



Alfred Russell Wallace.

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME IV.

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Biography.

Alfred Russell Wallace.

One of the most distinguished scientific men of the age—Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace—has been for some weeks on a visit to San Francisco. While here he has delivered several lectures on Darwinism before those of our citizens interested in scientific research. We give on this page an engraving of Dr. Wallace, from a recent photograph by Taber.

Dr. Wallace was born at Usk, in Monmouth, Jan. 8, 1822, and was educated as a surveyor and architect, a calling he exercised until 1845, when he devoted himself exclusively to naturalistic studies. He spent four years on the Amazon and eight years on the Malay archipelago, making extensive zoological collections. It was while living in the East, without knowing of Darwin's cognate researches and speculations, that he wrote a theory of development by natural selection, though not using the latter term. He, therefore, really published the theory of evolution before Darwin. He has published many valuable scientific works. Among these are "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro," "Palm Trees of the Amazon," "The Malay Archipelago," "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," "The Geographical Distribution of Animals" (which practically founded a new science), "Tropical Nature," etc. He has also written a work "On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism."

Dr. Wallace is a member of the Royal Society, and has long been distinguished in the scientific world. It was curious that both he and Darwin should have been pursuing the same line of investigation, which led to the same results, without either knowing of the other's work. The modern theory of evolution was therefore the result of the conclusions of two independent thinkers. As it bears Darwin's name, however, he is better known in connection with the subject than Dr. Wallace.—*Pacific Rural Press*, June 25, 1887.

The Platform.

No Soul in Sex, or, Men and Women Equal.

BY JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D.

There is no soul in sex; were there, then soul and sex would be correlative, and wherever sex is found soul would be. This is not true, at least to me it is not, for I am not willing to admit that soul and sex are necessarily co-ordinate in organization or in function. They have not the same constitution, function nor destiny. The soul has wondrous powers; one cannot measure them. As we see her in her existing relations to sex, she reveals herself in part only. She walks before us veiled. Our vision of her is imperfect. Largely, she is always in shadow. In her bodily life we see her, as it were, in her childhood. Her horizon, by which our vision of her is bounded while she is in a human body, is quite narrow; but before her lies a future of vast possibilities. What she may become in growth, under Divine handling—which is always vivifying and cultivable—the human imagination cannot conceive; however large its endowment, it shrinks from the task of measuring the soul's capabilities, as the Infinite unfolds itself before her and offers itself for her advancement.

Time never touches the human soul but to help her. Usually his touch of physical things, under the whirl of years, enfeebles, as our own observation proves to us. Things about us—our neighbors, friends, ourselves—grow old, and age brings decay and dissolution of body. But on the soul there is no such effect. She grows strong and beautiful and free by time. To her he is servant, not master. She rules him; she uses him. However swift his step and far-reaching his stride, she flits her wings but gently and she keeps by his side. In the ages to come, Time must die, but the soul, clad in immortal youth, shall sit serene upon "the ruins of a fallen world." And this soul, with all her vast capabilities—wonderful, immeasurable, imperishable—modern philosophy, modern science, modern politics and modern public opinion unite to ask me to correlate in my thought with sex, thus putting them on a level and instituting between them reciprocal relations, as though they were equal factors in human nature.

Gentlemen, at the risk of your disapproval, I refuse to accept this view. I do so in the interest of mankind at large, in the interest of the women of the world, in your interest as well as in my own. Never by comparison nor by contrast, never by assertion nor implication, neither in public nor in private, will I so disparage the human soul or so detract from her intrinsic dignity and immeasurable worth as to agree or suggest that she be regarded as simply on a level with sex. The thought as it passes through my mind rouses me to indignation; my cheek mantles with red at the suggestion.

I have said that were soul and sex correlatives in nature, wherever sex is found soul would be. In fact, however, this is not the case. Sex extends farther into the domain of organic life than soul does, so that sex is found where soul is not. Therefore in sex, there is, necessarily, not soul. Sex can originate, operate and exist without her; for all its active manifestations it can get on without soul. Sex has all the material constituents of animal and vegetable life; it has none of spiritual life. It is earth-born, and shows itself strongest and most vigorous in those material organisms in which life is the most perishable if not the least durable. It has its constitution, its province and its function, and wherever found it is entitled to recognition and respect. It is, within its appropriate sphere, worthy of regard, because of the great function it is given to perform. It may not, therefore, be looked down upon nor spoken of derogatorily.

But sex has no eyes, no ears, no tongue, nor nostrils, nor fingers. It is not organized to show reason, moral sense or spiritual discernment, but instead specific property or specific passion. Having, therefore, no moral elements, it is not entitled to moral consideration. Whenever this is shown to it or toward it, it should be—because it can only rightly be—by reason of the relations it bears towards moral objects or subjects, and not because of any properties which are moral and which essentially belong to it.

Whenever, therefore, discussions arise of questions over which moral sense takes cognition and about which moral consideration is needed, and out of whose adjustment moral relations are born and become active, sex has no rightful voice in such deliberation.

What is its proper level and what the proper respect to be paid to it may be easily enough determined by becoming familiar

with its nature and uses and the extent of its sphere of operations. One finds that it shows itself as efficiently in a stalk of growing corn or strawberry plant as in an animal like the horse or cow. In either case its function is precise, its object specific. No liberty is given to it, as there never is to any mere physical organ or structure which exists that it may perform a given function. It has no discretion. Acting at all, it is always for one purpose and no other, and the object to be gained by its action is as clear and definite and of the same nature in a mere animal as in man. And is not the fact that we never attach to its operations any moral value, proof full and satisfactory that we think it has no moral characteristics and cannot of itself institute moral relations?

Can any of you, then, tell me by what cunning deviltry it was brought about that sex lifted itself up to the level of the moral qualities of human nature, and took such hold of human consciousness as by its dictation to regulate all the higher human relations? How happened it that, as far back as history or tradition goes, human society was established and has been conducted upon the basis of sex and not of soul?

The ancient civilizations were founded upon considerations mainly sexual. All the progress they made in knowledge of the arts, science, philosophy, government and religion was achieved along lines that recognized sex as determining rights, privileges and franchises or their opposites. Not an element or quality was there in human nature that sex did not pass upon. Liberty, justice, equality, property, power, all were measured by it. It "spoke and it was done," it "commanded and it stood fast." Gender decided everything. To be masculine opened the universe of endeavor; to be feminine shut the unfortunate into outer darkness; and this though the blessed or the cursed ones had no voice in deciding their sex.

Can any one conceive the immense difference in the race for life and all its great conferments which the masculine man had in his favor over the feminine man, under these old-time civilizations? Around him were gathered for his support, help and protection all the constituent elements of power; while from her all these were taken away. He could strive, struggle, accomplish, achieve. He could die struggling to reach "the heights" if he chose. For him there were no limits to conception of truth or justice, of liberty or the power of law. His ambition had full scope, his labor untiring application. A slave to-day with a tyrant's foot on his neck, to-morrow might see him on a throne with a crown on his head. All things were possible to him under the genius of the civilization of the olden time. But for her there were no openings. Her prison, named home, had

no loop-holes. She was foredoomed to silence and seclusion. She might hear the hum of the busy world and dream of its movements; but from all its agitations, personal and political, social and religious, industrial and commercial, she was excluded, and for no reason other than that her sex debarred her.

Is any other explanation of the sad decay and downfall of the ancient civilizations needed than that they were founded in unreason and wrought out in injustice? In my view, none. And yet modern civilization seeking to express the average common sense of masculine manhood, has set to work to see if, avoiding some great mistakes of the civilizations which are dead, it can not cling to the old idea of having society, church and civil government based on sex, and none the less have it succeed. Declining to recognize the truth that it may not make moral distinctions where nature has only made physical differences, and that under the philosophy of Christianity, which unequivocally declares that in morals and in all which morality governs "there is neither male or female," it cannot rightfully put sex over soul, but should instead put it under, it deliberately went to work and organized this stupendous falsehood, by incorporating it into its national and state constitutions, whether written, like that of the United States, or unwritten, like that of England.

Under modern civilization, from the organization of the family to the creation of a business corporation, from the formation of a simple neighborhood to that of a village, from town to city and from state to nation, the wretched sophistry that sex is entitled to moral consideration has been offered to the people and has been accepted. Under this widespread delusion, wrought everywhere into the framework of modern society, and exhibiting itself wherever human activity is seen, the just, thoughtful and far-sighted thinker can discern the magnitude of the work which has to be done to establish justice and judgment in the earth, and make woman to be what her Creator made her to be—essentially human, and as such a helpmeet for man.

Modern civilization could never have succeeded in building itself up on so untrue and insecure a foundation had it not the help of the interpreters of Christianity. It is a common remark with certain persons that the Bible is responsible for the terrible mistake that civilization of modern times has made in the organization of civil and political society and civil government.

As truth makes progress, men will come to see that the true philosophy of society and civil government demands a change in woman's relations to her individual as also to her general welfare—a change which shall relegate sex into the closest privacy, while the human of the woman shall come

"into the sunlight of publicity." In the seclusion to which sex shall be sent, and in which it shall thenceforth forever be kept, no violence shall be done to its constitutional rights or its legitimate immunities. It was made to assert itself in the privacies of home under the sanctities of marriage, and it shall have given to it by law, by custom, by public opinion, and by the voice of religion, all the sanctities which it may justly claim.

But human beings, though they have feminine gender, have powers abundant and qualities magnificent, with which sex has nothing to do, and with which sex must cease to have anything to do. Now it usurps rights as it does powers; it dominates faculties as it does forces. It keeps down capacity, and brings forward incapacity. It is the devil incarnate in its present relations to women, killing the inspirations to which their souls are entitled, and making them satisfied with material illusions. This is the worst form of evil abroad amongst mankind to-day. It has one-half of the human race under complete control. Not a breath is drawn by one of them, either inspiration or expiration, not a thought, not a wish, nor an effort of will, not an inspiration nor a desire, not a calculation nor an impression nor an impulse comes out of the life or heart of one-half of the human race that is not filtered through gender. Aims, purposes, projects, plans, and efforts are all considered and sought to be carried out in accordance with and subject to its impudent demands. There is no other slavery so degrading, so debasing. The soul, the God-created, the magnificent soul, that makes whoever has it human, and so consanguine with mankind—the soul, that can become immortal, and forever have the universe to its service for growth, for culture, and consummation of character, as things now stand, is cribbed and confined in the prison-house of sex.

Nature has given to sex no "roving commission." It has one aim in view, one end to secure—the begetting of species and their rearing. In the human mother, love, and faith, and earnest hope hold the place of mere animal impulse. Her soul speaks out her longings as her face lightens up with thought of high emprise, and she kisses her baby's cheek with entirely different emotion from that with which an animal licks its young. The soul of the mother and the soul of her child enter into moral sympathy, because they are respectively moral entities, and at proper time can develop and establish moral relations.

Can you allow yourselves to suppose for one moment that a mother has an implanted constitutional instinct, designed to dominate her reason, affections, and sympathy, whereby she is to have a larger love for a boy than for a girl born of her own body? Does

love for sex find spiritual residence in her heart? Not a whit of it.

Well, if it does not, by what authority do you and all other men undertake to say that a creature having a soul in a body of the feminine gender shall have less of bodily freedom, less of intellectual opportunity, less of well-regulated social impulse, less of religious sympathy and spiritual support, less of culture in skilled labor, less of the benignity and helpfulness of law in protecting her personal rights and securing to her the privileges, immunities, and franchises that must naturally under just civil government spring out of personal rights, than belongs to a human soul dwelling in a body of the masculine gender? Is it true that, in sight of God, a human creature of the masculine gender is of more moral worth and higher spiritual significance because of his gender, than one of a different gender, other things being equal? Can one be responsible for gender? And can moral considerations be predicted of one because of conditions forced upon her? How can this matter of sex get within the domain of morality, since morality can properly take cognizance of nothing pertaining to human nature or human conduct for which human beings are not responsible? Morality, in reference to human affairs, is bounded by responsibility. Destroy that, and you cannot impanel morality and demand that it give judgment in such conditions.

