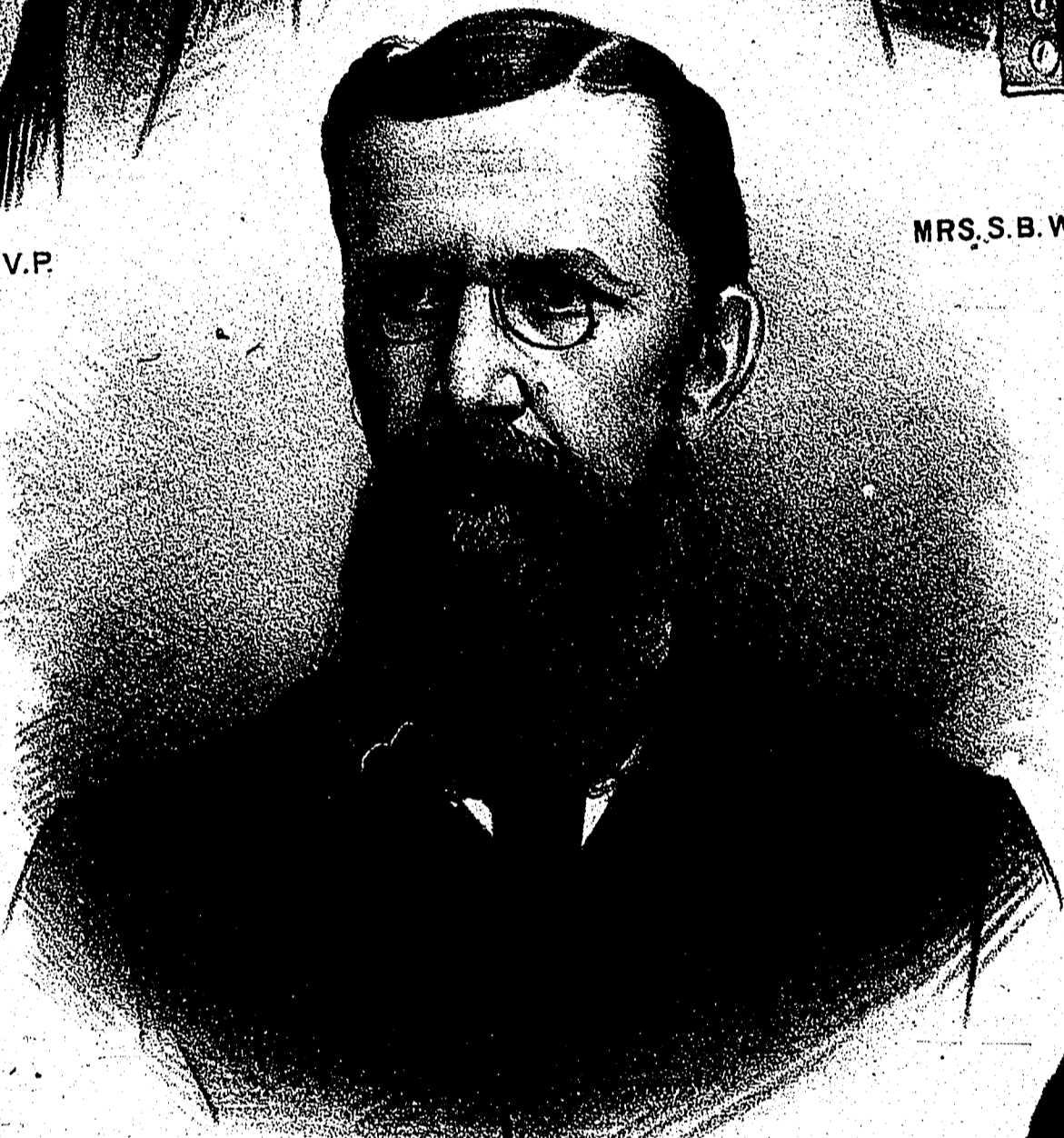




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MRS. S.B. WHITEHEAD, SEC.



H.C. WILSON PRES.



GEO. H. HAWES COR. SEC.



S.B. CLARK TREA.

A.K. KIPPS DEL.

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME IV.

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H. C. Wilson.

BY DR. C. C. PEET.

To speak the truth is one of the noblest duties and grandest prerogatives of the human race; to express it in regard to a worthy brother and honored citizen when called upon so to do, should not only be esteemed a privilege, but a real pleasure. It is with a feeling of this kind that we present to the readers of the DOVE a brief outline of the principal features in the life of one of our most prominent, popular and progressive men. In regard to the early life and first experiences of our brother we know of no better way of giving the main facts, or one that would be more appropriate, than to copy a brief summary which was furnished by Mr. W., himself, and which the following letter from his own hand will fully explain:

DR. C. C. PEET.

Dear Sir and Brother:—You ask me for a few items in my life's history with a view of weaving them into a short biographical sketch. There are many incidents in my life which are of great importance to me, but whether they will be of interest to others is a question. My mother says I was born June 30th, 1844, in the State of New York, but I think I was born in Washington Hall, about six years ago. My memory of dates, though, is very poor, and you can take her statement in the matter, if you regard her as the better witness. Now as I brush the dust of forgetfulness from the dial of memory I can see the "life line" of my youth—aye, even of my childhood. My first and earliest memories are those of happiness. At four years of age I was left a helpless orphan—robbed of a father's care and thrown upon the world as an object of charity; at seven, entering the field of labor to do battle for my "daily bread." This battle has now raged for thirty-six years and shows no signs of ending. I was not conscious as a child of any mediumistic endowments, and if I possess any now they are of a very general nature, so much so as to be hardly noticeable. I did inherit one valuable gift, however, that has rendered me most excellent service through all these long and sometimes tear-stained years. It is that of a happy disposition, which has been of inestimable value to me in many trying times.

As a child, clothed in rags or illy fitting

garments, I was often made the butt of ridicule and heartless, cruel jest, but my happy, hopeful nature drove sorrow from my heart, chased the tear drops from my cheeks, cooled my outraged and sometimes angry feelings, and filled me with sunshine instead of darkness. When amongst strangers in strange places it has ever been a faithful solace and comfort to me. When beset with troubles and trials it has aided me to conquer. It has been the rock of my deliverance in the ocean of despair.

Being born in poverty and reared in want had the effect of eliminating false pride, vanity, caste distinction, etc., pretty thoroughly from my composition. I feel also that my trials and privations have been valuable lessons to me. As I have tasted of pain and woe served up in a multitude of ways, I am better prepared to understand their effects upon those around me, whom I see striving to digest some one of the innumerable dishes in which they are ever served.

The very limited opportunities I had of attending school gave me a thirst for knowledge that might not have been developed had I been free to partake at pleasure. Please do not serve me up as a scholar for the fact would remain that I never attended school as many days in my life as have many boys and girls of twelve years, who are now less than half way through the grades of our common schools; but I learned to love books for the good they do, and have used them so well that I have been able to teach in the best public schools of our land for twenty-one years. The people say I have been successful and have granted me the highest testimonials of merit. For seven years I acted as examiner of teachers, and am not aware of ever giving dissatisfaction to more than one applicant though hundreds were rejected.

At the age of nineteen I was a frequent visitor at the residence of General Sanford in New York, where we had many long and, to me, interesting conversations. I was at that time a believer in universal salvation, though never belonged to any church or made any profession of religion. The result of his teachings were that I became quite a liberal thinker. Shortly after I became acquainted with the family of Mrs. Martha Severance, now living in Ohio, a practical long-life reformer and consistent Spiritualist. From her I received my first introduction to the Spiritual Philosophy. I was not quite

sure of my ground, however, and would not own half as much as I hoped or believed. It is a matter of deep regret that I never acknowledged to her the great value of those timely lessons.

In 1865 I came to California and shortly after began to admit to myself that I was a Spiritualist. A year or two more, and I admitted it to some of my friends. I then began to work with the Spiritual Society, meeting in Corinthian Hall on Post street, San Francisco, and became a teacher in the Children's Lyceum. Still my knowledge was limited and faith weak. I needed more phenomena—more evidence, which was found in the mediumship of Mrs. R. H. Eddy, a teacher in the lyceum, to whom I was afterward united in marriage. To her sterling mediumistic qualities, coupled with those of our guides, the world is about equally indebted for whatever spiritual work I may have done since, for without their counsel and aid I feel I could have done but very little. As to the true value of these labors, you are well qualified to judge, and I hope in them you may know from personal knowledge something worthy of commendation.

Truly yours,

H. C. WILSON.

The exceeding modesty of Mr. Wilson has no doubt kept him from giving many things that would have been of interest and real value to his friends and admirers, but for fear he should reveal that which might seem egotistical, and, to some, cause him to appear a little bit vain of his numerous excellent qualities, he has refrained from alluding to the grand work he has been performing for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, and the world generally, since the date which he affixes to his birth, of only six years ago. We have reliable data, however, which furnishes that which he has left out, and which we hope will give to mankind generally a better knowledge and higher appreciation of his labors of love, progress and reform since he was "born again." The birth of the physical man is generally recorded by the earthly parent. The birth of the true, the spiritual, the real man takes place when he bursts the placental envelope of crude materiality and, spreading the pinions of his inspirational and intuitive powers, soars out upon the pure atmosphere of philosophical Spiritualism. The time of this last birth is only known to himself and the angels who officiate. So, while we allow the testimony of the mother, we will also accept that of

the son, and concede that our worthy brother has passed the second birth, hence is sure of the kingdom.

We learn from an article, published in the last holiday number of the *Golden Gate*, from the pen of Mr. Wilson that the Society of Progressive Spiritualists held their first meeting some time in the latter part of '82. That for some time prior to that date the physical phenomena, such as materialization, independent slate-writing, levitation, obsession, and many other phases of mediumship, had occasioned much discussion, not only in the city but throughout the whole country. Having no place or platform suitable for the investigation and discussion of such subjects and questions, it was suggested by the spirit guides of Mrs. Wilson, and afterwards they exacted a promise from Mr. Wilson that he would open a hall for the purpose of examining into the merits and demerits of all such subjects, and such others as are of vital interest to humanity. Accordingly, Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, was engaged, and meetings were opened Sunday afternoons and evenings, Mr. Wilson presiding and assuming the sole financial responsibility of the same.

In August, '83, a more complete organization was effected, and Mr. Wilson was unanimously elected to the office of President, a position to which he has yearly been chosen without one dissenting vote, including this present year of A. D. 1887. Under the management of Mr. Wilson, assisted by a discreet and sensible Board of Directors, the society has grown gradually until now its membership runs up into the hundreds, and its finances have reached some twenty-five thousand dollars in moneys and real estate.

To show the deep trust and confidence reposed in Mr. Wilson's honesty, integrity and ability, we will state that when Mrs. Eunice S. Sleeper presented this society with a deed to a very valuable property in San Francisco, she remarked that her high appreciation of and confidence in Mr. Wilson was such that she should have felt perfectly safe in deeding the same directly to him, and making him the sole trustee, only that she felt that the responsibility would be greater than Mr. Wilson would wish to assume. Mr. Wilson may well be proud of the high position he occupies in the hearts of the members of his Progressive Society and with all broad and liberal Spiritualists throughout the State. In October, 1884, there was opened at Long Branch bathing grounds, Alameda, what is known as the California Spiritualists' State Camp Meeting Association. Here again Mr. Wilson's popularity brought him to the front and singled him out as the one eminently qualified to preside over so great a body of people, hence he was chosen unanimously as its President, a position which he still holds, and fills with becoming modesty and grace.

We do not wish it understood that Mr. Wilson's growth in spiritual science was of a phenomenal or mushroom character, for we are assured that he was a very efficient worker in the lyceum, and a thorough student and investigator of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism for many years prior to the opening of the Washington Hall meetings. And right here we wish to make a personal observation in regard to these meetings which we have attended for the better part of two years.

So far as genuine ability, clear perception, broad comprehension and deep, earnest thought is concerned, it is the meeting par excellence of any and all we have attended in the State. The members and patrons are liberal, charitable and progressive, are not afraid of any or all questions that pertain to humanity's best interests. They feel themselves capable and competent to do their own thinking and forming just and correct conclusions. Hence, they reject old stereotyped ideas, no matter from what source they may emanate. Each is a preacher of the true philosophy of progress, hence, all are charitable, harmonious and fraternal; envy and jealousy find no sympathy, hence seldom show their unlovely features. If at times the debate is spirited, it is remembered that friction is the greatest polishing agent in nature, and that truth like gold always appears brighter for a good thorough rubbing. Those who wish to be looked up to as alone qualified to teach, and who feel they have reached the summit of the great mountain of wisdom and that there is nothing more for them to learn, will not feel at home in the Washington Hall meetings, for they will find hundreds there who are their peers in every respect, and quite a number from whom they could yet learn many useful and valuable truths were it not for their excessive egotism and self conceit. It is a place where an original and deep thinker can go, and come away feeling that his time has not been lost to him, in part at least, if not wholly. We will now relate a little matter which occurred with Mr. Wilson when he was yet a small boy and had not quite reached his teens, which will show the genuine stamina of the man and the great love he had for books, schools, in fact, anything which would feed his hungry, famishing mind. It also demonstrates the truthfulness of what he says in regard to having inherited a happy disposition, etc. I hope Mr. Wilson and his friends will pardon us for telling this little anecdote, as we do it more for the purpose of showing the genuine qualities of the boy, than for the smile or hearty laugh it may produce. It was the last day of school and we who attended school thirty-five and forty years ago all know what the last day meant to a boy like him in those days. The words of commendation and the token of approval were the chief mementoes of hard study and strict attention to the rules, which

were expected and deserved by the pupils of those times; hence, all wished to appear at their very best, and also as visitors were expected on all such momentous occasions.

