

The Carrier Dove.

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

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The Platform.

Fraternity.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY DR. W. W. MCKAIG,
BEFORE AN A. O. U. W. LODGE.

History is the record of ideas, and all else is hardly worth reporting. The careless or flippant reader may be more attracted to the show and pageantry of events, the pomp of marching armies, the dazzling career of heroes, the din and excitement of political strife, the gossip of courts and parliaments, and the amours of princes and men in high station, but more thoughtful minds are cautious to know what are the ideas, the sentiments and beliefs which produce this moving panorama of things. Ideas are the soul of history. Amid all the changes and mutations of time, they alone possess immortality. Men fight and vote and die, and their graves are soon lost and their names forgotten, but the ideas they struggled for may go forward to win victories or suffer defeat on other battlefields. When the poets say that life is short, but art is long, they mean that when a painter or architect dies, his conception of the human form, or of the Roman or Grecian arch, or of the Corinthian column, does not die with him, but passes on to receive a new touch from other hands. Thus all the first conceptions of a fact, the dawns of a truth, or a glimpse of a law, remain above the sod long after the thinker, discoverer, or dreamer has been forgotten. To watch the wrestlers or chariot races upon old classic fields was a very paltry thing compared with that of marking the mighty conflicts of thoughts, opinions, ideas and beliefs which flowed from the fountain of the human soul. The history of a man or a nation may often be of less value than the history of some silent, unobtrusive principle in science, morals, politics or religion. Indeed, if the history of an individual be great, it will always be found that his greatness largely came from the fact that he was fortunately associated with some great law or truth or social force. The most valuable chronicles of the time, then, are not those which tell when and where Solomon, Cæsar or Napoleon lived, what they said and did, and how they looked, but those which recount the birth and journeyings of some truth, principle or idea which has given to mankind a new piece of machinery or new

form of government, or a new phase of religion or shape of social life.

We desire to call attention to one idea that has filled a very large place in the human heart, but a very small one in actual history. The sentiment of Fraternity is as old as the soul, as old as the dawn of society; and we need not deem it strange to find the vague sense of a Common Father, that humanity is a family, that all souls are akin, vaguely feeling after the light. Like wild flowers by the wayside, in the oldest literature of Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome, on the ruins of ancient cities and tombs, evidences have been found of men forming mutual associations for help, relief, counsel and instruction. In the sacerdotal establishments of Egypt, and in the priestly mysteries of Thebes, you may catch sight of this feeling manifesting itself in many crude and strange ways. It was the instinct of brotherhood which caused the craftsmen who erected King Solomon's Temple to bind themselves in a mystic tie to protect and perpetuate their architectural secrets and skill. It was the same sentiment that Jesus came to expound and develop, and glorified by his life and cross, and which the author of "Ecce Homo" calls "enthusiasm for humanity." For ages it has been the theme of eloquence and song. It has inspired the Utopian's vision, the philanthropist's hope, the Christian's prayer. But strange to say, it is still the great question of the hour how best we shall bring the sentiment of Fraternity down from the region of dreams and abstractions, give it practical assertion, and make it a reigning power among the jarring interests and conflicting passions of every-day life.

So far from its having received its proper recognition among the great social forces of science and history, there are many who seriously deny the doctrine that all men are brothers. In the struggle for wealth, position and power, they say, "all men are enemies." Trade wars with trade, and among the members of the same calling and craft competition often becomes an angry strife. Heart burnings and jealousies separate the rich and the poor, and every day we may hear complaints of the strong trampling upon the weak. No wonder the old Greeks called St. Paul a babler when he announced from the top of Mars' Hill, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." The nations of the earth are all

clad in steel armor, and are ready to beat the war drum at the slightest provocation. A forest of gleaming bayonets, big-throated cannon, and grim, frowning battlements, will hardly be considered the appropriate regalia of fraternal feelings and sympathies.

It is in our large towns and cities that we are made most vividly aware of social disparities and inequalities. Here one may pass in ten minutes' walk, from the icy glittering heights of wealth down along the sunny slopes of remunerated industry and contentment, to the flats where honest poverty has a daily stand-up fight with disease and hunger; and lower still into gloomy, cavernous depths where squalor, ignorance, pauperism, wretchedness, drunkenness and ghastly despair huddle in dirt and rags. Here, the stone front of affluence and luxury casts its shadow over the woodsheds of indigence and toil. Here, grace and refinement, stolid ignorance and beastly stupidity crowd and elbow each other on the streets. Here, amid the whirl and glare of rich equipage and flashing jewelry goes the rag-picker under his load of filth, or hies the lusty, hard-handed laborer with strong step to his pick or anvil. The moan of want mingles with the peal of joyous laughter and merry voices. Now if you will pause and glance over this hilly and rugged surface of social life you will see scarcely anything to remind you that they are the children of one Common Father. There is no sociability between these inequalities. The marble mansion does not leave its card at the weather-beaten home of toil and penury. The men who ride in drays and superb carriages do not recognize each other.

It was this sad spectacle that caused Rousseau to proclaim that barbarism was the true state of happiness, and that men left their Eden behind them as they advanced towards culture and refinement. It was this gloomy picture that extorted from Proudhon the fierce and frenzied exclamation that all "property is theft." But it is obvious that it is useless, vain and idiotic to declaim with Proudhon and the Communists against the rights of property. It is the chief incentive to exertion; its stimulation is preventive of idleness, and its undisturbed enjoyment should ever be the just reward of honest industry. Its security is the foundation of social order. Take away the love of property, and all respect for vested rights and society would collapse into anarchy and chaos worse than

the ugliest shape of despotism. It is still more idle, foolish and visionary to join with Rosseau in his sentimental praise of barbarism, burn the court-house and patent office, and get into a covered wagon and move back to the woods. One Shakespeare or Newton, one Fulton or Washington, is worth more than all the savage tribes that ever lived. This world was not made for savages. We must continue to advance, not recede, and the type must not be broken but improved. The means of production must continue to increase, but the principle of distribution needs to become more fair and equitable.

No system can be just where the labor that produces the least enjoys more than the labor that produces the most. There should be no drones in the hive to fatten and thrive on the meat of the busy toilers. Riches should not be allowed to gather in stagnant pools and reservoirs, but flow out in living streams, perpetual rivers of abundance and activity, making beautiful the land and gladdening the hearts of the people. This is the idea that sings to us from the future, and time may teach us how to realize it, as it has many beautiful truths in the past that once seemed as dim and far away. The world is certainly going forward in the direction of what is the fittest and the best, or all history is a fable and science a soothsayer.

In the meantime the best that can be done is to try in all just and reasonable ways to bring all the clashing and jarring interests of society, so far as possible, into a common fellowship, where the strong may help bear the burdens of the weak, and the wise, the good, and the intelligent may hold the lamp of their example and influence upon the dark pathways of their less favored brethren. At this problem all sorts of dreamers and theorists, from Charles Fourier down to Henry George, have toiled in vain. Their Associations, Communes, and Phalansteries, very pretty in theory, have all failed in practice. They always will, for the very obvious reason that society cannot be made to order as a piece of furniture, or shaped upon any patent device. It is not like an old house that may be taken down and a new one built up in its place. It is right here where our prohibition friends err in attempting to coerce the moral habits of men. For ages the Church tried to force all men to worship at her altar, and the result was that religion fled to the caves and the wilderness, and the midnight of superstition and priestcraft came down upon the world. Good laws and a happy social order cannot be sprouted by any hot-house process. They grow out of the life and consciousness of the people, as the trees grow out of the bosom of the earth. Only so far as we learn how to handle the laws of social growth, and pour into the great life forces of the age, those ideas, sentiments, and opinions which make for all

that is true, good, just and beautiful, can we expect to see our civilization bud and blossom and bear golden fruit. An untrammelled pulpit speaking to the hearts and consciences of the people; our free schools that awaken the intellectual consciousness of a whole nation; a press that is not afraid to rebuke wrong in high places, and that holds evenly the scales of justice between all classes, the high and low, the rich and poor; the great publishing houses that send forth the healthful and fertilizing streams of literature, and science popularizing its great truths and discoveries; all the mechanical arts and inventions that cheapen food and clothing and all the necessities of living; and, in short, whatever ennoble labor, that tends to make it intelligent, skillful, honest, temperate and economical, and that helps to lighten its burdens by freeing it from the crushing load of want and penury, are agencies in the mighty work of perfecting society.

But, among all the popular agencies at work, we believe the principle embodied in our various fraternal orders holds an important, if not the primary place. They represent in a greater degree, and in a more successful way, that form of brotherhood by which society is to be redeemed; and in this respect they are performing a work whereby the churches might well heed and profit. It is a sad fact that religion is not doing as much in this direction as it should. In many of our city churches the laws of a heartless and artificial conventionalism have been pushed beyond all legitimate bounds by putting up high bars between God's children. It is an undeniable fact that as wealth and fashion go in, hard-handed labor and poverty go out; and what is the consequence? As the poor hired man sees his wealthy employer go into a fashionable church, whose rich organ and choral voices he is not invited to hear, whose gilt-edged hymn-book he is not permitted to touch, he makes religion responsible for this state of things, reviles the rich man's God, and wanders away among the hills to spend the Sabbath, and thus is lost that fine sentiment of humanity, that should weave all classes into one great brotherhood. In the fraternal orders there are no rich men's nor poor men's lodges. Here all men meet on the level, and part on the square. Here all meet around one common altar and mingle their voices in the same songs and prayers; all whisper the same pass-words and use the same signs of recognition. Now it cannot be otherwise than, in this, more than any other means could bring about, that just so far as the employer and the employed, the merchant and his clerk, the farmer and his hired man meet on the floor of the lodge room, that they will be brought into close and intimate relations and learn to love and respect each other. Brethren of the mystic tie are no

longer strangers on the street. When the poor and unfortunate have been kindly helped by their more wealthy brothers, it would hardly be possible longer to cherish an envious hatred of their prosperity. When they see men in high stations march in the funeral procession of a poor member of the Order, place a flower upon the coffin or drop a sprig of evergreen into the grave, and tenderly care for the widow and orphan, their hearts will be touched with that kindly feeling that makes all souls akin.

And neither time nor distance will cause this feeling of brotherhood to abate, any more than in a natural family. In the strong, deep natures making up the large class of our members, their fraternity may not be worn upon the sleeve for all to see, but let the occasion come that draws to a tension the cords of brotherhood, beneath the surface, and they will give forth no uncertain sound. Men may say that their fraternity is only an empty profession, because it is not always flaunted in the face of society; but their own consciences and the blessings of their beneficiaries prove to the contrary. If one should ask you, "How can you feel a brotherly interest in a person you never saw?" ask him, in reply, why it is that he, being a true American citizen, feels his breast swell with indignation when he reads of American citizens whom he never saw nor expects to see, unjustly thrown into Mexican dungeons, and our flag thereby insulted. It is not men, but principles that form the foundations of fraternity—principles that form broadest foundations, underlying all mankind, all the finer motives of humanity. Who can fail to see that just so far as this sentiment of fraternity is developed and brightened that it will entwine itself around all classes and interests of society, as tropical vines braid a forest into fragrant harmony? With the march of this principle the wilderness and the solitary place shall bloom for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

More pointed than politic: Wife—"You haven't been inside of a church since we were married—there!" Husband—"No; a burnt child dreads the fire!"

Mrs. Proctor, widow of Barry Cornwall, is the most interesting old lady in London society. She is eighty-seven years of age, but "goes everywhere," as the phrase is, and is eminently popular for her wit, good spirits and conversational powers. Her father was the famous Basil Montague. Mrs. Proctor lives in a handsome flat in the Albert Mansions. Charles Dickens used to say that when he wanted "to brighten up" he went to see Mrs. Proctor. She has known intimately the famous men of England for some generations past, and her memory is stocked with interesting facts.

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 XIX.

THE CHAMORIM MAKE SUNDRY DISCOVERIES, AND QUITE UNEXPECTEDLY TO HIMSELF, HENRY PILKINS PERMANENTLY RETIRES FROM PUBLIC LIFE.

The question asked by Hubert Lundy was simple enough, but, somehow, simple as it was, it produced a curious effect upon the members of the Chamorim, something like as if sudden disaster was near at hand. Miss Tulbythorpe arose from her seat and somewhat hurriedly suggested that their chief was ill it might be, or had been accidentally delayed. The same idea occurred to Miss Markington and Mr. Jellby, and it gained general assent from the foremost workers, one of whom arose and suggested that they take a recess until their leader arrived, when just at this point, a diversion was caused by the entrance of Mr. Elderton, accompanied by a stout, florid-looking man, the two proceeding to take seats that were vacant upon the raised platform, at the upper end of the hall. Their entrance created quite a flutter of excitement, as did the fact that they both cordially shook hands with Hubert Lundy. The member who had been suggesting a recess now remarked that as this was a private and official meeting uninvited strangers were not privileged to attend, when Hubert rising from his seat raised his hand to command attention, upon receiving which he said:

"It is useless for us take a recess for our leader will not attend this or any future meetings of this company." This was said calmly and deliberately, as if intended to go right home to the mind of each one present.