The qualities of character of which morality takes note and on which it passes judgment, assert that virtue, truth, liberty, justice, mercy and love originate in humanhood and not in sexhood. They are to be considered and passed upon in a court which takes cognizance of the human in man and woman. One-half of the human race stands up to-day in superior order, position, and power, as compared with the other half, because of superior facilities, and shows superior character because of better opportunities for the exercise of their faculties; not because of purer, nobler, manlier, holier, and more affectionate qualities, but because of *assumed* superiority as based on sex.

In this claim there is no justice, for the reason that it is entirely assumptive. It has never been put to the test. Till on equal terms, masculine man shall submit his claims to competitive trial with feminine man, his assumptions have in them the elements of tyranny.

What, then, is to be done with woman in America? Made up of body and soul, what destiny awaits her? Is her soul forever to be made subservient to her bodily organization, or is the body to serve the aspirations of the soul? I say the latter, and for the following reasons:

1.—Compared with man it is clear that her personality, in all that makes it up, is as full, as complete, and perfect as his.

His moral consciousness contains nothing that hers does not. The separation between him and things—subjects and objects of whatever nature that are rightfully and properly described as *things*—is no greater than between her and like things.

Now what does personality imply? What constituents enter essentially into it? These clearly: reason, intuition, judgment, conscience, will, liberty. If more, then more; but for my purpose these are sufficient. Which of these does the feminine man lack? Not one. She is made up so as to have every one of them as surely as the masculine man has. Then it is clear that with the constitution of her personality, pure and simple, sex has not nor can have anything to do. Constituted alike, men and women are alike entitled to all the rights, privileges, and immunities which personality can confer, and neither has lawful advantage over the other. In the essentials of nature and constituents of character they are on a dead level.

2.—It is in personality that rights in here. Where it is lacking rights are wanting, and where rights are wanting life—and all that in such case it implies—is held by suffering. 'Tis idle to talk of the rights of *things*. 'Tis terribly, horribly wicked to talk of *the lack* of rights of persons. These wear God's image. They are born to rank high up in the scale of beings. They may well assert their dignity. The strain of blood which they circulate is kingly to the highest degree, and in them are wrapped up such wealth and such worth as are incomputable.

3.—The difference between persons by reason of sex, in no way affects their personality, nor the rights which spring from it; for this reason additional to those already urged, that the points of difference caused by sex are as nothing compared to the points of agreement existing independent of sex. For instance: before me sit a boy and a girl. Wherein have they resemblance? Let us see. Each has five senses—sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch. For each sense there is an appropriate organ—eyes for sight, ears for hearing, nose for smell, mouth for taste and fingers for touch. Has any physiologist ever been able to discover any greater difference in the structure or uses of any of these organs in women as compared with the same organs in men, than he has between the like organs as existing in men? Unhesitatingly I say that he has not, and I challenge contradiction. If I am right, then on what principles of morality or sound experience, do society, the church, and civil government justify themselves for conferring greater and better opportunities on men for the training and culture of their special senses than on women?

Sex has nothing to do rightly with these senses, for both sexes alike have them.

Women have the faculties as well as men, they also have equally with men the organs through which the faculties work; why then, in the name of common sense and common decency should they not have equal facilities for putting them to use?

It is said that sex qualifies the capacity—that while the faculties are the same and the organs for expressing faculties the same, the measure of power is qualified by gender. Who says so? Who has a right to say so? Who knows that this say-so is true? No people ever tried it. No nation ever tested it, no community, society or church ever organized itself so as to demonstrate beyond cavil that masculine sex gives vigor while feminine sex entails enfeeblement. The assumption is entirely unwarrantable and in the light of philosophy, physiology and existing facts, is entirely indefensible. Before it is admitted, the condition of the parties must be reversed. Let the powers, privileges and properties, places and preferments be given to women, and the disabilities, disadvantages and disfranchisements which have been upon them from time immemorial be put upon men for years, for centuries, for ages, and then see which sex is the brighter, the braver, the better. My word for it—if you disable men they will become weak; if you disfranchise them they will grow indifferent to the public welfare; if you take away from them the right to earn and hold property, they will become spend-thrifts if not thieves; if you deprive them of homes of their own they will become vagabonds and tramps; if you make laws for them and enforce these laws without their consent, or if you make them slaves or slavish, you make them unpatriotic and rebellious. Take men—whose superiority it is said over woman lies in their gender—and put them four thousand years into just such conditions as woman have been in, and see what gender will have done to keep alive in them the manly, the moral, the intellectual, the inspirational.

Gentlemen, as the points wherein masculine and feminine women agree compared with the points in which they differ are as nine to one, it is shown beyond honest, intelligent doubt, that humanhood pertains to the race, and in it all share *alike*, while sexhood pertains also to the race but in diversity. It belongs therefore to woman to be free, to act, outside of sexual matters, independent of her dissimilarities with man and on the basis of her agreements with him, to catch his spirit for education, enterprise, culture, and growth in character. It is the only way open to her to save herself from a degradation far deeper and more ruinous than any she now knows. As art, science, philosophy, and political economy advance, and with this progress essentially modify the practical relations between individuals and people, woman must be counted in as a factor or be left out as a cipher; if a factor

then a creature glorious in speech, bearing and character; if a cipher then history repeats itself and she degenerates into a slave.

You and I, gentlemen, and all the other men of the republic, are confronted with the problem—what is to be done with the women of our country? The human nature of us has forced us to give them educational opportunities. Schools common and collegiate are opening to them. As they take advantage of these, they are coming to be competent and learned. The press in all its forms of dispensing knowledge conveys its news, whether industrial, commercial, social, political, historical, religious or literary to them, and they take it in to the full. One thing they lack which they must have, or they will suffer for the want of it and society in time to come will not have a healthy, firm joint in it. They must have equal freedom with men by custom, by usage, by public opinion, by approval of religion, and by authority of law, statutory and constitutional, to put their knowledge to practical use. They must have rights of their own, powers of their own, property of their own. They must have professions, vocations, pursuits. They must cease to be appendages to men and become their co-workers. They must have free course to struggle and fail, to strive and succeed, to work and win as truly as men.

Gentlemen, have you ever read, under the inspiration of your better faculties, King Solomon's description of a virtuous woman? I beg leave to call your attention to her qualifications. Usually the attention of men is directed to the *qualities* of women. Solomon alludes to these only incidentally, and spends his force in enumerating her *qualifications*. Hear what he says:

She buys wool, and flax, and silk and establishes manufactories for working them into fabrics.

She buys wheat, corn, and other grains, fruits, vegetables, and all kinds of edibles, and sells them at a profit.

She buys articles of merchandise which are good and so has reputation as a merchant.

She speculates in land, and turns herself into an agriculturist, horticulturist, and gardner.

Strength and honor—meaning strength of character—are her spiritual enrobing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.

What does this eulogy of woman mean unless it means what I assert to be true that in the day when man's prejudice shall be put one side, and his preposterous pride shall disappear, and love of fair deal shall be born into him, woman shall have at her use and service equally with man, opportunities for her self-support?

I urge upon you young men to put away forever from your thought and feelings the idea that there is any merit or demerit in

sex. Consider always that *character alone, not gender, has merit or demerit attaching to it*, and educate yourselves into this conception, and cherish it faithfully. It will be of great service to you in enabling you the better to understand woman, and put a just estimate upon her—a thing which has seldom been done by men. More than this, it will enable woman very much better to understand herself.

And now ladies, I have somewhat to say to you. From time immemorial, the half of the human race to which you by sexual classification belong, has been held either as slaves or serfs. In this country as in England, till within the last forty years, women in all grades and orders of social life were held as serfs. Within these years there has been going on a ceaseless agitation, and it has already resulted in good. The law of exclusion of woman from all the privileges of citizenship has been modified, and a qualified personality has been granted to her. Sheer sense of self-respect has forced men to do what they have done. *But they have gone as far as they will go if left to themselves*; they will make no farther essential progress. It is not in their human nature to do so disinterested an act as the enfranchisement of woman would be. It cannot be expected of them, and therefore it cannot be justly asked of them. What then is needed to the enfranchisement of our people, for deliverance from their degrading bondage? This is needed, that the serfs themselves demand their freedom.

The time has come for each and every woman to ask to be delivered from the tyranny of sexhood and placed under the lawful freedom of humanhood,—in other words to be everywhere recognized as human and regarded as entitled thereby to all the inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, to which any human being is entitled. If women will not ask, men will not grant. If women rather live as women than as human, as serfs than be free, by suffrance of men rather than as equals of men by acknowledgement and authority of law, they may remain so by failing to ask to be delivered from their serfdom.

But it must be understood that the measure of their indifference to enfranchisement is the measure of their degradation, and that in this age of the world's development when from the way in which the most insignificant act is done to the framing of a written constitution for a people, the thought of the human soul is in throe and travail, if women are content to remain as they are, there can be no difference of opinion with intelligent persons as to their moral status. Out of them will be drained the constituent elements by which alone the human can be built, and what remains is of comparatively little account.

God made woman human. If she has

become so degraded as to hold lightly those constituents of her humanity which ally her to the divine, one only needs to become aware of it in order to be able to measure her moral standing with a fair degree of certainty.

Truth is truth whatever betide. May the Infinite Wisdom inform us all how to discover it, how to forsake all and follow it and risk our future in so doing. For myself I am thoroughly certain that before any child now present shall reach my age, new views of what properly belongs to woman to do on the score of her humanhood, will be accepted, and that the distinctions based on sex now everywhere prevalent and which shut her out from the opportunities which belong to her as a human being and by which alone she can make the most of herself, will all be done away with, and she will stand up in the glory of her redemption the co-partner and co-equal of man.

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 XV.

OUR HERO THOUGH SICK UNTO DEATH IS BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE, BUT REWARDS HIS NURSES BY CATCHING AN OLD COMPLAINT.

How pregnant with fateful issues is that well-worn statement, "I did it all for the best!" What complications requiring years to unravel; what life-long miseries have been contained in it. All for the best! In good truth for the worst; aye, the very worst, have too often been nearer the results. Yet we are all so short-sighted at times that it is unwise to blame even when the result of the action that was taken "all for the best" has inflicted its full sum of misery and woe. When the blow falls as the issue of our lack of insight we must not weep and waste our time in useless wailing, but be up and doing, that as far as may be we may help undo the error our ignorance or willfulness has caused. Caleb Halleck's telegram was "all for the best" he undoubtedly thought, but had he made it more explicit he would certainly have saved Constance Courteney much embarrassment when upon her arrival at New Northtown, she learned the danger her brother was truly in. It was then too late to alter matters so the next thing was to make the best of them.

Immediately upon the telegram reaching the Vicarage the Reverend Courteney at once decided that his wife and Constance should start immediately for Ernest's far-away home, stopping the night with their

old friends the Eversleighs, as decided upon at Constance's suggestion. Within two hours the ladies were on their road to London, full of solicitude for the sick man they both loved so deeply.

On their arrival at Dr. Eversleigh's they were warmly welcomed, and upon making known the illness of Ernest, they were deeply sympathized with thereupon. Constance and Lilian conversed over Ernest's condition and made a little merry at the idea of a man conducting such an undertaking as his without a woman of any kind about the place, but said Constance:

"Never mind, my dear, won't he be surprised to find three of us descend upon him?"

"Three," exclaimed Lilian, "why, dear, who is the third?"

"Can't you think?"

"I? No! Tell me."

"Well, then, you, you slow old thing, you."

"Me?"