Please picture to yourselves young Wilson as he appeared to the astonished gaze of visitors, teachers and pupils dressed in one of those old-fashioned, blue cloth, pigeon-tailed coats, which extended in their goodly length nearly to his heels, and the large quilted collar of which stood up and out upon his shoulders in gigantic proportions when compared with the youthful dimensions of its wearer, creating so much mirth in those assembled, including the teacher, that they had to retire from the schoolroom in order to give free vent to their feelings, while poor Wilson became the jest and ridicule of the whole school inside. But his happy disposition, strengthened perhaps by some invisible loved one, helped him to rise above the thoughtless jeers and scoffings of the ignorant, selfish and foolish, who had never drank from the bitter cup of extreme destitution and poverty, and sustained him through this severe and trying ordeal. Notwithstanding the dress and appearance, he carried off the first prize of merit, which was rewarded by his kind and generous teacher with a copy of "Gulliver's Travels," in red cloth binding, which he still preserves with great care as a memento of the experiences of his childhood days.

And now as we look along the "life line" of his labors in the fields of reform, progress, and spiritual enlightenment, we behold the buds of youth blossoming out in his manhood and which we feel sure will ripen into a beautiful and abundant fruitage which his inner, higher self will gather and enjoy with angel loved ones in those lands where true worth is sure to meet with just and rightful compensation.

George Hazelton Hawes.

BY C. M. P.

Among the hills of western Massachusetts the well-known shorthand reporter of the Pacific Coast passed the early years of his life. His native town is Middlefield, in Hampshire county, and he was born December 4th, 1849. He descends from the names of Hammond and Hazelton, Hawes and Bird. He knows but little concerning his ancestors. His mother was left an orphan at the age of nine, her parents passing away within a few months of each other, and the parents of his father died before the year 1849.

Jacob Hawes, the father of the subject of our sketch, commenced the struggle of self-support as a school teacher, and while thus engaged in the State of New York met and won the noble woman, then 18 years of age, who for a few brief years shared with him the joys and responsibilities of wedded life. After his marriage he returned to Massa-

chusetts and engaged in farming. A son, four daughters, and then a boy baby, George Hazelton, completed the family group. Two years after and the great soul of the husband and father, through an accident, passed from the circle of his strong affection and ever watchful care, leaving the strange mystery of bereavement coupled with helplessness and need. But as though the heart of the death angel were touched at the scene, since that dark hour, 35 years ago, more than the average of human life, the early afflicted still count their number, seven; and all occupy important positions to-day.

Inheriting no riches and living in a locality where nature is slow to reward even the hardest toil, no opportunity was afforded for laying up stores for the future. Five of the little ones found a new home with relatives and friends, and the young mother went heroically to work to support herself and youngest child. One of the daughters, (Helen A.) was adopted by an old friend of the family, who was married and childless, and her name legally changed to that of Handy. This one is particularly mentioned as she came to this coast about ten years ago, and for seven years was a very successful teacher, in Mills Seminary, and for two years has occupied the same position at the Irving Institute on Valencia street, in this city.

When Mr. Hawes was six years old his mother married Ebenezer Smith, who possessed a snug little farm on the eastern outskirts of the town, sheltered by hills and maple woods on every side, but rather a lonely and secluded spot, the nearest neighbor a mile distant. Mr. Smith possessed many fine qualities, and was one of the staunch men of the community. Although a good Baptist deacon, was very liberal in thought, took a number of newspapers, and was well posted on all the stirring events of the day. He was among the first to adopt improved machinery in farming, and was always ready and patient to consider new ideas. No doubt this state of mind took deep root in the receptive nature of the young boy and prepared the way for the comprehension and adoption of those great vital principles which have so enriched his later years. With his present experience with human nature and with all the sequence of subsequent events, Mr. Hawes says he does not know where a better husband and stepfather could have been selected in that community.

Notwithstanding a comfortable home and fostering care of parents, the stern necessity for unceasing and rugged toil in that particular portion of the country to win from the soil a livelihood, makes a bondage of childhood which absorbs nearly all its sunshine, and the toiling years wore deep resolves in an earnest character, that the labors of his days of manhood should yield more results than he saw were possible around him. He disliked farming, and repeatedly declared he

would not make it his occupation. Up to the age of ten he attended the little district school three months in summer, and three in the winter. He then entered into the work of the farm, laboring nine months of the year with all the regularity of a hired man, going to school three months in the winter.

Mr. Hawes claims there was nothing particularly striking in his youth, but that something within him continually caused him to long for greater opportunities. He was quiet in manner, studious as a scholar, gave but little trouble to teachers or parents, and seldom quarreled. His parents were members of the Baptist church, and he was a constant attendant at its meetings and Sunday school. It is one of the greatest mysteries of the past to him, that being of a very religious turn of mind, passing through many revivals and with an intense desire to escape eternal flames, that he was not converted, while many of the worst attendants were coming into the fold. But a conversion and spiritual exaltation of which he little dreamed waited for him in a land that should feel his presence.

At eighteen years of age a marked and complete change took place. About three years before a sister had married and settled in California, and through her efforts, and the hearty encouragement of his brother, (then holding a lucrative position in Boston), he decided to make the Golden State his future home. The gentle mother made but little objection, but as the day of farewell drew near would frequently drop the daily duties to throw her arms around his neck and press him to her heart in silence, as though she would forever hold in her embrace the child who had never left her side.

A journey of twenty-six days by water, and the country life of New England was exchanged for the great metropolis of the Pacific. Mr. Hawes reached San Francisco, September 2, 1868, and most of the time since has resided here and in Oakland.

For nine years he was engaged in different pursuits, as an employee, and four years of this time assisted his sister, Mrs. S. A. Kelley, who from 1870 till 1885, clairvoyantly diagnosed and prescribed for disease at Oakland, and with such marked success, that without a single printed advertisement, her rooms were thronged with patients, among whom were numbered some of the most prominent and influential citizens. But for years, having been in a very delicate state of health, her large practice, and her husband being taken suddenly away by sickness while on a trip east, overcame her strength to a degree that she had to abandon the exercise of her great gift. For nearly five years past she has been absent from the Pacific Coast, but hopes she may again return with sufficient strength to use her powers. The brother and sister have been woven together by the closest ties, and during years of widowhood and ill-

ness herself and children have never been allowed to suffer for what his hand could supply. The charm of the sister's home and the atmosphere of a happy marriage relation were the stronger attraction during the most dangerous years of temptation when the character was forming and the mind unfolding. And here in the home and under these favorable influences were born that deep love for spiritual truth, and confidence in spiritual power to bless mankind, which has shone forth so vigorously in the last few years. But to eradicate many of the old teachings was a work of years. While ever ready to reverently consider new ideas, he is slow to adopt until he thoroughly comprehends and discovers they are valuable. He had outgrown creeds; but finding a religious body that required only a belief in Christ and an acknowledgment of the Bible as the rule of faith and practice, he felt he could go as far as this, and about 1872 he united with a denomination in Oakland called "Disciples of Christ," or perhaps better known to those outside as the "Campbellites." To his great surprise and pain he found himself allied to an orthodoxy so rigid that the question of whether instrumental music in worship was sinful, praying in any other position than on the knees was acceptable to the Lord, caused such dissensions, that not many months had passed when the little flock were compelled to discontinue public services. Mr. Hawes, however, would throw no discredit upon this denomination, and while the above was strictly true, it is only its extreme, and at the present time, unusual manifestation. He never renewed this relation, for he realized at once that his noblest feelings and richest experiences must be suppressed, and he resolved that no organization should ever stifle the deepest convictions of his heart.

Ten years ago, seeing the importance of having a definite and distinct line of work, he commenced the study of shorthand, and it is somewhat significant that one of the greatest inducements was a desire to record some of the beautiful utterances he had heard from the lips of trance mediums. Those who have seen his trained hand gliding gracefully over the pages of his note book, and the thousands who have read the magnificent discourses he has reproduced, are little aware of the difficulties he overcame, and the patience and perseverance he exercised to perfect the art of verbatim reporting. Without a teacher and after the heavy labors of the day, he took up the self-appointed task, and without faltering and unassisted, carried it to success.

At the present time he is the principal proprietor of the "Shorthand and Typewriting Exchange" of this city, which he established about three years since, and has built up a business that most of the time requires the assistance of two stenographers.

So far as is known he is the pioneer repor-

ter of this coast of Spiritual lectures. His first appeared in *Light or All*, October, 1880. The subject was "Our Treasures in Heaven," and delivered by the eloquent Mrs. E. L. Watson. Since that time he has reported almost entire the utterances of the noted Spiritual speakers who have visited the coast; has been the regular verbatim reporter of the CARRIER DOVE and *Golden Gate*, and also furnished lectures for the *Spiritual Offering*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and *Banner of Light*, and has furnished many reports of important meetings and events. Early in 1884 he published a pamphlet of a series of fifteen discourses by the Guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, upon "The Nature of Spiritual Existence, and Spiritual Gifts." This able work has been sold throughout the English speaking world, and the edition is nearly exhausted. He received from the hand of Mrs. Richmond the following approving words:

"I am pleased to acknowledge receipt of the beautiful pamphlet of discourses. My husband and myself consider it the best piece of work including reporting, editing and printing, that has ever been done in connection with any published discourses of my Guides; and the modest, yet appreciative preface could only have emanated from a mind thoroughly imbued with the spirit of what the discourses contain, and what lies beyond them in the realm of soul."

Mr. Hawes is a member of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, under the ministrations of Mrs. Watson, and has served one term on its Advisory Board, and was recently re-elected. Though not among the first promoters of the California Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association, he was the first selection for the important position of its Corresponding Secretary, and has never been permitted to withdraw. A few months after its incorporation a vacancy occurred in the Board of Directors which he was appointed to fill, and this position has been faithfully maintained. At the last election of officers not a dissenting vote was cast against him. He is the youngest member of the Board, and an active worker; always supporting the policy of "the greatest good to the greatest number."

Mr. Hawes' name has become familiar to the spiritual public, chiefly through his reports of the thoughts of others—a work which has been for him largely "a labor of love." But those who know him best know that he wields a facile pen for recording his own inspirations, with occasional evidences of poetical fire.

Within the past year he has been offered the position of assistant editor of one of the prominent spiritual papers. None who have read his tastefully worded introduction to the volume above referred to can fail to have been touched by a sense of his rare love of truth, thoughtfulness and spirituality. Quiet in manner, genial in conversa-

tion, with a strong vein of humor which renders him an agreeable companion, and softens the sharp edge of many outward expressions, his clear brain and true heart have endeared him to all who know him. Though not generally known, his most intimate friends are aware that Mr. Hawes possesses some interesting phases of mediumship, which, when he is permitted to give more time to their manifestation, may prove of interest and value to a wider circle. It has been said that but for war there would be no history. It is equally true that the most external characters occupy the most voluminous biographies.

Lives such as that of this spiritually-minded man seldom have their due appreciation in their own day and generation. Spiritual forces are silent, but potent; and a virtue goes out from such characters that stamps its impress upon the coming time; but it is an impersonal impression, lifting up the divine qualities of truth and virtue, and overlooking the humble embodiment and example.

Mr. Hawes' merits entitle him to a more elaborate tribute; but in view of his own characteristic modesty, it seems fitting to offer only this brief, but sincere testimony to the worth of one well entitled to a place among the really spiritual workers upon the Pacific Coast.

S. B. Clark.

BY JULIA SCHLESINGER.