To say the effect was electrical, is but too poor a description. Miss Tulbythorpe was speechless with amazement, and for a moment sat perfectly dazed. Presently she recovered sufficiently to ask what their Secretary meant, while a hubbub of voices rose on all sides; again Hubert requested silence, and on obtaining it he quietly added to his former statement, "Henry Pilkins will not attend because he is in the hands of the police as a would-be embezzler."

This statement was greeted with cries of "Shame! shame!" "It can't be true!" "Take that back!" and so on, to all of which Hubert made no reply, save to say, during a temporary lull in the storm of indignation his words had excited, "If you will restrain yourselves a little while, I will

help you to the making of some very important discoveries, and then leave you to judge the case I shall present." So reasonable a proposal was at once accepted.

Silence being again restored, Hubert Lundy then proceeded to enlighten his associates upon some points of great importance to them, as well as to the readers of this, of course, veracious narrative. Let Hubert's narration be placed here free from the tediousness of the interruptions accompanying its delivery on this memorable occasion. Slowly and quietly, as if grieved and pained, as, indeed, he was, at the matters he had to state, Hubert began by frankly admitting that he had always felt a personal repugnance to Henry Pilkins from the first moment he saw him. At first he had no ostensible cause; it was but the repulsion we often feel arising from differences in nature, so he tried to dismiss the man from his mind. His behavior in the house of his esteemed friend, Mr. Elderton, was such, though, that by degrees he began to feel that the antipathy he felt arose from something more than that called out by difference of temperament, for he noticed how extremely rude, boorish and selfseekingly he was treating his then host. They would, at least many of them would, remember the reception Mr. Elderton tendered his guest, their present leader, and they would, some of them, remember that this gentlemanly guest left his host, though possibly but few of them knew why, or how the separation came about. He would tell them, and in the presence of Pilkins, too.

At this point the door was opened and Henry Pilkins, in company with a detective, entered the room. Henry was evidently excited, his little eyes snapped with a baleful glitter, his lips were so compressed as to be almost invisible, while an air of mingled doggedness and defiance pervaded his every action. At a motion from his captor, a big stalwart fellow of some six feet in height, Henry Pilkins seated himself a little to the left of, and facing the audience.

Then Hubert resumed, stating that the reason Pilkins left Mr. Elderton was that he had wheedled himself into the graces of that amiable lady, Miss Tulbythorpe, who had, as they all knew, so fully and generously befriended him. "Before he left Mr. Elderton," said Hubert, "he endeavored to sow discord between that gentleman and myself, with the purpose of causing a rupture in the relations between Miss Elderton and myself—by accusing me of an unexplained acquaintance with another lady—whereas, as you will presently see he knows that lady a great deal better than myself," whereat Pilkins looked completely mystified, for he had not observed Mr. Elderton's companion, who was partially concealed by some curtains arranged on the central chair on the dais. Resuming his statement, Hubert continued by reminding them of his unex-

pected joining of the Chamorim Fraternity; he had done this owing to three causes: first, his acquaintance with the mysterious young lady, secondly, the singularity of the name chosen for the Fraternity, and lastly, because of an intimate friend of his who was employed in the banking-house selected by the Fraternity.

Now, he begged their indulgence a little longer, but he must inform them that their leader was a swindler and a thief, for he was intending that very night to surreptitiously depart for Canada, with all the available funds of the Fraternity. How he was in a position to make and prove these charges, he would now detail. Little by little, after joining the fraternity, he mastered its financial position, and gradually gained the confidence of its trusted, its too trusted, leader, the result was that an unwritten compact was made between them that in return for alike not being too curious, and for giving that fellow all possible support, I was to be handsomely remunerated in secret from the funds. "Incidentally," said Hubert "I mentioned the Fraternity to my banker friend, stating that their house had some five thousand dollars to the Fraternity's credit, only to be told that such was not the case, as but fifty dollars had ever been paid in. I passed it over as a mistake, but examined the pass-book with the result that I discovered the reason why our leader so jealously guarded that little volume—he was making the entries in it himself!" He next investigated the land negotiations for their Florida home, and found that a small lot of unimproved land had been purchased, while the figures upon the papers had all been altered and raised; he had here an abstract of the transaction taken from the agent's books. There was a little more to tell, though that, too, was bad enough. "He had deserted his wife and child, and robbed his father-in-law, and in all things he had turned out to be as small and mean a cheat as had ever traded upon the honest convictions of trustful men and women, nay, he had insulted them as well as having tried to rob them, for, having some slight knowledge of Hebrew, I have found that the name he has chosen for us is an Hebraic plural meaning 'asses.'" Hereupon Hubert sat down and a great commotion burst out among all present, in the midst of which Miss Tulbythorpe arose and thus spoke: "I cannot believe all these horrible things of our leader, they are extraordinary. It is a perfect outrage that Mr. Lundy should make such statements, I, for one, demand that he prove them right here and at once," and the good soul sat down fairly white and exhausted from evident anxiety and excitement.

"Certainly," said Hubert, "it is nothing but right. Here is a letter I have received this morning from the cashier of our bank, who says that the sum of fifty dollars rep-

resents the entire amount ever paid in to the credit of the Chamorim account," with this remark he laid the letter before Miss Tulbythorpe, "while as you will see," he continued, "the pass-book will show that there ought to be at this date forty-five thousand dollars and thirty-seven cents. Now where is this money? Within a trifle of a hundred dollars it is here—" said Herbert as he laid a parcel on the table, "and how I came by it is thus explained. I found Pilkins was keeping the money paid in by those who joined the Fraternity, evidently for some purpose, as he was deluding us with the belief that he was banking it. Finally I employed a detective to watch him with the result that he was this day seen to purchase his ticket for Montreal, the detective sent me instant word, whereupon I repaired to Pilkins' room, found a valise in his closet, opened it, took this parcel from it, and put another of similar appearance into its place. The officer was instructed to arrest Pilkins on sight as soon as he appeared at the depot, which he did a little less than two hours ago."

Then up arose Henry Pilkins, who, in artful phrase denied the statements of Hubert Lundy, who must be obsessed by evil and malignant spirits. Had not their secretary told them of the double part he had been playing? Why he stood self-confessed to them as full of evil intentions. If there was anything amiss it was Mr. Lundy's fault, not his. Evil spirits had been brought into their united home, they had overcome him that week, had made him seem to be all that Mr. Lundy had said, he was innocent of any wrong, and so on, entirely ignoring all facts and endeavoring by inuendo and insinuation to overwhelm his accuser with confusion, until, at last, Hubert peremptorily stopped him by asking the officer to produce the valise, who, upon so doing, was thus questioned by Hubert.

"How did you become possessed of that valise?"

"I found it in the hands of this man," pointing to Pilkins, "when I arrested him this evening at the depot, on a warrant sworn out by you, sir."

"Has the valise been out of your sight or keeping since you made your arrest?"

"No, sir, neither the bag or the man."

"Open that bag."

"It is locked."

"I say open it, at my risk."

The officer did so and poured its contents upon the table. These were few—the bank pass-book, a partially used check-book, a small round bundle identical in appearance with the parcel Hubert Lundy had previously produced, and a few articles of personal dress made up all the bag contained.

"Officer open that parcel," said Hubert pointing to the roll; it was opened and dis-

closed a roll of paper; then Hubert unrolled the other parcel disclosing a large roll of greenbacks, which upon being counted made up the financial assets of the Fraternity less some hundred dollars. The two books were passed over for examination and it was plainly noticed that the first entry in the pass was in a different handwriting to that of all the others!

"Give me my money for my lecturing," said Pilkins here, "I have earned that."

"No," said Hubert, "that shall go to your wife."

"I have'nt got one," sneered Pilkins, "that is one of Lundy's lies," he added.

Then up jumps Professor Camdock, late of Soho, London, England, erstwhile professor of mesmerism, for whom Henry Pilkins was once a "subject," and who was now in an ungovernable rage, exclaiming, in defiance of all rules of grammar, "You infernal scoundrel! Did you not marry my child without my consent and knowledge? Did you not desert her? you base, hypocritical little dog! And did you not rob me of a hundred pounds in hard cash? Why, bless my stars, if you ain't a awful rascal." Then turning to the company, he said, "Why, ladies and gentlemen, he deserted my poor girl just before she became a mother, and came here to this here country, thinking as we'd never know where he was; nor should we, but a old friend of mine as had come here, writes me he saw the scamp, and interests Mr. Lundy here about it all so that my daughter comes over to be a maid to Miss Elderton, as here they is," said the Professor, as Alice Elderton and Mamie Murton, or as we must now describe her, Mary Pilkins, came into the room, for she was the mysterious lady Pilkins saw Hubert Lundy walking with upon the Common some months ago, which explains that little mystery.

Baffled and convicted at every turn, having not the slightest evidence or defense for his protection, Pilkins was at last brought to bay, beaten and unmasked. What could he do now? Let us charitably draw a veil over the rest of the proceedings, for the evidences presented presently turned the tide against him almost entirely, with the result that the officer was at last bidden to take the ex-leader of the Chamorim to the jail whose hospitality he had earned.

Yes, this was the end then of the aspirations of Henry Pilkins! It was also the end of the Chamorim—some of whom acutely felt the satire of their name. Weeks of careful untangling of various claims there was now; just settlements of not a few conflicting rights; the healing of many truly bruised and wounded hearts. Then the restoration of Mary Pilkins, to her father, and their despatch to England also came in due time, but not until the father's losses had been repaid and the daughter's wrongs had been righted as far as such can be.

Then poor Miss Tulbythorpe commanded attention, for, alas! she had lost all her savings and now had nothing but her house and furniture, so for a time things went hard with her, for she was a spirited woman and declined to touch any of the money found, leaving it all to be repaid to those who had contributed it, though evidently she felt acutely the imposition she had been the victim of.

Then a little later Hubert Lundy, whose quarrel with Alice and her father was all part of his efforts to unmask the fallen leader of the Chamorim, led his beloved to the altar and made her his wife, living, so we afterwards learned, many years in wedded happiness, with a small family of happy, sprightly children, in whom the sterling honesty of their father and the loving graces of their mother blossomed and grew conspicuously.

Ah, yes! pride, ambition, selfishness, craftiness and cunning are evil birds to house in human lives. True says the Britons' greatest poet, "Poor and content is rich enough;" but not so thought Henry Pilkins. Launched on the waters of cunning, he steered the barque of his ambition from the safe haven of obscurity into the troubled waters of ambition. For a time fair winds filled his sails, and all was well. Then the demon of selfishness whispered in his ear, "Crowd on more canvas; faster, faster sail your course." So he listened to the tempter, and was thus lured onwards to his fate. Yet, also, that evil sprite men call selfishness, thrall'd him with its spell, so that in the end his craft, his cunning and his selfishness left him without one friend to stand by him in his hour of need. Does not this man's life, then, preach us a most eloquent sermon? Truly does it do so, for by it is seen that evil, though it flourish for a season, is ever overcome at last. Aye! too, it may be by the very powers and personalities that this man's life and deeds mocked at, for did he not trade upon the Wise and True who come to us from behind the veil? Let us be warned, if needs be—cautioned, certainly—of the sure results that will come to us if our lives and their work are like those of Henry Pilkins, who spurning every manly impulse, every honest purpose, refusing to take to heart even the lessons of his own teachings, fell, at last, into the pit he had so laboriously dugged for others.

Once more let us turn back to that eventful night whereon Hubert Lundy so effectually disclosed the true character of the Chamorim Fraternity and its leader. The storm of indignation subsides, looks of pain and sorrow filled the faces of those present as the detective prepares to escort his prisoner from the little hall, and not a few feel a tear starting to their eyes as they realize now how completely wrecked are all their fond anticipations. The two men depart

from the hall, its doors close behind them, they descend the stairs, pass out into the street—into the cold crisp night, while, as they do so the clang of the fire alarm rings out upon the air, they heed it not, but pass on quietly enough, for the prisoner knows the folly of attempting to escape. They are crossing a street corner when up rushes the engine drawn by its impetuous steeds, the detective clutches at his captive—heavens, he is just too late, the horses strike him, he reels, falls, and before one is well aware of it, the wheels of the ponderous vehicle have passed over his head—grinding it almost to a pulp and Henry Pilkins lies there a mangled and still quivering mass of human flesh. No question now of what he may do hereafter. Killed like a dog in the street. A pauper's grave contained the dead form. The common fate had overtaken him, and a five line paragraph in a newspaper was all the epitaph that marked the close of his adventurous career. His mother never knew his end, but herself died at last having saved enough for decent burial.

Death has permanently retired thee from public life, oh, Henry Pilkins. How much better might it have been for thee if thou hadst been content to be a "soap-boiler" in the parish of Shoreditch, over there in London, for then, thou mayhap would have lived to full years and some credit to thyself; as it was thou wert killed ignobly, and buried unhonored. Let us all hope that the Pilkins family, the world over, will heed the lesson of his life and work so that disgrace and shame be not the sad reward of a wasted life on earth.