"Yes, 'me.' Now listen, dear, and you too, mamma," said Constance, drawing up her chair to her mother's side, "I want Lilian to go with us to watch at the sick man's side, for," said Constance, gravely, "he may be much worse than we suppose. Therefore, if mamma and you and I take turns in watching and nursing him, we shall be sure of him having proper attention bestowed upon him. I do dislike to have nurses about one; they seem so cold and unsympathetic."

"But, Constance, dear," said her mother, "how do you know that Lilian would care to do any such thing? Besides, there's the Doctor and Mrs. Eversleigh to consult," and she turned an inquiring glance towards that worthy pair.

"Well, I don't know," commenced the Doctor, "but Lilian has often plagued me to let her become a nurse in Guys. Why not, my dear," appealing to his wife, "give her a chance in a small family of one?"

"John, you are an absurd man. You know I have always protested against Lilian's silly idea; but, then, I don't feel that Constance's suggestion is bad. Besides, I feel so sorry over Ernest shut up down there among those dreadful boys that my heart aches for him.—"Then," said Constance, "you dear old soul, you will give your consent, will you not?" to which Mrs. Eversleigh replied: "Well, yes, if her father does."

The Doctor thus appealed to promptly decided in the affirmative, so it was settled that they start by the train leaving at 5:15 the next morning. In view of this arrangement the ladies retired early, Constance congratulating herself upon her remarkably skillful diplomacy, and Lilian feeling strangely agitated for some reason she resolutely refused to confess the nature of, even to herself.

The train steamed out of the metropolis

in the cool hour of the early morn, on through the pleasant suburbs and then out into the open country, through pastures and farming lands, over bridges, in and out of tunnels, pausing to take a hasty glance at Peterboro's Cathedral, a moment's look at Grantham and Retford, then slowly over the draw at Selby, thus affording a view of the quaint old Cathedral there, and then straining hard to reach on time the old historic town of York, where again cathedral spires are seen. There a pause of twenty minutes and then on, on again, past quaint Yorkshire villages, and over ground where roses, red and white, where Roundhead and Cavalier, met years gone by in deadly fray. On, till Darlington, famous for the Stephensons who gave us the iron horse, and for the Pease's whose quaker honesty and means have done so much for local industry; on until this centre is left behind; until again the cathedral spires of decorous Durham are in sight—a rare line this for cathedral fanes—then rattling on a few more miles, over what was once the noblest bridge in modern times, and is yet a marvel, that crosses the coal stream beneath; then as the hour of noon clanged out upon the air, the train stood still and New Northtown received our travelers. A conveyance was procured and as fast as hired horses could be made to travel, the expected visitors were carried out to Rivers lane.

Not knowing what to expect, they were astonished at all they saw. Mr. Halleck received them, two of the lads attended to their luggage, and they were ushered into two rooms that had been prepared for them. Without pausing to remove her wraps, Mrs. Courteney at once proceeded to her son's room, only to find him still in a state of delirium, and quite unable to recognize her. The doctor in attendance had timed his visit so as to meet the ladies, and he told them that Mr. Courteney was seriously ill, his complaint being gastric fever. It would be some time ere convalescence could be expected, and during the period of the disorder, some one must be in attendance day and night. This was the substance of the doctor's statement. Mrs. Courteney cordially thanked him for all his skill and attention, and told him that she would see to the nursing part.

After dinner a council was held with Caleb Halleck, wherein Mrs. Courteney announced her desire to secure a female servant forthwith, at which statement Mr. Halleck ejaculated in confusion:

"Female servant, why, my dear madam, what for?"

"Why, to attend to things, my dear sir, of course."

"But the lads will break their hearts; they can do all that is required—"

"But," said Mrs. Courteney, smiling at Mr. Halleck's evident perplexity, "there are meals to cook, linen to wash, the room

to clean, and many other little matters to attend to that only a woman can do, so a woman we must have."

Whereat Caleb Halleck arose and said; "My dear woman—lady, I mean—all the things you refer to are done by the lads, and have been ever since we started. Come with me, look over our linen closets, our storerooms, inspect the bedrooms, the kitchen, dining, recreation and all our rooms, and if you want a woman afterwards, or after the dinner you have eaten, which was cooked, as well as served by the lads, why then, I'll, I'll—there," said Caleb, in a burst of explosive petulance, "come and see, come and see."

The result of the examination was that Mrs. Courteney reconsidered her determination and the duties of the household were left to the lads, who certainly would have strongly resented a strange serving woman in their midst.

It was arranged that Mrs. Courteney, Constance and Lilian should watch eight hours at a time in turns, thus providing a watchful nurse the entire dayround. Lilian was deft, patient, careful and tender, watching the sufferer with the solicitude of a mother, and when the crisis of the fever came her fears were deep indeed. An anxious time was this for these three faithful, loving hearts, as also was it for Caleb Halleck and the lads, but the tide turned at last, for one morning when the dark of night gave way before the light of day the fever left the sufferer and a sweet sleep stole over him, which told the watching mother that her son was safe at last. For five hours sat the mother there, watching that peaceful slumber, and when, at last, with a deep, drawn sigh, the sleeper awoke with intelligence again lighting up his face, the first his eyes lighted upon was his mother, and for a moment he was evidently sorely puzzled to account for her presence. Then in a low, faint voice, he said:

"Why, mother, how is it you are here?"

"I have nursed you, Ernest, in your fever. You have been very ill, my boy—sick unto death. But you are better, now, and will soon be well again."

"I have been ill?" asked Ernest curiously. "How long?" he next asked.

"Nearly three weeks, dear," said his mother, soothingly. "You must keep quiet though now, for your nurses do not want their charge to have a relapse."

"My nurses? Why, who besides you" dear mother has been here?"

"Constance."

"And I never knew it!"

"And Lilian, too, dear. We three have watched you. But, there, you must not talk just yet, keep quiet, and we will all come to see you presently—after the doctor has seen you." Then Ernest ceased to converse and lay pondering over it all, while his mother, having kissed him, went

out to tell the glad news to the rest. When the Leader of the week heard it a great sob choked up his voice, and a big tear stood in each eye, so overjoyed was he that their more than friend was spared them. Fervent thanks, too, went up from the grateful heart of Constance, while Lillian's face first flushed scarlet and then turned white as marble, but all, Caleb Halleck included, breathed the easier and slept the happier for knowing that all danger was now over.

Little by little Ernest learned how ill he had been, of the coming of his loving nurses, of their arduous but faithful watchings, of how Lillian had many times done double service, and had been foremost in all good offices for him, of the sparing of fatigue for others by doing most herself; than he learned of her interest in his lads, of how they all deferred to her and liked to see her move among them, and when at last he was able to move from his bed and rest upon a lounge in the sunshine, Constance felt sure that he had caught another complaint, a sort of affection of the heart, so to say, but she kept her counsel yet a little longer.

It was late in August now, and the warm air streamed in at the open window whereat Ernest was resting upon his lounge this afternoon. There was just enough of keen north sea air in the breeze to make it health giving and invigorating, and as the sun shone in the room lighting up the sweet face of Lillian Eversleigh, Ernest, as he gazed at her, might be pardoned, if he thought of her as the angel of his heart.

Presently he spoke, half abstractedly it seemed.

"Miss Eversleigh," then he hesitated a moment, to continue again by repeating her name, "Miss Eversleigh, when I was so ill I think I dreamed of another world, and saw there some old dead friends of mine. I saw, too, a rare and lovely face, perhaps, though," he added musingly, "that was yours?"

"You were delirious, Mr. Courteney, for so long, and talked so curiously that I doubt me if my face was in your fancies, especially as you knew not of my presence."

Then ensued a long silence, Lillian the meanwhile gazing across the country, and Ernest busy with his thoughts. After awhile Ernest resumed the conversation.

"Can I ever thank you enough, Miss Eversleigh, for all your care to me."

"If you please, Mr. Ernest, do not mention it. It gave me pleasure to be of service to your mother and your sister, I assure you."

"To me, too, I trust," added Ernest.

"To you, too, certainly," assented Lillian.

"Well, I shall soon be well now, I trust, and then you will leave me."

"Yes, after a little awhile we shall all have to depart. But you have your boys,

and good, old Mr. Halleck. What a truly noble work you are doing here."

"Do you think so?"

"Indeed I do."

"It is very hard at times."

"Yes?"

"Very."

"You do not regret it?"

"I? Oh, no; not at all. I would not forsake it for any consideration; but, I think it lacks one thing."

"Indeed?"

"Perhaps it is I that lack; I have lately thought so."

"Your life is full of generous impulses and noble sacrifices. You scarcely can claim there is anything lacking in your nature, surely?"

"In my nature, no; in my life, yes."

"I do not understand you."

"Then let me tell you, Miss Eversleigh. I have striven with my thoughts, questioned myself in every respect, and the result is the same at all times. I cannot be blind any longer. My health, my life have been returned to me by the patient, faithful nursing of Constance and my dearest mother, but one other nurse was there whose devotion and care were ever foremost, whose hand was ever prompt to serve or soothe, whose counsels were ever wise, whose labors were unselfish and unremitting, to that other I owe so much. Constance and mother also owe her so much that words are but beggar's thanks. I have learned it all; Constance has told me of it, told me too, how the lads delight in her, told me how, when I lay like a log upon the bed there, that that other nurse devoted time to the work of this house as well as its sick master, and knowing all, feeling as I do, it has inspired in me for that other one, what, oh, what can I say, Lillian, but that I love her with all my heart and soul, for I owe so much to her. That other one is you, Lillian, and if a life's love can be a sufficient thanks, then take my love, nay, my life, both are yours, and yours alone." What followed boots not the reader; it was too tender and sweet to be here recorded for others not concerned, so let it pass, for it is safely treasured within the manly breast of Ernest Courteney and the loving heart of Lillian Eversleigh, those two who, on that sweet summer afternoon plighted a life-long troth of deepest, purest love.

So Ernest rewarded his nurses for all the care they had taken of him by catching an old complaint, though Constance said to her mamma, "Well, there's one consolation, darling Lillian has caught it too."

(To be continued.)

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purposes.

Original Contributions.

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

The Jessie-Street Kindergarten.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Corresponding Secretary, Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, San Francisco, Cal.

About eighteen months ago, I think, the Jessie-Street Kindergarten in San Francisco was formally adopted, so to speak, by the "Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society," then and now holding Sunday services in Metropolitan Temple, ministered unto at that time by Mrs. Elizabeth L. Watson, and now by Mr. J. J. Morse. Had not the society assumed charge of this kindergarten when it did, the school in all probability would have been abandoned, and the little ones then and since gathered into its folds would have been left to roam the streets in mischief and idleness, or perchance wickedness. Ever since the conduct of this school fell into the hands of the Golden Gate Society, its exercises have been regularly conducted with credit and efficiency, and the school has always been full to overflowing with scholars. Indeed, the number seeking entrance therein exceeds the maximum capacity of the school; and candidates for scholarship are constantly being sent home, owing to the lack of room for them in the school.

There are three separate classes in the kindergarten, the youngest being called "the babies," and at present all three are being taught in the one room. If possible, one or more additional rooms should be secured, especially one for "the babies" class. Upon a recent visit to this school I noticed a large, sunny room adjoining the present general school-room, which seemed admirably adapted for the junior class. It would be well, I think, for the managers to secure this room, if practicable. About seventy scholars, of both sexes, are now on the rolls of the school; and it is in a healthful and flourishing condition, under the able supervision and management of Mrs. Henrietta E. Robinson, who has had the care of the school, so far as its business relations are concerned, ever since the Golden Gate Society assumed its control. It has a worthy and competent corps of teachers. Miss Josie M. Hill is the principal of the school, and Miss Libbie J. Hill and Miss Mattie Bullock are her assistants. A personal inspection of the school enables me to testify to the efficiency and earnestness of these three young ladies, in the pleasurable task devolving upon them of training the budding minds of the numerous little tots under their care into paths of order, system, precision, and usefulness. It is indeed no slight task to keep in order so

large an assemblage of such very small children, with minds naturally more intent upon play and frolic than upon the performance of systematic tasks. But our trio of lady preceptors seem equal to the occasion, and manage to institute order and quiet, when required, out of the chaos and babel of fifty or more noisy, playsome baby boys and girls. The three appear to be well fitted for the duties allotted them, and under their watchful guidance the school should attain to greater heights of usefulness than it has yet reached.