Among the faces that adorn the pages of the CARRIER DOVE this month, in the group of officers of the C. S. C. A., will be found the pleasant, genial one of the subject of this sketch. Mr. Clark was born in the shadows of the Green Mountains, St. Albans, Vt., "prior to the days when they produced large pumpkins," as the following will show. The first time he turned the scales they recorded three and one half pounds, avoirdupois, and from that time to the present he has never been what could be termed a robust man. At an early age, his parents removed to St. Lawrence county, N. Y., where his childhood and early youth were spent alternately at school, working on a farm, clerking for a mercantile firm, or on a bed of sickness, until his departure in April 1854, for the Pacific Coast, a delicate, beardless boy, in search of health and a more congenial climate. In California, where he has since resided, he found both. His early religious training was not confined to the teachings of any one particular denomination. His mother was a devout Methodist, and his father a Universalist. When he left home to attend the St. Lawrence University, his foster parents, and those who had charge of his education, were composed of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists and Materialists, and the natural result of such varied and antagonistic influences had the effect of making him a liberal

thinker and an honest skeptic in all matters pertaining to religion. His attention was first called to Spiritualism in 1848, by reading an account of the wonderful "Rochester knockings," as they were called, through the mediumship of the Fox girls. Two years later, during a severe illness, when four of the five physicians in consultation pronounced his case hopeless, he whispered to his mother that he knew they were mistaken for he had been told by some one whom he did not know that he would recover, and had been shown many wonderful things, and promised that many more should follow. He was then too young to fully understand the nature of these communications, but their constant recurrence since that time has made him familiar with the spiritual powers operating upon him, and he has learned to listen to their counsel and follow their guidance, as they coincide with his own reason and highest conceptions of right. One of his earliest experiences and opportunities to study the law of spirit control, occurred in the years of 1859 and 1860, through the mediumship of a roommate, who became a fine clairvoyant and trance medium, and gave Mr. Clark many opportunities to investigate and experiment in that line.

Sometimes during these experiments he thought it necessary to call in a physician, who pronounced it a case of somnambulism, showing that notwithstanding his medical knowledge he knew less of spiritual forces than the quiet investigator who had asked his advice. During the four years that followed, Mr. Clark became so engrossed in the cares of business that his psychic studies were neglected. In the year of 1865 he was introduced to a lady who at once informed him that a long sea voyage was before him, to which he replied that he had no such intention. The prediction was fulfilled at the end of six months by Mr. Clark taking a trip East and going by water. Upon his return a year later, he again entered into business which completely occupied his time for several years, when circumstances again made it possible for him to resume his spiritual investigations through the mediumship of a near relative. These studies have been continued until the present time and have been of untold comfort and value. All phases of spiritual phenomena have been observed and carefully investigated by him, under strictly test conditions; and very few men or women among Spiritualists are more qualified to pass judgment upon such manifestations than is Mr. Clark. While he is impartial and just in his decisions, he is ever the true medium's staunch friend and able defender. When a few earnest, progressive, liberal Spiritualists met for the purpose of organizing a society in the year 1882, Mr. Clark was among the number; and when the subject of a name for the new spiritual child was brought up for consideration, Mr. Clark

proposed to call it "The Society of Progressive Spiritualists." His proposition was adopted, and it is a name of which all are proud, for it is what it purports to be—a *progressive society*.

Mr. Clark was elected one of the Board of Directors and also Treasurer of the society, both positions being still retained, and their respective duties discharged with great credit to himself and the aggrandizement of the society that has confided its pecuniary interests so largely in his keeping. When the California Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association was organized in Alameda in 1884, Mr. Clark was chosen one of its Directors and also Treasurer of that association. In 1886 he was also elected Financial Secretary, thus doubling his labors for that body. During the camp-meeting held in Oakland, June, 1886, Mr. Clark was always at the post of duty, working early and late, leaving nothing undone that he could do to advance its interests; and when the story of that convention is written the faithful chronicler will give the due meed of praise to the man whose untiring zeal and patient, persistent efforts contributed largely to bring about its unparalleled success.

As a friend, Mr. Clark is faithful and true; always gentlemanly, self-possessed, unassuming and kind, his presence is a happy addition to social assemblages, or the fire-side of any home; for he carries with him a refined and gentle influence that pervades the atmosphere as the fragrance of sweet blossoms, soothing, comforting and blessing all within its scope.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wound; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.—*Lincoln*.

The legislature should grant municipal suffrage to women. It can be done by legislative enactment. It ought to be done. It is a matter of policy. It is a matter of economy. It is a matter of prudence. It is a matter of wisdom. It is a matter of forethought. It is a matter of justice. It is a matter of right. It is one of the inevitables, and it will come. It is unnecessary to be branded as an old fogy in the future when they can just as well be alive to the interests of the hour.—*Buffalo Co. (Neb.) Journal*.

For biliousness, constipation, and impurities of the blood use the Tonic Liver Pills, prepared and sold at Dr. Fearn's pharmacy, corner Tenth and Washington streets, Oakland. Twenty-five cents per box, per post twenty-six cents.

[Written for THE CARRIER DOVE.]

Breaking the Links.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER,

Author of "Crowded Out," "The Spirit of the Storm," etc.

CHAPTER I.

CHAINS OF HABIT.

"My son! my son! my only son! Has it come to this? Oh! why were you not taken when a babe in the cradle, rather than be spared to this degradation?" wailed Margaret Prescott, in a broken voice, as she bowed in anguish over the pale and distorted features of her only son, a youth of eighteen years, as he lay upon a couch where he had been placed by the two companions who, not so far under the influence of liquor as he, had supported him to his home.

The boy moved uneasily in his drunken sleep, but the mother's tears and prayers did not penetrate to his dulled senses, as she continued to kneel beside him.

Poor mother! Who can tell the anguish of her soul, as, for the first time, she realized to what a state her child had come? Morning found her haggard and worn, still by his side, much to the astonishment of her daughters, who descended from their room to prepare the simple morning meal.

They had retired early, supposing their brother in respectable company, and had heard nothing of the disturbance occasioned by his midnight return, and the shock that now came to them as they beheld the disheveled and untidy appearance of the youth of whom they had been so proud, as well as the careworn, heart-broken aspect of their mother, may be better imagined than described.

There was sorrow in each heart and silence on the lips of the three women, as they aroused to their accustomed duties. Soon John opened his eyes and started up in alarm as he realized his surroundings. A blush of shame mantled his brow as he met the disturbed and questioning glance of his mother, and rising, he hurried from her presence to his chamber above, from which he did not emerge till the following day.

At an early hour Mrs. Prescott sought an interview with her boy, but from him she could not learn how long it had been since he first began to taste the fatal fluid that had brought him to the state of intoxication of the night before.

Only one point could she gain, and that was a promise from her son to drink no more. Weak-minded boy as he was, he really believed that he could withstand the temptations of his associations, outside of home, where he was unaided by the influence of those who loved him, for the sting of his downfall, and the shame of having it witnessed by his mother and sisters, burned within his breast, and for a few weeks held him to his resolution to drink no more. Little by little, however, his moral

strength diminished, abashed at the chaffing of his fellow clerks, he consented to take a glass of beer, and a cigar with them, and this went on until not one, but several glasses would be taken during an evening from home.

Man is largely a creation of circumstances, yet in most instances he may strengthen or overcome the conditions that enthrall him. In learning of the forces and possibilities of his being, he will come to understand his own power, and thus learn how, by the exercise of his will, to break the chains of circumstance that seem to bind him to a narrowed life. A passionate nature may be inherited or acquired, but when one becomes educated to the knowledge that the indulgence of passion not only weakens character, but leaves an impression of unhappiness and darkness upon the whole system that only many years of effort can efface, he will begin to question the utility of such indulgence and seek to restrain his appetites.

From our earliest years we begin to form habits that will leave a lasting impress upon our lives. Not all at once is the chain forged that threatens to bind our mental and moral natures, but link by link, as the little tendencies to wrong-doing are developed, atom by atom, as dishonest practices and ignoble thoughts creep into our lives, is the cable wrought that may bind a soul to years of infinite misery.

John Prescott, was the only son of his parents, in whom was centered the hopes and prayers of a loving mother and of two sisters, older than himself, all of whom had labored early and late, that the boy might be kept from the shop and spared to that school-life that promised to furnish him a useful education. Margaret Prescott was a woman of much native energy and wit—honest, open-hearted and generous to the core of her soul. Left an orphan at an early age, she had received but few of the benefits of the school, yet possessing much natural intelligence, with powers of observation, and a love for books, the girl managed to pick up an education all her own, of which those with greater facilities for acquiring knowledge, need not have been ashamed.

Early in life, when but a mere girl, tired of the struggle to obtain an honest living, and allured at the prospect of finding a home of her own, Margaret married Charles Prescott, a hard-working young machinist, to whom she looked for strength and support; but it was soon discovered by the young wife that her husband's nature held points of weakness that she had not considered. He was subject to spells of despondency, at which times dissatisfaction at his lot led the man to seek forgetfulness in the liquor shop. Instead of seeking to understand the weak points of his character, or to overcome them, with the help of his companion, the man

continued to indulge his appetite until he had become a creature of habit, held down to earth by the chains that enthralled him. In these days of trial Margaret developed wonderful strength of mind and spirit. Her self-reliance grew as that of her husband decreased, and it was to her endeavors that the little children who came to bless her life and home owed their support. Two daughters, fair, and sweet, and winning, graced the home where Margaret toiled, but it was not till these had reached the age of six and eight respectively that a son was born to the couple so unequally divided in point of character and usefulness.

Little John—named for his maternal grandfather by the mother, who cherished the memory of her own father, a man of sterling integrity, whose untimely death had saddened the life of his motherless child—was a bright-eyed, laughing boy, full of animal spirits, good-natured, teasing, the life of his mother's home and the idol of its inmates. Scarcely had he reached the age of four years, when the father sickened and died, his disease brought on by a long and depressing period of intoxication. Toward the last the husband and father seemed to realize his condition, and with tears in his eyes besought his faithful wife to guard their son from the pitfalls that had attended his steps through life. "God knows I did not want to do wrong," he cried, "but the love of drink grew and grew, until I could not shake it off. You will get along without me better than if I were here, and the children will not be hampered by a father's shame." And so he died; a weak and trembling spirit, uninformed, and almost useless, knowing nothing of the future state, and unfit to enter its domain. After his death Margaret struggled on, giving her children such advantages of education as the public schools, provided, until Ellen, the eldest, had reached the age of fourteen, when she was withdrawn from her studies to assist the mother in her work of tailoring. Two years later Maggie, too, was taken from school to join in the labors of the day, but John, the rollicking, sunny boy was kept at his studies through the passing years of youth, until he protested that he could not further lose his time, but must and should do something toward the general support of the family.

At length the young fellow found his way into a large establishment as a sort of under clerk, on a small salary. Up to the present time he had exhibited no traits of character that tended to cause his mother uneasiness, save the disposition to ward off questions by an abrupt but nonchalant turn of the conversation when it chanced to approach any point that he might not like to have discussed.

So small did his salary seem at first that his mother would not consent to take any part of it for home use, insisting that her son would need it all in maintaining a respect-

able appearance in the store; and here was where the first mistake of this honest woman was made, as she would have realized could she have foreseen that many a half dollar of her son's monthly pay would be expended in treating his shop-mates to a fancy drink or to a tasty dinner.

For several weeks after the Saturday night's debauch, of which we have spoken, John attended to his duties in the store by day, and passed most of his evenings at home with the mother and sisters, who exhausted their store of innocent entertainment in the effort to make home interesting to him, but all too soon he began to neglect his evening meal, and to make his appearance after store hours only when his sisters had retired for the night. The faithful mother was always at hand to greet the home-coming of her wayward boy, and many were the gentle words of entreaty that she poured into his ear during the silent hours of the night.

With a breaking heart Margaret watched the downward progress of her idolized son. Prayers and tears, gentle words and admonition seemed to have but little effect upon him, for, although he listened quietly, and often promised to amend his ways, but a few nights would find him again in the old condition. Thus it went on for two years, a period of time that had sown the mother's brown locks with threads of silver. Maggie, the youngest daughter, a bright and pleasant young woman, was about to enter the marriage state, and was now full of happy anticipation, and of preparation for that important step. The young man she had chosen as her life-partner, was a steady, industrious person, engaged as foreman in a printing establishment, and the mother had no fear in entrusting the future of her child to his care.

John still retained his position in the store, but his career did not prove a source of comfort to the women who loved him, as month by month their watchful eyes observed the lines of dissipation and of carelessness deepening upon his face.

It was a day in early April that a sudden shock came to the mother and sisters in their little home. John had not returned the night before, and his place at the breakfast table was vacant. Mrs. Prescott hastily swallowed a cup of tea, preparatory to leaving the house in quest of her son. As she did so, Maggie glanced over the morning paper. Presently the eyes of the girl fell upon an item that blanched her cheek. Her hand trembled as in a choking voice she cried, "Oh! mother, mother! John is arrested. Our John is to be sent to jail as a thief!"

CHAPTER II.

STRUGGLES WITH SELF.

With eager haste, the trembling hands of the mother seized the paper from those of the excited girl, and with eyes growing dim

with tears she read the following lines: "For some months past Messrs. Foster and Adams the well known dry goods merchants of Howard street, have felt satisfied that certain larcenies of silk ties, laces and other easily concealed articles were being made in their establishment. A system of espionage was instituted which resulted yesterday in the arrest of three young salesmen—Henry James, Frank Howe, and John Prescott. These young men will be brought before the Municipal Court to-day and tried for larceny."

Consternation reigned in the little home, as this shadow of dishonor and shame settled over the mother and sisters thus brought to a knowledge of their beloved one's wrongdoing. There was no time for idle speculation, something must be done at once. At the court room that morning were present three sorrow-laden hearts as the women who loved him gazed upon the bowed head of John Prescott as he sat a prisoner in the dock. The trial was a brief one. Evidence was brought to show that John and his companions had been in the habit of secreting little articles of lace and silk, upon their persons, and these had been disposed of at pawn shops and liquor saloons at a trifling return. Each of the prisoners was found guilty of larceny and fined one hundred dollars and cost, or three months in prison.