(To be continued.)

Original Contributions.

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

Let in the Light.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

Let in the Light! and the mildew of Ages,
That clings to the walls of temple and shrine,
Will give place to th' glow of Truth's living beauty,
And symbols pure of a Promise divine!

Let in the Light! and the penitents kneeling
Shall learn that deeds are more potent than prayer;
And that the sweet balm of spiritual healing
Will follow right actions everywhere!

Let in the Light! and blood-reeking altars
No more shall receive our tribute of trust,
But truth alone be counted man's Saviour,
And heaven the home of the loving and just.

Let in the Light! and behold, the dull fetters,
Long forged by falsehood and soul-dwarfing fear,
Shall melt in the glow of a true revelation
Of God and th' beauty of holiness here!

Let in the Light! and shadowy specters,
That long have haunted the regions of faith,
Shall be changed to sweet, beatified vision
Of freed Spirits in their triumph o'er death!

Let in the Light! and millions of mourners,
Who ever mid doubt's grim shadows now grope,
Shall rejoice in the truth of Angel-communion,
And in the fulfillment of Love's tender Hope!

From every source in the kingdom of Nature,
From uttermost depth, and farthest height,
Through every window of manifold being,
Let in the Light freely! let in the Light!

The Disastrous Effects of Prevalent Theories Regarding Evil Spirits.

A Plea for Genuine Mediumship as Against the False.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

In former articles in the CARRIER DOVE I have combated the truth of certain prevalent theories concerning the supposed action of evil spirits on humanity; but I have not referred, save incidentally, to the pernicious effects that these theories are having upon Spiritualists and Spiritualism. Some striking instances of the great harm done to our cause thereby I desire to call attention to now.

There have been for a term of years a number of persons, male and female, pretending to be materializing mediums, who year after year have been deceiving the people by transparent, shallow humbuggery. Whenever any of these materializing frauds are detected in imposition, caught in the act of impersonating spirits, or when their paraphernalia used in personating spirits is captured, the cry is at once set up, both by the frauds themselves and their defenders, that evil spirits or "Jesuit" spirits controlled the mediums to practice imposition, and brought the wigs, masks, dresses, etc., used in "playing" spirits. Of course, no one with unclouded mental vision ever accepts as truth this line of defense. Despite the fact that one after another, time after time, nearly all of the alleged materializing mediums have been caught in their tricks, and proven to be frauds, and despite the fact that in many cases when caught they have acknowledged themselves to be frauds, we still have the theory broached that "evil spirits" produce the fraud, and that the poor "persecuted mediums" are innocent of all intent to deceive.

Why is it necessary to call in the aid of evil spirits to account for the presence of fraud at materializing seances? Are there no "evil spirits" on earth? Are the so-called mediums ladies and gentlemen of immaculate purity, wholly incapable of practicing fraud? Is the general character of all of the alleged materializers of so exalted a nature that we should hesitate long before thinking them guilty of systematic fraud? By no means. The general tenor of the lives of many of them we find to be such that it would excite no surprise in our minds to discover that impersonation of spirits had been indulged in by them for purposes of gain. Human nature is pro-

verbially weak, and the desire to earn money in an easy manner, by imposing upon the credulity of their short-sighted neighbors, will readily commend itself as feasible and expedient to many men and women in whom the moral principle is deficient or dormant; and that such is the mental and moral status of the spurious materializers we have abundant evidence. It is, therefore, evident that the mediums, real or pretended, are of themselves fully capable of the production of the fraudulent and misleading phenomena, without calling in the aid of any unseen spirit-visitant as *particeps criminis* in the matter. There are no greater "devils" in spirit-life than there are on earth. The inhabitants of earth are fully competent to perform all the devilry, meanness, and scoundrelism with which the world is filled.

The theory that evil spirits cause mediums to practice fraud, and obligingly manufacture garments, wigs, masks, etc., or purloin them from stores or other places and bring them to the cabinet,—this theory is born of the false notions that are current concerning obsession and the influence of evil spirits on humanity. Were true and rational views held on these subjects by Spiritualists in general, these attempts to whitewash fraudulent materializers would not abound. So long as people believe that evil spirits are at liberty to come to earth and cause persons to commit crime, or themselves commit crimes on earth in connection with physical or material matters, so long will the vices and crimes of pretended or real mediums be laid to the charge of the spirits, instead of the true offenders being held responsible therefor. Were it generally understood that evil spirits do not and cannot assist in the vicious and criminal practices of earth,—were the current theories of obsession rooted out of the public mind, and the true principles governing spirit-communion lodged therein,—fraudulent materialization would soon die the death. Let it be fully known that every instance of fraud, cheating, trickery, or jugglery performed by a so-called medium is due solely to the dishonesty of the performer, and that spirits have no connection with it, and the shallow humbuggery of materializing frauds would soon be completely unmasked. But as it is, the false ideas prevailing relative to the power of evil spirits are responsible for the constant attempts made to aid and bolster up fraud, by attributing all fraudulent phenomena to the actions of wicked spirits. From this we see how demoralizing and pernicious are the current false theories concerning evil spirits! See what incalculable harm they do!

1. They encourage the practicers of fraud in their misdeeds, and enable them to continue their violations of law in spite of the efforts of sensible, honest people to stop their career of crime.

resents the entire amount ever paid in to the credit of the Chamorim account," with this remark he laid the letter before Miss Tulbythorpe, "while as you will see," he continued, "the pass-book will show that there ought to be at this date forty-five thousand dollars and thirty-seven cents. Now where is this money? Within a trifle of a hundred dollars it is here—" said Herbert as he laid a parcel on the table, "and how I came by it is thus explained. I found Pilkins was keeping the money paid in by those who joined the Fraternity, evidently for some purpose, as he was deluding us with the belief that he was banking it. Finally I employed a detective to watch him with the result that he was this day seen to purchase his ticket for Montreal, the detective sent me instant word, whereupon I repaired to Pilkins' room, found a valise in his closet, opened it, took this parcel from it, and put another of similar appearance into its place. The officer was instructed to arrest Pilkins on sight as soon as he appeared at the depot, which he did a little less than two hours ago."

Then up arose Henry Pilkins, who, in artful phrase denied the statements of Hubert Lundy, who must be obsessed by evil and malignant spirits. Had not their secretary told them of the double part he had been playing? Why he stood self-confessed to them as full of evil intentions. If there was anything amiss it was Mr. Lundy's fault, not his. Evil spirits had been brought into their united home, they had overcome him that week, had made him seem to be all that Mr. Lundy had said, he was innocent of any wrong, and so on, entirely ignoring all facts and endeavoring by inuendo and insinuation to overwhelm his accuser with confusion, until, at last, Hubert peremptorily stopped him by asking the officer to produce the valise, who, upon so doing, was thus questioned by Hubert.

"How did you become possessed of that valise?"

"I found it in the hands of this man," pointing to Pilkins, "when I arrested him this evening at the depot, on a warrant sworn out by you, sir."

"Has the valise been out of your sight or keeping since you made your arrest?"

"No, sir, neither the bag or the man."

"Open that bag."

"It is locked."

"I say open it, at my risk."

The officer did so and poured its contents upon the table. These were few—the bank pass-book, a partially used check-book, a small round bundle identical in appearance with the parcel Hubert Lundy had previously produced, and a few articles of personal dress made up all the bag contained.

"Officer open that parcel," said Hubert pointing to the roll; it was opened and dis-

closed a roll of paper; then Hubert unrolled the other parcel disclosing a large roll of greenbacks, which upon being counted made up the financial assets of the Fraternity less some hundred dollars. The two books were passed over for examination and it was plainly noticed that the first entry in the pass was in a different handwriting to that of all the others!

"Give me my money for my lecturing," said Pilkins here, "I have earned that."

"No," said Hubert, "that shall go to your wife."

"I have'nt got one," sneered Pilkins, "that is one of Lundy's lies," he added.

Then up jumps Professor Camdock, late of Soho, London, England, erstwhile professor of mesmerism, for whom Henry Pilkins was once a "subject," and who was now in an ungovernable rage, exclaiming, in defiance of all rules of grammar, "You infernal scoundrel! Did you not marry my child without my consent and knowledge? Did you not desert her? you base, hypocritical little dog! And did you not rob me of a hundred pounds in hard cash? Why, bless my stars, if you ain't a awful rascal." Then turning to the company, he said, "Why, ladies and gentlemen, he deserted my poor girl just before she became a mother, and came here to this here country, thinking as we'd never know where he was; nor should we, but a old friend of mine as had come here, writes me he saw the scamp, and interests Mr. Lundy here about it all so that my daughter comes over to be a maid to Miss Elderton, as here they is," said the Professor, as Alice Elderton and Mamie Murton, or as we must now describe her, Mary Pilkins, came into the room, for she was the mysterious lady Pilkins saw Hubert Lundy walking with upon the Common some months ago, which explains that little mystery.

Baffled and convicted at every turn, having not the slightest evidence or defense for his protection, Pilkins was at last brought to bay, beaten and unmasked. What could he do now? Let us charitably draw a veil over the rest of the proceedings, for the evidences presented presently turned the tide against him almost entirely, with the result that the officer was at last bidden to take the ex-leader of the Chamorim to the jail whose hospitality he had earned.

Yes, this was the end then of the aspirations of Henry Pilkins! It was also the end of the Chamorim—some of whom acutely felt the satire of their name. Weeks of careful untangling of various claims there was now; just settlements of not a few conflicting rights; the healing of many truly bruised and wounded hearts. Then the restoration of Mary Pilkins, to her father, and their despatch to England also came in due time, but not until the father's losses had been repaid and the daughter's wrongs had been righted as far as such can be.

Then poor Miss Tulbythorpe commanded attention, for, alas! she had lost all her savings and now had nothing but her house and furniture, so for a time things went hard with her, for she was a spirited woman and declined to touch any of the money found, leaving it all to be repaid to those who had contributed it, though evidently she felt acutely the imposition she had been the victim of.

Then a little later Hubert Lundy, whose quarrel with Alice and her father was all part of his efforts to unmask the fallen leader of the Chamorim, led his beloved to the altar and made her his wife, living, so he afterwards learned, many years in wedded happiness, with a small family of happy, sprightly children, in whom the sterling honesty of their father and the loving graces of their mother blossomed and grew conspicuously.

Ah, yes! pride, ambition, selfishness, craftiness and cunning are evil birds to house in human lives. True says the Britons' greatest poet, "Poor and content is rich enough;" but not so thought Henry Pilkins. Launched on the waters of cunning, he steered the barque of his ambition from the safe haven of obscurity into the troubled waters of ambition. For a time fair winds filled his sails, and all was well. Then the demon of selfishness whispered in his ear, "Crowd on more canvas; faster, faster sail your course." So he listened to the tempter, and was thus lured onwards to his fate. Yet, also, that evil sprite men call selfishness, thrall'd him with its spell, so that in the end his craft, his cunning and his selfishness left him without one friend to stand by him in his hour of need. Does not this man's life, then, preach us a most eloquent sermon? Truly does it do so, for by it is seen that evil, though it flourish for a season, is ever overcome at last. Aye! too, it may be by the very powers and personalities that this man's life and deeds mocked at, for did he not trade upon the Wise and True who come to us from behind the veil? Let us be warned, if needs be—cautioned, certainly—of the sure results that will come to us if our lives and their work are like those of Henry Pilkins, who spurning every manly impulse, every honest purpose, refusing to take to heart even the lessons of his own teachings, fell, at last, into the pit he had so laboriously dugged for others.

Once more let us turn back to that eventful night whereon Hubert Lundy so effectually disclosed the true character of the Chamorim Fraternity and its leader. The storm of indignation subsides, looks of pain and sorrow filled the faces of those present as the detective prepares to escort his prisoner from the little hall, and not a few feel a tear starting to their eyes as they realize now how completely wrecked are all their fond anticipations. The two men depart

from the hall, its doors close behind them, they descend the stairs, pass out into the street—into the cold crisp night, while, as they do so the clang of the fire alarm rings out upon the air, they heed it not, but pass on quietly enough, for the prisoner knows the folly of attempting to escape. They are crossing a street corner when up rushes the engine drawn by its impetuous steeds, the detective clutches at his captive—heavens, he is just too late, the horses strike him, he reels, falls, and before one is well aware of it, the wheels of the ponderous vehicle have passed over his head—grinding it almost to a pulp and Henry Pilkins lies there a mangled and still quivering mass of human flesh. No question now of what he may do hereafter. Killed like a dog in the street. A pauper's grave contained the dead form. The common fate had overtaken him, and a five line paragraph in a newspaper was all the epitaph that marked the close of his adventurous career. His mother never knew his end, but herself died at last having saved enough for decent burial.

