory that mediums were mouthpieces for spirits, who could say one thing as well as another through them,—vessels to be filled, and the contents, unchanged, poured out for the nourishment of greedy mortals. But the mistake is being discovered after it has borne bitter fruits. A medium's individuality cannot be destroyed by the process of development. The type of mind the controller has to deal with invariably reveals itself in the thoughts communicated, be the control ever so perfect. The thought of the inspiring mind is recast in the mould of the medium's mind, and is expressed after the latter's manner. So it is that the eloquence of a Cicero can be transmitted with his thought but vaguely through a medium; while, at the same time, the eloquence and precision of thought and language that characterize some inspired writers and speakers are the expression of their own natural powers, brought out by mediumistic culture, and contact of their own mentality with a superior one. The thought clothed in appropriate language is what is wanted to be given; and a wise teacher will strive to make the impression of the thought distinct on the mind, while he aids, to the best of his ability, in the use of language. The flow of language, the result of the spirit's control, and impossible to the unaided power of the subject, results from the facility of thought and speech of the controller, and his power of adapting thought and expression to the brain through which he speaks. He has educated himself for his work by studying to adapt himself to the medium, causing his thoughts to flow in channels familiar to the latter's mind, illustrating it.

by familiar examples; choosing familiar expressions, or words clearly expressive of the thought that would most naturally occur as the best for the purpose to the mind under control."

Endorsements like this of my conclusions regarding Kardec's sensitives and cognate matters, from such a high spiritual source, outweigh any and all adverse criticisms, always weak and inconsequential as they are, emanating from the deluded exponents and believers in that quintessence of absurdity, re-incarnation. The one speaks from the standpoint of positive knowledge in the spirit world; the others voice the fanciful speculations of unbalanced earthly mentalities. May the truth on this and all other subjects always prevail!

Soul-Culture.

BY A. F. MELCHERS.

What physical purity is to the spirit, spiritual purity is to the soul—one dependent on the other for active operation. Without physical purity the spirit cannot manifest itself according to the dictates of the soul, and without spiritual purity the soul cannot manifest itself according to its innate longings, desires and impulses. Man is an epitome of the universe, having body, soul and spirit—the first an evolution of matter; the soul an essence of the life principle which governs the universe; and the spirit an unfoldment of the physical body in conjunction with the life principle, the soul. As such they form a trinity, and in accord with the three principal entities of nature, intelligence, matter and spirit. Intelligence is that which is known as the Godentity or life-in-the-cause; matter to the concentration of space; and spirit is the essence of matter or space (not sublimated matter, which refers rather to a refinement of the same, or matter in an etherealized state, than to the spirit of the same), spirit being a compromise condition between intelligence and matter, and constitutes the medium or agent between the two, as the spirit or spirit body comprises the medium between the physical body and the soul of man. The soul or life principle in man is the real ego, the intelligent portion of this triune, and constitutes an individualized spark of the divinity, life-in-the-cause, and as such comprises a living epitome of the universe of God. Thus the soul is the man, and both body and spirit mediums or agents for the soul's operation or conscious exercise of its functions, its intelligence, and therefore the motive power of all that which appears to be enacted by the physical or material. In this respect all that which man engages in may be regarded as soul culture, provided it has a spiritual or positive tendency; but without physical purity in connection with what may be regarded as soul culture, without

this, the spirit body would be neglected, and not only the medium between soul and body impaired, but man as a spiritual being (a spirit so called) would be as impotent as one in the flesh stricken with disease or paralysis—an impure spirit body being analogous to an unhealthy physical body in comparison to its impurities or so called evils (vices, sins, discords,)—evils being discords of the spirit known as selfishness, sensuality and arrogance in its various forms, combinations, and individual tendencies.

The soul being a divine essence, does not partake of these impurities or discords, but is hampered in the unfoldment of its own powers where they exist; these being love, will-power and intellectuality, or perception (discernment, intuition) as prime qualifications, and from which the manifold virtues, talents, gifts, etc., branch out. Love manifests itself as affection, sympathy, benevolence, charity, generosity and humanity generally. Will-power as force of being, (mental or psychological,) determination, character, deliberation, foresight, wisdom, accuracy, firmness, trust, loyalty and honesty of purposes. Ambition, if truly spiritual in character, may also be classed among these virtues or qualification, but if tainted by vanity or selfishness is deprived of its lustre as a soul-qualification or gift, and sinks to the level of a mere human quality or characteristic, and often to a human passion, or becomes an evil which clogs the wheels to true reform, spirituality or soul-culture.

True soul-culture is to unfold the inborn or dormant principles (the divine impulses) to the greatest extent possible in earth-life. Their unfoldment requires nothing more than a mere striving to do right. The simple act of justice does more for a man's development or spiritual unfoldment than many other virtues combined, for it not only expands the soul in all its Deific beauty, but lays the foundation for an awakening of all its principles in harmonic vibration, or one accordant action of divine impetus within.

Intellectuality or perception manifests itself as reason, sensibility (of thought), sensitiveness (of spirit), conception (of causes), and the desire for knowledge or truth (absolute); the latter meaning to know or comprehend, through individual force of penetration, all the rest being relative or unsatisfactory until experienced, so to say. Physical purity leads to the above, for it permits the soul to unfold itself naturally, but curbing the animal by force of will unfolds the latter as a special qualification. This leads to a potency of soul which carries conviction with it whenever it gives reins to its intelligence, and when love is added to this, man senses a happiness which no individual influence is enabled to conduce. Intellectual potency accompanied by a humanitarian feeling, throws out an influence which

finds its way to the hearts of the people, and who respond with love directed to the writer or speaker. A combination of such influences has a divine effect on the one in question, and often cannot account for his temporary happiness. Contemptuous, malicious, or sarcastic thoughts have an opposite effect, and the disturbed feeling one experiences after a tirade, an unjust criticism or a fault-finding epistle, is caused by the censure one is receiving from an indignant public, or an injured reader. Such is being paid back in one's own coin, and if sensitives especially would abide by this hint, they could lay the foundation for their own happiness and avoid much suffering of spirit. But where love alone exists this happiness must be reaped through actions of benevolence, charity, sympathy, etc., but which lays the foundation for individual gratefulness, and which is never inactive. Thus the permanent happiness of such humanitarians: Will-power alone simply makes a man felt as a law, but only obeyed in comparison to its freedom from arrogance. If prompted by vanity to exercise it, it creates a disturbing influence, and rather irritates than commands, and nine chances out of ten are that the commands will be disobeyed. If prompted by conceit, it provokes derision; and if by selfishness it brings forth indignation. Such are the effects that will-power (absolute soul-force), have when misused. But when prompted by humility or love, it has a soothing effect on the sensitive, and conduces reverence in the non-sensitive. Arrogance in any form disturbs, and when muddled with sensualism, has an effect as if penetrated by something filthy. When selfishness is commingled with it, it inspires with fear, and where hatred predominates, one feels as if being bored with shafts of living flames; i. e., a warm glow is first experienced, and which increases in power as one tries to oppose it by like measures; but if meek or resigned in bearing the influences return to their fount and finally affect those from whence they emanated in the above manner, thus leaving the field to the one who has had the spiritual strength to down-face evil by a divine (Christ-like) bearing.

True humility is will-power freed from false pride or arrogance, and true love is humanity freed from the same weaknesses. True spirituality or morality is the above in conjunction with physical purity, and where this exists there is contentment and peace of soul. With this influence emanating from him, man cannot but affect agreeably wherever he chooses to go, and having nothing offensive, disturbing or repelling in his being, the most depraved cannot do otherwise than feel deferential towards him. Thus man is dealt with by his fellow beings according to the influences he emits, and these are always consistent with the qualifications existing within. If materially in-

Selected Articles.