Already have preparations commenced for the forthcoming Christmas exhibition of the school, and on that occasion "a grand, good time" is confidently expected by teachers and children. Due notice of the date of the exhibition will be given, and all interested in the success and workings of the school are cordially invited to attend upon that occasion. Members of the Golden Gate Society, and all others interested, are invited to call at the school at any time and witness the exercises of the children. The teachers and manager earnestly desire that the friends of the school shall call whenever convenient at the school-room on Jessie street, between 4th and 5th streets, and see the good work there being done. The forenoon exercises being more varied and interesting than those of the afternoon, it is suggested that visitors call in the morning rather than in the afternoon.

It is earnestly desired that the Spiritualists of the city should take a greater interest in this kindergarten than has yet been manifested. Of what use to us is our spiritual philosophy if it does not inspire us with warmer sentiments of love, sympathy, fraternity, and humanitarianism? The question "Am I my brother's keeper?" Spiritualism ever answers in the affirmative, so far as that brother may need assistance, encouragement, and kindly counsel. The brotherhood of man is one of the essential cardinal tenets of our beloved philosophy, and it unreservedly demands the practical exemplification of this divine truth at all times. No one can ever attain heaven except he or she earns it by good deeds; and practical humanitarianism ranks second to nothing in this regard. The kindergarten of which the Golden Gate Society has assumed charge is worthy of all the assistance that can be rendered it. It is doing a noble work; but it could do still more, and it would do a far greater work, if the Spiritualists of San Francisco in general, or even the members and congregation of the Temple Society as a whole, would do their duty. We want them all to take an interest in the school, to visit it, and to aid in its support according to their respective means and ability. At present it is hampered through lack of adequate school-room. It should have sufficient accommodation for all the children that desire to enter it, instead of

being obliged constantly to turn them away. Other improvements also are demanded, increasing the school's efficiency and usefulness; and it is hoped that the Spiritualists of our city will at once do their duty, and by a very small effort on the part of each place this deserving work of beneficence on a substantial and enduring basis,—enlarging the sphere of its labors, and promoting its good work in the manner it so well merits. Let them rally around their school, and make it what it ought to be without delay.

As the special merits of the kindergarten system of instruction may not be known to some of the readers of the CARRIER DOVE, attention is invited to the following excerpts, explanatory thereof in part, from the address of the present principal of the Jessie-Street Kindergarten, Miss Josie M. Hill, delivered upon the occasion of her graduation as a kindergarten teacher:—

"Of all charities which appeal to the heart of the people, that of the kindergarten seems to me of paramount importance; for while we may feel it a duty to relieve distress wherever found, the truest charity consists in placing people in a condition to help themselves. How can this be done so well as by giving to the children an education which will fit them to be self-reliant men and women, and not drones in the great hives of human industry? In the kindergarten the child first learns to depend upon its own efforts, and to find the wisdom and utility of co-operation. It is there he is first taught to think in a direct line; or, in other words, to concentrate his thoughts and give expression to them, not only in words but in deeds. He most certainly forms a correct basis for future endeavor.

"As the beginning gives a bias to the whole after-development, so the early beginnings of education are of primary importance. Simple as may seem the first of Froebel's gifts,—which consists of six soft woolen balls of six colors, three primary and three secondary,—he chose them because of their simplicity; the ball being the completest ground-form, and the one in which all other forms are contained. These balls are introduced to the child in every possible manner and connection; they illustrate the general properties of form, color, size, weight, volume, and density. One ball alone is a complete whole; when united with others it is a part; it rests and moves; it has an invisible centre; it represents many objects. To catch the bounding playfellow all the child's energy is required; and all the young strength is necessary to retain it when caught. Every game well directed may promote the child's future good; therefore, in play the first feelings of friendship are awakened, and the tenderest sympathies fostered.

"The second gift consists of sphere, cylinder, and cube. The sphere is a solid ball,

movable, but in every position the same; the cube, stationary, but differing according to position; the cylinder rolling or standing connecting the other two,—all in their connection leading up to the building gifts.

"The third gift is a cube divided into eight equal parts; it shows the whole and its parts, outside and inside; also relations of size and number, arrangement and direction.

"The fourth, fifth, and sixth gifts constitute another step in mental unfoldment, embracing perpendicular, horizontal, and oblique divisions into different sizes. The variety of the different forms is infinitely great, and they are classified as follows: (1.) Forms of Knowledge, in which the laws of form, magnitude, and number are used; (2.) Forms of Beauty, by which the perceptions of what is pleasing to the eye are represented; (3.) Forms of Life, in which objects of real life, as furniture, implements, buildings, plants, and animals, are imitated.

"The three following gifts, seventh, eighth, and ninth, are the Flat-tablets, Stick-laying, and Ring-laying. The child who has practiced representation with the building boxes is led by these into drawing, with which the most interesting exercises of pricking and sewing stand in close relation. In the first of these, the outlines of the form of life or beauty, drawn on paper, are pricked through with the needle, so that they show on both sides of the paper. This drawing in colored outline is again represented by sewing with colored threads. To this succeeds weaving, which is practiced with colored strips of paper.

"Besides all these gifts and occupations, and many others that have not been mentioned, we have, in the kindergarten, many beautiful and instructive games. No one can witness the games of the circle of happy children without being impressed with their value as teachers of unity and harmony. With the singing of motion-songs the child gains an idea of rhythm and time. Every latent faculty of the child's being is called into action. The foregoing are but the first steps in juvenile instruction, and should be succeeded by similar methods all through the child's school life."

"To those who have never visited one of these little soul-gardens, I say come and see how beautifully the various occupations, gifts, and games follow each other,—how gently the child is led up the sunny slopes of knowledge. It is to the children that we must look for the future elevation of the world; to them belong the coming years, whatever they may bring. Therefore, give to these little budding lives the means of growing in the right direction. Encourage the kindergarten by your presence in their school-rooms. Encourage the children with loving sympathy. Give them happy memories, and they will rise up and bless you."

Who are the Mediums?

BY A. F. MELCHERS.

Mediums are persons through whom spirits are enabled to manifest themselves to mortals for either a material or an intelligent effect. By a material effect, we mean such manifestations that may be cognized by the material or physical senses—sight, hearing, smelling, feeling or tasting—as the seeing of form materialization and etherealization of spirits, slate-writing or independent writing, and physical, manifestations in general; the hearing of independent voices in mid-air without visible agencies; the smelling of odors or perfumes emitted from flowers during a seance; the feeling of hand-touches or embraces made by spirits in a darkened circle and frequently accompanied by their voices for identification; and latterly by a sense of taste conveying to the one cognizing it, a consciousness of something needed by himself or by others in the form of drugs, medicines, food or stimulants as the case may require, and constitutes a method of conveying to such a medium a physician's prescription or health and strength restorative, through a material agency, or in a way not regarded as an intelligent manifestation as when conveyed by impression or writing. Such mediums are physically sensitive to the thoughts or expressions of spirits, but may also exercise their gift or power without the aid of spirits, by a so-called *rapport* with a patient or one requiring advice in this respect—such being effectuated by centering the thoughts on the one in question or by sympathy, as it were; the latter being the most reliable, as it directs the thoughts away from one's own personality and prevents self-delusion; for a medium with strong psychological or will-power can effect its own physical body in like manner that a spirit does, *i. e.*, animate it to a sense of feeling or taste for that which may happen to be uppermost in its mind.

And should the same, by exercising its own judgment in the matter, come to an erroneous conclusion, the remedy will prove fallacious, of course; but sympathy leads the mind directly to the patient and forms a *rapport* with the same—this *rapport* conveying, by sympathetic taste, the requirements of the patients or the demands of nature as it were—taste being the natural guide to the physical requirements, but, like any function, may get out of order for a time being and become unserviceable to the owner—thus the requisition of another's sense of taste to act instead, or as a substitute; but the one exercising this gift must be in perfect order or health himself, otherwise it is fallible, and such, like other curative agents, need that which they desire to effectuate health. Diseased healers like impure drugs, may kill instead of cure, and in which case a physician's direction or atten-

dance is preferable; but not all are conscious of being mediums who possess this power, although the majority are undoubtedly aided by spirits, for without sensitiveness no spiritual gift exists, and those who are sensitive, are also accessible by spirits and consequently can be developed as mediums. Thus sensitiveness is the fundamental principle to mediumship, and is synonymous with "quickenings of the spirit," or a soul condition which is superior in growth or activity over that of the more materially inclined or spiritually undeveloped mortals, and sufficiently active over its own physical functions to allay their material or animalistic effect and spiritualize them, as it were, *i. e.*: give them a more spiritual tendency of action or of feeling, and thus enabling the spirit body to exercise its functions or senses independently of a material agency. Such is clairvoyance (spiritual sight), clairaudience (spiritual hearing), scenting spiritual auras, feeling the influences which arise from the same, and tasting them by the above sympathetic sense of taste; the latter enabling the medium to cognize impurities in food by simply directing the mind on the same and thus be warned or give warning against eating thereof. Such is the spiritual sense of taste, and like the action of a spirit on a medium, one's own spirit now acts and man becomes his own medium, as it were, or takes the part of a controlling spirit, either.

Feeling or sensing the influences which arise from auras (spiritual emanations), is usually understood as comprising that phase of mediumship known as psychometry, soul-reading or soul-sensing. According to our philosophy though, the soul and spirit body are two distinct entities; one, an intelligent and the other a sensuous condition of existence, and in which event the sensing of auras becomes a spiritual gift, not a soul qualification as intuition, inspiration, discernment or penetration of causes, etc. But this is of no importance as far as the fact itself is concerned. We simply know that by handling an object its history may be read, or the character of the person delineated from whom the object comes—whether it consists of a particle of his clothing, a lock of hair or a letter. This is due to the spiritualized state of a mortal's sense of feeling, superinduced by the superior development of his spirit body or its spiritual nerve, aura or system, the spirit body as it is well known, being an exact counterpart of the physical body, and an essence of the same, proven by the fact that it becomes gross or refined, according to the use man makes of his physical body. But the soul is not an essence of matter, being a spark of the original life principle of the universe (God), cannot become thus contaminated by impurities, and is entirely dependent on itself for growth or development through the exercise of its intelligence freed from material or sensual emotions or indulgences,

and which consists of intellectual or mental indulgences, the exercise of the will in overcoming one's animalism and love, or sympathy so-called, (feeling or aching for others in the form of humanity, charity, benevolence, etc.).

Scenting auras is as yet in its infancy, and will undoubtedly become a practical phase of mediumship when once its application is understood or becomes serviceable in detecting impure spiritual emanations—impure spirits extending an effluvium analogous to that of filthy, lustful or extremely sensual mortals, only that the scent is more penetrating and somewhat analogous to that of hydrogen gas, and furnishes another proof that the spirit body is an essence of the material.

Clairaudiency we know nothing about personally, but may infer that it is a spiritualization of the auditive organ, or a hearing of sounds or spirit voices independent of material agency, such being the description given by our better-half, who is gifted thus.