Death has permanently retired thee from public life, oh, Henry Pilkins. How much better might it have been for thee if thou hadst been content to be a "soap-boiler" in the parish of Shoreditch, over there in London, for then, thou mayhap would have lived to full years and some credit to thyself; as it was thou wert killed ignobly, and buried unhonored. Let us all hope that the Pilkins family, the world over, will heed the lesson of his life and work so that disgrace and shame be not the sad reward of a wasted life on earth.

(To be continued.)

Original Contributions.

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

Let in the Light.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

Let in the Light! and the mildew of Ages,
That clings to the walls of temple and shrine,
Will give place to th' glow of Truth's living beauty,
And symbols pure of a Promise divine!

Let in the Light! and the penitents kneeling
Shall learn that deeds are more potent than prayer;
And that the sweet balm of spiritual healing
Will follow right actions everywhere!

Let in the Light! and blood-reeking altars
No more shall receive our tribute of trust,
But truth alone be counted man's Saviour,
And heaven the home of the loving and just.

Let in the Light! and behold, the dull fetters,
Long forged by falsehood and soul-dwarfing fear,
Shall melt in the glow of a true revelation
Of God and th' beauty of holiness here!

Let in the Light! and shadowy specters,
That long have haunted the regions of faith,
Shall be changed to sweet, beatified vision
Of freed Spirits in their triumph o'er death!

Let in the Light! and millions of mourners,
Who ever mid doubt's grim shadows now grope,
Shall rejoice in the truth of Angel-communion,
And in the fulfillment of Love's tender Hope!

From every source in the kingdom of Nature.
From uttermost depth, and farthest height,
Through every window of manifold being,
Let in the Light freely! let in the Light!

The Disastrous Effects of Prevalent Theories Regarding Evil Spirits.

A Plea for Genuine Mediumship as Against the False.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

In former articles in the CARRIER DOVE I have combated the truth of certain prevalent theories concerning the supposed action of evil spirits on humanity; but I have not referred, save incidentally, to the pernicious effects that these theories are having upon Spiritualists and Spiritualism. Some striking instances of the great harm done to our cause thereby I desire to call attention to now.

There have been for a term of years a number of persons, male and female, pretending to be materializing mediums, who year after year have been deceiving the people by transparent, shallow humbuggery. Whenever any of these materializing frauds are detected in imposition, caught in the act of impersonating spirits, or when their paraphernalia used in personating spirits is captured, the cry is at once set up, both by the frauds themselves and their defenders, that evil spirits or "Jesuit" spirits controlled the mediums to practice imposition, and brought the wigs, masks, dresses, etc., used in "playing" spirits. Of course, no one with unclouded mental vision ever accepts as truth this line of defense. Despite the fact that one after another, time after time, nearly all of the alleged materializing mediums have been caught in their tricks, and proven to be frauds, and despite the fact that in many cases when caught they have acknowledged themselves to be frauds, we still have the theory broached that "evil spirits" produce the fraud, and that the poor "persecuted mediums" are innocent of all intent to deceive.

Why is it necessary to call in the aid of evil spirits to account for the presence of fraud at materializing seances? Are there no "evil spirits" on earth? Are the so-called mediums ladies and gentlemen of immaculate purity, wholly incapable of practicing fraud? Is the general character of all of the alleged materializers of so exalted a nature that we should hesitate long before thinking them guilty of systematic fraud? By no means. The general tenor of the lives of many of them we find to be such that it would excite no surprise in our minds to discover that impersonation of spirits had been indulged in by them for purposes of gain. Human nature is pro-

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The theory that evil spirits cause mediums to practice fraud, and obligingly manufacture garments, wigs, masks, etc., or purloin them from stores or other places and bring them to the cabinet,—this theory is born of the false notions that are current concerning obsession and the influence of evil spirits on humanity. Were true and rational views held on these subjects by Spiritualists in general, these attempts to whitewash fraudulent materializers would not abound. So long as people believe that evil spirits are at liberty to come to earth and cause persons to commit crime, or themselves commit crimes on earth in connection with physical or material matters, so long will the vices and crimes of pretended or real mediums be laid to the charge of the spirits, instead of the true offenders being held responsible therefor. Were it generally understood that evil spirits do not and cannot assist in the vicious and criminal practices of earth,—were the current theories of obsession rooted out of the public mind, and the true principles governing spirit-communion lodged therein,—fraudulent materialization would soon die the death. Let it be fully known that every instance of fraud, cheating, trickery, or jugglery performed by a so-called medium is due solely to the dishonesty of the performer, and that spirits have no connection with it, and the shallow humbuggery of materializing frauds would soon be completely unmasked. But as it is, the false ideas prevailing relative to the power of evil spirits are responsible for the constant attempts made to aid and bolster up fraud, by attributing all fraudulent phenomena to the actions of wicked spirits. From this we see how demoralizing and pernicious are the current false theories concerning evil spirits! See what incalculable harm they do!

1. They encourage the practitioners of fraud in their misdeeds, and enable them to continue their violations of law in spite of the efforts of sensible, honest people to stop their career of crime.

2. They encourage others to engage in fraud, who, perhaps, would never have so engaged, had they not seen how easy it would be for them, when caught in trickery, to assert their innocence and charge their acts on the "spirits", with the assurance that well-known Spiritualists would support them in their falsehoods, and aid them to renew their nefarious work.

3. They impeach the honesty and good sense of the true lovers of genuine Spiritualism, and villify the characters of many of the soundest and purest men and women in our ranks. The believers in these theories uphold and hug to their bosoms some of the most depraved characters with which our planet is cursed, and at the same time revile and abuse, with a load of opprobrious epithets, the friends of truth and honesty,—the good, true, and virtuous Spiritualists of the land, the honor and glory of Spiritualism. The prince of fraud-worshippers, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, clasped to his breast a score of moral lepers, while such an honest, conscientious man as Dr. Eugene Crowell he abused roundly. In an article published some time ago, this octogenarian fraud-promoter indulged in over half a column of virulent scurrility in criticism of Dr. Crowell. He said that he had "no hesitation in charging that Eugene Crowell" is among "the darkest and most fiendish of human beings," and he spoke of his "fearfully dark and fiendish mind," "this same dark and unspiritually developed man," "the poor spiritual maniac," etc. In the same article this writer called a certain notorious Pacific-Coast materializing fraud "a true medium and high-toned lady of unquestioned integrity," "the latchet of whose shoes he [Dr. Crowell] will not probably be counted worthy to unloose, until he has repented for ages of his evil deeds amidst spiritual agony and darkness." Only think of it! This "poor spiritual maniac" (to use his own expressive language), lauded the swindling female as a high-toned, virtuous lady, while he damned the high-toned gentleman, the upright, honorable scholar, as a fiendish maniac, "destined to ages of agony and darkness" in the hells of the spirit-world!! Poor demented old man! What an object of pity he was, truly! Sad, sad it is, that a well-disposed man, as I take him to have been, should have descended to such depths of fatuity.

Wherein lies the responsibility for this deplorable state of affairs? It partly results from the pernicious theories concerning the action of evil spirits held by this writer and others. A pet theory of his was, that the presence of honest, candid investigators, anxious only for the truth, at a seance for materialization, produces such an intolerable stench, such a filthy atmosphere, in the cabinet, that no good spirit can penetrate it or remain near the medium, and only imps of darkness, mythical "Jesuit"

spirits are able to make any manifestations. These "Jesuit" fiends obsess the mediums, cause them to practice fraud, and manufacture or bring wigs, masks, etc., to aid in the frauds practiced; this being done in order that the mediums may be detected in fraud and thereby the cause of Spiritualism be injured,—the injury of Spiritualism being the paramount object of the "Jesuit" imps. When such absurdity as this is published as a part of Spiritualism, who can blame non-Spiritualists for regarding Spiritualists as a band of the wildest fools and lunatics? Now, these vagaries are based primarily upon incorrect notions of the power of evil spirits on earth. This constitutes the root of the evil: false theories about the nature of the spirit-world, the various classes of spirits inhabiting it, and their relations with the earth. Had the defenders of mediumistic fraud correct ideas on these points, it would be impossible for them to act and talk in so irrational a manner; their apologies for and defenses of fraud and its votaries could never be made. Destroy the root, and the plant can never grow. The root is belief in the power of evil spirits to affect humanity. Uproot this noxious belief, and these absurd excuses for manifest fraud must die.

(To be concluded next week.)

Formation of the Spirit Body.

We have heard much in years past from pulpit and rostrum, through books, papers, and magazines, on the subjects of life here and hereafter, free agency, rewards and punishments, re-incarnation, and kindred subjects. After giving these topics much consideration and study for more than forty years, we have arrived at certain conclusions aided, perhaps, by the inspiration that has fallen upon this age.

In presenting some of our thoughts and conclusions for the consideration of others, we will assume that both matter and spirit are eternal; that spirit is etherealized matter, an essence as it were, pervading all matter possessed of life, be it in the form of human, animal, vegetable, or any other form; and that while matter as such is eternal, individualized forms of matter are not; on the contrary, we believe that spirit forms are eternal.

One of the conclusions at which I have arrived is, that the process of creation, the individualization of the spirit form, in all cases, precedes that of matter; that is, the spirit body is first formed, springs into existence as it were, composed of emanations projected from the corresponding parts of the spiritual bodies of its parents, united through their positive and negative magnetic forces. The spirit body thus formed at once attracts to itself matter adapted to its use, and the physical body is gradually built up in harmony with it,

the development of the spiritual and physical bodies going on harmoniously, until they are not only ushered into the light and life of this existence, but onward in their growth to maturity and old age, to such times as the spirit has no further use of the physical; then comes the change, which we call death, which is but the dropping of that outward garment with which it was necessary to be clothed, in order to do its earth work, enabling it to pass on to higher conditions, and more extended fields of usefulness, while the physical through decomposition enters into new forms. In all forms of creation the spiritual is the real structure, the physical body being only necessary clothing, as it were, to the spiritual.

The physical system, being composed of dead matter, is incapable of experiencing pain or pleasure, therefore all inherited qualities, appetites and passions, are transmitted from the spiritual parents to the new spiritual being, thus a new life begins.

"To be, or not to be, is not the question;
There is no choice of life."

This little germ must soon become an inhabitant of the outer world. Has it any choice as to its parentage, time or place of birth, as to its inherited qualities, its neighbors, associates, instructors, or the character of its instructions?

Will not the little one develop into just such a human being as its inherited tendencies, and the world make it?

If it is not all its best friends could hope for, whose fault is it, that of the child, or of its parents and the surrounding circumstances that have made it what it is?

If it gets less of what we think is the greatest good of life, should we blame or pity?

Says one, if your premises are correct, we have no need of "rewards and punishments;" true, we have not, as usually understood, but the law says, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap."

The great Divine law of cause and effect, which rules and governs throughout all nature, is to a certain extent one of rewards and punishments.

If we are not in harmony with that law and its operations, we must suffer; but if we are in a harmonious condition, we are happy and have our reward.

In harmony in ourselves not only brings suffering to us, but to others.

We believe all the happiness or misery of mankind is the direct result of the inharmoonious conditions within themselves, under the workings of this perfect law, and is a necessity to their growth and development.

Perhaps there need not be much said as to re-incarnation at this time. I think the re-incarnationists, like our "orthodox" friends, assume that the spiritual part of men is a special creation, fresh from the hands of God; created to become an inhab-

itant of a particular infantile form about to be ushered into this mundane existence.

If this were true, then the new born babe would not be likely to resemble either parent in its intellectual attributes and developments; as it is, the child usually partakes of both.

If we are correct as to the origin of the individualized spirit form, then re-incarnation is simply impossible.

We are assured that we meet and know our "loved and lost," in that better world, that we and they are as natural and life-like as when here, and are possessed of all the attributes and qualities that were ours in earth life.

If re-incarnation were true we would *not* meet and recognize such as had been sent back to another life of toil and trial; we might look in vain for a father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife, or friend, were they serving a second term in the prison house of life.

Perhaps this article is already too long, and for fear it may be, I will leave unsaid, until another time, much that I would like to say. M.

Selected Articles.

At the Stage Door.

BY J. C. H.

The curtain had fallen, the lights were dim,
The rain came down with a steady pour;
A white-haired man, with a kindly face
Peered through the panes of the old stage door.
"I'm getting too old to be drenched like that,"
He muttered, and turning, met face to face
The woman whose genius, an hour before
Like a mighty power had filled the place.

"Yes, much too old," with a smile she said,
And she laid her hand on his silver hair,
"You shall ride with me to your home to-night,
For that is my carriage standing there."
The old door keeper stood doffing his hat,
And holding the door, but she would not stir,
Though he said it was "not for the likes of him
To ride in a kerridge with such as her."

"Come, put out your lights," she said to him,
"I've something important I wish to say;
And I can't stand here in the draft, you know.
I can tell you much better on the way."
So into the carriage the old man crept,
Thanking her gratefully, o'er and o'er,
Till she bade him listen, while she would tell
A story concerning the old stage door.