Monuments.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

clined or animalistic, they offend; if impertinent or haughty, they disturb; and if selfish they repel—hatred being extreme self love, and always meets with a reception which it deserves. If spiritually or intellectually inclined, respect is offered in accordance with the physical purity which accompanies it. But if this is lacking, man is even worse off than the ignorant, for intellectual development makes sensitive to influences, and feeling embarrassed or having an inclination to flush up, betrays disrespect encroaching upon one's sensibilities. This, in connection with a mentally disturbed feeling, betrays contempt; and if oppressed or as if anxious to get away, betrays a personal dislike. On the other hand a feeling of complacency denotes respect or deference; calmness or a hushed tranquility denotes reverence; and delight denotes a feeling of love directed at one's person. Love commingled with sensualism though experienced as a feeling of delight is commingled with embarrassment, often not knowing whether to feel complimented or offended. If weak or easily flattered it is often mistaken for a compliment, and has proven a pitfall for many. The lack of true will-power is frequently the cause of the latter, for where this exists freed from vanity or false pride, there is foresight enough to warn against imposition or unspiritual love. Pretended reverence or humility is either hypocrisy or flattery, and may be detected in every instance by the perturbation which it causes, or which accompanies it. If it leaves one perfectly unconcerned or calm, it is well meant, but the moment it disturbs or embarrasses, it is either flattery or a precursor to deception. In like manner selfish motives may be detected. But instead of disturbing, the propositions either provoke or aggrive according to circumstances. If ignorance accompanies the motive, it provokes, and often unto indignation; but if it aggrives, it proves that the motor is misusing his soul qualifications for unspiritual purposes. And as well as others affect us in this way, do we not affect others in like manner? What else is this but mind reading? Is it not a reading of intelligence, causation? What must be done to offset the influence directed at us? Echo answers soul-culture! By curbing his lower passions and permitting his soul forces to unfold, man reaches a state of positivity which empowers him to face all influences, and by the practice of abnegation or justice, humanity and charity, he unfolds in spirituality which emits influences of a benign nature, and in either event, meets with deference, congeniality and love. Such is soul-culture, and such is the effect of soul-culture.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 1887.

Chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.—BACON.

Whenever a man of any note or prominence dies, the people who were especially interested in him, anxious to give expression to that interest, generally think first of all of erecting a monument to commemorate his memory and his virtues, and they bestir themselves in the first excitement of regret at his loss to secure funds from his admirers for that purpose. Often the effort is partially unsuccessful, and the proposed monument fails to be erected from lack of the amount necessary for its completion. The world is so full of men eagerly scrambling for its few places of prominence that, long before such monuments can be raised, new favorites in the same line have taken their places and made the memory of the dead hero of very little interest to those once so eager to praise and honor him.

But, nevertheless, a great deal of money seems to us absolutely wasted in this direction—money which could be put to much better use in more worthy perpetuation of the lives of good or honored men and women than in these cumbrous structures of stone, marble, etc., which by right belong to the less civilized ages in which they originated, and where they really served a useful and necessary purpose in recording events in history of which there was no other record possible at the time. But they are none the less relics of barbarism which, in these days, when the printers' and engravers' art makes careful record of every life, deed, and event worthy of note, are no longer needed, and the building of them should cease, thus marking our advance in civilization. For, indeed, they do not now serve the purpose for which at first they were intended. We are no longer sure, in beholding the most magnificent monument, whether it is raised by admiring multitudes to honor deeds of valor or a noble life, or by some wealthy nobody in commemoration of his own vanity. Our cemeteries are filled with the most beautiful works of art, the finest monuments, in memory of merely rich people whose lives were purposeless and whose memories are not even kept alive by such means, since there is such a surfeit of them. Within a week or two one of the Chicago dailies, describing the monuments in one of this city's finest cemeteries, gave an engraving of the costliest and most beautiful monument erected therein, which was raised to the memory of a wealthy provision dealer whose name (not having traded with him) was wholly unfamiliar to us. There can then no longer be any great honor shown to a man's merits by such commemoration. But shall merit and worth then go unrecognized?

Shall a man, in his desire to be remembered after death, find no sure method of perpetuating his memory to honor his descendants by the luster of his worthy life and deeds?

With already so many true monuments, or reminders of the lives of noble men and women who have passed away from our sight; as we have, it is but a poor imagination which can think of no other method to make record of such lives than by gravings on stone, marble or bronze. What monument, however costly, could so well recall the memory of James Lewis Smithson as the Smithsonian Institute which he founded? Stephen Girard would have been long since forgotten but for the Girard College; thousands every year bless the memory of Peter Cooper, whose not naturally handsome face we have seen radiant with pleasure and beautiful with kindness on the "reception nights" held in his munificent and sensible gift to struggling men and women, "Cooper Institute;" James Lick, odd, eccentric and independent as he was, would already have become less than a name, though it is but a few years since he died, were it not for his beneficent gifts of which the Lick Observatory alone is sufficient to immortalize him; John Harvard would never have been heard of to-day had he taken the whole sum given to found Harvard College and built himself therewith a monument of granite. A modest New England girl of quiet tastes and fond of literature, named Sophia Smith, would never have been heard of outside of the little village where she lived and died, in spite of the fact of her inheriting a fortune, if she had not wisely endowed Smith College for the higher education of women with that fortune; and the Lilly Hall of Science attached to that college will keep forever green the memory of Alfred Theodore Lilly when his kindly face shall have passed away from the memory of living women. So, too, will the name of Mary Lyon be ever remembered in the history of woman's progress in education; the Order of the Red Cross will continue its beneficent work long after Clara Barton shall have "passed beyond the bounds of time," and her name will be forever embalmed in its archives. No marble monument could ever be so dear to the soul of Horace Greeley as the words which to-day head the editorial pages of the *New York Tribune*: "Founded by Horace Greeley"; and the soul of the elder Bennett still "goes marching on" through the columns of the *New York Herald* of to-day, though he has long since joined "the innumerable throng." And these are but a few instances of the thousands of such immortal monuments which men and women have raised to their own memory; and through their wisely directed efforts or beneficent use of money, such monuments, of less or greater magnificence, it is possible for every man and woman to raise for themselves, so that being dead they may yet speak. The benevolent deed, the

charitable act, the inspiring word, the loving look, the wise planning will keep your memory green and your name unforgotten in the hearts of as many as profited through them. A. T. Stewart was a few years ago a name of power. He, as a living man, was a powerful factor in society because of his wealth and financial ability, but his thought was ever of himself, not of others, and he died without putting into motion any influence in behalf of humanity; his vast wealth has been of little use save to keep lawyers employed in one way or another since his death. Bit by bit all that owed its being to him has been disintegrated—the great possibilities his wealth offered to him of building a monument which would commemorate him, wherever his body might be hid away, he never accepted. In a very few years, in face of fortunes even more colossal than his own, his name will be forgotten and will carry no meaning to a younger generation.

If we would, as a people, honor after death any brave or good man's memory, we can build such helpful institutions as they would have been glad to found or aid had they the means, and call them by the names we wish to engrave in the minds of those who might otherwise forget the virtues which they embodied.

We enforce and close our plea for the abolishment of the uncivilized monuments of to-day by the words of a poet unknown to us:

The modest, humble and obscure,
Living unnoticed and unknown,
May raise a shaft that will endure
Longer than pyramids of stone.