A hasty consultation before the opening of the court had been held between Maggie Prescott and her affianced, George Graham—the man had seemed reluctant, but the girl determined, and now the tenor of the interview was made clear to Margaret, the elder, when her prospective son-in-law stepped forward and paid the fine of her son. Maggie had given the last dollar she possessed in the world to save her brother from prison, the money she had earned and saved for the purchasing of her wedding garments. Afterward, it transpired that the reluctance of the affianced was not in giving his consent to her use of this money in her brother's behalf, but to the postponement of their marriage to another fall. George had himself made use of his own savings in preparing a little home to which he intended to take his bride in May—and although he seemed to yield to her decision concerning the postponement of that important event, he inwardly resolved that the wedding should take place as had been arranged, even if his proud little bride came to him without a wedding garment.

John was released from durance, and with averted face and bowed head accompanied his mother home. Of course, he was dismissed from the store, and he was now without employment or reputation. For days a sullen demeanor attended him, he neither spoke nor listened to any one, but kept his room unmindful of the attentions that loving hearts desired to show him. In truth—the boy for he was scarcely twenty yet—

keenly felt the disgrace that weighed upon his name, and appreciated the sacrifice that his gentle sister had made for him, but there was an element of false pride in his nature that prevented him from opening his heart to those who would have pitied rather than condemned.

At length he wandered from the house only to return under the influence of liquor, the result of which state was to give him a blinding headache and an attack of billious fever. Under his weakened condition John melted before the sad, yet sweet smile of his mother, and the assiduous attendance which she gave to him, and encouraged by her gentle tones the boy opened his heart as he had never done before.

"Oh mother! mother!" he sobbed, "you don't know how I have tried to fight it off. I never knew how I loved the stuff till I began to go with the boys. The first time I tasted it, it seemed good to me and I wanted another drink. It wasn't so with smoking; when I first tried that it sickened me, but I was bound to try it again. But cider and beer and whisky, all tasted good from the first. I knew it was wrong to take the stuff, and I thought I would just sip a little to keep the fellows company. Mother, when I was away from them I thought I would never go again, but it was not hard to persuade me, I liked a good time and so I went. Mother, I was to blame about the pilfering. Two or three of us wanted money for an evening out, we had only a few cents apiece and I suggested that we each make a little difference in the receipts of our sales for the day, for our own pockets. We didn't wrong the firm, but we overcharged the customers. That was the first, before we came to smuggling out the laces and ribbons, and it was all my fault. I thought it so pleasant to spend an evening in the saloon with some jolly fellows, over our cigars and beer and cards."

"My son, my son," cried the horrified mother, "tell me all, it will help you. Why have you not trusted me before?"

"I could not, mother. I longed to tell you but I was too proud. Sometimes when I evaded your questions with a quick change of the subject, I was dying to tell you just how I felt. You don't know, mother, how I have struggled with myself to conquer my appetite for drink. Sometimes when I have paced my room nearly the long night through I was just fighting down my thirst, and in the morning I would think I had conquered and go out to the store, only to stop on the way to get the beer I craved. I don't know, sometimes I think there is a taint in my blood, and this craving is the result of its stain."

Swiftly the thoughts of that sad mother reverted to the past. Ah! well did she remember the scenes of desolation in her life prior to the birth of this unfortunate boy. At the time when she should have known only

the sweetest attention from her husband's hands, that husband spent his days in maudlin bewailings, or in frequent visits to the liquor shop. Yes, it might be true that a taint was in the blood of her boy; the craving for liquor inherited from the paternal side more potent in action than the other higher qualities he possessed; could not the tears of a mother wash it out?

"Mother," John said one day when they were alone, "there is nothing to do here, I must leave the city. I cannot bear to stay at home, the sight of your pale face, and of the girls is a constant reproach. I know you do not wish it so, but I cannot help it; besides, I am not safe. I am going to try to break the chains of appetite that have pulled me down, but it must be away from the city. I want to go out of town to some farm." Margaret knew that John was right, and she did not oppose his views. Among her friends was an old gentleman by the name of Allen. For this man she had done tailoring work for many years. To him she went with her story, knowing that the friendly sympathy her employer had extended to her before in times of need, would not be withheld now. Mr. Allen listened, and approved. He had a brother, a plain, old farmer, who lived in a country village, about fifty miles from the city. He would write to this brother and see if he would find something for John to do on his farm. The letter was written and soon an answer for him came to "send the young man along," and in a few days John, looking more manly and self-respecting than he had for weeks, bade good-bye to his home, and turned his hack upon the city.

It was now the middle of May, and the persuasions of George Graham, together with the helpful suggestions of her sister Ellen, induced Maggie to forego her determination to postpone her marriage day until she could provide herself with the wardrobe that she had intended to prepare, and in a simple gown of white muslin the girl consented to take the vows of wifehood, and to leave her mother's home for that of the man she loved.

Nearly a year passed, and John continued on the farm. He had grown stout and healthy he wrote, and was able to do a full day's work, and enjoy a good night's sleep. His mother and sisters were rejoiced at the news, and each one hoped that the demon of intemperance had forever been vanquished by their loved one. Late in March John made a visit of two days home, bringing with him the sum of one hundred dollars, which he had saved through the utmost frugality. This he insisted upon his sister Maggie accepting, in return for that sum she had expended upon him the year before to keep him out of a prison cell. The visit was one of quiet enjoyment to the little family, but most of all to the mother who had suffered so much because of the past.

For weeks after his return to the farm John continued as before, winning only praises from those who watched his well-doing, but at length the temptation came that felled at a blow all the good resolutions and hopes that the young man had cherished.

Farmer Allen had invited a company of friends to meet him at his board and to pass the evening in a social way, in honor of his only son, who had come for a brief visit to his old home from the far west, where he had settled. During the festivities John made himself so agreeable that every one was pleased to listen to his cheerful words and laughter; but after the old farmer had produced his store of bottled cider—clear and sparkling, and as full of danger to the imbiber as the choicest champagne, for it had been made from the finest russet apples and bottled for years—and John had quaffed his glass, not having the moral courage to refuse to join in the toast proposed to the health of the western visitor, it was noticed that silence fell upon his tongue, and that the light of innocent mirthfulness faded from his eyes. Twice he drained his glass, and when he retired for the night, it was with the old appetite awakened, and with a burning thirst in his throat.

At midnight John arose; he had not slept at all but had tossed from side to side of his bed during the two hours previous. The burning thirst would not be quenched by the draughts of water he had taken. No, he must have more of that cider which the old farmer had stored away, and lighting his lamp, he softly threaded his way to the cellar closet, where the bottles were kept. Securing one, he retraced his steps, and once more in his room, drew the cork and drank deeply of the sparkling fluid.

How it warmed his blood and danced in his veins, creeping along to his brain, making him laugh quietly to himself, as with the cunning of one who has lost his reason! He softly drew on his shoes, donned his coat, and taking an old hat from a peg in the hall, stole quietly from the house with the bottle still under his arm.

Through the village and beyond to the deep woods he wandered. At length he paused to drain his precious bottle to the last drop, and then continued on until morning found him far from home and friends, creeping into a barn to hide himself in the hay for a restless sleep.

CHAPTER III.

NIGHT UNTO DEATH.

When he aroused from the dreamless stupor that had fallen upon him, John had no recollection of his wanderings during the night before. The day had advanced far into the afternoon—a splitting headache racked his brain, and a terrible sinking sensation at the stomach made him weak and faint. He arose from his recumbent posi-

tion in the hay and staggered from the barn. No one was in sight, but a little way before him was a farm-house toward which he moved with slow and labored step.

The woman who brought him the drink of water he craved, eyed the stranger suspiciously as she replied to his question concerning the locality he was in. Thanking her, John turned away. The curiosity and distrust she had shown annoyed him. He shrank from contact with the world. What *should* he do? Gradually thought and memory were returning to him, and with them came a load of anguish that burned like a coal of fire in his breast. What *had* he done? Betrayed the trust reposed in him by his mother and his friends, given away to temptation at its first trial, broken all his good resolutions. Could he return to farmer Allen's and confess his mistake? No, no! He could not.

The weakness and the languor still lingered, the cold water he had hastily swallowed chilled his body. It was a bleak and drizzly day and the man felt the need of something to sustain his frame. He was twelve miles from farmer Allen's and there was no conveyance to that place. He could not walk the distance in his weakened condition, even if he desired to return.

The woman had said it was two miles to the nearest village. He would go there and try to get something to warm his system.

Sick at heart, trembling in every limb, John wandered on, and after a time entered the village streets. His condition was a miserable one indeed—not so much because of the physical weakness that would soon pass off if properly cared for, but because of the moral debility that had overtaken the man. His thoughts were distressing and he sought to put them away from him. Had he faced them in manly fashion, they would have purged his soul of error, but in his cowardly shrinking he adopted the very means to plunge himself into still deeper degradation. Shivering with cold he entered the one public house of the place and called for hot water and whiskey—he “must get warmed up” he thought. He did not feel hungry, he was only cold and faint, and as he sipped the steaming beverage, new life and warmth seemed to course along his frame.

Had he stopped at this point, John might have redeemed himself, but his was one of those unfortunate natures that through the power of inherited tendencies to dissipation, and because of an enfeebled will, cannot recover itself after once listening to temptation, but lured on by the fatal appetite first indulged sinks lower and lower until it can bear no more.

John had a few dollars in his pocket; and he concluded to hire a room for the night at this place to which he immediately retired, but not without a bottle and glass to keep him company.

What need to dwell upon the scenes that followed? The next day the man paid his bill and after partaking of a few mouthfuls of food, and a glass of hot water and whiskey, left the village behind him.

To another town he went, only to repeat the foolish experience of the last, and for three days he frequented the bar room. Then came the end of his tether. Penniless, and in a strange place, with no kindly hand to give him aid, John came to his “sober senses,” only to be made more unhappy than before. The lashings of conscience were terrible to him. Like all weak natures he shrank from the whip of remorse, yet now he was obliged to bear it, for not a penny was left him to purchase the fiery draught that would drown memory and quench reason for a time.

Who shall attempt to portray the struggles through which he passed at this time? Man has no right to judge not knowing the extent of such suffering as John experienced. We may pity, but dare not condemn, though we deplore ever so much the unfortunate weakness of such characters as this. Torn by conflicting emotions, head-strong, reckless and beside himself with terror and remorse, John faced his life and its results with the conclusion that he was accursed, and that strive as he would the chains of appetite were fastened upon him. He had thought the links broken, and that he was free, but the first temptation proved them still closely wrought around his frame. To him life seemed worthless, and in his unreasoning mood he determined to end it at once, and not to live to the disgrace of all who knew him.

He had wandered from the town where he had spent the last three days, and now, in a quiet spot, he paused to commit the awful deed. Some time before his visit home to his mother, there had been rumors of the presence of thieves in the vicinity of farmer Allen's, and on the occasion of his trip to the city John had purchased a pocket revolver to use in case of emergency. This weapon was now in the back pocket of his trousers, loaded and ready for use. It was but the work of an instant for the reckless fellow to fire the shot that shattered a portion of his skull and left him lying in a pool of blood by the road-side.

Thus he was found by a passer-by, who at once summoned assistance and had the wounded man conveyed to the nearest house, which happened to be that of a motherly old lady whose skill in nursing was known for miles around. While her husband went for the doctor, Mrs. Nourse busied herself in cleansing and bathing the wounded head of the stranger, and in forcing a few drops of brandy between his lips. Life was not extinct, and the kind old lady determined that the man should not die on her hands, if she could prevent it. There was something in his pallid face and youth-

ful beauty that appealed to her sympathies, and by the time the physician-surgeon from town had arrived, she had prepared a room with every comfort for the helpless wayfarer thus stranded upon her hospitality.

An examination proved that the ball had passed through a portion of the skull without touching a fatal spot. The wound was dressed, and minute instructions given for the care of the unconscious patient. All that kind hearts could do was done in the case, but in spite of all, inflammation set in, which, for a time, promised to prove fatal to the suffering man. Removal was out of the question, there was no public hospital near, and no one could learn of the home or friends of the stranger, who, in his delirium, called so pitifully for his mother, and who sometimes mistook the compassionate face of Mrs. Nourse for that of the parent whom he yearned to meet.

In the meanwhile anxiety and fear dwelt in the heart of that mother, in her distant home. The second day following John's disappearance from farmer Allen's word came to Mrs. Prescott of that fact, with inquiries concerning his whereabouts. No one had seen him, and it was surmised that he had, for some reason, gone to the city where his mother lived. Alarmed at the news, the woman questioned the messenger, and learned with foreboding of the festivities that had occurred on the evening when John was last seen.