"It was raining in torrents, ten years ago
This very night, and a friendless child
Stood shivering there by that old stage door,
Dreading her walk in the night so wild.
She was only one of the 'extra' girls,
But you gave her a nickel to take the car,
And said: 'Heaven bless you, my little one,
You can pay it back if ever you star.'

"So you cast your bread on the waters then,
And I pay you back as my heart demands,
And we're even now—no! not quite," she said,
As she emptied her purse in his trembling hands;
"And if ever you're needy and want a friend
You will know where to come; for your little mite
Put hope in my heart, and made me strive
To gain the success you have seen to-night."

Then the carriage stopped at the old man's door,
And the gaslight shone on him standing there,
And he stepped to the curb as she rolled away,
While his thin lips murmured a fervent prayer.
He looked at the silver and bills and gold,
And he said, "She gives all this to me;
My bread has come back a thousand fold.
God bless her! God bless all such as she!"
—*The Woman's Standard.*

Liberty and Labor.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

The farmers of our country live better than did the kings and princes two hundred years ago—and they have twice as much sense and heart. Liberty and labor have given us all. I want every person here to believe in the dignity of labor—to know that the respectable man is the useful man—the man who produces or helps others to produce something of value, whether thought of the brain or work of the hand.

I want you to go away with an eternal hatred in your breast of injustice, of aristocracy, of caste, of the idea that one man has more rights than another because he has better clothes, more land, more money, because he owns a railroad, or is famous and in high position. Remember that all men have equal rights. Remember that the man who acts best his part—who loves his friends the best—is most willing to help others—truest to the discharge of obligation—who has the best heart—the most feeling—the deepest sympathies—and who freely gives to others the rights that he claims for himself, is the best man. I am willing to swear to this.

What has made this country? I say again, liberty and labor. What would we be without labor? I want every farmer, when plowing the rustling corn of June—while mowing in the perfumed fields—to feel that he is adding to the wealth and glory of the United States. I want every mechanic—every man of toil, to know and feel that he is keeping the cars running, the telegraph wires in the air; that he is making the statues and painting the pictures; that he is writing and printing the books; that he is helping to fill the world with honor, with happiness, with love and law.

Our country is founded upon the dignity of labor—upon the equality of man. Ours is the first real republic in the history of the world. Beneath our flag the people are free. We have retired the gods from politics. We have found that man is the only source of political power, and that the governed should govern. We have disfranchised the aristocrats of the air and have given one country to mankind.

Strange Occurrences.

Crossing the ocean three years ago, one day I fell into conversation with a gentleman from California, and our talk ultimately

turned upon strange happenings, mesmerism, psychology and kindred topics. He was a firm believer in the power of one mind to control another, provided the subjects remain entirely passive, exercising no control or restraint over themselves. While I did not deny that such a thing was possible, I stated that I had seen nothing to convince me of the truth of his proposition. He remarked that his wife was highly susceptible to such influences, and after tea that night we would see what could be accomplished. After the customary fourth meal of the day had been devoured and the tables cleared, a number of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the dining saloon. At the end of the room was a piano, and on the other side were passage ways running to the staterooms aft. As a preliminary to the experiment, the lady was carefully blindfolded and led a few steps down one of the hallways out of sight of the company. I then willed her to advance towards those seated about the tables. She moved along cautiously, until opposite the piano where the greatest number were sitting, when she turned in that direction. As this was contrary to my desire, I commanded her—mentally, of course—to stop, which she did. I then directed her to turn her face in the direction she was first going and step forward until I willed her to halt. Perhaps a dozen yards beyond, a gentleman held a card in his hand, and it was my wish to see if by the exercise of my will, she could be made to go to him and take the card from his hand. She moved along until she came before him, when she seemed uncertain what to do. In response to my thoughts she raised her hand several times and let it fall, but at last she stretched it forth and took the card. I am satisfied that her eyes were so effectually blindfolded that she could see nothing. Other experiments of a similar character followed, and the results all pointed in the same direction. In the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*, in an article on the subject of impressions and strange experiences, it related that a Mr. Thompson, owning estates in Moorlands, near York, Eng., having strong mesmeric power, experimented with a lady who said that no one had ever succeeded in mesmerizing her. She went to sleep at once and was thoroughly influenced by his will. Dining at her home one evening, after the ladies had left the room, some of the gentlemen proposed that he call her back, which he did. She came directly, and after this he could not go to the house without her going asleep, even if she did not know he was there. It was his custom to exercise his mesmeric powers in alleviating the sufferings of his tenants, and he relates that there was a little girl who had suffered from brain fever, which caused her eyes to protrude. He quickly relieved her of this, and found

her to be a thought reader. By practice he learned that it was unnecessary to speak, as she knew his thoughts and would do what he mentally directed.

A more singular incident is told of Arthur Severn, a distinguished English landscape painter. Living at Brintwood, Coniston, it was his habit in summer to rise early and take a sail upon the lake before breakfast. Mrs. Severn says that one morning she awoke with a start, feeling that she had had a blow on her mouth, with a distinct sense that she had been cut and was bleeding under her upper lip. She seized her handkerchief and held it to the part as she sat up in bed. After a few seconds she removed it and was surprised to find no blood. The sensation of the blow passed off and she then realized how impossible it was that she should have been struck as she lay asleep in her own room: Looking at her watch, she saw it was 7 o'clock, and she noticed that her husband was not in the room. Concluding that it was a dream, she fell asleep, and at breakfast Mr. Severn came in late and seated himself at the table, holding a handkerchief to his mouth. His wife asked him the cause, and if he had received a blow on the mouth. He explained that while sailing, a sudden squall had come upon him, and in managing his boat, the tiller had swung around and struck him on the upper lip. By comparing notes it was found that the blow had been received at the time his wife had been awakened, thinking that she had been struck.

Alexandra S. Kirving, a master mason, says that at one time he was working in Regent's Park, London. It was so far from his home that he carried his lunch with him. On a certain day he was seized with an intense desire to go home, which increased every moment notwithstanding his efforts to suppress it. Being unable to resist, he hurried home when he was met by his wife's sister who lived near. She was greatly surprised to see him, and said, "How did you know?" "Know what?" he replied. "Why, about Mary Ann; then what brought you home?" He could only say that he could not help coming. She then told him that his wife had been run over by a cab and most seriously injured about an hour before. He went up stairs, and although she had been in spasms, she recognized him and stretched forth her arms and drew his head down to her bosom. The spasm passed off and she fell in a sleep and recovered. Her sister said that from the first she uttered the most piteous cries, calling to her husband, although there was not the least likelihood of his coming.

A friend relates an experience of like nature. While residing in Chicago, a lady school teacher, an intimate friend of his wife, was living with them. She was subject to severe paroxysms of pain, which were relieved by his wife applying a sort of mes-

meric power by the laying on of hands. On one occasion when the lady was ill, his wife was unable, for some reason, to apply her healing power, and he was prevailed upon to see if he could do as well. He found that he was equally successful. Sometime thereafter the lady was transferred to another school and changed her home. One night he was awakened out of a sound sleep by the teacher calling him, as though she were in sore distress. He awakened his wife and told her of the voice which he had heard. Thinking it was a dream, he fell asleep, to be again awakened by the woe-laden cry. His wife advised him to wait, like Samuel of old, for the third call. Again he composed himself to slumber, and sure enough, it came again, more agonizing than before. A consultation was held, and it was decided that he should go and see if their friend was ill. It was 2 o'clock in the morning, and after a lonely walk of a couple of miles he reached her home and found her almost wild with pain. The customary treatment subdued the suffering and he returned to relate his strange experience.

Several years ago the writer was living in the western suburbs of St. Louis in a newly built row of houses, in front of which was a walk of cinders. It occasionally happened that I was detained in town till late at night. My wife having the fullest confidence in my ability to take care of myself, invariably retired at the usual hour, and more often than otherwise was entirely oblivious of the time of my return. One season, however, it was different, as I always found her awake. She would say, "I knew you were coming, as I was awakened from a sound sleep by the feeling that you would soon be here, and without fail I would hear you at the gate within a few minutes thereafter. Sometimes it would be five minutes before you came, and I could not have been awakened by your footsteps, as the cinder walk gave no sound that could be heard in the house."

Mr. Robert Castle, who is estate agent to several of the Oxford colleges, tells that when quite young he had charge of an important work, having under him a number of men. An elder brother, to whom he was devotedly attached, frequently visited him and advised with him in regard to his business. Before such visits an impression invariably came which said, "Bob will be here at a certain hour," and at the time indicated Bob was sure to make his appearance. One day a certain thing was under discussion with his foreman, when he said: "Let's wait until to-morrow, as Bob will be here this afternoon, and I want to consult with him about it." Knowing that he had received no letter from his brother, the foreman asked how he knew that Bob was coming. A hearty laugh followed the explanation, but Bob came at the time indicated. It was arranged thereafter that he should communicate such impres-

sions to the foreman, and he would also see how often they were verified. They were found to be so infallible that in time he came to rely upon them as implicitly as did Mr. Castle.—*St. Louis Spectator.*

A Case of Trance.

A peculiar case of what is supposed to be suspended animation, has developed near Mankato. A short time ago, Miss Rose Pfeister, seventeen years old, who has been residing for the past fifteen months with a German family two miles north of the city, retired for the night in her usual good health and buoyant spirits. The next morning, not responding to repeated calls, she was found apparently lifeless in her bed. She was still warm, and her face exactly resembled that of a sleeping person. The coroner was summoned, and, after investigating the circumstances of the supposed death, decided that no official inquiry was necessary. There was no suspicion or foul play, as the family with which the young lady resided is highly respected, though Miss Pfeister was an orphan, and had some property coming to her.

The funeral was to have occurred on a Saturday, and every preparation was made for it. When the time came, however, it was found that the remains had not begun to decompose, though they were kept in a heated room and were not packed in ice. The face had a wonderfully lifelike appearance also. After observing these and similar things, it was decided to postpone the funeral until something developed. At present, the body lies in an unchanged condition. The undertaker has made thorough tests, and finds that no decomposition has taken place either externally or internally, and he pronounces it the strangest case that he has ever met with in his long experience in such matters. He thinks that the young lady is dead, and the health officer concurs in his opinion. On the other hand decomposition almost invariably begins within forty-eight hours after death, at the utmost, even when the body is kept in a cold room. This body has remained in a heated room for a week, and has not changed in the least during that time. The face resembles that of a sleeping person, and looks perfectly lifelike, except that it is quite pale. The house where the remains lie is crowded every day by curious spectators. The family of which the young lady was a member, is agitated by the most painful uncertainty, not knowing whether she is dead or alive. If it should prove to be a case of suspended animation, the young lady would have narrowly escaped a horrible death, either by the knife of the post-mortem examiner or by being buried alive.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editor

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THE CARRIER DOVE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., DEC. 24, 1887.

Merry Christmas.

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas, and hope that all our young readers will receive a visit from Santa Claus to-night, and receive beautiful gifts enough to last the coming year through.

A San Francisco Swindle.

In a recent editorial in these columns it was stated that this city was not free from the stain of bogus materializations. Our statement was criticised by some and supported by others. One or two abused us, but the great majority hoped that we would let daylight into any crookedness we became aware of, so that honest mediums and Spiritualists might not longer be classed with certain of the frauds practicing in this community.

The time has passed for us to be content to let the secular press expose the cheats who shelter themselves within our ranks. Every self-respecting spiritual journalist,

worker or adherent, is called upon to do such righteous work himself. No mistaken pleas of "charity," or "evil spirits," or "our ignorance of conditions" ought to be permitted to palliate such criminal mendacity wherever seen.

If we fail in our plain duty, then the public prints will continue to hold us up to obloquy and scorn. As to the truth of this here is a case in point, extracted from the columns of the *San Francisco Daily Examiner*, of Monday, December 19th. The old excuse of "the hostility of the press" does not apply here, for the fact is that for many months the *Examiner* has been in the habit of giving frequent favorable and lengthy notices of our cause and its meetings in this city. So much so has this been the case, that the mediums, almost in a body, turned over their public advertisements to its columns. But the article in question shows that the editorial whale has at last encountered a mediumistic Jonah too big to be swallowed! Spiritualists of this city, how do you like your "beautiful religion," your "divine philosophy," your "noble system," as served up to you in the above widely circulated journal? This is how the matter opens out:

"Sealskins in heaven. Lady Spirits with a taste for ulsters and diamonds. Clothes for the stars. A suit sent to Saturn seen on Kearny street. An amazed old gentleman."

Then follows the ensuing graphic paragraph:

"Mrs. Patterson keeps a lodging-house on the corner of Mission and Third streets. She also keeps in constant communication with the inhabitants of the planet Saturn. Dead people visit her establishment and make themselves at home there. Among her living lodgers are Messrs. Clifford and Wild, who support themselves in this life by acting as telephones for persons who have migrated to the further side of the Styx. They likewise do a mail and express business with Saturn and Jupiter. Frequently they lend their corporeal parts to the disembodied who desire to get a rest from the joys of Paradise by visiting Mrs. Patterson's, lodging-house."