The carven statue turns to dust,
And marble obelisks decay,
But deeds of pity, faith and trust,
No storms of fate can sweep away.

Their base stands on the rock of right,
Their apex reaches to the skies;
They glow with the increasing light
Of all the circling centuries.

—The Open Court.

Infidel Death-beds.

GOETHE.

The greatest of German poets died at a ripe old age on March 22, 1832. He was a pantheist after the manner of Spinoza, and his countrymen called him the "great pagan." In one of his epigrams he expresses hatred of four things—"garlic, onions, bugs, and the cross." Hence, in his *De l'Allemagne*, notices Goethe's "vigorous heathen nature," and his "militant antipathy to Christianity." Goethe's English biographer thus describes his last moments:

"His speech was becoming less and less distinctive. The last words audible were, 'More Light!' The final darkness grew apace, and he, whose eternal longing had been for more light, gave a parting cry for it, as he was passing under the shadow of death. He continued to express himself by signs,

drawing letters with his forefinger in the air while he had strength, and finally as life ebbed away drawing figures slowly on the shawl which covered his legs. At half-past twelve he composed himself in the corner of the chair. The watcher placed a finger on her lips to intimate that he was asleep. If sleep it was, a sleep in which a great life glided from the world."—Life of Goethe, by Lewes, p. 559.

Let us add that infinite nonsense, from which even Lewes was obviously not free, has been talked and written about Goethe's cry "more light." His meaning was, of course, purely physical. The eyesight naturally fails in death, all things grow dim, and the demand for "more light" is common enough at such times.

EDWARD GIBBON.

Edward Gibbon, the greatest of modern historians, was born at Putney, near London, on April 27, 1737. His monumental work, the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," which Carlyle called "the splendid bridge from the old world to the new," is universally known and admired. "To have your name mentioned by Gibbon," said Thackeray, "is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's which is seen by pilgrims from all parts of the earth." Twenty years of his life were devoted to his colossal history, which incidentally conveys his opinion of many problems. His views on Christianity are indicated in his famous fifteenth chapter, (for sale at the *Ironclad Age* office,) which is a masterpiece of grave and temperate irony. When Gibbon wrote that "it was not *this* world that the primitive Christians were desirous of making themselves either agreeable or useful," every sensible reader understood his meaning. The polite sneer rankled in the breasts of the clergy, who replied with declamation and insult. Their answers, however, are forgotten, while his merciless sarcasms live on, and help to undermine the church in every fresh generation.

Gibbon did not long survive the completion of his great work. The last volume of the "Decline and Fall," was published on May 8, 1788, and he died on January 14, 1794.

His malady was dropsy. After being twice tapped in November, he moved to the house of his devoted friend, Lord Sheffield. A week before he expired he was obliged, for the sake of the highest medical attendance, to return to his lodgings in St. James' street, London. Lord Sheffield says: "To the last he preserved his senses; and when he could no longer speak, his servant having asked a question, he made a sign to show that he understood him. He was quite tranquil, and did not stir, his eyes half shut. About a quarter past one he ceased to breathe. The *valet-de-chambre*

observed that he did not, at any time, evince the least sign of alarm or apprehension of death."

RICHARD CARLILE.

Richard Carlile was born at Ashburton, in Devonshire, on December 8, 1790. His whole life was spent in advocating free-thought and republicanism, and resisting the blasphemy laws. His total imprisonment for the freedom of the press amounted nine years and four months. Thirteen days before his death he penned these words:

"The enemy with whom I have to grapple is one with whom no peace can be made. Idolatry will not parley: superstition will not treat on covenant. They must be uprooted for public and individual safety."

Carlile died on February 10, 1843. He was attended in his last illness by Dr. Thomas Lawrence, the author of the once famous "Lectures on Men." Wishing to be useful in death as in life, Carlile devoted his body to dissection. His wish was complied with by the family, and the post-mortem examination was recorded in the *Lancet*. The burial took place at Kensal Green cemetery, where a clergyman insisted on reading the church service over his remains. "His oldest son, Richard," says Mr. Holyoake, "who represented his sentiments as well as his name, very properly protested against the proceedings, as an outrage upon the principles of his father and the wishes of the family. Of course the remonstrance was disregarded, and Richard, his brothers, and their friends left the ground." After their departure, the clergyman called the great hater of priests his "dear departed brother," and declared that the materialist had died "in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD.

Professor Clifford died too early of consumption on March 3, 1879. His great ability was beyond dispute. In the higher mathematics he enjoyed a European reputation. Nor was his courage less, for he never concealed his heresy, but rather proclaimed it from the housetops. A free-thinker to the heart's core, he "utterly dismissed from his thoughts, as being unprofitable or worse, all speculations on a future or unseen world," and "as never man loved life more; so never man feared death less." "He fulfilled," says Mr. Pollock, "well and truly the great saying of Spinoza, often in his mind and on his lips, ('A free man thinks less of nothing than of death')." Clifford faced the inevitable with the utmost calmness.

"For a week he had known that it might come at any moment, and looked to it steadfastly. So calmly had he received the warning which conveyed this knowledge that it seemed at the instant as if he did not

understand it. . . . He gave careful and exact directions as to the disposal of his work. . . . More than this, his interest in the outer world, his affection for his friends and his pleasure in their pleasures, did not desert him to the very last. He still followed the course of events, and asked for public news on the morning of his death, so strongly did he hold fast his part in the common weal and in active social life."—Lectures and essays by Professor Clifford. Pollock's introduction, p. 25.

Clifford was a great loss to "the good old cause." He was a most valiant soldier of progress, cut off before a tithe of his was accomplished.—*Ironclad Age*.

What Every Girl Ought To Learn.

We cannot too highly commend the following ingenious summary of what every girl should learn, whatever her social status, condition or future expectations, which we cut from the *Secular Review*. The writer thoroughly understood his subject, and every girl of good common sense should understand and profit by it.

She should learn to use her senses to the best advantage, especially her hands and eyes—in other words, she should have an "education by doing."

She should learn how to sew, darn and mend.

She should learn to cultivate flowers, and to keep the kitchen garden.

She should learn to make the neatest room in the house.

She should learn to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

She should learn that tight lacing is uncomely, as well as injurious to health.

She should learn to regard their morals and habits and not their money, in selecting her associates.

She should learn that twenty shillings make a pound.

She should learn how to arrange the parlor and library.

She should learn that there is nothing more conducive to happiness than a comfortable house dress. The idea that anything is good enough about the house and in the kitchen is a very grave mistake.

She should learn to observe the old rule, "A place for everything and everything in its place."

She should learn that music, drawing, and painting are real accomplishments in the home, and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

She should learn the important truism, "That the more she lives within her income the more she will save, and the farther she will get away from the poor-house."

She should learn that a good, steady, thoughtful mechanic, farmer, clerk, or teacher, without a shilling, is worth more

than forty loafers or non-producers in broad-cloth.

She should learn to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books as will give her the most useful and practical information, in order to make the best progress in earlier as well as late home and school life.

She should learn that a plain, short dress, comfortably made, is a very regiment of strength; and wash goods are decidedly preferable, because, with a clean dress, even if it be only a cheap print of home spun, a woman puts on a kind of beauty, and there is something in clean clothes marvelously helpful to being clean-tempered.

She should learn how to manage a house. Whether she marry or whether she do not, the knowledge will almost certainly be of service, and at some time of her life will probably be a necessity to her.