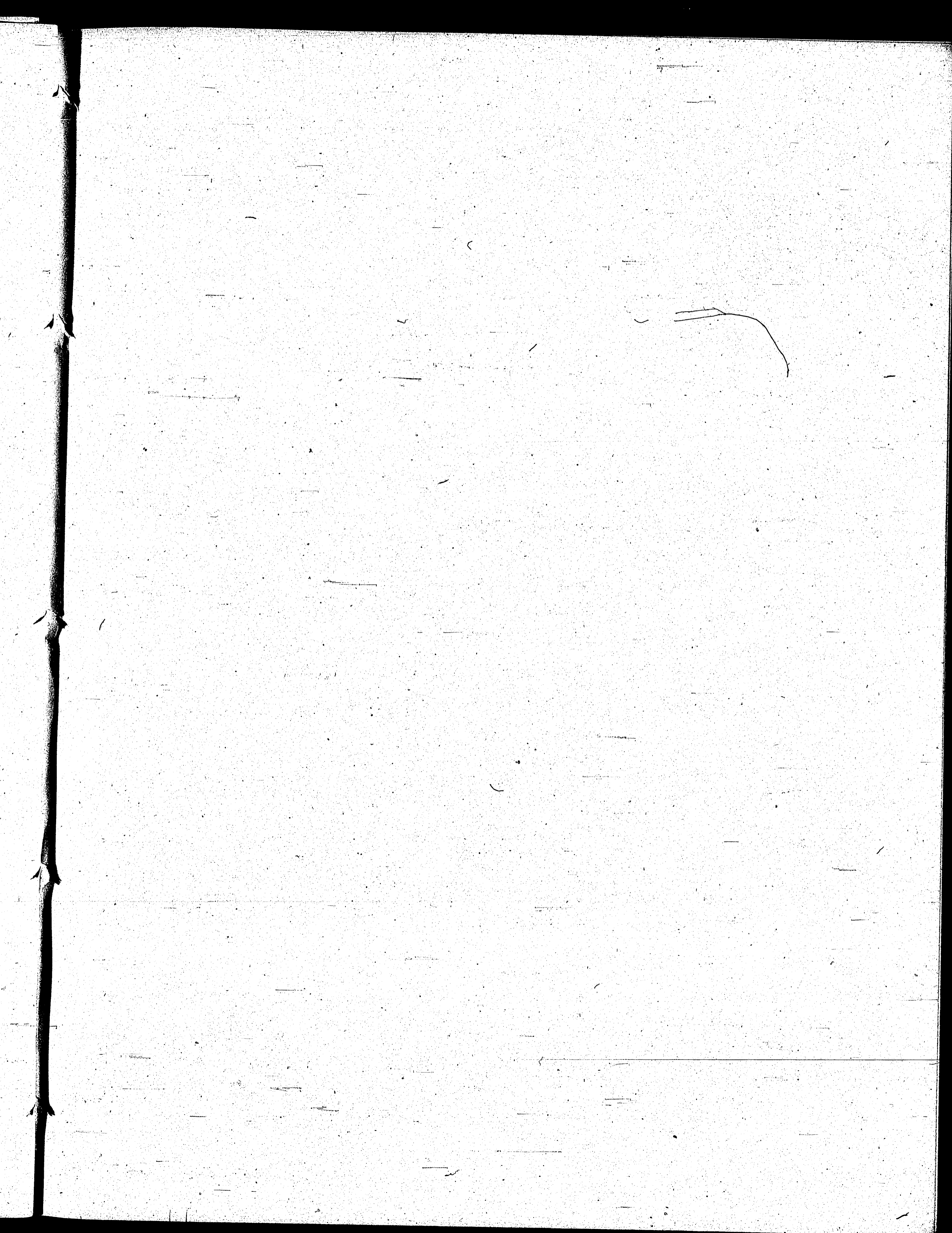
“Did my son drink anything?” she asked, and when the man replied, “Only some stiff old cider that Mr. Allen brought out for a treat,” her worst fears found their confirmation.

Inquiry proved fruitless, and the days passed into weeks, bringing no tidings to the anxious hearts at home concerning the fate of the missing boy.

At length there came a letter to Margaret Prescott, written by a stranger signing herself “Harriet Nourse,” in which the writer explained the presence of John Prescott in her home. “He is very weak and ill,” she wrote, “but his mind is clear, and the doctor says he will recover. We have only just found out who he is, or where his friends live, as he could not tell us before. He begs for his mother, and you will be welcome to my house if you can come to your boy. I understand a mother's feelings, for I had a son of my own, who would be about this boy's age, if he had lived, and I know how I should feel if he were sick among strangers.”

Not a word as to the drain upon her hospitality, her strength and patience, this stranger had been to her. Such souls as that of Harriet Nourse are rare, but sometimes we find an angel ministrant folding its pinions beneath a garb of flesh.

The mother did not hesitate, but hastened at once to her son. He was sick, and he needed her; that was enough, and at the





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earliest moment she was by his side. We shall not attempt to depict the meeting between them, nor pause to relate how, for many days, Mrs. Prescott was obliged to avail herself of the kindness of the old couple, upon whom her boy had been stranded, but at last the day came when the physician pronounced it safe for him to travel, and the mother and son bade farewell to the noblest souls they had ever known.

In tones choking with gratitude, and with tears welling from her eyes, Margaret Prescott called down a blessing upon the heads of these worthy people, while John promised, over and over again to, at some time, repay them for all they had done for him, as far as such kindness could be repaid. "Do unto others in need in a like manner, my boy, and it will more than pay us for our care. The Lord bless and help you to do right," said Jonathan Nourse, laying his hand upon the young man's shoulder, while his good wife whispered to Margaret, "I couldn't help it, I had to do for him. I thought of my own boy who had been taken away from me, and it seemed as though he was saying 'Help him, mother, for my sake; what if it were I who was sick and helpless, and no mother by to care for me;' and somehow it seemed as though my Frankie made me give this boy the waiting on I would be giving him were he in the same plight. And I am glad I did it."

Like one raised from the dead John Prescott returned to his mother's home. His step was feeble and his voice weak. He shuddered as he thought of the madness that had made him attempt his life. All the horror of that experience dwelt in his mind. He talked it over with his mother, and from her tender heart drew strength and comfort.

Weeks passed before he regained any degree of bodily vigor, and it was useless for him to think of employment in his present condition. But the time came when a restless excitement seized upon him; idleness became intolerable to him, he must find work, or go wild beneath the strain of ceaseless thought. It was now autumn, and his sister's husband offered John a situation in the printing office where he was employed.

The wages was not large for the services this inexperienced man could give, but it promised better than idleness, and John labored to discharge his duties in a faithful manner; but he was not happy, and the loving, watchful eyes of his mother noticed the growing uneasiness of her boy with alarm. His health did not increase, as had been hoped, and under the mental and physical strain now brought to bear upon him, John seemed to weaken and to develop what his parent feared were consumptive tendencies.

"I must get away from the city," he said, at the close of a long and tiresome winter day. "I believe an outdoor life is what I

need. As soon as spring opens I must look for something elsewhere. I should like to go West and try a new life."

This was spoken to his brother-in-law, who repeated it to his wife. Together they talked the matter over, and Maggie suggested that her husband write to a friend of his who possessed a wheat farm in Iowa, and inquire if there might not be an opening for her brother there in the spring.

From this correspondence came the opportunity John had craved. He had lived very prudently during the winter, paying his mother for his board, and purchasing only a few needed clothes, so that in April he was in possession of means sufficient to take him to Iowa, where the party George Graham had written to, promised to find a place for him upon his extensive grange; and thus, once more, with the blessings and good-byes of mother and sisters sounding in his ears, the young man sought a new life among those whom he had never seen.

CHAPTER IV.

THE POWER OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

For two years only good reports of the absent son came to Margaret Prescott in her quiet home. John's letters were brief and written at long intervals, but they assured the mother that he was doing well and that no relapse into former weaknesses had ever come to him. This was all that she could ask, for though her maternal heart longed for the presence of her boy, yet she knew that he needed the more rugged experiences of life to develop his nature and to draw out its powers of resistance, and she was fain to be content with the occasional words of cheer that came to her from his hand.

Of late Margaret had grown weak and ill. She had been obliged to give up her work, and for months had made her home with her daughter Maggie, who was now the proud mother of a bright-eyed baby girl. Ellen, too, had come to her sister to become a sort of presiding genius in the family, helpful to all and dependent upon none for she insisted on "paying her way." She was an energetic, busy woman who found plenty to do, and who believed in doing it well. One of the world's workers who had no fear of coming to want while she possessed a pair of willing hands, a sensible head, and a fair share of bodily health.

As we have said, the mother failed. A life of care and anxiety had so worn upon her system as to at length show its depleted force. Her days were numbered, and although her daughters refused to accept the fact, she knew and understood that her time on earth was nearly run. Patiently she moved about, attending to her own needs, and ministering to others until the last. Deceived by her show of interest in her surroundings, her children had no idea of the extent of her weakness, nor did they realize the sleepless hours and painful experience

through which she passed. During the last few weeks she seldom spoke of John and no one knew how her every thought was of the absent one.

Toward the close of a beautiful summer day the mother lay down for a little while upon a lounge in the sitting room. "I am tired," she said, to her eldest daughter who inquired if she needed anything—"that is all, I will have a cup of tea by and by, but not now, go to your supper child, and I will take a little nap if I can, my head does not feel just right."

Ellen left the room, but in a few minutes returned to inquire if the tea should now be brought. A change had fallen over her mother in her absence. Here was a gray, white cloud settling over the face upon the couch, and the breathing came quick and labored as the failing woman tried to speak.

"Let me get you something, mother, you are ill," Ellen cried, starting to her mother's side in alarm.

"No dear, I need nothing," panted the sufferer—"it is the end. Do not grieve. I am ready. Tell John I sent him my last love and blessing. Tell him his mother will watch over him to guard his steps. When he is in danger I will be there to help him. A mother's love has power to shield its object. Tell him my latest prayer was for my boy. There, dear, kiss me and call Maggie," and the voice that had gained strength in speaking the farewell words of love for the absent sank to a whisper.

Quickly answering the summons, Maggie, the youngest daughter, fell upon her knees by her mother's side just in time to receive a last smile of affection and a parting kiss from the lips that closed forever upon a life that had brought only toil and sorrow and pain to the faithful heart that bore its burdens well.

At that same hour by the clock, but many minutes later, according to the difference in time of the two localities—John Prescott sat in the company of two men in the private parlor of a handsome hotel in a western city. Time had developed his features and given character to his physique. The glow of health mantled his face, and a certain air of independence sat upon his visage.

His companions were solid, substantial looking men with no trace of sentiment in their features. One was evidently a speculator in grain who had come to meet the two who sat beside him, and the second was one who had introduced John as the representative of a wheat grower who had a large sale of that product to make. The business which had brought the men together had been concluded in a satisfactory manner, and John and his friend were about to leave, when the speculator rang for wine and glasses. John smiled at the order. A glass of mild wine could not affect him he

thought. He had not tasted liquor for years, and he had felt no desire for it. His life on the wheat farm where he had been given a position of responsibility after the first season had been so filled with occupation and thought that he had developed not only hardness of muscle, but as he believed, strength of character so that he could command himself in time of need. Thus he argued with himself as he poured out the glass of ruddy wine and held it in his hand.

What was it that sent a cold chill over his body, and felled the glass he held to the floor? Shaking, as with an ague fit, he looked at his astonished companions, who demanded to know what was the matter. "Did you see that?" he cried. "Did you hear her words? It was my mother. I saw her as she touched my hand with chilly fingers, and I heard her whisper, 'My son, touch not the wine when it is red.'"

"Nonsense, man, you are dreaming. Fill up, and take a drink to steady your nerves; your mother is far enough away, and does not trouble herself about a son that is old enough to take care of himself. Here, drink this to our safe journey home," and the friend who had come with him from the wheat district handed a fresh glass to the trembling man.

Ashamed of his emotion, John drained the glass, and extended it for another portion. That night he did not take the train for his home, but remained in the city, a helpless weight upon the hands of the men who had persuaded him to join them over the bottle.

In such a simple way was the old demon of appetite aroused within him. For days he drank, and caroused, and reveled in his shame. It was as though the very flames of fury were burning within his breast, and as he tried to quench them with the deadly fluid they leaped higher and higher, until they threatened to consume him. While the debauch lasted, he had no thought of his degradation. But at length the fever burned down, and he came to himself, weak and miserable, and filled with pain.

His companions had deserted him, his money was all gone, and he presented a pitiable spectacle to the man who had trusted him, when, on his arrival at the farm, after days of slow travel, partly by foot, and partly by the conveyances of strangers, he returned to his former place of residence. He did not spare himself, but told his story in a straight-forward manner, and his friend, who had a strong regard for him, said but little by way of rebuke. Fortunately, the trade John had made for his employer was not at all affected by his escapade, nor did the money he wasted belong to anyone else, so that none but himself was injured by the terrible and mortifying lapse he had made from sobriety.