Clairvoyancy, from a spiritual standpoint, or as spirits are generally described by this class of mediums, we cannot absolutely define—such seeing them as they appear in mortal life, but to us, although very limited in extent, they appear translucent, and of an apparently etherealized magnetic hue, as frequently outlined by artists when endeavoring to make them barely perceptible in connection with an earthly or material scenery. Whether this is a form of clairvoyancy or simply soul-sight, we are not prepared to state absolutely or affirm positively, but we are inclined to believe in the latter because we see in the outline, the veritable character of the spirit, the inner condition as it were, and if, through the soul-nature only, we are enabled to penetrate causes, we may, perhaps, see below or beyond the outer covering, the spirit body as it is seen by clairvoyants who see them in earthly garments. We only see garments when this is to express something definitely characteristic, as worldly vanity, ostentatiousness, spiritual poverty, etc. Otherwise they appear translucent and of a somewhat whitish-greenish-pearly or light violet hue. We have also seen them perfectly red, but not translucent, and yet not nude in either case—all being of human shape though. Such is our experience in clairvoyance, and which might be made interesting by comparisons or the experience of others.

Sensing auras or feeling the influences which arise from the same, is perhaps the most interesting and edifying as far as the study of human nature is concerned, or, in delineating human character, and perhaps, the only method outside of intuition through direct soul *rapport* or the penetrating of causes (discernment divination). This is developed by studying the nature of the

influences sensed—feeling dull and languid in the presence of a mortal or spirit, for example, indicates active sensuality; feeling nervous or restless denotes arrogance in some form; and feeling oppressed, morose, listless, or ill-humored, betrays selfishness, whatever tendency it may have. Feeling oppressed tells of deception, hypocrisy, or pretense; feeling morose, of self-righteousness, or a false sense of dignity superinduced by self-love; feeling listless, of narrow-mindedness or penuriousness; and feeling ill-humored or irritable, of active hatred or vindictiveness—such being selfishness classified, and constitutes the influences most readily understood or sensed. The others may also be classified, but it requires a very acute sensibility to perceive the modifications, and can only be acquired by practice or close observation. Arrogance, for example, may be manifested as vanity, conceit, false pride, or haughtiness, and when commingled with selfishness or hatred, is felt as an agitation within, rather than as a nervousness on the surface; and when commingled with sensualism, as a tremulousness rather than a direct nervousness—such being the modifications which are sensed in connection with this evil.

To be conscious of another's selfishness through our soul-nature exclusively, we feel simply repelled at the moment of, or previous to the *rapport* with such an individual, and which no doubt, every one has experienced at some period of his life time upon meeting certain persons. Of course, this repulsion only lasts a moment, or according to the activity of the evil, and modifies itself as a *rapport* or an inter-blending of forces between the two takes place, although when extremely sensitive it produces suffering until the *rapport* is dissolved again. Arrogance in like manner disturbs or perturbs mentally, and sensualism or last offends, or affects one extremely disagreeable—seemingly as if in the presence of, or in contact with something unclean or filthy.

On the other hand, love attracts, humility becalms, and physical purity inspires with deference, and betray the virtues in divine qualifications in man.

Such constitute one class of mediums, and comprise the majority in the ranks of Spiritualism, while impressional or inspirational mediums are next in order. These obtain light or information from the other side by the action of spirits' thoughts on the brain or soul-forces—the unfolding of light or spirit intelligence on the brain being understood by us as impression, and on the soul, or as if unfolding itself near the regions of the heart, as inspiration. The latter is similar to intuition, and is hardly distinguishable from the former except by experience, or when sufficiently sensitive to be conscious of spirit presence. Such is also worthy of note and of importance to know, for it protects against mocking or selfish

spirits—the latter always affecting the sensitive with languor, drowsiness or weariness, while pure, loving or well-meaning spirits have an opposite effect on the same. Nervousness, irritability, mental perturbation or excitement though, bespeaks of arrogant or suffering spirits, and may be judged by the impressions or the writing which accompanies their presence—arrogant spirits being either very demonstrative or talkative, while suffering ones either say nothing or state their case is brief. But to the contrary, humility or love may be sensed by a feeling of calmness or a peaceful influence during the communion or the *rapport*, as the case may be. The simple presence of a spirit may be known by the above, while a *rapport* or control may be known by a disposition to yawn, stretch or sigh in addition to the influences felt—such being caused by the interblending of forces while taking control, but neutralizing itself in conformity with the medium by degrees. When fully controlling this ceases. But when obsession is the aim of the spirit, the medium feels oppressed, sad and often despondent during the time. Such though is not without cause, and generally best known to the medium himself. A temperate, pure and moral life is the only, and a true safeguard. Active emotions, whether for a sensual or selfish effect opens the way for obsession, and passion makes it continuous, only to be dissolved by active soul-force through abnegation or overcoming that which originally induced it, whether in the form of physical impurity, contemptuousness or malice—these being the three prime causes for obsession by spirits or mockers so-called, like attracting like. On the other hand, purity attracts intellectual spirits, and humility or love, happy spirits, both giving the benefit of their conditions to the medium controlled by them. But nervousness (except caused by disease,) irascibility, perturbation or excitability, and a dragging down feeling, accompanied by oppression or despondency are generally indications of obsession, and may be traced to some active passion or passionate indulgence in the near past.

Thus mediums, when becoming conscious of spirit influence, whether physically or mentally, must be extremely careful in all their doings, and not permit any animal emotions to take part in them—active, animal emotion being a temporary state of extreme negativity, which brings man *en rapport* with the lowest condition of material nature, and in which state, he constitutes a vacuum in spiritual nature and attracts its similitude—either an animal or a spirit possessing the same form of emotion. The opposite creates a positive condition or impetus, and enables purified spirits to approach him.

Mental mediums are not so easily obsessed as physical mediums, and are not always aware of the fact, when they are,

but may know it to some extent, by the bent of their thoughts—these being incongruous or conflicting in nature—and by an indecision in their wants or desires, being vacillating, and often on the verge of despair to arrive at some positive conclusion, whether for a thought or an action. When the obsession is continuous or superinduced by passion, it may be known by a restlessness which takes hold of the being, causing insomnia, discontent, and a craving for peace or sympathy, which, however, is not obtainable, or possible to enjoy when given, until the cause is removed, for peace is an effect of inherent purification—this bringing the soul *en rapport* with Divine Nature or law, and thus enjoys its harmony of action, while love or happiness is an effect of benevolence.

Having made others happy, man contains in him the fundamentals for attracting its similitude—sympathy.

But such is mediumship from a human or spiritual standpoint considered. What they are in the cause or scientifically considered, must be left to more profound thinkers to unearth. We simply speak from a limited experience, and if this does not accord with that of others, they are welcome to alter, amend, or improve on it, at pleasure. We have simply relieved ourselves of a pressure of thoughts, which may, perhaps, be of interest to others, and if wrong, we beg of those who know more about it, to tell us "who are the mediums?"

Salvation by Credit Marks

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

A Sunday School Superintendent in a rural district illustrated the subject of salvation in the following lucid and original manner:

"Now, children, I want you all to pay strict attention, and I will tell you the story about the largest school-house you ever heard of. It covers thousands and thousands of acres, and what is strange about it is that it began to be built before there were any pupils to go to school. Now can any boy tell me what this school-house is?"

He paused, and there being no reply, he said, "The earth, and God is the teacher. Now when God had got his school-house ready, who were the first pupils?" No answer. "Adam and Eve. They went to school first and all their children have been to the school ever since. Some are good scholars and some are poor. Some spell well and some can't spell at all. Some read with their books right side up and some with the wrong side. Now in all the world there has been but one perfect scholar. Can you tell his name?" "Christ." "Right, Christ. He got his lessons so perfectly, he received so many credit marks, he has more

than he needs or wants, he has them to spare, and he has told us that he will trade, if we will only ask him; his credit marks for one discredit mark so as to make us all square on the books of the great master who has consented to the trade. There is to be a great examination day, and if you dread a school examination, how you must dread that great day. Now all you have to do is to call on this perfect scholar, and he will trade marks with you, and then you will be sure to pass."

Such is the instruction offered by the Sunday Schools! Not your own exertions to become good and true, but the sneaking acceptance of another's merits is recommended. Such an act would degrade the pupil in any school or college, as mean and contemptible. Yet we are to believe God can contrive no better way out of the dilemma in which he finds himself.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, O.

Fable of the Mole.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

An old mole who was an L.L. D., a professor in a college and a member of a dozen scientific societies, wrote a book to prove that there was no such orb as the sun. No mole ever saw the sun or the sunlight, and he defied any one to contradict him. What folly to listen to the idle talk of those beasts that claim there is a light.

He laid his great work before the grand scientific convention of moles, and was unanimously declared the wisest of moles, and elected honorary secretary. A fox happening to stand directly over the subterranean gallery where the convention met, overheard their speeches, and laughing he exclaimed: "If they had eyes they would think differently, as it is the greatest disfavor one could do them, would be to bring them to the surface, although even then they could not see."

The mole is a true type of the conservative, who congratulates himself upon his superior sagacity, when the fact is he is blind.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO.

The Power of Love.

BY DR. C. C. PEET.

I stand at the fount of inspiration and with aspiration's golden cup, dip the crystal nectar that bubbles up from the infinite, and drink to the refreshing of my whole being.

When thus strengthened, how beautiful appear all the unfoldings of nature, what sublimity, power and grandeur, what glory and majesty greets me on every hand; what goodness, kindness, benevolence, purity, charity, spirituality and love may be viewed

on every side. Music is cadenced in every sound, beauty blossoms from everything, adaptation joins in graceful proportions each thing and part, whilst affinitizing power and wisdom connects and blends all in one eternal whole. All imperfections are hidden from sight, all evil has fled at the approach and presence of *truth*; and now, where once dwelt darkness it is all light; where evil hid is the abode of absolute good; and where were festering impurities, there flows a bright crystal stream in which mankind are cleansed from the gross dross which hides the fine, pure gold of the spirit; and in the blending and harmonizing of this great whole I discover one power more potent than all others, which holds absolute sway and government throughout every part.

It is the divine attribute of *love* which is in the eternal principle of life, and which we worship as the true mediator and redeemer of mankind, the Savior of the world; that beneficent parent, whose wisdom forms, preserves and governs, blesses and adorns all with the golden crown of immortality.

Capital Punishment.

BY FREDERICK HAASE.

In regard to capital punishment inflicted on criminals by the government, I wish to remark that the divine nature within me, and my reason have always revolted against such unjust and barbarous proceedings. I never could comprehend how two wrongs could make one wrong right; or how a *just law* could be vindicated by an unjust murder of the criminal who has violated a *just law*. In the spirit world the violator of just laws is not punished by others, but is punished by a sense of guilt, and the reproof of his own higher, divine nature; but it is the duty of every further advanced spirit to elevate other inferior spirits in a spirit of love, and by so doing, elevate themselves. As earth's inhabitants have *all* to enter into spirit life, and as all *man-made laws* here on earth will have to blend with the higher laws of the divine spirit, therefore would it not be better if in every State in the United States would be kept an institution, *self-sustaining by the labor of its inmates*, in which should be confined *for an indefinite period of time*, such as by their life of crime have become dangerous to society. Let such institutions for criminals be superintended and controlled by the most philanthropic, humanity-loving men and women of the nation; and let the pardoning power and the decisions, when such criminals should be so far reformed as to warrant to set them at liberty again, be vested in men and women of noble, wise principles. Let the aim of such institutions be to elevate these unfortunate inmates and to make them useful, sober and industrious members of

society, and in no wise to punish them for crimes committed. To my conception it is practical, and would be an important step towards establishing the kingdom of heaven on earth.

Selected Articles.

Spiritualism.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

* When asked if I believe in the existence of spirits, and the possibility of their return to earth, I answer, "I do not know."—HARRY HOOVER in Dec. *Free-thinkers' Magazine*.