"A girl, whether rich or poor, whose education has been conducted upon a plane so high that to become a fashionable idler or an inconsequent gossip or dawdler would be impossible, will be one of the most earnest in considering the holy purposes and in fitting herself for the responsibilities of the most serious step of her life—marriage."

Sense of Smell in Dogs.

Mr. George J. Romanes has communicated to the Linnean Society the results of a series of experiments, made by him, to test the strength and acuteness of the sense of smell in dogs. The paper is reprinted in *Nature*, and will be found of interest and value. He cites the case of a terrier, who could not be thrown off his master's track upon the pavement of Regent's Park, although this track was crossed and re-crossed by hundreds of fresher ones, and by thousands that were not so fresh.

To make a test with a setter, the master had his men in Indian file, and the gamekeeper brought up the rear of the line. Each man placed his feet in the footprints of his predecessor.

The master's scent was most overlaid, that of the gamekeeper was freshest. When they had gone two hundred yards, the master turned to the right, followed by five of the men, the other six turned to the left, keeping their usual order. The setter followed the common track with such eagerness as to overshoot the point of divergence; but quickly regaining this point, chose at once the track to the right.

The master and stranger to the dog exchanged boots, and then went different ways. The setter followed its master's boots, and found the stranger.

When the master and stranger walked the park with bare feet, the setter followed its master's trail, but not with the eagerness with which it followed the trail of his boots.

When he walked in new shooting-boots, the setter would not follow.

The master glued a single thickness of brown paper to the soles and sides of his old shooting-boots. The setter did not take the trail, until it came to a point where the paper, having worn away, the sole of one heel touched the ground. Then the dog recognized the trail at once.

Walking in new cotton socks left no trail that the setter could follow; in woolen socks that had been worn a day, the trail was followed, but not eagerly.

The master walked fifty yards in his shooting-boots, then kicked them off and carried them with him, while he walked in stockings three hundred yards, then he took off his stockings and walked another three hundred yards barefoot. When the setter was put upon the track at the outset, it followed with usual eagerness, and kept up the pursuit through the whole distance.

Accompanied by a stranger to the dog, the master rode out along a carriage way, several hundred yards from the house, then he alighted, and walked in his shooting-boots fifty yards beside the carriage. He then entered the carriage, and his friend got out and walked two hundred yards along the way. The setter ran the whole two hundred and fifty yards at full speed, without making any pause at the point where the scent changed.

The master walked in his ordinary shooting-boots, having first soaked them in oil of anise-seed. Although the odor of the anise-seed was so strong as to be perceived by a friend, an hour after the trail was made, the dog followed the track of its master, thus disguised, with usual speed, after having examined the first three or four steps carefully.

Other experiments tested the power of scent through the air. The master walked down a trampled field, by a zigzag course, for a quarter of a mile, then turned to one side, got over a stone wall, and walked back toward the house. The stone wall was breast high, and about a hundred yards to the windward of his course down the field. The dog taking the trail at the top of the field, followed rapidly its master's winding course.

The moment it gained the "wind's eye" of the place where he was standing, with only his eyes above the top of the wall, the dog threw up its head, turned from the track it was following, and went straight to its owner. And yet, there were, at the time, several overheated laborers near it, in the field.—*Youth's Companion*.

A man conscious of enthusiasm for worthy aims, is sustained under petty hostilities by the memory of great workers who had to fight their way not without wounds, and who hover in his mind as patron saints, invisibly helping.—GEORGE ELIOT.

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MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editress

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Matter.

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PUBLISHERS.

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THE CARRIER DOVE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOV. 26, 1887.

"Pulpit Thoughts."

In looking over the report of various sermons delivered in the orthodox churches of this city last Sunday, and condensed in a three-column report in the *Chronicle* of Monday morning, under the above heading, we find many valuable suggestions, and are enabled to glean a goodly number of "straws" which, we are told, indicate "the way the mind blows." One eminent divine discourses upon the very suggestive subject, "The Price of Man," and just now when men are bought so cheap it is very encouraging to learn that, "under Christ the time will come when a man's price will be worth more than gold or silver," as stated by the speaker. Among the truths uttered on this subject were the statements that, "in these days the price of a man is weighed by the amount of money he can use to suppress justice," and also that, "there are men who

govern our City and State by bossism, and the time has come for honest men to defeat them." The speaker urged it as the duty of the pulpit to preach humanity and reformation, truth and morality, and advocated exact justice for all—rich and poor alike. It is surely a hopeful sign when ministers take hold of the practical affairs of life and treat them in a rational, common-sense manner instead of prating eternally about casting all our sins on Jesus and letting the real sinner go scot free.

Another clergyman, Dr. Harcourt, imparted some interesting information as to how "dry bones can be made to live," and our city saved, in a sermon from the text, "Can These Dry Bones Live?" The whole is so replete with the spirit of the teachings of our angel friends, and embodies so much of good advice that we reproduce a brief synopsis here.

"The grand characteristic of Christianity in early times was that to the poor the Gospel was preached. It is not characteristic of Christianity to-day. Take New York for example. There the poor are neglected by the Protestant churches. They have almost abandoned the lower part of the city, and the churches there are being turned into livery stables and concert halls. There only one in twenty is even a nominal Christian, and here I am told the showing for Christianity is even worse.

"The system of having some churches for the rich and other churches for the poor is a great blunder. The Church that cares for the masses will be the Church of the future.

"When the Church looks to her grand temples and to her great wealth as sources of her power, she forgets herself and crystallizes into icy coldness. Not thus can these dry bones be made to live. There is nothing in such churches to impart warmth or inspire with spiritual life. To outsiders as well as insiders the Gospel must be preached. The neglect of this duty has been the sin and curse of thousands of churches.

"To save sinners we must go among them and treat them like men, showing a friendly interest in them. That was the way of Jesus; and his enemies, the Pharisees, who were like the hold-alooft Christians of the present day, threw it in his teeth that he was the friend, the companion of Publicans and sinners. The only way to warm a cold heart is to bring it in contact with a warm heart. Charity given at arms-length is no charity at all. Get down close to your work, brothers, if you want these dry bones around us to live. The answer to the oft-repeated question 'How to reach the

masses?' is to go for them as Christ went for them. He gave more of His time to caring for the bodies than for the souls of men, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, healing the sick, etc. By forgetting this, many of our well-meant measures are wrong end foremost. *It is no way to throw a religious tract into a starving home when a loaf of bread is the particular Gospel needed.*

"A traveler in the Swiss mountains once encountered in a narrow pass a fierce dog that with a growl disputed his passage. Two methods presented themselves to his mind of dealing with him; one with a stone, the other with a cracker. He chose the cracker and chose right. The angry growl died away, the bristling hair subsided, and the Alpine traveler was allowed to proceed on his way in peace. Brethren, in winning souls be wise, and try this cracker policy. If we would have these men around us who are dead in trespasses and sins, live spiritually as well as physically, let us show them that we are ourselves warm with life and love."

The advice contained in the above is as much needed by Spiritualists as by our orthodox friends. We need more practice and less preaching. Want, woe and misery are walking abroad throughout the land, and their inevitable attendant—crime—follows in their wake. Brave, noble, grand men and women are needed to inaugurate practical reforms. Wise and efficient leaders are needed to carry out such measures as are necessary to alleviate this tide of suffering and supplant it with peace and plenty for all. The reverend gentleman has "hit the nail on the head," when he says that "it is no way, to throw a religious tract into a starving home, when a loaf of bread is the particular Gospel needed." All around us are these miserable homes, destitute of every comfort of life, where poverty and wretchedness reign supreme; whose unhappy inmates are dragging out such pitiful existences, that they might well envy the dog his comfortable kennel, or the swine their abundant food and beds of straw.