For weeks John had to battle with him-

self; in spite of the shame and sense of degradation that had come to him, there would rise in his breast a craving for one more taste of alcohol. Sometimes it seemed as though he would perish with weakness and thirst, and going out into the fresh air, he would bathe face and temples in cool water, hoping to drown the appetite that assailed him.

Another sorrow had come to him, one, however, which proved a blessing, as it helped him to be firm in the desire to overcome himself. During his absence, a telegram had come, announcing his mother's death, and, as no response had been made to it, a letter from his eldest sister followed, detailing the circumstances of their parent's decease, and inclosing her parting words for her son. In studying the time of her death and comparing with the moment when he had seemed to see her form, and hear her words as he raised the glass of wine to his lips, John felt convinced that he had received a visit from his mother's spirit. She had warned him; and without avail. He had polluted his lips with the accursed stuff in her pure presence. The thought was terrible to him, and yet it gave him a new courage and impetus such as he had never felt in times of trial before. "God helping me," he cried, "I will not drag her down to scenes like that again. I will conquer self, if I die in the struggle. I will break every link that chains me to appetite. Inherited or acquired, I will destroy this passion that is within. Help me, mother, to do my best!"

CHAPTER V.

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

Ten years have passed since the death of Margaret Prescott. During that time life has moved on very quietly in the household of George Graham. Two beautiful children grace the home where Maggie Graham finds her sweetest joy in caring for the precious little ones entrusted to her charge. Her sister Ellen still resides with her, and indeed, each one of the family would declare it "impossible to part with Auntie," were such a change proposed in that home.

Like a ministering spirit she moves among her friends, helpful always, sympathetic and full of good works. Graham himself has studied and read much during the last decade. His mind has expanded, and his ideas grown. To sister Ellen the man turns for intellectual companionship, for the broadening views of the thoughtful woman are a stimulus to him in his questioning moods. Maggie, his wife, loving and trustful and happy, is content to have it so. She is the home-mother, ever filled with plans and labors for the comfort of her family, but none the less does she enjoy listening to the conversations and discussions that frequently pass between her husband and the sister whom she loves.

George Graham has, since our last sight of him, entered into business for himself, and has, with the help of a few earnest and intelligent men and women, assumed the publication of a fortnightly journal, the object of which is to present the opinions of thoughtful minds upon the great questions of the day that affect humanity. The journal is progressive by nature, and the quality of its productions is pure in tone, and all that is calculated to stimulate the mental faculties of those who peruse them. Ellen Prescott, at the head of the Woman's department of this publication, finds her chief employment in expressing her high conception of the needs, the duties and the destinies of her sex; for this writer has developed wonderful powers of mental concentration during the last few years.

Only occasionally have our friends heard of their absent brother, John Prescott, until within the last two years. He has written rarely and he has never returned to them. How many times the elder sister has yearned over the absent one, longing to meet him once again, and how often have the little band spoken of the brother far away, and wondered when he would return to them. John is now a successful granger they know. He has large fields of his own, and prosperity attends him. He is still unmarried, but as he is but thirty-three, there is time enough for him to contemplate that state yet. Little is known of the life he has led by those who watch and wait for his coming, but they have speculated upon his career, and hoped the most from it.

For two years past rumors have come to our friends concerning one John Prescott, whom they recognize as their brother. He has entered into public life, and his voice has more than once been heard upon a liberal platform. Stranger still, so popular has this man become that he has been elected to the Iowa Legislature, and it is told that he has been the most active among that body of men, in urging the adoption of measures that propose the largest liberty and the purest conditions of existence for his fellow citizens.

The city of S—, where our friends reside, is a thrifty place, and not at all backward in the support of a free platform and a liberal press. The "Lyceum Bureau" has every season presented an array of the finest literary talent, and a corps of wide-awake, thoughtful exponents of all advanced ideas, upon its platform; and through its means an educational process has been going on year after year in the minds of the people.

On the evening of October 31st there is to be the visit of four temperance lecturers in the lecture course of the bureau, delivered by a gifted orator from the West, the fame of whose eloquence and the fervor of whose earnestness as an advocate of temperance principles is rapidly spreading over the country. Already—and the man has only within a year or two appeared in public—

has the reputation of this speaker grown so high that hundreds flock to hear him, and many are turned away because of want of room when he appears upon the platform. He is a native of S—, who has been absent many years, we are told, and it is whispered that the largest hall of the city will not suffice to hold the number who have purchased tickets for Oct. 31st. What adds to the interest of the occasion is the fact that the proceeds of this series of lectures—and this speaker can command a high price when he speaks—are to go toward establishing a free coffee room for the hungry wayfarer, man or woman, who, cold and penniless, suffers for the lack of warmth and food. Such as been the offer of the man who is now to appear in S—, as the great temperance reformer.

The evening in question arrives with all the full lighted splendor of an October moon. The heavens are brilliant and the atmosphere crisp and sweet. The hall is filled at an early hour; our friends the Grahams and their sister Ellen have secured front seats, and await with eager expectancy the speaker who is to occupy the platform. At the appointed time he steps forward. The man has but just reached here from the western train, but no traces of his long journey are seen upon his quiet face, nor amid the folds of his neat clothing.

Yes—it is he—it is he—the long absent brother John, and Ellen and Maggie lean forward with faces all ashine, while George Graham silently studies the lines of thought upon that manly brow, the expression of firmness and strength deepening around the mouth and upon the squarely set chin—and the signs of power held within the hands of the man before him, who, when last seen, seemed but a weak-willed, hopeless boy. But it is twelve years since John Prescott left his home to carve a career for himself, and the boy of twenty-one or two has developed into the man of experience, whose square, but solid frame, well knit limbs and massive head tell of the struggle and the conflicts of life.

We do not mean to detail the lecture delivered that evening. Its theme was of the evils and the woes of intemperance; the joys and the blessings that may be drawn from a temperate life. Not alone were the dissipation of alcoholism dwelt upon, but the miseries arising to the human family through the indulgence and cultivation of any false appetite or passion were pictured with a masterly hand. "What we need—said the speaker—"is a new system of education for our young people. One that will embrace the study of *self*, its impulses, tendencies, and its requirements. A system that will teach the importance of self-knowledge, that will inculcate moral ethics in the school and in the home-life alike of our youth. An educational system that will recognize and explain the law of *here-*

dity to our pupils so that they will learn the secret springs and source of their own inherited traits, tendencies, or passions: If a moral twist has been bequeathed to the nature of a child, or a bodily taint inherited, he should learn of its presence in his system, and be taught how to apply the proper remedy for the eradication of one and the cure of the other. Men and women born with an appetite for strong liquor should understand their inheritance and learn how to develop their moral will until they can grow strong to crush the tempter within. Understanding the physical or moral defect in their own natures, and with a full comprehension of the unerring laws of heredity, sensible people will hesitate long before they enter the bonds of matrimony to perpetuate their disease or vice in the systems of offspring."

It was a discourse filled with sound advice, solid argument, and thoughtful suggestion, and one calculated to carry conviction, or food for reflection to the hearts of those who gave attention to it.

At the close, George Graham stepped to the platform, and waiting his turn amid the crowd of distinguished people who wished to greet the successful speaker, at length succeeded in giving welcome to the brother of whom he felt so proud.

Maggie and Ellen had retired to their home where they eagerly waited the coming of George—hoping that he would not return alone. Nor were they doomed to disappointment, for when Graham arrived it was in company with the orator of the evening—the long absent, well-remembered, tenderly beloved brother, John Prescott.

We shall draw a veil over that re-union, nor will we repeat the eager questioning, and the private confidences that followed for these belong only to the privacy of those hearts that knew and understood each other.

On the succeeding day John interested himself in the business of his brother-in-law at the office, not failing to give a word of approval to the efforts of his eldest sister in behalf of the struggling and oppressed of her sex. "It is a noble work, Ellen," he said. "Never until woman is emancipated from the bondage that custom and error has placed around her; never until your sex is provided with the means and opportunities of gaining the highest education; never until woman is granted the rights of holding property and of voicing her thoughts equally with man; never until she is paid an equal wage with man for the same degree of labor, will the world advance in thought, in moral power and in material prosperity to those heights which it is destined to reach."

That evening, after the children, who had been ceaseless in their admiration of "Uncle John" through the day, had retired for the night, John related the story of his last twelve years to the listening group that gathered about him. "It belongs only to

ourselves," he said, "and not to the world, but wherever I feel that a chapter from my experience may help some struggling soul to find the light, or to make a new search for right, I will not withhold it from him."

After detailing the experience we have narrated in the preceding chapter, where at the city hotel he had fancied he heard his mother's voice and felt his mother's touch, even in the very hour when her pure soul had passed from the body, John went on to speak of his subsequent temptations and of the vow he had made.

"You cannot realize what a terrible trial it was for me," he continued, "there was that burning within me which demanded liquor, liquor. For weeks it haunted me, and many a night I have stood under the cool, clear stars, fighting down the fiery demon in my breast, and calling upon our sainted mother to help her tortured son. Sometimes the fury raged so high that I could get no peace, and morning dawned before I returned to the house for a sup of coffee and a bite of corn bread. But at other times there would come a cessation of the craving I felt, and, as if in answer to my prayer, a sense of comfort, and a quiet calm would steal over me, and a conviction of mother's helpful love lulled my fevered pulses to rest as I sought the darkness of my room. This state of affairs went on for weeks until the craving died out. I no longer felt the desire for drink, and the restless uneasiness departed from me. I was calm and I began to feel some thing of that exultation which comes to one who has gained a victory. The friend to whom you sent me in Iowa, twelve years ago, George, proved a friend indeed. Honest Charles Grant, but for his encouragement I might not have stood where I do to-day. He induced me in time to invest my savings in a bit of land and to sow it with wheat. I did so and prospered, thus commencing in my own right the industry that has yielded me large returns and plentiful harvests. "For three years I did not spend one night away from the farms. Whatever business had to be transacted in the city I begged Grant to conduct. In the meanwhile I had grown in bulk, physically, and perhaps a little more stern and severe, mentally. I studied agriculture and developed plans for the enrichment of our lands. I felt that I was growing in many ways, and I began to think myself a new creature.

"At length business called me from home, and I came into contact with city life for a time. My transactions threw me into strange companionships. All the old temptations were renewed within and without. I could not smell the fumes of alcohol, but the old demon aroused, begging, craving, imploring for a dram. I knew it would never do. If I yielded once, all that I had gained was lost—one drink of the stuff would but open the way for countless more. Now I knew that the old appetite had only

slept, it was not slain.—Its chains still bound me, and I must set to work steadily to break its links. I determined not to flee from temptation, but to overcome it, and so I established myself in the city, mingled with my fellow-men, schooled myself to not only refuse the wine-cup, but to watch others drain it, and I, all the while, burning to share it with them. It was a terrible discipline, one that made me sick at heart and racked of brain, but never but once did I seem to lose my senses in the mad struggle for self mastery. That night I raved, I stamped and tore around my room. I presume those who heard me in the hotel must have thought me intoxicated. I was crazed for the want of liquor, not because of its use! I verily believe I should have yielded to the tempter had I not locked my door, and thrown the key out into the street. As it was, I succeeded in laying the demon of unrest, and when morning came, I had conquered, but had become weak in frame and exhausted in thought. Of course, I had to make a disturbance before I could be released from my self-imprisonment, but the end was worthy of the means. Well, after a while, I could walk among the liquor saloons without fear of contamination. They have no terror for me now, and many a time I have brought poor wretches forth from their low resorts to the cool air and the refreshing light of heaven. So zealous had I grown in my own defense from the evils of intemperance that I began to pity and wish to help others to rise above their degradation. From the depths of my own experience I could plead for others. It was my earnest spirit that gave eloquence to my speech, and almost before I knew it, I began to enter the resorts of the intemperate, and to give them bits of my history. They listened, and many promised to try and conquer self. I gained the attention of a number of good people, who interested themselves in my work. We established coffee-rooms, where hot drink and food could be obtained for a nickle, or for nothing, as the case demanded, and these have taken the place of more than one saloon. Our work has increased; my farms are prosperous; I have been called to represent the people in the halls of State twice, and heaven seems to smile upon my efforts. I am here to visit my friends, but my interests must, for a time, remain with the people of Iowa, though I hope some time to return to you for good. I shall never marry, for, although I have broken the links that bound me, yet the law of heredity is true to itself, and in future generations the seed of moral weakness might find germination, did I seek to propagate my kind.

“No, I shall remain a celibate, and as I reckon that will also prove to be your fate Ellen”—turning to his eldest sister with a smile—“we may in the future make our

home together. You and I can find happiness and peace in the work Heaven has brought to our lives.