This is evasion. More than half the avowed Spiritualists could answer the same. What we *know* we do not *believe*. What we *believe* we do not *know*. But shall we have no opinions? Is it consistent to remain forever noncommittal and passively indifferent on all subjects until we have absolute knowledge of their truth? If all pursue this policy when will we ever *know* anything? When the farmer plants his corn he *believes* there will be a harvest, and that his labors will bring their reward in due season; but he does not *know* that a single kernel will ever sprout. If he were a consistent Agnostic—one who *believes nothing*—he would never plant. When Columbus planned his voyage of discovery he *believed* there was something to discover. Had he waited to *know* he would have never started. He was not an Agnostic. He *believed*, upon evidence, and acted upon that belief, and his faith was met with ridicule from the proud lords of literature and the principal governments of the world. He was regarded as a dreamer and fanatic by the Agnostics of his time.

Those who believe nothing do nothing. Certainly Columbus did not *know* there was a great western continent destined to lead the civilization of the world; and could he have known that such a continent existed, he could not *know* that he could find it. But if he had not *believed* he could, would he have been likely to make the effort? Had he been a modern Agnostic he would have ignored the evidence as leading to any conclusion, and his genius and enterprise could have had no inspiration to act. When he was pleading at the royal court for aid to fit out an exploring craft to go in search of an unknown world, his faith (predicted upon facts which were to him evidence) was his armor and inspiration.

Suppose he had been asked, "Do you really believe there is an undiscovered continent on this globe?" If he had been an Agnostic of the modern school he should have answered, "I do not know." "Do you know of any evidence that there is such a continent?" "I do not know that there is." "Well, sir, do you *believe* upon the evidence you have that there is an undiscovered continent somewhere over the great

ocean?" "I do not know; I am an Agnostic; I do not *believe* anything that I do not *know*." "Well, sir, do you *know* there is a body of land on this globe that is unknown to the civilized world?" "No, sir; I am an Agnostic; and I do not *know* anything beyond the line of my personal contact and experience." "Then, sir, you neither *know* of nor *believe* in the existence of the continent you are asking help to search for!" "I do not know." After this interview how long would it have been before he would have got the means to explore the ocean and discover America? If he had no *belief* when and where would he have got the knowledge? Now, I submit that this Agnostic attitude is perfectly analogous, if not identical, with the Know-nothing answer so popular in these days, to the questionings of the soul, the pleadings of the heart, and the testimony of experience and facts, all suggestive of another world, as the only rational interpretation of the behavior and development of this.

"I do not know," is the wise (?) answer to the testimony of a million facts and thousands of human witnesses. Admitting the genuineness of some of the phenomena, incapable of duplicating or explaining them upon any other hypothesis, the patent Agnostic still denies that he has any opinion about the subject! Spiritualism is sustained by an array of facts and evidence a thousand times more formidable and conclusive than those which inspired Columbus with such faith and zeal; and these evidences from ten thousand sources, through thirty-eight years of accumulative force, point as with one index to a spiritual world, peopled with human beings, somewhere over the ocean of mysterious silence that washes the pale shores of the island of death. With the evidences all around us, accessible to all, it seems well nigh impossible that any intelligent, *live* man should have formed no opinion. There is no blooming hope or vital inspiration in Agnostic indifference. It is the dead sea in the valley of doubt. We must *believe something*, hope something, aspire to something, or we shall accomplish nothing. Free thought needs men of *convictions* who dare to *believe* upon evidence and *act* upon it. The perpetual chill of indifference, forever echoing paralyzing negations, believing nothing, hoping nothing, doubting all things, and posing with supreme satisfaction upon the throne of boasted ignorance, is not a happy qualification for the discovery and application of truth. Every discovery originates in *belief*. Every rational mind *must believe something* on all subjects which engage its attention. But because we believe it does not follow that we must dogmatise. Belief without evidence is superstition, and this is a conspicuous factor in all *inherited* faith. Religious Agnosticism is a natural reaction from the assumptions and demands of superstition.

It is modest and consistent to acknowledge ignorance on all subjects we have not fairly investigated; and if we have investigated, but reached no ultimate conclusion, it is honest and commendable to say so. As opposed to the assumption of theological ignorance and dictation, the Agnostic's modesty is a fitting rebuke. In answer to unsupported and mystical theories of spiritual fanatics the Agnostic's indifference is perhaps sufficient. But with the evidence attainable, the "proof palpable," which for thirty-eight years has been accumulating in a thousand forms under the most thorough scientific scrutiny, and verified by hundreds of thousands of witnesses, of every shade of religious belief and unbelief, it is hardly consistent for any thinker and student of nature and human life to have *no opinion on the subject*. True, he may not *know*, and until he has the knowledge which experience alone can give, it is honest and consistent to say so. But to insist that, while interested in the subject, and familiar with its phenomena and history he has *no opinion* about it, is self-stultification. It is presumed in law that a juror who has read the accounts of a murder and thought upon the testimony presented to his mind, must have formed some *opinion* as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. But the modern Agnostic would uniformly answer, "I don't know." "But haven't you read the testimony and thought upon the subject?" "Yes." "Well, have you formed no opinion?" "No, sir; I am an Agnostic, I don't know." He will answer for a juror. He has no opinions of his own. He never weighs evidence and reaches conclusions. He must *see the murder committed* or no amount of testimony will impress him with an opinion on the subject. How, then, can he be a competent juror? Ask the judge. On this subject I am an Agnostic.

Now, Modern Spiritualism comes with demonstrations to hundreds of thousands so startling and so absolute, so varied and direct, so persistent and continuous, that experience ultimates in absolute knowledge that spirits do live and can revisit the earth, and communicate. But a much larger number lack this knowledge, while upon overwhelming evidence they are compelled to *believe* without the shadow of a reasonable doubt, and *such* belief is *akin* to knowledge. Yet there are probably still larger numbers whose belief is shaded with doubt; and all the last two classes could play the Agnostic and truthfully say, "I do not know." But the simon-pure Agnostic on the subject of Spiritualism, not only does not *know* but has *no opinion*, and while he cannot gainsay the evidence, neither explain nor answer the facts, he still insists that he has no belief on the subject!

To those who have opinions and desire to arrive at conclusions logically; who can

weigh evidence and apply it, and who are not afraid to *believe* upon adequate proof, I propose to offer some facts and reasons which have been sufficient to reach and satisfy many of the brightest minds on this globe that "these shades of the dead do return." I have deemed these reflections necessary as a prelude to the argument, since it has become almost canonical that every one must see, feel, hear and experience for himself, and that the age of belief is past, and only knowledge is useful or admissible. But how many who accept the services of the physician have any knowledge of the laws of disease, or the character of medicine? How many have any experimental knowledge of the power of the telescope, or the revelations of astronomy.

Yet, we all *believe* what the school-men tell us about these things, and seldom seek to verify it by our own experiment. Upon facts as thoroughly verified as in any other department of knowledge, we propose to sustain our conclusions.—*Freethinkers' Magazine*.

The Speak-No-Evil Club.

A very novel society which has been started in England is called "The Speak-No-Evil Society." Its members are enjoined before speaking evil of any one to ask themselves three questions: "Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary?" These simple questions, if answered by all evil speakers before uttering the remarks derogatory to others, might result in a new society of most delightful qualities. Often people speak evil, not from any motive of unkindness, but from vanity.

They think that by pointing out the faults of other people they will cause their own virtues to shine out in a brighter light. Nothing could be more erroneous. By speaking evil they create the distrust of those who hear them, and lose a position of dignity which true reserve always brings. When evil speaking is necessary to warn others against placing confidence in the evil doer, the circumstances of the case be changed and the necessity of the criticism will cause the critic to be respected. On a similar basis faith the "Speak-No-Evil Club," is a club proposed by "Good Housekeeping" for a mind-cure. Its rules are: personal ills are not to be mentioned; anything like gossip is to be avoided; nothing depressing or gloomy is to be allowed. The first rule is a valuable adjunct to the speak-no-evil questions. One who continually speaks evil of himself is not only selfish, but discourteous to others, but a boor who does not put in practice the first rule of polite society. His complaints are mistrusted and his criticisms made an object of amusement. Unselfishness makes the rules which prevent the speaking of evil bright and attractive.—*Boston Journal*.

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THE CARRIER DOVE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., DEC. 3, 1887.

Martyr or Miscreant?

Our Eastern correspondents and exchanges have supplied us with the details of an exposé which took place in Boston, Mass., on Wednesday afternoon the 16th ultimo. The "medium" concerned being Mrs. H. B. Fay, a woman of great celebrity in her particular line in the above named city.

The full details of the affair are given in the *Boston Evening Record* for November 18th, and were contributed by a member of that journal's staff. It is needless to quote the account in full, we but use a brief extract that deals with the actual occurrences of the exposure, which the *Record* man thus describes:

"The figure had by this time evidently become convinced that it had a sympathetic audience and ventured far down the room. It appeared as a gypsy girl, with long hair flowing down her back. Advancing boldly down the room it paused in front of the gentlemen sitting next to the writer, and confidently stretched forth both hands. Like a flash the man clinched them in a strong grasp and ejaculated

"Now!" Instantly the *Record* man ignited his bunch of matches and the chandelier was a blaze of light. Other ready hands stripped away the curtains and the sun's rays flooded the room with an additional brilliancy. What a sight met the eyes of the believers and others who were not on the inside! In the centre of the room, directly under the blaze of the chandelier, struggling, biting, scratching and clinching like a tigress in the grasp of four strong men, who had all they could do to hold her, was that arch fraud and arrant humbug, cheat and impostor, Mrs. Heman Fay. She had said that the form would not be hers, but she got there just the same.

"Her flowing hair, a switch about two feet long, had been torn from her head in the *melee*, as was also her "spirit robe," a piece of cheap cotton gauze, about four yards long and two and a half yards wide. Capt. Dixon, who attempted to rescue Mrs. Fay, was grabbed around the neck by another athletic young man. He struggled vigorously and shouted "G—d—n you, let me go!" But he was held in a firm clasp. Mrs. Fay's desire was, of course, to get into the cabinet. So she made a show of fainting, and was sprinkled with water by one of her attendants. Her captors, however, were on to her little game, and held her tight. In the meantime, one of the writer's friends had made a break for the cabinet which he found to be closed. But he burst open the door, and there found the "old auntie," a tough old gal who would tip the scales certainly at 200 pounds. She was the confederate who helped to dress Mrs. Fay. She fought hard, but was ejected by the gentleman, as were also Mrs. Fay's skirt and her shoes. These were ingenious contrivances composed of three pieces of cork nailed together, one on the top of the other, and having a strap to fasten them to Mrs. Fay's feet. When she represented the "ancient guide" and other tall figures, she put these on her feet to add to her height. In the pocket of the skirt was a comb and a chamois skin powder pad for whitening the face. The Dixon girl made her escape in the confusion, although she was chased by one of the young men, who caught sight of her."

Here, again, is reproduced the almost identical points of the seizures of previous exposures. The "medium," her "properties," her confederates, with the circle containing the usual quota of good-hearted but soft-headed patrons. The "man with the match" again lets unexpected light upon the affair, the close grabbed "spirit" turns out to be the "poor meedy" again, as usual. Let us analyse the case. First are the facts involved disputable? The partially undressed "medium," her "cotton gauze 'spirit robe,'" her treble cork-soled shoes, and "her skirt," "old auntie," "the Dixon girl" who "made her escape" are solid realities—how came they there?

Poor Mrs. Fay was a martyr to the evil influences brought there by the hostile expositors—evil spirits caused her to personate, to wear a robe, to carry her comb and face puff; evil spirits brought those shoes, evil spirits brought "old auntie"—and the result is that poor Mrs. Fay is another martyr to our beautiful faith, whom our enemies are bent upon undoing. But it is remarkable that "old auntie" is a resident of the "hub," and if the evil influences could

bring her—two hundred pounds of her—there; shut her up in the cabinet, and do all the other tricks that were done that afternoon, and which tricks were the *usual* "phenomena" presented to visitors, then it must be acknowledged by the supporters of the martyr theory that *all* this woman's performances were the work of evil influences! For identical facts argue identical causes! The argument proves too much. We have no hesitation in asserting it is the argument of imbeciles, the only purpose of which is to screen an impostor and conceal a fraud. This woman is no martyr. The facts are against her, two at least of the figures,—the "ancient guide" and "old auntie," were frequent "spirit" forms thus clearly convicting her of barefaced fraud, therefore, it is no injustice to apply the legal maxim here, *falsus uno, falsus omnes*, false in one, false in all.