Such unfortunate ones can only be reached through the "Gospel of good cheer." Physical conditions must be improved before a spiritual life is dreamed of. Extreme poverty and Godliness do not go hand-in-hand. The antagonisms engendered by the former are entirely at variance with the latter; hence, those who are anxious to save the world from sin must begin by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and making such material conditions as will render good-

ness and virtue possible to the thousands of its poverty-cursed social outcasts.

Woman Suffrage.

Dr. E. S. Chapman delivered a lecture in the First Congregational Church in Oakland, Nov. 15th, upon "Woman Suffrage in Wyoming." The speaker related how the suffrage enactment came to be passed, and its effects upon male voters. One of the results was the changing of polling places from saloons to public buildings and other respectable places. The women exercised their privileges as generally as did the men, and were not partisan in their selection of candidates, but scratched bad ones indiscriminately. The consequence is, that the standard of politics has been greatly raised and men and women mutually benefited. That it has not particularly affected the liquor traffic, is owing to the greater number of males who are in excess in proportion of fifteen or twenty men to one woman.

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A Correction or Statement.

Editor Carrier Dove:—Allow me to thank you for the very kind word that you said for the *Freethinker's Magazine* in your journal of Nov. 12th. But you fell into an error when you stated that the price was but \$1.00 per year. The subscription price is \$2.00, but we send it to clubs of ten or more for \$1.00 a year. But, as you have made the announcement that it can be had for \$1.00, I will say this with your permission: Any regular subscriber to the CARRIER DOVE who will send a dollar before Jan. 1, 1888, can have the *Magazine* for \$1.00 for 1888. And I will add for the benefit of your readers that some of the ablest Spiritualist writers in this country are regular contributors to the *Magazine*, and the position of the editor is: “*If Spiritualism is not true it ought to be.*” And another word allow me to add: That any person who takes the CARRIER DOVE and *The Freethinker's Magazine* has the two finest appearing journals in the liberal ranks.

H. L. GREEN,
165 Delevan Ave.

Changed His Opinion.

EDITOR Tulare Register:—Dr. Schlesinger has left town, but I will fulfill my promise to him and his friends, to utter a public word about him. When he came here I had no faith either in him or his system, indeed no faith in him because of his system. I believed that so-called “Spiritualism” was a great fraud, and that therefore at least its main advocates were pretenders and deceivers. I knew nothing of it, except from a meeting I once attended in San

Francisco (nothing beyond what I had heard), and I came away with the conviction, and have been undisturbed in it until recently, that the strange coincidences of that evening were the result of collusion between a number of persons. My opinions have changed, at any rate as regards the gentleman who has lately visited this town. If I have senses that are to be relied upon at all—if I have intelligence that is of any avail in weighing evidence—then Dr. Schlesinger is what he pretends to be, and there is no explanation of his revelations to me and to others in my presence, except on his own hypothesis, namely, that he has access to the supernatural. Whence his power comes, and how it is obtained, and why such as himself are invested with it, I cannot tell, but that he has a power denied to the generality of us, and is a “medium” of communication between two worlds I have evidence as strong as of anything with which I have to do.

A great many can afford to laugh at any idea of the supernatural in anything, but they cannot advance any theory in explanation of Dr. Schlesinger, at which I cannot afford to laugh in return. And the difference between them and me is this: I can disprove their theory—they have not one which will stand the test of half an hour in Dr. Schlesinger's room—they cannot disprove mine, they can only laugh at it. But since either a mystery or an absurdity must be accepted in this case, I prefer the former.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN HENSHALL.

The above clipping from the *Tulare Register* of Nov. 18th, only goes to prove that Spiritualism is not a question of faith or opinion, but that it is a scientific, demonstrable fact which challenges the earnest, conscientious investigation of all honest people.

Sunday Meetings in San Francisco.

J. J MORSE AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Two very satisfactory audiences greeted Mr. Morse at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday last. In the morning the control replied to various questions of interest in his usual able and facile manner, being frequently and heartily applauded.

At the evening meeting the subject was “Thanksgiving Day, its Spirit and Purpose,” upon which an extremely interesting discourse was delivered, filled towards the latter part with many sharp points and clear cut sentiments alike radical and progressive in character.

Mr. W. H. Keith, Jr., rendered in his usual artistic style the “Invocation” from

Rubenstein's “Nero,” and as usual was awarded an enthusiastic recall, in response to which he rendered another pleasing selection. Sig. S. Arilliga rendered excellent selections upon the grand organ.

On Sunday next questions and answers at 11 A. M. Lecture at 7.30 P. M., subject: “Modern Spiritualism its Present Day Dangers and Weaknesses.” Admission free, all are welcome. The Temple is now comfortably warmed all day on Sundays.

WASHINGTON HALL.

Dr. W. W. McKaig addressed the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at their regular meeting on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 20th. His subject was “The Symbolism of the Cross.” It was replete with beautiful illustrations, historical facts and data concerning the ancient traditions and symbols from which much that is embodied in the present day Christianity was taken and which forms its warp and woof. Mrs. Hoffman gave platform tests. Mrs. Sarah A. Harris will address the Society to-morrow afternoon.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The Union Spiritual Society held one of their usual interesting meetings last Wednesday evening. The President, Mrs. J. J. Wilson, and the young gentlemen who have the management in charge, are faithful and efficient in the discharge of their duties, as the excellent results prove.

Chips.

“Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings.
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in the skies.”

Mrs. Hoffman gave some good platform tests at Washington Hall last Sunday.

Read Hudson Tuttle's notice of “The Psychograph” in another column.

The Emperor of Brazil has announced his intention of abdicating his throne on account of ill health, and he will be succeeded by his daughter Isabella.

Dr. Schlesinger has been kept very busy since his return, giving sittings to investiga-

ness and virtue possible to the thousands of its poverty-cursed social outcasts.

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The DOVE wishes to extend its thanks to Mr. S. S. Ingham of Tulare, for a fine, large, fat turkey which graced our table Thanksgiving day, and was enjoyed by a few select friends. We would have been pleased if the generous donor and his estimable wife could have joined our happy company.

A Correction or Statement.

Editor Carrier Dove:—Allow me to thank you for the very kind word that you said for the *Freethinker's Magazine* in your journal of Nov. 12th. But you fell into an error when you stated that the price was but \$1.00 per year. The subscription price is \$2.00, but we send it to clubs of ten or more for \$1.00 a year. But, as you have made the announcement that it can be had for \$1.00, I will say this with your permission: Any regular subscriber to the CARRIER DOVE who will send a dollar before Jan. 1, 1888, can have the *Magazine* for \$1.00 for 1888. And I will add for the benefit of your readers that some of the ablest Spiritualist writers in this country are regular contributors to the *Magazine*, and the position of the editor is: “*If Spiritualism is not true it ought to be.*” And another word allow me to add: That any person who takes the CARRIER DOVE and *The Freethinker's Magazine* has the two finest appearing journals in the liberal ranks.

H. L. GREEN,
165 Delevan Ave.

Changed His Opinion.