The folly and senility involved in this show are aptly expressed in this accompanying extract:

"Among those who resort to the rooms of Messrs. Wild and Clifford to see and hear materialized spirits, and to get the latest gossip from the outlying planets, is a venerable carriage manufacturer gifted with large quantities of both money and faith.

Mr. Bogardus himself, who engineers the lamp with the green shade and sings "John Brown's Body" at the seances, is not more unquestioningly receptive than this old gentleman. The latter has been heard to declare, indeed, that should Wild and Clifford go upon the stand in an earthly court of justice and swear they were not mediums but frauds, he would regard them as perjurers.

A man who stands by the ghosts in this style can rely upon the ghosts standing by him. They just troop around old Mr. McTavish, and he has been introduced to the best society in Saturn. The interest taken by the people of Saturn in Mr. McTavish is flattering in the highest degree. The people of Jupiter also have "shaken hands with him across the intervening ocean of ether."

But the gross stupidity of the deluded frequenters and supporters of this shameful swindle has another illustration, as thus:

"One evening about two weeks ago, when Mr. Bogardus had diminished the light to a mere glimmer and the circle had rendered "In the Sweet By and By," Bright Eyes, the Saturnian control of Medium Wild, made an important announcement. She declared that the McTavish boom had reached such a height in her far-off starry home that universal curiosity to see how the denizens of the earth were appared was expressed. If the good old gentleman would deliver to her dear mortal friend Wild the material for a suit of gentleman's clothes her own angelic fingers would fashion the cloth into proper form. She would sew the garments with a moon-beam and thread the needle with rays of sunlight.

Of course an offer like this could not well be ignored. Besides, one more consignment of dress goods for the spirit world made little difference to one so able and willing as Mr. McTavish. He went in person to a fashionable tailor's and picked out the material himself—a new and striking pattern, which he rather thought would stun his acquaintances in Saturn."

Will sane, sober-minded Spiritualists credit that even the foregoing fails to present the immense fatuous credulity of the provider of the suit of clothes, or the colossal impudence of one of the parties in this swindle? Yet in sober truth it does not, as the annexed extract will show for:

On Monday last, as Mr. McTavish was passing along Kearny street, near Sutter, he saw something ahead of him which brought him to a full stop, and his countenance became a race-course for contending astonishment and indignation. He beheld the back of a man who was garbed in the suit which had been shipped to Saturn, care Bright

Eyes, via Wild & Clifford's express. Advancing, Mr. McTavish tapped the wearer of the glorified raiment on the shoulder, and, as he turned Mr. McTavish was further amazed to identify him as the broad-chested, large-armed young man who sits in the darkness close to the cabinet, to protect the materialized lady spirits from the profane clutch of too curious investigators. "What does this mean, sir?" demanded Mr. McTavish, excitedly. "What does what mean?" asked Mr. Bouncer with undisturbed self-possession. "These clothes, sir. They are the same that I bought to be taken to Saturn." "Well, they've been sent to Saturn." "Sent to Saturn!" "Yes, sir; sent to Saturn. They've been there more'n a week." "Then how the devil does it happen that you have them on your back?" "Mr. McTavish," said Mr. Bouncer, in sorrow and pity, "you surprise me. It knocks me cold it does, to hear a man with your light talking like that. I hope you'll excuse me, but you had ought to be ashamed of yourself." "Ashamed of myself! Hang it, man, mustn't I believe the evidence of my own senses? Ain't the clothes right before me, and ain't you standing right in them?" "Well this beats all," sighed Mr. Bouncer. "Of course, in one sense, Mr. McTavish, this is the Saturn suit—in the same way that when you're dead your body will be you. Have I got to tell a man with your light that speerits don't take to the speerit world the actyl things you give'em, but only the essential semblance of em? Why, that's the A B C of the philosophy of Speeritism, as you very well know. How d'ye supposd Bright Eyes was goin' to pack a suit of real clothes through eighteen hundred million miles of space? Don't you see?" "It—it begins to break upon me," assented Mr. McTavish, mopping his brow in bewilderment. "I thought it would," said Mr. Bouncer, encouragingly. "I see Bright Eyes dematerialize these here clothes with my own eyes in our rooms. She carried away the soul of these togs, an' the dross, the dead body of 'em, was left behind, and I took it. Wasn't that right? You wouldn't want me to throw the clothes away, would you, after—after Bright Eyes had made 'em sacred like?" "No, no; certainly not," murmured Mr. McTavish. "I see it all now." "Better be up to-night," said Mr. Bouncer, lighting a cigar. "Bright Eyes is expected back with news of what they think of the clothes in Saturn." "I'll be there," declared Mr. McTavish, shaking Mr. Bouncer by the hand heartily.

This man Wild is a publicly self-confessed cheat and swindler; but we are ashamed to say there are people who profess to believe him a medium in spite of his own confession to contrary in a public hall in this city some two years ago, on which

occasion the writer was present and witnessed the whole performance, which was a complete *expose* of his so-called materializing seances, with his three confederates, and their manner of duping the people. On that occasion Harry Wild stated that he learned his "tricks" of Joe Caffrey and Elsie Reynolds. If Spiritualists (?) are such foolish people as to believe in spirits sending to earth for the "souls" of suits of clothes, that materializations drink wine, eat fruit, walk about as solid 200 pounds men or women, smell of rum, whiskey or tobacco, then will such frauds and swindlers as Wild and his confederates flourish in our midst. Tricky materializers, "test" (?) mediums and slate writers derive a rich harvest from their unsuspecting dupes, and for our part we deem silence criminal in such matters. That Spiritualism should thus be made the subject of ridicule is extremely painful to those who know it to be a sublime and beautiful truth; and as the DOVE is not run by or for any ring of tricky adventurers, we shall speak out openly and fully hereafter. Again we say, for honest media we have every sympathy and support, for cheats and rascals, neither.

We only trust that the first sentences of our contemporary's final paragraph may soon prove true, for certainly we are at one with its closing words:

"It is probable that Wild & Clifford's Express will soon retire from business. The Spiritualists of the city have marked them for exposure. They are considered the most brazen and heartless humbugs who have ever invaded and disgraced the ranks of mediumship in San Francisco."

Practice, versus Talk.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." There is a great deal of talking and preaching about charity, good works, soul culture, and brotherly love among the Spiritualists of San Francisco; but it remains for the Metropolitan Temple people to take the lead in practically demonstrating some of the aforesaid desirable attributes by their good works. The Jessie-street Kindergarten is a noble charity conducted and supported by this society whereby many little street waifs are comfortably clothed, and educated under the gentle and refined system of kindergarten training. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, while not under the auspices of any special organization is

largely composed of the working members of this society and their children, and is doing much practical good. This society also supports a regular speaker, Mrs. E. L. Watson,—whose place is at present occupied by Mr. J. J. Morse,—and maintains free meetings in the most comfortable and commodious hall in the city available for such purposes.

Some of the best and most reliable mediums in this city are active, working members of this association. Honest, genuine mediums ever find a welcome and a home in the "Temple Society," while charlatans and impostors find it extremely uncomfortable there. To these meetings you can take your stranger friends and feel a pride and pleasure in knowing that they will be instructed and entertained, and go away with far more favorable impressions of Spiritualists and their meetings than they might otherwise have had.

Our Future Work.

In our New Year's number we shall commence the publication of a series of illustrations of California scenery, with brief sketches of the same. We think this change will add greatly to the attractiveness of our journal, and give a pleasing variety to our illustrations. We shall give one or more well executed portraits each month, accompanied by the biography, as usual, of some prominent Spiritualist. Our Children's Department will also be improved, and frequently embellished with engravings of special interest to the little men and women who peruse its pages. We shall in the future, as in the past, do all that is in our power to make the CARRIER DOVE the finest Spiritual journal published in this or any other land; and judging from the abundant success which has thus far crowned our efforts, and the encouragement received from mortals and immortals, we feel strong, brave and reliant to press on in the noble work the dear angel guides have appointed us to do; knowing that we are but instruments in their hands for the purpose of advancing the cause of true, pure and unadulterated Spiritualism in the world. To this end we ask the earnest co-operation of those in sympathy with the work everywhere, and feel assured that ultimately truth shall triumph over error, and the clouds which now envelop and threaten to obscure our

beautiful faith, will be relegated to the oblivion from whence they have been resurrected by seekers after the marvelous and wonderful, rather than patient, earnest investigators of the solid facts upon which rests the spiritual philosophy. Spiritualism is indeed on trial, and it remains to be seen whether the grand ship, freighted with so many precious hopes and priceless treasures will outride the gale, and breast the waves which threaten to engulf her, or whether she will succumb and sink under the mountainous seas of conflicting doctrines which are being preached in her name. It is for each to decide individually what they will do, and which they will choose, and to what extent they will do battle for the right. May the divine love and wisdom of celestial guidances assist each to choose aright.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

In the New Year's holiday number 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.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

Our arrangements are now complete for the issuing of the Holiday Number of the CARRIER DOVE. We have taken very considerable pains to make that issue of this journal superior to any previous attempts in this direction.

The literary portion of the holiday issue will include a poem by Mrs. E. L. Watson, a very interesting article upon "Christmas," from the scholarly pen of William Emmette Coleman, an able article upon "Woman," from the pen of that accomplished writer Doctor J. Simms, a brief contribution from our esteemed English visitor, J. J. Morse, a beautiful poem from Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger, the greatly admired lecture of the control of J. J. Morse upon "Theosophy and Spiritualism: Their Points of Contact and Divergence," especially reported by Mr. G. H. Hawes, for these columns; and the opening chapters of a new and interesting serial from the facile pen of Miss M. T. Shelhamer, in addition to the usual literary matter our pages contain every week.

The artistic portion of the contents of the Holiday Dove will include a very handsome and correct full-page engraving of the city of San Francisco, which has been much admired by all to whom proofs have been shown; while there will also be a portrait of our recently arisen sister, Mrs. McKinley, with views of Californian scenery to embellish the first of a series of illustrated and descriptive articles of the beauties of the Golden State.

In spite of the extra size of the holiday New Year's number, which will be nearly double the size of our ordinary issue, there will be no advance in the price either for the annual subscription, or for single numbers. If our friends desire extra copies they must send in their orders so that they reach this office by the 31st of this month, as we cannot guarantee to meet the already great demand unless notified in time to have the further number of extra copies printed. Let us hear promptly, friends.

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.

Closing Exercises of Pacific Kindergarten No. 1.

It may not be generally known that, in addition to the management of the Jessie-street Kindergarten, Mrs. H. E. Robinson is the manager of the Pacific Kindergarten No. 1., situated on the corner of Twenty-sixth and Bartlett streets in this city, and sometimes called the Bartlett-street Kindergarten. Of this school this lady's comely daughter, Miss Mina Robinson, a young lady still in her teens, has been principal for the last two years. Under the efficient management of Mrs. Robinson, and the faithful, competent tuition of Miss Mina and her two assistants, the Misses Eva Knight and May Hamilton, this school has made marked progress; and its closing exercises, on the morning of the 12th instant, which were witnessed by the writer, reflected much credit upon one and all connected with the school.

The rooms were densely crowded with anxious lookers-on, including relatives and friends of the pupils, as well as a delegation of the friends of the manager and the teachers,—among which latter were seen a number of familiar faces, the *habitués* of the Sunday services in Metropolitan Temple. The exercises of the children, in the shape of marching, singing, dancing, games, illustrations of housekeeping, etc., were heartily enjoyed by the good-humored though closely-packed auditory; while the little participants themselves seemed to enjoy the games and other rhythmic exercises with a satisfaction equal to, if not greater than, that of the spectators.

During the course of the exercises, refreshments, both of an edible and a potable nature, were passed around to the assembled guests,—the latter, however, including nothing of a more ardent or stimulating character than lemonade.

The rooms were tastefully and ornately decorated; and at the proper time, during the progress of the exercises, the curtains concealing a handsomely-trimmed Christmas tree were drawn aside by the deft little fingers of the youthful principal, and a profu-

sign of gifts for the little ones, and some for the children of a larger growth, were displayed. The teachers were the recipients of a number of handsome presents, the major portion falling to the principal, Miss Mina,—among the gifts received by her being several of a financial character, including two in gold coin. Mrs. Robinson also received several testimonials of affection from the little scholars. Among the recipients of presents from Miss Mina, in the shape of blotters, Christmas cards, etc., hand-painted by her, may be named J. J. Morse, Mrs. and Miss Morse, the three teachers of the Jessie-street Kindergarten (Misses Josie and Libbie Hill and Miss Bullock), and the writer.

Mr. J. J. Morse being called upon, he expressed his thorough appreciation of the noble work being done in the kindergartens in this city. As he had remarked to a lady sitting next to him, he thought that the lessons of patience, perseverance, sympathy, and kindly consideration which the young lady teachers necessarily out-wrought in their experiences in training the little children in these schools would be of great service to them in the care and training of their own children when they should, in their turn, become mothers. In his own country, England, he was sorry to say, there were no kindergartens of this kind; the kindergartens there were of quite a different character.