“Speaking of coffee rooms”—continued John in a thoughtful tone,—“I believe they may be made self-supporting and at the same time, establishments of great good. For a nickle, let a cup of the hot drink with a plate of bread and butter and a bit of cold meat be provided, and many a poor man will turn toward its comfort rather than to exchange his last nickel for beer. Nor do I believe in turning away those who have not the five cent bit. A cold, weak stomach will drive a man wild for the drink of whiskey that may prove his ruin; but if the warmth and stimulus of hot coffee and good food is provided it will satisfy his craving and help to support his frame. But it is midnight, and we must retire;” and John rose as he uttered the last words. “To-morrow I shall take the early train for B—, to visit dear, faithful Mrs. Nourse who took me in and cared for me, when, wounded by my own hand, I lay a helpless weight upon her hospitality. She is a widow now and alone in the world. She looks for my coming as for that of an own son, she writes me. My correspondence with the dear soul has been very slight. I wrote the Nourses six years ago sending a draft as a recognition and slight return of their kindness to me. It reached them during the last illness of the old gentleman, and I have no doubt it served them in a time of need. Since then I have heard from the old lady twice; once, when her husband died, and again, a few months ago in answer to a note of mine announcing my visit home and promising to see her. She writes in anticipation of my coming and I will not disappoint her. And now, to bed. Good night, and pleasant dreams to you all.”

Dr. Fell.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Where got the man his confidence, except from Truth? And what should the Truth be but God?”

If individual members of the human race find great strength in what they mistakenly believe to be truth, strong must that one be who has become possessed of a genuine truth in regard to any of the phenomena in the vast arcana of nature, so far-reaching and so mysterious, that each new fact brought to light and added life, is thenceforth in every age marked “divine.”

An historical novel of the day, treating of the time of “The Christ,” as he is appropriately styled, in describing his crucifixion, and the confident reply to the penitent malefactor on the cross at his side—“This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise,” comments as above, remarks, which, if made by the otherwise unorthodox, would be thought to savor of infidelity.

Yet where does this inspirational speaker

get her confidence save from the same inexhaustible fountain of truth, who, to-day, writes that in view of all there is to be learned and done, “I should be dismayed, did I not know that life has no end.”

How Dr. Fell acquired his healing power, who shall say, except from the source to which he himself attributed it?

And this it was, coupled with devotion to his new-found faith that made his presence felt, wherever he went.

Strangers at the meeting remarked him and were attracted more than by the speakers; who, if mediums, were not magnetic healers.

Animal magnetism all people possess to some extent, and use unconsciously or otherwise for good or evil.

But when to this is added spirit power, who can estimate its importance as a factor in the problems of life?

And when a band of these unseen intelligences brings its united powers to bear upon a single individual, or even consecutively, what else could such an one be, but “a harp of many strings?”

But if the harp be as well attuned, physically, mentally and morally, as the Christ was represented to be, scarcely a discordant note is discernible.

Ages, however, of adventitious circumstances have been required, with propitious and favoring environments to produce and perfect one such “harp of Judah, of the house of David.” Such developments as should be the rule among mortals, have hitherto been the exceptions.

The hidden cause has been found; and is on the way to revelation, through the enlightenment and emancipation of motherhood.

Yet, as it is, everyone may learn their limitations as well as temptations, and govern themselves accordingly. That there is a point between free-will and necessity, somewhere, no one knows where, is undoubtedly true. If the will, or the spirit of man has power to fix the point and compel “the mountain to be cast into the sea,” well and good.

The apostle had attained to that point where the “spirit was willing but the flesh was weak.”

If “the spirit of mortal be proud” and unwilling, or stubborn, as against “the things that make for righteousness,” then is the situation calamitous. Still it remains true, that every consecrated soul hath its hours of Gethsemane.

When Mr. Fell had finished preparing his potions, as prescribed by the old-school formula, for which he had a lingering, if a lessening, reverence, and the last note and word of the home-song had died away in the gathering gloom, he leaned his head upon his hands and groaned audibly. A strong shudder passed over his frame, he could not tell how or why.

Had his guardian angel forsaken him, temporarily, on other beneficent missions intent?

The days had been bright and beautiful, full of sustaining and enlivening influences, bodily and mentally without their conscious presence.

Yet how short-lived the sweet and balmy time, and now he was again alone.

The darkness and desolation of the night was before him in dreary contrast.

"The lights were fled, the garlands dead."

When, lo! a wafting of cool breezes, as of the soft rush of an invisible presence, a pressure of an unseen hand upon the bowed head, and an inflowing tide of life floods all his being, smoothing the drawn white brow, lifting the drooping head, nerving the lax, lithe hand to a hold upon earth-life again, and illumining the steel-grey eye with a dark-bright vividness not wholly its own. He is strong again, yet not in his own strength.

He knows that it is of the spirit, but cannot tell "whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

Rising for hat and cane, again his old self, he walks forth into the dusk of the summer eve with a serene confidence that is of "Truth" and hence from the Great Fountain, feeling the sacredness of his mission.

Even if the God of day be withdrawn, and the night closing in, "the spacious firmament on high" is shining down upon him, and even there one star differeth from another in glory."

Dr. Fell was not unaware of his own peculiar temperament. With large benevolence, conscientiousness would have been described "as active as the times would admit!" A facile disposition, though one that could feel intensely, yet the next moment throw off trouble, as a water-fowl scatters the spray made by its own splashing, and unfurls its wings for lightly and swiftly soaring above the fowler's aim.

He made friends easily, and he lost them unaccountably. His natural manner, prompted by that organ of benevolence, was calculated to lead unthinking, unphilosophical people to presume that they were the chosen, the friend elect; when, as a matter of fact, as previously stated, he or she, as the case might be, was but another specimen of the *genus homo*, to this somewhat unconscious scientist and experimenter in human nature.

"Fickle?" Does the zoologist forget and neglect the tough-skinned hippopotamus, or huge, stolid bear of his collection, for the soft-eyed, timid gazelle, or the gay-plumaged, tuneful tropical bird? The former can endure for a season, where the latter would pine and perish.

Yet not being sentient creatures as are human beings, the parallel is not altogether exact, though there is something remaining of the lion and the tiger in most natures that appears quiescent only when the eye of

the master is upon them, but that will seize and rend whenever the back is momentarily turned. Scarcely a prominent person in any community, large or small, as professional or official, but that receives a proportionate amount of backbiting. Dr. Fell's avowed friends frequently became unrelenting enemies from some fancied neglect or preoccupation of his. During all the hours of the convention, there had been with him a consciousness, as there had been at times previous, that although there was in reality no diviner calling than that of relieving suffering humanity, one which in the end would surely be followed by a "well done, good and faithful servant," yet that there were positions more distinguished, more lauded by the general public, which if his time and abilities were wholly given to them, he might fill with the same acceptability and honors conferred, as had the speakers of the day—and to a man of his ambitious temperament and whilom impulses thereto, what more desirable? But to-night, again, as the languid eyes of his patients brightened at his coming, and the nerveless hand was extended, receiving new life from the cordial pressure of his own, he felt for the time-being a sufficient "reward in well-doing."

CHAPTER IX.

"In many ways doth the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal."

Among the doctor's patients was a fair-haired young girl, whose pallid face with its hectic flush and unnaturally bright eye, told of the fell destroyer, consumption, whose deep-seated ravages neither mortal nor spirit-power could stay, though magnetism might be imparted, as wine, for a temporary stimulant, and the soul nerved for the coming final combat.

She was an orphan, a dressmaker's apprentice, and dwelt in an humble home, receiving only the care of her who had been her former employer. This one among the number of Dr. Fell's patients was often left for the last call that he might linger by her couch to cheer and comfort.

Rose Edwards, poor girl, was one of a multitude of feminine souls, who, without a chart of life or a rudder of resolution, had been launched upon its troubled sea, and with only the narrow haven of domestic felicity in view, had staked her all of life and love in the effort to reach it, and when that haven loomed fair and near to sight had been cast back into the deep dark waters of life, overwhelmed with disappointment and disgrace, or rather, of mortification, for real disgrace could not be associated with her pure name.

The wedding garment had been made ready, but the bridegroom came not. Haply he was unworthy of her; for hers was one of those faithful natures

"Who would have followed where the boldest failed,
Unmoved by threat or sneer;—
Her faithful woman's love prevailed
O'er helpless woman's fear."

Faithfully, too, had she since battled for the conquest; perseveringly struggled for dear life and a living; but the germ of the dread disease was hereditary, and her will, unsustained by aught desirable in life, proved unequal to the combat.

Day by day she had gone persistently to her task, sustained only by medicinal stimulants, till the hollow, hacking cough had compelled the wasted fingers to drop their tiny implement of warfare, and she had sank, one day, upon the couch in the sewing-room, to rise no more.

Here she had entreated to be allowed to remain; she could not bear the thought of the desolateness of her dreary chamber where she had fought single-handed and alone, with her apprehensions and heart-aches.

"I will be no trouble," she pleaded, "and I hope to be able to go to work again in a few days."

But the days lingered into weeks, and the needle, watered by so many tears, rusted in its cushion, while the kind-hearted sister of toil and comparative poverty called in Dr. Fell as a forlorn hope, thinking, perchance, he might restore the maid, as had the far-off Man of Galilee "the widow's son."

And for a time the improvement was encouraging, Rose reclining in an arm-chair all day, with only her small, slippered feet resting upon the couch that had hitherto supported her fragile form both day and night. This was an agreeable change; and her eye brightened ever at the doctor's coming, and a wan smile would curve her still red lips—a deceptive hue that matched the flush upon her cheeks—at his gay sallies, in the effort to fan the spark of life to a flame again.

This day had seemed long, for his visit had been delayed—she knew wherefore. Her asylum was even within hearing of the stir and distant music of the grove; and oh! how she longed for a sight and sense of it all.

Was it true that she was nearing, slowly, but surely nearing that "better land" that she had heard so much about of late, where she might meet father, mother, sister, friends?

O, for one blessed sign, and she could close her eyes in heavenly satisfaction. Though it may be "a perverse generation" that continually calls for "signs," yet that may not be an untoward nature that seeks to make "assurance doubly sure." Practically, Rose Edwards knew little of spiritual phenomena, except such as Dr. Fell had mentioned in her hearing, incidentally as it were, but in reality designedly, to awaken an interest by degrees that might prove beneficial, if not in prolonging life, at least in soothing the remnant of days.

Though very weary, she was still sitting in her accustomed place, at nine o'clock, awaiting the Doctor's call. All that long,

summer, Sabbath day she had felt more eagerly than ever, a desire for some manifestation from those loved ones of her childhood who had passed on before. That they were of her childhood, was the reason why she had not wondered at their continued silence if communication were possible.

Thus, she looked questioningly at Dr. Fell as if she were anticipating the veritable "bread of heaven."

Has any one ever remarked how pathetic are the daily efforts of medical men to relieve a hopeless sufferer from physical disease? As in the case of a criminal lawyer, a life hangs upon his skill and judgment; yet unlike him there is no excitement of court scenes and applause to stimulate his endeavor. Yet inasmuch as his calling is more sacred, the greater the need of help from "ministering spirits." Now he enters with buoyant step, glowing countenance and darkly illumined eye, a complete transformation from the depressed figure of an hour previous.

"Well, Miss Rose," he says cheerily, "how are you to-night?"

She gazes longingly, gratefully into his face as he seats himself opposite with his finger upon her feeble pulse, when he exclaims:

"You are tired, child; you should not have waited up for me."

"I could not have slept, Doctor," she replied, "until you came to tell me all about your meeting."

"Ah! is that it? Well, as you girls say, we had 'a splendid time.'"

"Of course," she sighed, in a weary, disappointed tone, adding, woman-like, "Who was there? Please tell me about it."

"Hardly, to-night, Miss Rose, but the speakers who were engaged were there, and more people than accommodations had been provided for."

"I heard you singing," she said; "were Ethel Grey and Eva Lynn at the meeting?"

For these two were not strangers in the dressmaker's shop, where an occasional piece of work had been done for them, and where the former had called to inquire after the invalid, and to bring delicacies of her own preparation.

"Yes," was the reply, "and Mrs. Findlay, I believe you know her?"

That lady, though conspicuous from the question she put, yet it was done in so lady-like a manner the coarsest cavalier could not object.

"O, to be sure, the dear woman," answered Rose, "she has been so kind to me, but I did not suppose she would be likely to attend."

"And why not, pray?" asked Dr. Fell, in a slight tone of amusement and pique.

"O, she is considered quite aristocratic; as much so as Eva Lynn. I knew Ethel would be there," she added, as if of her own knowledge that were a foregone conclusion.

"What do you think of Miss Lynn?" she asked suddenly, as a recollection of her bright, ethereal presence came over her.

"That is an odd question," laughed the Doctor; "what is it expected that gentlemen should think of young ladies, except that they are charming?"

"She is so different from everyone here," pleaded Rose in excuse, to whom Eva appeared not only charming, but leading a charmed life. Her perfect health, her beautiful costumes, made her seem to poor Rose almost like a being from another sphere.

"I heard you had a circle there last week," she resumed, the opportunity not having occurred before of mentioning it.

"Yes," assented Dr. Fell, to whom the occasion was as sacred as a confessional to a priest.

"And was Miss Lynn present?"

"Certainly," as if being in the house, she could not by any possibility be absent.

"Doctor," she said, turning her languid head with sudden animation, "I wish I might sit in a circle just once."

This had long been an unexpressed wish that seemed so impossible of fulfillment that she had refrained from manifesting it.