EDITOR *Tulare Register*—Dr. Schlesinger has left town, but I will fulfill my promise to him and his friends, to utter a public word about him. When he came here I had no faith either in him or his system, indeed no faith in him because of his system. I believed that so-called “Spiritualism” was a great fraud, and that therefore at least its main advocates were pretenders and deceivers. I knew nothing of it, except from a meeting I once attended in San

Francisco (nothing beyond what I had heard), and I came away with the conviction, and have been undisturbed in it until recently, that the strange coincidences of that evening were the result of collusion between a number of persons. My opinions have changed, at any rate as regards the gentleman who has lately visited this town. If I have senses that are to be relied upon at all—if I have intelligence that is of any avail in weighing evidence—then Dr. Schlesinger is what he pretends to be, and there is no explanation of his revelations to me and to others in my presence, except on his own hypothesis, namely, that he has access to the supernatural. Whence his power comes, and how it is obtained, and why such as himself are invested with it, I cannot tell, but that he has a power denied to the generality of us, and is a “medium” of communication between two worlds I have evidence as strong as of anything with which I have to do.

A great many can afford to laugh at any idea of the supernatural in anything, but they cannot advance any theory in explanation of Dr. Schlesinger, at which I cannot afford to laugh in return. And the difference between them and me is this: I can disprove their theory—they have not one which will stand the test of half an hour in Dr. Schlesinger's room—they cannot disprove mine, they can only laugh at it. But since either a mystery or an absurdity must be accepted in this case, I prefer the former.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN HENSHALL.

The above clipping from the *Tulare Register* of Nov. 18th, only goes to prove that Spiritualism is not a question of faith or opinion, but that it is a scientific, demonstrable fact which challenges the earnest, conscientious investigation of all honest people.

Sunday Meetings in San Francisco.

J. J. MORSE AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Two very satisfactory audiences greeted Mr. Morse at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday last. In the morning the control replied to various questions of interest in his usual able and facile manner, being frequently and heartily applauded.

At the evening meeting the subject was “Thanksgiving Day, its Spirit and Purpose,” upon which an extremely interesting discourse was delivered, filled towards the latter part with many sharp points and clear cut sentiments alike radical and progressive in character.

Mr. W. H. Keith, Jr., rendered in his usual artistic style the “Invocation” from

Rubenstein's “Nero,” and as usual was awarded an enthusiastic recall, in response to which he rendered another pleasing selection. Sig. S. Arilliga rendered excellent selections upon the grand organ.

On Sunday next questions and answers at 11 A. M. Lecture at 7.30 P. M., subject: “Modern Spiritualism its Present Day Dangers and Weaknesses.” Admission free, all are welcome. The Temple is now comfortably warmed all day on Sundays.

WASHINGTON HALL.

Dr. W. W. McKaig addressed the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at their regular meeting on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 20th. His subject was “The Symbolism of the Cross.” It was replete with beautiful illustrations, historical facts and data concerning the ancient traditions and symbols from which much that is embodied in the present day Christianity was taken and which forms its warp and woof. Mrs. Hoffman gave platform tests. Mrs. Sarah A. Harris will address the Society to-morrow afternoon.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The Union Spiritual Society held one of their usual interesting meetings last Wednesday evening. The President, Mrs. J. J. Wilson, and the young gentlemen who have the management in charge, are faithful and efficient in the discharge of their duties, as the excellent results prove.

Chips.

“Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings.
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in the skies.”

Mrs. Hoffman gave some good platform tests at Washington Hall last Sunday.

Read Hudson Tuttle's notice of “The Psychograph” in another column.

The Emperor of Brazil has announced his intention of abdicating his throne on account of ill health, and he will be succeeded by his daughter Isabella.

Dr. Schlesinger has been kept very busy since his return, giving sittings to investiga-

tors and treating the sick; in each department being eminently successful.

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.

Thou shalt not talk of thy neighbor behind his back; for Ormazd heareth thee, and the angels will go tell thy neighbor's soul what thou hast said.—*Oahspe*.

Leadville, Col., hasn't money enough to keep its public schools open. It must not be inferred, however, that the city is altogether lacking in public spirit, for it gives a generous support to 1,100 saloons.

We have received a number of books which will be reviewed soon, among which is one from the publishers, Colby & Rich of Boston, Mass., entitled "Outside the Gates," by Miss M. T. Shelhamer.

The DOVE is indebted to the *Pasadena Star* for the portrait and sketch of Mr. Ehrenfeld which graces its pages this week. We know the gentleman to be an earnest, consistent Spiritualist, and take pleasure in having him enrolled among the DOVE's workers.

Miss Shelhamer says of the story written by herself which will be commenced in our New Year number, that she considers it one of the best she has ever written. As all her stories are excellent our readers can expect a great treat in store for them in this.

We are pleased to announce that another brilliant writer, one well-known as an advanced thinker and prominent Spiritualist, has been added to the DOVE's list, Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio. Our readers will be treated with frequent communications from his able pen.

"We live in an age of scientific, industrial and educational development, which has had no parallel in other ages, or other countries, and any religion that has had its origin and growth in other ages and oriental countries is inadequate to meet our needs. Buddhism, Judaism and Christianity are alike deficient as a religion for the American people."

The articles which have recently ap-

peared in this journal from the pen of Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman are the most valuable and common sense essays upon Spiritualism it has ever been our privilege to read. They alone, are worth many times the subscription price of the DOVE. We hope to be favored with many more contributions from this scholarly and gifted writer.

Next week we will publish a very interesting article by Wm. Emmette Coleman upon the Jessie Street Kindergarten which is conducted under the auspices of the Metropolitan Temple Society. It is a very commendable work, and we hope Mr. Coleman's article will have the effect of interesting people of means to rally to its support and see to it that such a noble enterprise does not languish for need of proper support and encouragement.

To the party who sent us a meeting notice for insertion in the DOVE, wherein said meeting was designated as a "church," and the speaker as its "pastor," we must say that we decline to publish it as it is against our principles. Spiritualists are fossilizing fast enough now without helping them along by means of "churches," "pastors," and "sermons." Give us new bottles for new wine, and see that they are correctly labeled.

Many of our four months' subscribers will soon receive notice of the expiration of their subscriptions, and we hope the brief journey we have made together has so endeared the DOVE to you all that none will feel that they can afford to miss its weekly visits, but will renew at once, thus enabling the publishers to still farther improve their already excellent journal.

The many sorrowing friends of our beloved sister, Mrs. E. F. McKinley, will find the funeral discourse which was delivered by Mrs. E. L. Watson, and which appears on the first page of this issue of the DOVE, replete with tender, loving thoughts, and sweet blossoms of hope and trust, alike comforting and inspiring to all. In our sorrow for the loss of this grand woman, let us seek to exemplify in our lives the graces and virtues we so much admire in the life of the dear departed. We hope soon to present our readers with a portrait and sketch of the one we mourn to-day, as a little tribute to her worth and memory.

"I want to see the time when woman's happiness will not depend altogether upon her home-relations. Not because I underestimate the beauty of those relations, but because if she feeds her heart upon something besides dreams of love she will be prepared to live a better and a stronger life, and to enter into those relations with a more sacred feeling and higher consideration than the majority of our women now do. I want to see her side by side with man in the study of science, in the glories of literature, in the achievements of art. Then, when love comes, it will not be a fever which is dispelled by experience, and marriage will not be, as now it often is, the grave of love."

JOAQUIN MILLER'S FRUITVALE HOME.

An Eastern paper publishes the following in a letter from Joaquin Miller: "I have a summit home here and the Golden Gate is my doorway, and San Francisco is at my feet. I shall stay here. I am content, thank God, and grateful. I am planting my stony, steep hills and turning the deep, cool mountain springs into trout pools. And away up on the top of my highest steep hill, that knocks its forehead against the stars, I have made a great heap of rocks piled up and covered with cords of wood. When death comes, I shall be laid on that high heap of wood in the blankets in which I die. The men who lay me there will light their cigars with the same hand that lights the woodpile and go down to breakfast. While I, phew! up to God in clouds of smoke."