Mrs. H. E. Robinson urged the importance of sustaining this school, and adverted to the larger amount of good work which it was doing.

The presents, consisting of toys, candy, dolls, tools, etc., having been distributed to the happy children, the exercises were closed by the children marching out of the school to appropriate music,—thus terminating a most pleasant and joyous festal gathering.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Spiritualism.

Extract from John Henshall's reply to Mr. Holland in the *Tulare Register*.

I am not writing as any champion of Spiritualism. I repeat what I said in my last letter, that I do not know whence, or how, or why this power. I have no interests except in truth. I am connected with no system, I am in league with no man or number of men. But what I say is that things quite as extraordinary and inexplicable as Mr. Holland can wish to see, have

been done before my eyes in the name of Spiritualism. The problem of whether the powers that have been summoned to my presence from an unseen world are good or evil I cannot yet solve. But that either a near relative of mine of thirty years ago, who died at that time, has told me during the last month through a medium, his name, of what, and the circumstances under which he died, where he is buried, told me of incidents that transpired years ago, of which only myself in the whole of this great continent knew, told me the names of deceased relatives who are buried thousands of miles away, told me of obscure villages and churchyards far away across the seas which are sacred to my memory as no other spots on earth can be—either this, or I have had an evil spirit before me, an infernal demon from the deepest hell, who in the guise of that companion of my youth, has tried to gain my confidence, for purposes best known to itself.

I care not whose room it was, whose table it was, who caused the raps, who was present, or whether there were any room, table or raps at all, or any persons present at all. I say that what I have witnessed is not to be explained on ordinary principles; in other words there is something supernatural in it.

Yours truly, JOHN HENSHALL.

Spiritual Meetings in San Francisco.

J. J. MORSE AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

The exercises at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday last received quite a considerable amount of support in view of the number of Spiritualist meetings now being conducted in this city. The morning was, as usual, devoted to answering questions, the replies being of a quite satisfactory nature. A very instructive and entertaining season was enjoyed.

At night a very pleasant and interested audience listened to the control of Mr. Morse discuss the question of "Christian Science," of which the *San Francisco Chronicle* gave a very acceptable abstract, a portion of which we here append, as follows:

"The foundations of Christian Science were in the religious community. It had arisen, in great part, as a reaction against the materialism in philosophy, morals and religion, which was largely a characteristic of present day thought. The philosophy of the system was merely a revival of the doctrines of idealism, with a theological flavor imparted to them; the therapeutic portion of the system was but a revival of the facts of mental influences upon the human body. The propriety of cultivating

an attitude of mind wherein pure thinking and pure living could be attained was a duty for all. The endeavor to come into oneness with truth should be made by all. Christian Science, within its own limits, was, no doubt, a benefit to Christians of a certain sort, but the system had passed its zenith, and was now on its decline; but its truths of the need of purity of life, the understanding of the action of mind and soul in bodily and moral health, would remain while, as needs be, the empirical philosophy and pseudo religious character of the movement would die off."

Mr. Keith, Jr., sang a very expressively rendered song, "Our Father," to the evident appreciation of the audience.

On Sunday next the usual question meeting in the morning at 11 o'clock. At 7:30 P. M. the subject of the control's address will be "Christmastide: A Factor of Social Life." On the first Sunday of the new year the friends of the Temple meetings will be favored by the appearance of our dear sister and fellow-worker, Mrs. E. L. Watson, who on that occasion will take part in the evening exercises. Two such able workers upon the platform in one service will, no doubt, ensure a very large attendance.

Entertainment by the Union Society.

Our indefatigable co-workers of the Union Society, meeting at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street, this city, will hold a grand Christmas festival and entertainment on Tuesday evening the 27th inst. as above. An extra array of talent has been secured, and, with ample facilities for dancing and refreshments there is no doubt but that a very large company will assemble, as we sincerely hope may be the case. The entertainment will commence at 8 P. M.

Chips.

When misunderstandings arrive between friends, the better-natured party will be the first to seek an explanation and reconciliation.

We will soon present our readers with a portrait—a sketch of the late well-known and respected medium, Madam Clara Antonia.

The New Year's DOVE will contain a fine, large portrait of our dear departed sister-worker, Mrs. Eliza Fuller McKinley,

with a biographical sketch by the talented writer, Wm. Emmette Coleman.

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.

We trust that our readers will carefully read the lecture on "Fraternity," in this issue of the DOVE. It is one of Dr. McKaig's best efforts, and contains many sound practical suggestions.

A neat little pamphlet, published by Colby & Rich, and entitled "An Apostle of Spiritualism: a Biographical Monograph of J. J. Morse, Trance Medium," can be had at the Temple meetings every Sunday. Its price is only twenty cents.

Owing to the disappointment about our lithographs this month, and the publication of the biography of H. W. Kates, we will be

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The engraving representing California wild pigeons which embellishes this issue of the DOVE was obtained especially for the pleasure of our young folks. There are many boys and girls among our eastern readers as well as those at home who love to read and learn about birds who will find this picture and description of great interest.

A NOTED SPIRITUALIST LECTURER BECOMES AN EPISCOPALIAN NEOPHYTE.

Information has been received in this city from an eye-witness, that on the afternoon of Sunday, December 4, at the Episcopal Church in Hammonton, New Jersey,

on which occasion the bishop confirmed a class of neophytes, two of the "children" that were confirmed were Dr. James M. Peebles and wife. The rector of the church has also stated that he baptized Dr. Peebles a year or more ago.

G. W. Kates and wife, are engaged to lecture and give tests at Fraternity Hall, Detroit, Mich., for the months of December, January and February. They then go to Pittsburgh, Pa., for March. During the spring and summer they will be at Lookout Mt., Tenn. They desire to arrange engagements in the East for August and September, 1888, and in California and the West, after that. These workers are eulogized by the Eastern press and are doing good work for the cause.

The lecture delivered by J. J. Morse, at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday evening, December 11th, entitled "Theosophy and Spiritualism Compared," will be published in our New Year's number. It is one of the best lectures delivered by this speaker since he came to this coast, and deserves a large circulation. We trust the friends will use extra efforts to dispose of that especial number, as it is calculated to enlighten very many who are now "halting between two opinions," scarcely knowing what is true or what is false.

Dr. Schlesinger deeply appreciates the kind words of Dr. Bowdoin, which will be found on another page of this issue, and wishes to express his thanks for this testimonial from his friend. We are aware of many remarkable tests which have been given through the Doctor's mediumship, but have refrained from making them public, preferring to let his works speak for themselves, rather than any words of ours should herald his praise. Some time, however, we shall give our readers an account of some of these wonderful experiences, accompanied with his "phiz."

Mr. John Slater, the wonderful test medium closed a very successful engagement in Chicago on the 4th inst. The Princess Opera House was engaged for the closing evening and was well filled with a large and appreciative audience, who greeted his appearance with a perfect round of applause. The speaker announced his intention of making Chicago his home upon his

return from the Pacific Coast and Australia. His many San Francisco friends will welcome his reappearance in this city with delight, and we trust his stay may not be one of short duration, but that he will here find so extensive a field of labor as will keep him engaged for some time to come. Genuine mediums are always in good demand.

The Reviewer.

OUTSIDE THE GATES, by a band of Spirit Intelligences, through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer, Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass. Price \$1.25, postage free.

The amount of literature descriptive of the actual states of Spirit Life is, after all, comparatively small, in view of the vast number of communications received therefrom, while not a small proportion thereof, that does treat upon the life beyond, is far too nebulous and indefinite to be of much practical service as definitely descriptive or instructive upon the facts pertaining to the life over there. The more noticeable works upon *post mortem* existence have been—among others—Tuttle's "Life in the Spheres," Randolph's "Disbodied man," Davis' "Views of our Heavenly Home," and a large volume through Judge Edmonds, the most of which were frequently as much concerned with philosophical disquisitions as statements of actual verity, a criticism that can not be urged against the volume now under notice.

As concerns "Outside the Gates," Miss Shelhamer is but the medial instrument through whom the matter contained in these instructive and pleasing pages has been communicated. The narratives are presented by the intelligences concerned, and are in all cases clear, distinct, practical statements of actual *post mortem* biography. The story of "Outside the Gates" is the career of a woman in spirit life, telling of her death, describing her entrance into the next state, her encounters with a penitent, and with spirits in darkness; her observations in the Children's Valley, her entrance "within the gates"—and her beautiful home "in the Sunrise Land," and a more interesting and instructive narrative it would be difficult to find.

The lessons inculcated in the volume are many, but all tend to one end—the propriety of living truthfully and virtuously while on earth. They point to the fact that little wrongs, as well as large ones, inflict their pains and penalties upon us. The lessons also impress upon the reader that ultimate peace and joy are not attained immediately upon entrance into spirit life, but, instead, they depend upon our purification from the

results of evil and wrong done while here, while true soul-growth alone ensures fitness for entrance beyond the gates.

There is a naturalness about the book that brings all it tells into the region of common sense. It is neither marred nor tinged by the nonsensical vagaries of occult and theosophical descriptions of the future life, which is fair proof that the book is the outcome of direct spirit control. Want of space precludes more than the present brief notice which does but scant justice to an, in every way, acceptable contribution to our distinctly mediumistic literature. But it may be truly added to by saying, that Miss Shelhamer's mediumship thus receives another well merited laurel, and Colby & Rich have added another valuable work to their extensive catalogue of Spiritual literature.

In closing let me append the words of an old and able contributor to our literature, A. E. Newton, who says in a recent notice of the book before me, "it should be read by parents and teachers, who will find in it many hints of improved methods for training the young; it should be read by children, who will derive from it just and noble views of true living for this world and the next; it should be read especially by mediums of all classes, who may learn from it how to avoid many dangers, and to use their gifts for the worthiest ends; it should be read by clergymen and religious teachers of all persuasions, for they can hardly fail to derive from it some important suggestions of what *may* be true regarding the life to come, and far worthier views than most of them are wont to teach; and, lastly, it should be read by *all* who would obtain just and rational conceptions of spirit-life, the relations of the present to the future, and the true means of spiritual progress, here and hereafter."

The foregoing quotation is so just, that nothing further needs be added here.

J. J. MORSE.

Our Table.

ASTRONOMY AND ITS BEARING UPON THE POPULAR FAITH, by Hugh Junor Browne, Melbourne, Australia, published by the Author.

An interesting little pamphlet containing a variety of calculations and information upon astronomy and its bearing upon bible teachings, by which the author hopes to build up a belief in "a good God, a rational faith, and the higher law of truth and right."

PROBLEMS OF THE DAY, by Dr. J. C. Flower, Spectator Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

Contains chatty and interesting treatises

upon "Physical and Mental Degeneracy," in three chapters; followed by "The Problem of Life," in five chapters; and closing with the "Evils of the Bar-room," in two chapters, which will prove entertaining to temperance reformers.

VIEWS OF THE SUMMER LAND—OR THE POEMS OF REV. ASA WARREN, arranged and compiled by Geo. C. Kennedy, grandson of the author.

THE IDEA OF GOD, AND THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM, by J. Whittemore, M. D., Echoes Publishing Company, Hannibal, Mo.

The value of the above works is utterly destroyed by the poor and discreditable manner in which the printing has been done. The poems are gentle in spirit. The pamphlet says nothing new to the general reader.

A REVIEW of the Report of the Seybert Commission, Henry Kiddle, Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass.

The above is an extended and exhaustive review of the now notorious "Preliminary" report of the Seybert Commission of enquiry into the claims and facts of Modern Spiritualism. Mr. Kiddle writes forcibly and well, and the American Spiritualists Alliance, at whose request he undertook the preparation of the above pamphlet, did well to choose him for the task, as the "Review" is issued under the authority of that body. Mr. Kiddle's closing remarks are all that we have room for in this department, but no doubt all who read these will secure the pamphlet itself, as indeed they should. Mr. Kiddle thus concludes:

The Commission were obligated to investigate the claims of Modern Spiritualism not merely as to its phenomenal basis but as a system of "morals, religion, and philosophy;" and this they have not even commenced to do; but have only, in a most unfair, superficial, inconsiderate, and we might almost say irrational, manner examined the manifestations of a few mediums, whom they have, most unjustly, according to their own record, held up to public scorn and indignation. Under such circumstances, to rush into print with conclusions so lame, imperfect, and ill founded, should subject them to the censure of every impartial and intelligent mind, as we doubt not it eventually will.

They have presented to the public a series of statements, called a Report, crude, imperfect, sweepingly condemnatory, and wholly unscientific, neither correctly representing the facts of their own investigation, as a Commission, nor making those distinctions and discriminations as to incidents, principles, and methods which a proper knowledge of the subject would have dictated.

Their Report is contradicted in many essential particulars by the minutes of their proceedings, which they have chosen to keep in the background, and away from the general reader, by inserting them in an Appendix.