Deliberately we assert her, as thus shown, to be a miscreant besides whom a thief who plunders you of your purse or watch is a gentleman. This bogus, swindling, sham, show, "materializing," is a disgrace to Spiritualism, not only in Boston, Cincinnati and San Francisco, for it is rife here, but all over the country. We want no bogus "spirits" made up of confederates or artfully contrived glasses, pictures and lights. If mediums for gain, prostitute or simulate phenomena, they deserve the penalty due their nefariousness. If some who have told us of their experiences would but have the courage to prosecute the frauds who have cheated them, our cause would gain in dignity and respect.

Ross, Fairchild, Fay, Best, Caffrey and how many more? are variously posing as martyrs now, whereas there is no doubt they are miscreants who, trading upon our cause, and the tenderest and holiest emotions of our lives, have fattened and fattened upon the hearts and purses of many an honest man and woman, to their sorrow and dismay in many a case. Public "materialization" has caused disgrace, exposure, discord and division wherever it has been expressed, for it has degenerated into a trade pursued by knaves and sharpers.

We quote from our Chicago contemporary a portion of a leading article upon this topic. We cordially endorse it, and heartily echo its sentiments. Here are the ringing sentences that all true Spiritualists should read and heed:

"Spiritualists of America! how long do you propose to allow such despicable creatures as Fay to pursue their diabolical traffic under the cloak of Spiritualism, and aided by venal newspapers, without concerted and effective action on your part to stop it? How long are you willing to be classed with such people by the decent and order-loving portion of the community? You have your fate and that of the Spiritualist cause in your own hands. If you have not the moral courage and the energy, the love of honesty and virtue, the devotion due a high and holy cause, if you do not show by your united efforts that you have these, then your cause will die, and you will richly deserve to share the opprobrium and disgrace justly the punishment of Fay and all who aid, abet, tolerate or condone the damnable practices of the class to which she belongs. Honest, virtuous mediums! how long will you continue to be classed with these wretches who bring disrepute and dishonor upon an honorable calling? You have your fate in your own hands! Unless you rise, combine and act, and secure the co-operation of your respectable, order-loving patrons to the end that your vocation may be cleansed of its bad name, unless you do this you deserve to be classed with those who debauch mediumship, the vilest of earth."

Lyceum Entertainment and Dance.

The leaders and children of the Progressive Lyceum of this city, are preparing for a grand entertainment and dance to be given at Scottish Hall, Larkin street, on Friday evening of the 9th inst. From the talent engaged, and the active work which has been going on for some time past, we conclude that it will prove a most successful and enjoyable affair. Of course much will depend upon the interest taken by the Spiritualists of the city in the training and happiness of their children. If parents are too careless and indifferent to lend their cordial support to such a worthy enterprise, it must necessarily be crippled and hindered from accomplishing the great and beneficent ends in view. The Lyceum is doing a noble work with the little ones, and is conducted by earnest, true souls, who are unselfishly laboring to promote the best interests of the cause, and educate the rising generation in the light of the spiritual philosophy. No more noble service could be performed by any than they are doing, and it is the duty of every Spiritualist to assist them in every possible manner. The Lyceum is wholly unsectarian, and under the control or auspices of no society, clique,

or party. Its labor is for all and by all who have sufficiently outgrown selfish interests to engage in promoting the general good and happiness of others; therefore, none can refuse their aid on party grounds, or narrow principles which would debar them from improving any opportunity of doing good outside of a certain limited and circumscribed circle, society or "ring."

If those who talk so much about unity, charity, brotherly love, unselfishness, and good-will towards all, would stop talking a little, and go to work with a will to practically demonstrate their theories, what a mighty impetus would be given to the "Cause." "By their fruits ye shall know them," and on the 9th inst. will be given a practical illustration of just how many noble, "charitable," generous, philanthropic, "spiritual-minded," "universal love" and "brotherhood of man" Spiritualists there are in San Francisco.

Our New Year's Holiday Number.

We are making arrangements to provide our subscribers and patrons in general with a feast of good things in our first issue of the coming year. The great success that has been made by the DOVE since it became a weekly, causes us to feel a desire to express our thanks to our hosts of good friends in some practical form. This can be best done by our giving to our readers an extra special number that shall contain a mass of instructive and entertaining matter—with appropriate illustrations, that shall comprise contributions from some of the ablest minds in our movement to-day. We shall announce further details in succeeding issues, but at this time we can say that we hope to be able to present

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM

MRS. E. L. WATSON,
MISS M. T. SHELHAMER,
HUDSON TUTTLE,
WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN, and
J. J. MORSE,

WITH QUOTATIONS FROM

EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN,
LIZZIE DOTEN,
THE EDITOR,

and others of equal ability and importance.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

will be suitable to the matters contained, and in spite of all the labor involved and

the extra amount contained in the New Year's special number, there will be no advance in the price.

Mrs. Ada Foye.

This wonderfully gifted medium accompanied by her children, left this city on the 26th of November, for Chicago, where they propose spending the winter. Mrs. Foye had fully recovered from the temporary throat and lung difficulty with which she was suffering when she returned from her recent visit East, and felt that her work for the present was in Chicago. Her husband was also there engaged in business, which necessitated his remaining for some months yet, and it was decided advisable in view of the urgent demand for Mrs. Foye's mediumistic services by the people of that city, that the family spend the winter there. We shall sadly miss this estimable family during their temporary absence and gladly welcome their return.

Such honest, genuine mediums are much needed now when frauds and tricksters are so abundant, that if Spiritualism was other than the great, grand truth it really is, it would be buried in oblivion under the mountains of rubbish that are heaped upon it in its name. We trust that the presence among them of this dear woman, will be duly appreciated by our Chicago friends, for we can assure them that none better calculated to dispense the Simon-pure gospel of Spiritualism can be found. Her controls teach sound, practical, common-sense truths, and are abundantly able to demonstrate them with phenomena that cannot be gainsayed, or explained away. Would that we had more such genuine mediums.

Three Generations.

Mr. M. B. Dodge the energetic and ever faithful manager of the Temple meetings, had, we learn, quite a notable family gathering around his hospitable board on Thanksgiving Day. His guests embracing three generations of his wife's family, Mrs. Hibbard and her daughter Mrs. Dodge, three sons and two grandsons. All who know of Mr. Dodge's faithfulness and devotion will join in the hope that his family circle may remain undisturbed for many years to come, for it is indeed a happy and harmonious one. Three generations thus

united is a good and pleasant thing to see; we wish them all happiness and prosperity, and trust that Mr. Dodge may long remain in the position he fills with such value to the Temple work and credit to himself.

OUR LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

A NEW STORY.

In the first issue for the new year, we shall print the opening chapter of a new story entitled, "Crooked Paths, or The Wages of Sin," by Miss M. T. Shelhamer, the widely-known medium of the *Banner of Light* Message Department. Miss Shelhamer is so well known as a writer of fiction that our readers may anticipate no small pleasure in the perusal of her new work.

Extra Special Premiums.

With a view to give our friends the most liberal terms of any spiritual journal published in this country, we will make the following offers:

1. To *new* subscribers for a year who send in their names during this month, we will send the DOVE for the month of December free, in addition to the year's issue for 1888 for the regular subscription price of \$2.50. If they remit us the sum of \$5, we will send them the DOVE for 1888, and the bound volume of the journal for 1887, this year. This year's bound DOVE will be the largest volume ever issued since its foundation and will contain some fifty-two full page portraits. A choice variety of biographical notices of various prominent workers, speakers and mediums, a full collection of the able lectures through J. J. Morse, as well as the complete serial from that gentleman's pen, now running in our pages, in fact the bound volume will be the choicest collection of spiritualistic literature ever presented to the movement. This offer positively only holds good up to the 31st of this month.

2. We will offer to all our present subscribers who renew within the above time, the bound volume for this year with their new subscription in return for \$5. Postage will in each case be paid by this office.

The volume will be handsomely and substantially bound in cloth, and of itself will be a library of no small value. Remember these offers only hold good during the present month.

Dr. Schlesinger's Mediumship.

At a recent interview with Dr. Schlesinger, a prominent lady who has traveled much and seen many mediums, expressed her satisfaction with the tests received from the doctor by saying; "Well I am astonished; I had no idea Dr. S. was such a wonderful medium. The tests received were very marvelous." This lady's experience is that of all who have sittings with him; they go away convinced that mind-reading is no explanation, as they are often told things they knew nothing about and which later investigation proved true.

John Slater in Chicago.

From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* we learn that the celebrated medium, John Slater is holding very successful public seances in Chicago, under the auspices of the "Young People's Progressive Society." Their commodious hall is crowded to its utmost capacity on every occasion of his appearance and a lively interest is awakened. With two such mediums and Mrs. Ada Foye and John Slater, Chicago Spiritualists should find their cause "booming."

Notice.

The First Spiritualist Society of Seattle was organized on November 7th, and elected the following officers: President, Dr. Fred O. Houbert; Vice-President, Wm. H. Gifford; Trustees, Geo. Spray, B. F. Bogardus, Wm. H. Gifford; Secretary, Mrs. Eliza Spray; Treasurer, Mrs. H. P. Smith.

The Spiritualists of Seattle and vicinity have held public lectures and circles for the last four months with Dr. Fred O. Houbert as speaker. A great deal of interest is manifested, and we hope for continued progress and success. Hope speakers and mediums will give us a call. Yours,

L. J. GIFFORD.

SEATTLE, WASH. TER.

Spiritual Meetings in San Francisco.

J. J. MORSE AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

A very excellent series of questions were presented to the control of Mr. Morse on Sunday morning last, among them being queries upon Mesmerism and Hypnotism, Free Will and Responsibility, why does not the control mention the Bible, Lyceum

work, etc. The various answers eliciting frequent applause from a goodly audience.

The evening session was very well attended by a most intelligent company. The control delivered one of the most forcible and trenchant discourses we have yet had from him upon "Modern Spiritualism: Its present day Dangers and Weaknesses." The audience frequently vented its opinion of the drastic treatment of the topic by vigorous and hearty applause. This most needful and timely lecture will appear in our next issue.

Mr. W. H. Keith sang with his usual excellent taste "Immortality," being rewarded with a hearty encore.

On Sunday next, questions as usual in the morning, and at night the subject will be selected by the audience. Excellent music upon the grand organ by the accomplished organist Sig. Arrilliga. Seats free to all.

WASHINGTON HALL.

Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, of Berkeley, addressed the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at their regular meeting Sunday afternoon, November 27th, upon the subject of "Theosophy." The speaker advocated reincarnation or successive re-imbodiments, and quite a number of questions were asked concerning it by interested persons in the audience.

Judge Collins urged the importance of having discussions conducted by competent speakers, where both sides of such questions could be ably presented. Such a movement would awaken interest, and encourage investigation and study. Will not the Board of Directors take it into consideration?

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The Union Spiritual meetings continue to attract large audiences and are doing much good. The meetings are free, as all such meeting should be.

111 Larkin street.

"Do you insure hosses, sah?" inquired Uncle Zebe of an agent. "Oh! yes, we issue policies on them." "Well, sah, I'se gwine to take out a policy on my old saw-hoss. Sam Johnsing am gwine to steal him, I'm tole, an'" "We don't insure saw-horses." "Well, if yer gwine ter tro bizness away like that all right. I 'spected dar wuz some ketch in dis bizness wen I heerd ob it."—*Tid-Bits.*

Chips.

Borrow not the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.