Children's Dept.

Lily Benton.

BY JULIA SCHLESINGER.

CHAPTER X.

JOHNNIE'S SUCCESS.

Johnnie Allyn left the home of Bidly McFlynn with a great longing in his little heart to aid the poor woman who had been so kind to him, and, if possible save her husband from a drunkard's fate. He communicated his desire to his parents and teachers, who gladly promised to assist him in the noble work. His father accompanied him to the poor man's home and saw the miserable surroundings and also discovered the combination of influences which were working his destruction. Mr. Allyn fol-

lowed Pat to the haunt of sin where he was accustomed to purchase his liquor, and found the bartender with whom Pat dealt, to be a tall, slim, sickly-looking young man whom he found could be easily impressed by a stronger will. He therefore directed his thoughts upon this youth and caused him to address Pat in a different manner than usual. After draining the first glass, as his customer called for another, he said:

"Not any more this time, Pat. Remember you have a family, and you must go to your work or lose a good job."

For a moment Pat looked at the young man in astonishment, and was about to reply angrily, when the same powerful will was directed upon him, and he turned away and left the place without a word. All day the words of the bartender kept ringing in his ears, and he thought he would never go there again; but his appetite got the mastery of him, and when his day's work was done instead of going home he went to the saloon for another drink. Here he would have remained until thoroughly intoxicated had not the same influence which had been working upon his brain all day again become the dominant power. This time the young man said to him, "Well, Pat, how is your little Teddy? He is sick, I believe you said." At the mention of his child, Pat put down the glass of liquor he was about to drink and replied, more gently than was his custom, that Ted was better. Again the will of Mr. Allyn was greater than his own, and he left the saloon and went home quite sober for the first time in many months. Bidy was quite surprised, but said nothing for fear she might offend him; and little Johnnie, who had been at Pat's side all day trying to help his father, was delighted beyond expression. For many days and weeks did the faithful ones, who had undertaken this noble work pursue their course unweariedly. Sometimes there seemed but little hope, and then again the power of the spirit was greater than that of the demon—drink—and Pat would abstain for days at a time. Poor Bidy silently wondered what had wrought the change, but rejoiced greatly thereat. One night, a celebrated temperance lecturer was advertised to speak in the city and Pat was impressed to attend. He signed the pledge before leaving the hall, and from that time on continued a sober, industrious man. He soon provided comfortable quarters for his family; his children were well clothed and fed; and instead of the drunken, brutal father whom they formerly feared and dreaded they now had a parent whom they respected and loved, for he was kind and good.

CHAPTER XI.

WORK OF THE ANGELS.

After the visit to Lily's baby brother which was described in a previous chapter,

the appointed guardians entered upon the discharge of their pleasant duties. Lily remained in her old home when the duties and lessons of the new life did not interfere, and little Gem and Pearlie were constant attendants and playmates of the young child, who had been christened Benedictus, or Bennie as he was called. Mrs. Benton desired the name because it signified "blessed," and she felt that the little one was really consecrated to some noble service, and his coming was a benediction or blessing from the angels. She had become very receptive to the hallowed influences of the bright ones whose protecting care was over her and her treasure, and frequently caught brief glimpses of them and heard their voices.

These sweet experiences were related by her to her husband, who said but little in response, although he felt the truth of her words. Daily did the guardians attend their charge, and so wisely did they shape every event of his young life that he might grow to manhood conscious of their presence, and a perfect, willing instrument through whom they could aid and bless humanity.

Each member of the Golden Chain daily learned new lessons from the experiences of those with whom they came in contact as they went around doing good under the instructions and leadership of their wise teachers. Sometimes they visited hospitals, prisons, asylums and other places where unfortunate mortals were congregated, and learned there of the woes and afflictions of this life. Into these sad conditions they carried gleams of light, and scattered bright blossoms of hope which sometimes germinated and unfolded into noble deeds and better lives.

They also visited the most humble and wretched quarters in the great cities, where little ones were famishing and dying from hunger and cold. They were often deeply moved by these sad scenes and would hasten to the palace home of some wealthy persons and try to impress them with the burden of woe and want they had witnessed, and inspire them to deeds of charity and kindness. Sometimes they met with success, and at other times they felt themselves repulsed by some stony nature, who was so absorbed with its own selfish desires that the sufferings of others were unheeded.

The Golden Chain were taken into legislative halls where political problems were discussed, and witnessed the efforts of wise and philanthropic spirits to impress upon the makers of laws and the supporters of governments the necessity and importance of such legislation as would relieve the distress of the poor and unfortunate, and inaugurate a reign of justice, peace, fraternity and equality upon the earth. Sometimes some receptive mind caught these lofty inspirations and fired with the zeal and en-

thusiasm of the grand conception, would glowingly describe the terrible situation, and earnestly appeal for measures of relief. These brave souls were the instigators of all reforms, the leaders in all noble and beneficial work, the inspired and chosen ones who were unconsciously doing the will of the angels in their service of mankind.

(To be continued.)

Paper-Carrier.

Among our readers are many poor boys, and some whose lot is very hard and apparently hopeless. We invite such boys to consider attentively the story of the late, Sinclair Tousey, who was for many years president of the American News Company of New York. At the age of eleven he was as forlorn an orphan child as could be found in the State of New York, a poor little drudge, working fourteen hours a day in a Dutchess county cotton-mill. At thirteen he was apprenticed to a farmer of the bad old school, who had much less consideration for a "hired boy" than for one of his own pigs.

Slender and not too well-fed, he suffered much from the winter's cold, and to get money for some warm gloves he set the farmer's traps for foxes and other furry creatures, whose skins could be sold at the country store. The old man demanded one-half the proceeds for the use of his traps.

It was hard upon a poor little boy, but not as pernicious to him as much of the easy-going, lavish indulgence is to many boys of the present time.

After enduring such treatment for three years, he started on foot to reach some relatives in his native State, Connecticut, a weary tramp of a hundred miles. For three days he walked and walked, until quite tired out, he lay down by the side of the road and fell asleep. There he was discovered by a farmer of a different kind from the one he had left in New York. This good man gave him a lift in his wagon, and, on hearing his story, paid his passage to Danbury, whither he was going.

Having rested a few days, he went to work for a carpenter near by; then he served in a grocery store for a while; after which, acting on the advice of his friends, he removed in 1832 to New York to try for fortune in the metropolis. The dread cholera desolated the city that year, and this country lad had the disease so badly that, on his recovery, he was obliged to return to Connecticut to re-establish his health.

He worked the next summer on a farm, earned nine dollars—the price agreed upon—and took his pay in quinces. He returned to New York with his quinces, which he sold for eighteen dollars, and felt happy to resume his metropolitan career so auspiciously.

Then it was, in his nineteenth year that he began the business in which he continued much of the rest of his life. He became a newspaper carrier, and when he died, a short time ago, aged seventy-two, he was still a newspaper carrier, only he carried his papers latterly by the million, instead of dropping them singly every morning at subscribers' doors.

Some years passed before he got his head above water. He lived with the closest economy, kept clear of all the vices, worked hard, and, in seven years from the day he carried his first paper, he settled on a farm of his own near Saratoga, and there remained, a prosperous farmer, for thirteen years. But he had sons growing up around him, land was getting dear in that part of the State, and, at last, to afford his boys a better chance, he returned to New York and embarked in the business of distributing newspapers and periodicals by the car-load.