Instead of conducting the investigation by sub-committees, whose carefully constructed reports could have been attested by the signatures of those making them, they have been guilty of the gross impropriety of presenting a Report signed by ten persons, which contains statements that only three or four could truthfully attest. In this way they have misled the public, and es-

pecially the newspaper press, and given a seeming importance to their investigation and the Report which they do not really possess.

FREE THOUGHT UNIVERSITY, first Annual Catalogue, Liberal, Mo.

The above is a resumé of the classes of the "University" established by the Free Thinkers in their new town, Liberal, Mo. The lines of study are varied and generally well conceived and there are nearly forty students taking the course. Judging from the report the enterprise is meeting with an amount of support that quite justifies the labors of its promoters.

WAY SIDE JOTTINGS, M. E. Hull, Hull & Co., Des Moines, Ia.

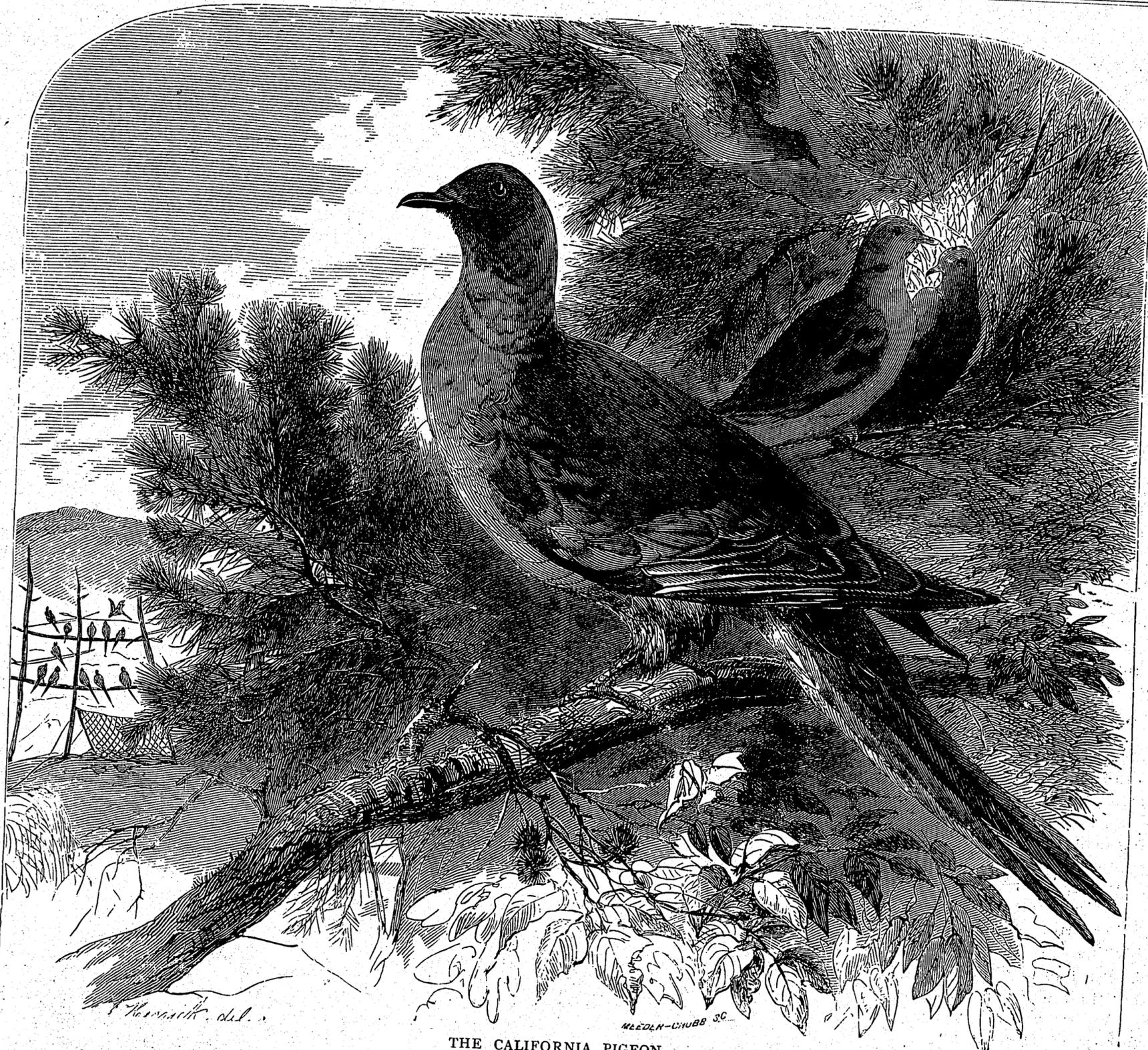
A neatly bound collection of lectures, poems and essays, from the pen of Mrs. M. E. Hull, expressing various reformatory aspirations and sentiments in earnest sentences.

Children's Dept.

This beautiful bird, the mountains of most of California wherever there are trees, and descend to the valley in quest of grain during autumn and winter. They may be seen north of San Francisco in flocks in the grain-fields as early as July. They are a migratory bird, leaving in October, but in California their wanderings are guided chiefly by want of food. Dr. J. G. Cooper, the ornithologist of California, says:

"I have found them building in the Coast Range as far south as Santa Cruz, though I did not succeed in finding any nests. I was told that they build in companies on low bushes in unfrequented parts of the mountains, but Townsend found their eggs on the ground near the banks of streams in Oregon, numbers congregating together. I have myself found eggs which I supposed to

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THE CALIFORNIA PIGEON.

be of this bird in a similar situation. They are white and about the size of those of the tame pigeon. Like all their tribe, they lay but one or two at a time. Their cooing is very much like that of the tame pigeon, and easily distinguishable from that of the dove. From their similarity of habits, there seems no reason why they should not be easily domesticated.

"They feed on acorns, which they swallow whole, even when very large; also on berries, especially those of the Madrona (*Arbutus*), grain, and seeds of various kinds. Being large and delicate food, they furnish much sport for the fowler in certain districts, but soon become so watchful and shy that they are shot with difficulty, except when young or where they can be watched for in ambush."

"In Oregon they collect in flocks of thousands in the autumn, but I have never seen more than a hundred together in the State of California."

He Hedged on a Handsled.

Mr. Frank has brought his children up to believe faithfully in a veritable Santa Claus, but there was one small seceder who thought for himself and rejected the nursery belief. When Christmas Eve came last year he confided to his mother his doubts and fears.

"I just b'leeve that I don't b'leeve in any Santa Claus," he said gravely, "though sometimes, mamma, I don't b'leeve I know what I do b'leeve."

Later in the evening, when the whole family were assembled in the parlor, the door opened and a genuine Santa Claus—dress, pack, white whiskers and all the regulation features, entered. Little Phil looked around with an incredulous grin and counted the members of his tribe. They were all present, and each one had a request to give Santa. Phil kept up his unbelief, and Santa Claus turned to go. As he passed into the hall fear and doubt struggled in the small boy's mind. He didn't believe in any such personage, but he hated to take any chances. His feet wiggled, and at last he slid from his chair and ran after the disappearing figure. As the patron of Christmas reached the front door he heard a very beseeching voice gasp at his heels:

"H-a-n-d-s-l-e-d!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

At The Prison Gate.

The city prison is a huge building of gray stone, whose lines of low cells extend, like a spider's web, over a great space, shut in from the street by frowning towers and walls. In one of the towers is a low, iron door, barred and padlocked. If you are permitted to enter, you will find yourself in a paved stone court, from which stretch narrow corridors. A silence as of death reigns over them all. The roof and floors are of gray stone. In the walls are rows of iron doors, all shut. On each door hangs a slate, on which is written a name, a crime, and the time of imprisonment: "Ann Speed, drunkenness, one month." "Mary Parr, larceny, two years." So the records run—a black page in the book of life.

To your right hand is a square office, gray, grim, and silent as the rest of this building. Two grave officials in the uniform of the prison are writing in huge books. They are grave, quiet men, chosen for their firmness and integrity, but there is a certain hopelessness in their faces which has slowly grown there, as they watched and numbered, year after year, the unending line of criminals that enter this gate. They may go out again, but there will be a mark upon them harder for them to bear than death.

A few weeks ago the prison van rolled up to the gate outside, the gong sounded, and the iron doors swung open. Two men came out of the van.

The officer nodded to a decrepit, bloated, old creature who shuffled down the steps.

"Back again, John?"

"Yes, boss. Got three years now."

"He'll not live as many months," the officer said to his companion. "Half of his body is dead now with palsy. I've known him for thirty years, and all of them but three he has passed in this jail."

A lad of seventeen followed. He was fashionably dressed, his face was clear-cut, his voice gentle and well-bred; he looked about him, pale with shame and horror. It was the first time he had entered this gate.

"Young Scott," whispered a keeper as he passed, under guard to his cell. "Son of one of the first physicians in the city. Clerk in the bank. Fast; fond of champagne; couldn't pay his bills; 'borrowed' money out of the bank, meaning to pay."

"They all 'mean to pay' the first time," the officer said, turning to a visitor, who was watching this strange, significant scene. "Those two men sum up the whole history of this place. They are at the beginning and the end of the life of a criminal. They seem very different to you; but the space between them is shorter than you think. That boy will cross it in a few steps that will be soon taken."

The great bell of the prison struck the

signal for closing the gates. Twilight was falling. A few women, whose faces were marked by every phase of anxiety and wretchedness, and who had come to bring little comforts for some of the prisoners, hurried out, their empty baskets on their arms, back to their miserable homes.

The iron gates closed with a heavy clang, the silence within grew deeper. Night settled down upon this great stone sepulchre, in which were buried so many lives that had all begun in innocence and cheerful hope. The fast boy, and the thief, and the murderer were all there. But for each there had been the first step, the first drink, the first "borrowed" dollar, the timorous little venture in wrongdoing, that in the beginning had been half bravado and fun. Here was the end.

How far is the boy who reads these words now from that first step?—*Youth's Companion*.

Correspondence.

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

Editor CARRIER DOVE.—"Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days," is a promise that has led many forward to the performance of good works, sustained only by faith in the results; and perhaps this was what led Bro. Schlesinger down into our southern country, hoping to let in a few gleams of light where it had never come. But in this case the "many days" have hardly passed before we begin to get in the returns.

A lady friend visited us the past week from Tulare, and this is something like the way she expressed herself in regard to his visit there, "He turned the town upside down and set them all on fire." We were disposed to question the accuracy of the expression for we did not want to hear our brother called an incendiary, but on taking a second thought concluded the statement, extravagant as it seemed, might be metaphorically speaking, entirely correct, for may there not be a fire kindled there that will burn till bigotry, intolerance and prejudice shall go up in smoke.

There were a number of cases that came within the notice of this lady of conversions to this truth; one a gentleman, a total disbeliever, had two brothers come, gave their full names and spoke of what no living soul but him knew of.

By many fire-sides the tests they got were "all the talk." We were only sorry that the Doctor couldn't stay longer with us. People had hardly got fired up when he had to return, but there are many in Stockton who had received tests from him before of the most striking character, and this re-

minds me to speak of some of that kind that came to me. It was my first sitting with him, an entire stranger.

Among names written was Elliot Bowdoin, a brother who died two years before. He didn't see the name at all, and when I took up the right one told me of it and that it was my brother, but said he, "Did you write that name twice, there are two Elliots here?" No, only once but there are two Elliots; that was my father's name. Instantly, my father took control and gave me a beautiful talk, the first I had ever got from him in my ten years of investigation, though he had several times given his name and a word or two.

Then the Doctor said "I see the initials C. E. B. right over your head, do you recognize them?" Yes, but it is my son living, Charles E. Bowdoin. "No," said he, "it is some one for you in spirit life," and I then remembered that my little brother who died fifty years ago had the same initials, Charles Edward Bowdoin, and he said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to forget me."

At another time my father came and after giving me some instructions said as a further test of my identity, I will, through this medium, give you a message from your mother who will sign her maiden name. Now I believe there was a person in California, outside of my family, that knew what that name was.

But it came written backwards so that I had to hold it up to a mirror to read it as follows: "God bless you, my son. Sally Taylor." Mr. and Mrs. Condy and Mr. Dodge went into a tent at the camp-meeting where were a dozen people. They were strangers; not one in the tent knew them, but Dr. Brown former Superintendent of the asylum, came, picked them out as from Stockton, and gave them a message. An uncle of Mr. Condy's came and said give my love to Sarah Hawke, his niece living in England. That was her maiden name, her present name being Sarah James.

These tests may seem small things, but a little that hits the mark is better than heaps of trash that scatters so that it does not reveal its authenticity, identity, or which world it comes from.

From these rudiments of the philosophy we are led step by step to the grander truths up towards the summit.

LEON M. BOWDOIN.

STOCKTON, Dec. 15, 1887.

Here is the latest small boy story, told at a Washington dinner the other night. The new rector gazes mildly at the small boy in the Sunday school and says: "My dear little fellow, have you read the thirty-nine articles?" "No," rejoins the small boy, "but I've read the forty thieves."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.