To fail in a good cause is better than to succeed in a bad one.

Never follow any pursuit of life or commit any act that you may have cause in the great hereafter to regret.

Take comfort, ye who are toiling upward, for none can know the glory of the heights unless they have also known the depths.

Browne says he would enjoy playing solitaire more if he could tell whether it was he or the other fellow that got beat.—*Washington Critic.*

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.

Cultivate that which is true in reality, rather than that which is true simply in popular estimation. Better give up your party than your principles.

"Wait a minute," said a metaphysical professor to his son, "I want to explain to you just what mind is." "Oh, its no matter!" responded the son as he went out of the door.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The sublime truths of Spiritualism should be entrusted to those only of spiritual proclivities, those who would spurn an attempt to purchase their principles.

"Don't worry, John," said the wife of a writer of current humor, while he was wrestling with the stove-pipe, "you can go down to the office and write all about it and make people laugh, you know."—*Merchant Traveler.*

The lecture in this issue by Dr. James C. Jackson contains so much that is of interest to women that we hope every woman into whose hands it may fall will carefully read and ponder well the advice therein contained.

The greatest help in learning to forget ourselves is to open our hearts with loving sympathy to the woes of others. When we

are truly sorry for the disheartened ones around us, we shall have no time to be sorry for ourselves.

When a man or woman starts out with an object in life, and never for a moment loses sight of it, no matter how many obstacles there may be in the way, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they will win the goal they aspired to reach.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune, both in this life and the life to come. A man should be valued more for the good he has accomplished for his fellow men, rather than for the amount of gold he has accumulated—a legal method of robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Next week we will present our readers with a fine portrait and sketch of Herman Snow, who is so well and favorably known on this Coast as a veteran worker in the cause of Spiritualism. The sketch is written by Mrs. E. L. Watson, and is a fitting tribute from the able pen of one noble worker in appreciation of the services of another.

"The rising generation of men is coming in contact with a new type of woman. This type says meekness, dependence, is a feminine pretense, and those who practice it deserve to suffer and will suffer. Here is an instance of the new generation. The heroine of the episode I relate was a young and beautiful woman. She believed in the sacredness of marriage and parenthood. She was in love and her love was ardently returned. This was an open secret. At last the young man came to her to make his formal declaration. Her conscience compelled her to ask if his past life had been wholly pure. He acknowledged that it had not, but trusted her love was deep enough to forgive him. He could not wipe out the past, but would vouch for the future. Yes, her love might forgive him, but one more question: Suppose her past life had been impure, could his love overlook that? At once came words about the difference between men and women. And then the answer of the womanly girl: 'You have two codes of morals, one for me, and the other for yourself. Our paths in life do indeed lie apart. Let us separate here and now.' Such is the woman that will not be false to men; she gives them the truth, she tells them she feels just as they do."

Children's Dept.

The Three "Rockers."

"Three rockers together, a rockin' slow,
On the east piazza, all in er row;
Where are the folks, yer want to know?
No answer comes, but the winds sighs low.

"The old house is gray with weather an' time,
The well-curb is mossy an' green with slime,
Winder's rattle an' endless rhyme:
Nobody's here, but the cheers rock slow.

"It aint very long sense all in er row
Three sisters sat rockin' here to and fro,
Knittin' countin' from heel to toe,
Watchin' the bay where sails come and go.

"They watched an' they waited day after day,
Not a single ship sailed inter the bay;
Joe's long a comin', then they say,
'Whales must be skeerce,' an' they all rocked slow.

"But while they watch Mandy whitened and shrank,
And Mercy into strange silences sank,
And Marthy, she looked old and lank;
'When will Joe come?' an' they rocked more slow.

"Then ther comes er day when an empty cheer
Moved soft in the wind by the sister pair.
A year more parssed, and Mercy there
Sat watchin' two idle rockers blow.

"Three rockers together, a rockin' slow;
Not a soul in ther place to make 'em go;
Folks are dead if yer want to know,
An' the lonesome sea is rocking Joe."

W. H. WINSLOW.

Lily Benton.

BY JULIA SCHLESINGER.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LITTLE MEDIUM.

As soon as Lily's little brother Bennie, was old enough to make himself understood, he gave evidence of possessing uncommon powers, among which was a wonderful gift of clairvoyance. Mrs. Benton frequently noticed a peculiar expression come over the child's face; his eyes would seem to be looking afar off and he seemed oblivious to his surroundings. After looking intently, apparently at some object of interest, he would say, "Mamma, see pretty baby," and point his little fingers towards the spot where the invisible baby was seen. He would often speak of "the little boy" or "little girl" who was playing with him when alone with his mother. When about five years of age he began seeing what he called "picture folks," and would describe them minutely as they passed before him like panoramic views. Mrs. Benton was deeply impressed with these events and regarded them as prophetic of the future life-work of her child, which, she firmly believed, would be a consecrated and holy one.

Lily tried very hard to make her parents conscious of her presence with them, but her many attempts proving so unsatisfactory she determined to devote herself to the unfoldment of her little brother's medium-

ship until she might finally be enabled to speak through his organism the words of love and remembrance she so longed for her dear parents to hear. The young chief—Wanda—assisted greatly in this work. By experimenting he discovered that he could put the child into a deep, magnetic sleep whenever it was necessary, as was sometimes the case when suffering from a slight illness or accident. On such occasions the child would awake refreshed and well from the strength and healing imparted by the faithful Indian guide.

Clairaudience was also gradually developed, and when Lily succeeded in making Bennie hear her name and speak the word "Lily," she was delighted beyond measure. Her mother was much interested and questioned the child about "Lily," until she drew from him a perfect description of the darling daughter she had lost a few years previous. After this occurrence Lily frequently presented herself to the clairvoyant view of Bennie until she became familiar to him and he learned to call her his "beautiful sister Lily."

Mr. Benton finally became interested in the descriptions given of the "picture folks," and recognized some of them as dear friends, whom he had long believed were lost to him forever, and when they at last succeeded in impressing the sensitive child with their names, the skeptic doubted no longer, but became fully convinced of the reality of spirit communication.

Many sweet and precious hours of converse with departed love ones were passed in that happy home by Mr. and Mrs. Benton, through the instrumentality of their child, until it became as natural to hear him speak to the invisible ones as those in material forms. No fear, or dread, or superstitious folly was attached to these manifestations, and Bennie grew up a natural medium, and an intelligent recipient of spiritual light and truth. The spirit world and its inhabitants were real and living verities to him, as much so as the material world and its people. When all children are properly taught the nature and reality of spiritual existence the flood-tides of ignorance, crime and superstition will recede, leaving fair and beautiful all material things; and so closely blended and united will become the two worlds that humanity will consciously dwell in both.

As the days and months passed, the power of the invisibles grew stronger, and their efforts to demonstrate their presence more successful, until it was found they could control the young medium sufficiently well to give public demonstrations of the grand truth of Spiritualism.

After due deliberation and consultation with wise and advanced spirits, a plan or system of work was outlined and determined upon, which, when carried out, would inaugurate a grand and noble work, the results

of which would be so comprehensive and far-reaching that eternity alone could measure their importance to the inhabitants of earth and their higher counterparts—the denizens of spirit spheres.

(To be concluded in our next.)

He Knew.

A literal truth may be a virtual lie, and though there exist great cleverness in the telling, it is of that sort of speech which we should scarcely care to imitate, though we may smile at it.

A party of boys were snow-balling one day in front of the old academy, just as the professor was approaching his door. Whizz! and one icy ball striking his shiny beaver, carried it neatly away from his head.

It was an accident, but the professor was not a man to make allowances, and as he turned and glared at them, the boys trembled. One of them, however, had the self-possession to pick up and straighten the ill-used "tile," and its owner, without a word, marched indoors and rang his bell.

The boys went in like mice. When they were seated, "Young gentlemen," said the professor, "who threw that ball?"

Not one stirred, and not a glance was exchanged. The question was repeated, and still the room was silent.

"I will put one more question," said the professor, severely. "Does any one know who threw it?"

The guilty boy raised his hand, but as he was a model of excellence, it did not occur to the teacher that he could be the offender.

"You raised your hand, Reade," he said, "then you know who did it?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should not under ordinary circumstances, ask one boy to tell the misdemeanor of another, but it is evident that a coward is present and needs exposure. Reade, who threw that ball?"

"I would rather not tell, sir," said Reade, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Noble boy, I honor you!" said his teacher, with enthusiasm. "If there is present one boy who is too cowardly to confess, it is evident that there is another who is too honorable to betray a schoolmate. For Reade's sake, the culprit shall be forgiven. Young gentlemen, proceed with your work."

It is only fair to add that Reade's conscience afterwards pricked him, in view of such undeserved praise, and that he did manfully confess.—*Youths' Companion*.

A Sunday-school teacher was telling her scholars, the other Sunday, about a bad boy who stole a hundred dollars, when she was interrupted by one of her auditors with the query: "And how the dickens did he get such a bully chance?"

Our Exchanges.

The Higher Mediumship.

The Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia.

The facts and phenomena are merely the *form* of Spiritualism, the philosophy which is Spiritualism *per se* being evolved from them, as a rule, through the reasoning faculties.

Some persons when brought in contact with the philosophy of Spiritualism grasp it intuitively, but the majority, by reason of their educational bias, need some impressive physical or mental phenomena adapted to their idiosyncrasy to satisfy them of the central fact of spirit-intercourse. When they have this, all further seeking after phenomena is illegitimate, save to accumulate facts and evidences for the conviction of other seekers in the field of Spiritualism, and unless pursued for this or scientific purposes, is positively demoralizing. Physical mediums if kept constantly working on the same plane for any length of time, deteriorate physically and mentally, and though they may be the means of opening the gates to many an earnest seeker, it is at the sacrifice of their life essence and often of their moral tone; even the family circle, if overdone, loses its sanctity and elevating influence. The intelligent and aspiring circle, if harmonious, carries its medium with it step by step from the physical to the mental planes, and thence to the higher spiritual ones, where guided and taught by philosophical minds in the higher life, their progress is only limited by their growth capacity: the teacher's knowledge extending far beyond the receptive powers of the taught, has to be modified to meet their comprehension; for, if the thought or idea communicated is on a plane above that upon which the mind of the circle rests, it becomes valueless, because the circle fail to see the truth which is in it, and so set it aside as worthless. Though all physical mediums can be developed to the mental plane, it is only the finer organizations amongst them that are fitting instruments for spirits belonging to the "wisdom" spheres. A great musician may for lack of a better instrument use a common piano or violin on an occasion, and delight the bulk of his hearers with the result; but what was harmony to them would be comparative discord to him or to any in the audience whose musical perceptions were sufficiently cultivated to be sensible of the deteriorating influence of the instrument; and, in like manner, a cultivated and elevated spirit will not use an inferior medium except *in extremis*, or where the need to communicate is pressing, and no better instrument offers. It is not the cleanliness and soundness of the instrument that is the only qualification; had a musician the choice between a clean, sound, homely piano, of very ordinary type, and a dirty, dilapidated instrument, of finer texture and for the time being in fair tune, on one of which he was necessitated to play, there is no doubt he would choose the latter; and in the same way advanced spirits will occasionally use soiled instruments, which the public would think unfit, and no matter the quality of the communication, would refuse to recognize the source of its inspiration.

The clean, sound, homely medium, however, is the most widely useful to the majority of mankind. He is capable of giving evidence of spirit identity and instruction adequate to the needs of the many, whilst the high-strung instrument played upon by a master-hand, expressing themes above the ordinary plane of thought and idea, can only be appreciated by a few.

"He's not what they call strictly handsome," said the Major, beaming through his glasses at an utterly hideous baby as he lay howling in his mother's arms; "but it is the kind of face that grows on you." "It's not the kind of face that ever grew on you," was the indignant and unexpected reply of the maternal being; "you'd be better looking if it had!"