He prospered greatly, he and his sons and partners, and he used the leisure and means his success gave him as a man, and as the citizen of a free country particularly, should. He was a sound patriot and a wise philanthropist, for he devoted time, money and toil to well-considered and rational schemes for the benefit of his fellow-citizens.

A very able and well-informed writer in the *American Bookseller* says that, during the last thirty years of his life, there was probably not one day in which he did not write something, do something, or think something, for the good of his ward, his city, his State or his country.—*Youth's Companion*.

Our Exchanges.

Mediumship.

Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.

Medial power inheres in the physical constitution and does not therefore depend, primarily, upon the mental or moral status of the medium for its strength, but may be indirectly increased or weakened by the influence which the morals of the medium have upon his physical condition. Mediumship is, of itself, neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. Therefore it may be exhibited in force through the organism of an individual devoid of moral sense; especially is this true where the exhibit is of physical and objective phenomena. Every seance must stand on its own merits, and each manifestation should be differentiated from every other and considered by itself.

Where's the Remedy?

Eastern Star, Bangor, Me.

The so-called spiritualistic mediums that perambulate over the country are growing more numerous every day, and the persecution they cause to be entailed upon honest mediums, by their low and barefaced simulation of true mediumship, is to be deplored, and if possible remedied.

But how? Ah, that's a question; how are we going to remedy this great and growing evil? There has got to be a halt called in some manner, or our ranks will be overrun with a set of tricksters, that only get behind the door and make all manner of fun

of the Spiritualists. And for the devilry they cut up, the honest medium is persecuted, because the unbeliever does not discriminate between them and the charlatans.

The manner in which some cunning knaves have taken hold of the grand truth of materialization and made its hallowed reality a mere puppet show is a disgrace to modern civilization.

It is the most accursed traffic known in all this broad land—the simulation of spirit forms. Nothing can be enacted so low and despicably mean and traitorous to all that's good and true, and we might say that it is almost equal to murder. It has no parallel in theft, arson, bank robbery, forgery and such crimes. While we would deplore a law to imprison such, on account of the innocent victims that it would surely reach, there ought to be justice meted out in some manner to those who play with our most reverential feelings, and when our back is turned, call us "gullible fools," and we are if we continue to stand idly by and wink at knavery in all its various attitudes for the sake of being popular, or, rather, for a money policy.

We can place our thoughts upon some, who, to-day, cater to all the humbugs in the country, in hopes to fill their coffers more readily, by having their influence.

Such a state of things creates a feeling of distrust from Main to California, and were it not for the glorious fundamental principles of Spiritualism that is imbued into the soul of every honest believer, it would have a disastrous effect.

Now, there can be a plan whereby we can protect ourselves and keep the public from sitting down on us without just cause, and that plan is very simple in its ramifications.

Let there be a society formed in each town where Spiritualism has a hold, for the express purpose of protecting themselves against swindlers and traveling mountebanks, and when one of them turns up, notify him "to get up and get," without delay.

By keeping a record of these fellows, and notifying all our own journals, as well as the secular press, these tricksters can be taken for just what they are worth, whenever they attempt to hold forth.

Charity.

The Open Court, Chicago, Ill.

Their old-fashioned charities, for the doing of which so many people are considered worthy and good, are often only so much money thrown into the capitalists' already overflowing coffers. They simply enable the poor to be content with less wages, to accept a smaller share of the profits of labor from their employers, and thus, by increasing the power of the industrial aristocracy, to weld on more firmly the chains of their own slavery. The fact is, that charity in the old sense has no proper place in our world. A system that requires charity is already more or less rotten, because it is a system in which some parts are not self-sustaining, in which some human beings have to place themselves in the degrading position of dependence, of requiring good, without being able to perform any. Unfortunately, such charity must, in extreme cases, be done, just as poison must sometimes be swallowed; but we ought never to blind ourselves to the meaning of such charity. In truth, charity is twice cursed; it curses him that gives and him that takes.

We must do our very best to put an end to charity, by putting an end to the need for it. We must, therefore, in the first place, without hypocrisy or fear, labor to discover what those social and religious arrangements are which cause the need for charity, by making men weak and incapable of self-help, and then we must labor with all our might to remove these conditions, and replace them by better ones. Moreover, if we find men and women, so-called respectable, who fail to do this, we shall have a right to condemn them, as lacking in those virtues that belong to their day and generation, the only virtues that are of any real moment. We shall have a right to call upon them to leave off their antiquated play-acting, and come, like sensible people, and virtuously live their own true life and the life of the present world.—**PROF. THOS. DAVIDSON.**

A Breezy Visitor.

Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.

"You just ought to have been at St. George's hall yesterday," he said, as he slammed open the door of the *Journal* office on Monday morning. "Why, what's the matter?" softly inquired the mild-spoken subscription clerk. "Where's your editor?" he demanded without replying to the soft-voiced questioner. "He's never to be seen on Mondays, not even by his own family," rejoins the guardian of the sauctum. "Well, tell him one of the Bangs Sisters gave a most wonderful exhibit in independent slate writing there yesterday. A slate was examined and held under the table by one of the audience, his hand flat on the under side of the slate and the slate close against the table. The medium merely placed her hand on his, and in a few minutes the man drew out the slate and it was covered with exquisitely drawn flowers and a written message that looked like copper plate engraving it was so perfect. There appeared no possible chance for deception; anyhow, I'll give \$100 to any body who will duplicate it or come anywhere near it under the same circumstances. Tell your editor to increase his staff, so he will have more time to talk to us investigators when we come in here. Good morning." The door banged again, and away went a leading State street merchant, not knowing that his interview had been jotted down by one of the *Journal's* staff.

Thoughtful Queries.

(Light, London, Eng.)

When with arrogant assumption some "high priest" of science, saturated with the flattery of years, and encrusted with the hard shell of success and conceit, shouts aloud in the world's market-place, "I know," we smile at the man, while we pity his madness. But how far are we free from the like error? The Theosophist, ignoring Western thought, and full of Oriental lore, says, "I know." The Spiritualist, making light of the traditions and profound investigations of the East, and taking his stand on nearer speculations and experiences, says, "I know;" and the Mystic, to whom existence is a poem of which he believes he has the key, says, "I, too, know!"

Is it not more likely that the same truth presents itself in different ways to different races, nay, even to different men, and again to the same men differently at different epochs? But if this be so, is it not of vital importance to discover, as far as may be, what is the common truth underlying all the phenomena, all the speculations, whether they be Eastern or Western, English, Indian, or American, Swedenborgian, Boehmenite, or Theosophic?

The present state of psychic investigation clearly points to this common truth; to ignore its existence will be to retard, if not for a while wholly to stop, the advance of spiritual knowledge.

How many hearts are eaten out in longing for what they have no power to reach!

Minister (dining with the family)—"You never go fishing on Sunday, do you, Bobby?" Bobby—"Oh! no, sir." Minister—"That's right, Bobby. Now, can you tell me why you don't go fishing on Sunday?" Bobby—"Yes, sir. Pa says he doesn't want to be bothered with me!" —*New York Sun.*

A school teacher asked a new boy: "If a carpenter wants to cover a roof fifteen feet wide by thirty broad, with shingles five feet broad by twelve long, how many shingles will he need?" The boy took up his hat and slid for the door. "Where are you going?" asked the teacher. "To find a carpenter. He ought to know that better than any of we fellows."