"I would be glad if you might," said Dr. Fell, to whom such expressed wishes were of more common occurrence than the possibility and often desirability, of their accomplishment.

"Oh, Doctor, if it all be true, why does no one come to me?" queried Rose, in the customary formula.

"Perhaps there does," he replied, thinking, perhaps of his own ministrations, seemingly ignored, but feeling that his patient should not agitate herself at that late hour. The air of abstraction that had come over him changed suddenly, and rising quickly, he stepped lightly to one side, taking her head between his palms with a soft, swift, downward motion, and bent his lips to her pallid brow, with the tender benediction "Good-night, my dear child," in a voice so unlike his own that Rose gazed after him in wonderment, as he seized his hat, and passed out again beneath the brilliant stars and the setting moon.

Such demonstration was new to all her previous experience, for, save the deserter, she had never received even the pretense of especial regard from anyone.

Now she closed her eyes, and folded her hands, with a feeling of sweet surprise and balmy blessedness under the benign influence, whatever it were, earthly or heavenly, that she would not have disturbed or banished, by calling her friend to her side.

CHAPTER X.

"Thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

Monday morning dawned clear and serene, as befits a typical summer's day,

and while the busy world had hastened to begin its six days' work, the lovely little grove was left to a more sacred quiet—its own prolonged Sabbath of rest.

Only the little birds that had been scared away by the unusual proceedings of the day previous, returned in a chattering conclave over the matter, and the shrubs and flowers that had not been quite crushed by the trampling—which had proven worse than any "war of elements" to the poor things, and quite like the "crush of worlds"—revived by the beneficent dews of night, raised their bruised heads timidly in contemplation of the havoc made by ruthless man in their woodland home.

Monday morning, in the home of the Raymonds, as in most households, was a busy time, and when, after breakfast, Ethel returned to the kitchen to assist her silent, dutiful sister in the forenoon's work, Eva, knowing her preoccupation for the entire morning, put on her garden-hat, and in her white muslin morning wrapper, went out into the bright and balmy air for a stroll.

The avenue of cherry trees at one side of the deep yard afforded shelter from the sunshine, and unpremeditatedly she entered it. At its termination the stile, or step or two over a low fence, led down a meadow-path, through the sweet, blossoming clover to the grove.

Though "in her maiden meditations fancy free," yet her inmost soul had been stirred to its depths by what she had heard the day before, as never by the most eloquent yet formal preaching in the fashionable churches of the city of B—.

Naturally attracted in that direction, she passed the stile, and raising her parasol, wandered on down the well-beaten path, plucking some dewy, fragrant, red clover-heads by the way, which, when she had gained the shelter of the nearest tree, she paused to fasten in her belt. Here there lay outspread before her all the loveliness of a quiet country scene, and she felt in every fibre, its charm and inspiration.

Earth had ever been to her as nearly a paradise as it could be made to mortal, save always the one great lack of parental care and companionship.

Usually carrying a pencil and memoranda in her pocket, and being as naturally prompted as the birds of the morning to song, Eva picked up her parasol, and fastening its folds, threaded, with its aid to brush aside a broken branch here, or raise a crushed shrub there—the less well-defined woodland path that led to the nearest seats in the grove, whose still white freshness, showed even at that distance between the green, interlacing boughs through which the golden sunshine glinted.

Here, leaning against the smooth, white trunk of a silver-leaved poplar, Eva cast aside her hat as if even that were an obstruction to the hallowed influences of the hour; and

pushing aside the tiny golden curls on her fair brow, moist with exercise and warmth, closed her eyes under the benign influence of nature, as had Rose the evening before to what she believed to be kindly human beneficence.

Eva Lynn was unconsciously making herself passive to the ministration of the muses, under the most favorable circumstances possible, and though the "immortal nine" may have been upon more important missions bent, at least they have in their employ numberless deputies to attend upon gifted novices and amateurs in the sacred arts of music, painting and poetry.

When just upon the borders of slumberland, Eva aroused, and drawing forth from her pocket an ivory and gold pencil along with a gilt-edged morocco-covered memorandum book, became absorbed in penciling some of the impressions she had received.

A half-hour had thus passed, when a step in the direction of the speaker's platform arrested her attention, and she beheld Dr. Fell proceeding toward the speaker's table, upon which lay the song-books used at the meeting.

"A pair of us," she said to herself, "haunting these grounds like veritable ghosts—or demons," she mentally added, as she glanced at his dark form, and his back being turned, only his black hat and hair visible. No thought of concealment, flight or discomposure entered her well-trained mind; but calmly continuing her pencilings she awaited disclosures. As he turned to descend the steps with the gathered books on his arm, her white drapery caught his eye, and he paused a moment to identify the figure.

That fairy form was unmistakably the altogether human one of Miss Eva Lynn, the guardian angel of the grove, she might well be. Pleased at the chance opportunity, for he was sad this morning, he hastened to greet her, both for the pleasure of an interview, and—there! as well as to impart a mournful occurrence of the night previous.

"Good morning, Miss Lynn," he said, rather solemnly, Eva thought, "I hope I do not intrude, but the music books of yesterday were left behind, as you see, and there is occasion again to-day for their use."

"Good morning, Dr. Fell," said Eva, smilingly, "do you continue the convention in the village?" alluding to his remark upon an "occasion" for their use, as she glanced at the books upon his left arm.

"No, and yes," he replied, "they are needed for a funeral occasion at sunset."

"Indeed," said she, seriously, but little surprised, death following so closely upon life in the great city of B— daily, nay, hourly, that a funeral cortege upon the streets was as common a spectacle as any other, but out here, where all seemed life and light, it appeared quite another matter.

"Rose Edwards passed away last night," he said, in reply to her exclamation, presuming that she knew of the invalid under his care.

"Possible," she returned, now in genuine surprise, "why, I understood that she was improving."

"So it seemed; I left her apparently as well as usual, at half-past nine last evening; but she failed to call her attendant, who had retired early, and was discovered, later, lifeless in her chair."

"That is singular," mused Eva, "and sad," she added.

"She may have fallen asleep, and become chilled," said the doctor, to whom and the angels only, was known the ministration of the evening previous. "That is the belief of her friend, but I had not considered her vitality so low; however it may be," he added, dismissing the subject, "the poor, friendless child is at rest."

He remembered her longings, and that she had now joined the great circle of those restored to "immortal youth."

"Will you please say to Miss Raymond," he asked, "that the hour of burial is seven this evening, and that I had designed calling to mention the matter?"

He knew that he could count upon Ethel's assistance, wherever required, but would not presume even to suggest that he would like Eva to join them in the singing.

"Certainly," Eva replied; "she will, undoubtedly, call before that hour, to assist, if needed."

"Most likely," said Dr. Fell; and throwing off his seriousness of manner, he chatted of the beauty of the day and the season, the charming location of the grove, of everything that might disperse the momentary gloom; and noticing pencil and note-book, inquired if she were "taking notes."

"No," Eva replied, "impressions of yesterday; notes require too much labor, and details are tedious."

This was the first allusion that she had made to the proceedings of the convention; intimating thus briefly that they were of interest to her.

"True," replied the doctor, but forbore to inquire if the "impressions" were favorable; close questioning being only permissible among intimate friends. If he had known them to be in verse, he would have presumed them to be favorable; that being a better vehicle for praise than blame.

Eva had arisen from her seat, as if waiting to return, seeing which Dr. Fell said:

"I suppose you came by the meadow-path, and I by the road; so I will bid you a very good morning," expressing only in that vague but polite way, a little warmth at the pleasure of their meeting; and the doctor took his departure in an opposite direction, in a more buoyant frame of mind than that in which he had entered it.

Eva, however, somewhat saddened with

the news she had to convey, walked slowly homeward, pondering many things in her heart. A vision of the dead girl, whom she remembered, with closed eyes and stilled pulses, was before her in vivid contrast to all the light and life and bloom of her own existence, and the mysteriousness of death and a future life had for her an added fascination.

Her slow step and meditative air attracted Ethel's notice before she reached the house so that she was not wholly unprepared for the explanation of it.

(To be continued.)

Amber Letter.

There are more heroes than those who die on battlefields; more martyrs than those the world's memory enshrines; more saints than those whose names are told on rosaries. What courage does the soldier need who marches to battle with the song of bugles and a nation's cheers to overflow the excited brain with delirious darings, compared to that required by a feeble woman to put to rout the host of cares that daily besiege her way; to control sudden tempers, the outgrowth of shattered nerves, and hold herself calm and sweet through days that are like armed men, in their onslaught upon peace? There is an exalted enthusiasm that carries the martyr to his doom, but in the terribly prosaic lot of most women what enthusiasm can clothe the barren life with anything worthy of the crown and the palm that lie beyond the martyr's suffering? The saintly lives that cast the whiteness of their bloom in secluded cloisters apart from the world's allurements, folded from its temptations, as lambs are folded from the prowling wolf and the bitter storm, leave fair and lovely records, it is true, of tender ministrations and sweet self-abnegation, of prayer, as pure as the snow that falls on still mountain peaks, or the stars that wing their way above them, but why should it be otherwise? Should not lilies grow in sheltered gardens, and roses clamber over the trellis that loving hands prepare? But when you find the lily blooming on the dusty highway, and the rose nodding above the homely hut of poverty, then take notice of its beauty, for angels might honor it, and God Himself consent to wear it next His heart. When I see brawny men and strong, healthy women ridiculing and condemning the nervousness of some delicate woman, made querulous by daily battles, hotter than any Gettysburg, I fancy I see a blacksmith's hammer or a granite boulder questioning the tremulous nature of a watch-spring. Care and trouble, that would pass over your head as the winds pass over mountain pines, only bending the far tops a little, while the roots take hold on the eternal hills, would sweep the delicate mechanism of other natures into chaos. What does your flesh-and-blood Hebe know

of nerves? Her blood is elixir, her sinews are like strong cords, and all her goings out and comings in are timed to the pulses of buoyant life. She is a splendid physical development, a masterpiece of mechanism that works as smoothly as a feather drawn through oil. Of course she carries electric cheer wherever she goes—why shouldn't she? She is never out of sorts—why should she be? A harp in constant tune gives forth no discords. She is never despondent, never cast down, never nervous. An eagle soaring on strong, uplifted wing above the reach of the huntsman's arrow is never wounded. Now, take the woman who has lots of babies, and a shattered vitality, who was made a frail, delicate creature in the first place, and by chance and circumstance has been so reduced that her body is but the transparent astral vase that holds the flower of life, and let *her* be sunshiny, and blithe, and sweet, not more than one-third of the time. I tell you that *one-third* counts more in the sight of Heaven than the entire unruffled existence of the woman whose nerves are strong and well. She shall pass through life with no song of deliverance, no meed of glory, such as conquerors know; she shall be found fault with and despised by people who can no more understand what she suffers than a burdock root can understand why the sensitive plant shrinks at the lightest touch, or a steam-whistle why an *Aolian* harp responds to the song of the troubadour wind. She shall lie down in death at last, as upon a couch of perfect peace, meekly wondering, perhaps, what welcome her spent and weary soul shall gain from heaven. Her shattered body shall be laid away with pitying tears and soon forgotten; but I love to think of the surprise that awaits the dear soul *there!* She shall find that every prayer for strength, every yearning for patience, every heart-throb and tear has been remembered by the Heart of Infinite Love. She shall find the music and the brightness and the peace earth failed to yield her, garnered there like golden sheaves in an Autumn of plenty. She shall at last be understood, and enter into the sympathy of that great company, who, like her, have come up through tribulation to the perfect peace, the unclouded joy of heaven.

For "He knoweth," "He remembereth," "He careth for us."

Were you ever shut in by a fog—lost at noonday in a soundless, rayless world of nebulous vapor—so seemingly alone in the universe that your voice found no echo, and your ears caught no footfall in all the vast domain of silence about you? The other morning when I issued from my door for the accustomed rush for that relentless train that waits for no man, I paused in wonderment at the strange world into which I was about to plunge. All landmarks were gone—nothing but silver and gray was left of Nature's

brilliant tints, not even so much shadow remaining as a school-girl might use to accentuate a small bird's wing in crayon. No heaven above, no earth beneath. The interior of a raised biscuit could not have been more densely uniform than the atmosphere. It seemed as if the world had shipped its moorings and drifted off its course into companionless space, and had I not been left behind, as a lake steamer sometimes leaves a straggler on an uninhabited shore? I felt like sending forth a call that should give my bearings and bring back a boat to the rescue. I groped my way down the steps and following an intuition, sought the station. Ahead of me I heard muffled steps but saw no form. Suddenly something leaped upon me, and out of the environment of fog the friendly face of my dog shaped itself. His eyes were troubled and he cringed as from an expected blow. An animal is always sensitive to nature's phenomena, and in times of earthquake or furious storm displays an equal terror with man. I wonder if in this day of imperfect love and disloyal friendship it often falls to the lot of a man to mark within the eye of a friend such transformation from doubt and fear, to love and peace, as orbed itself within the soft, dark eye of Carlo as he realized my face from out the shadows?

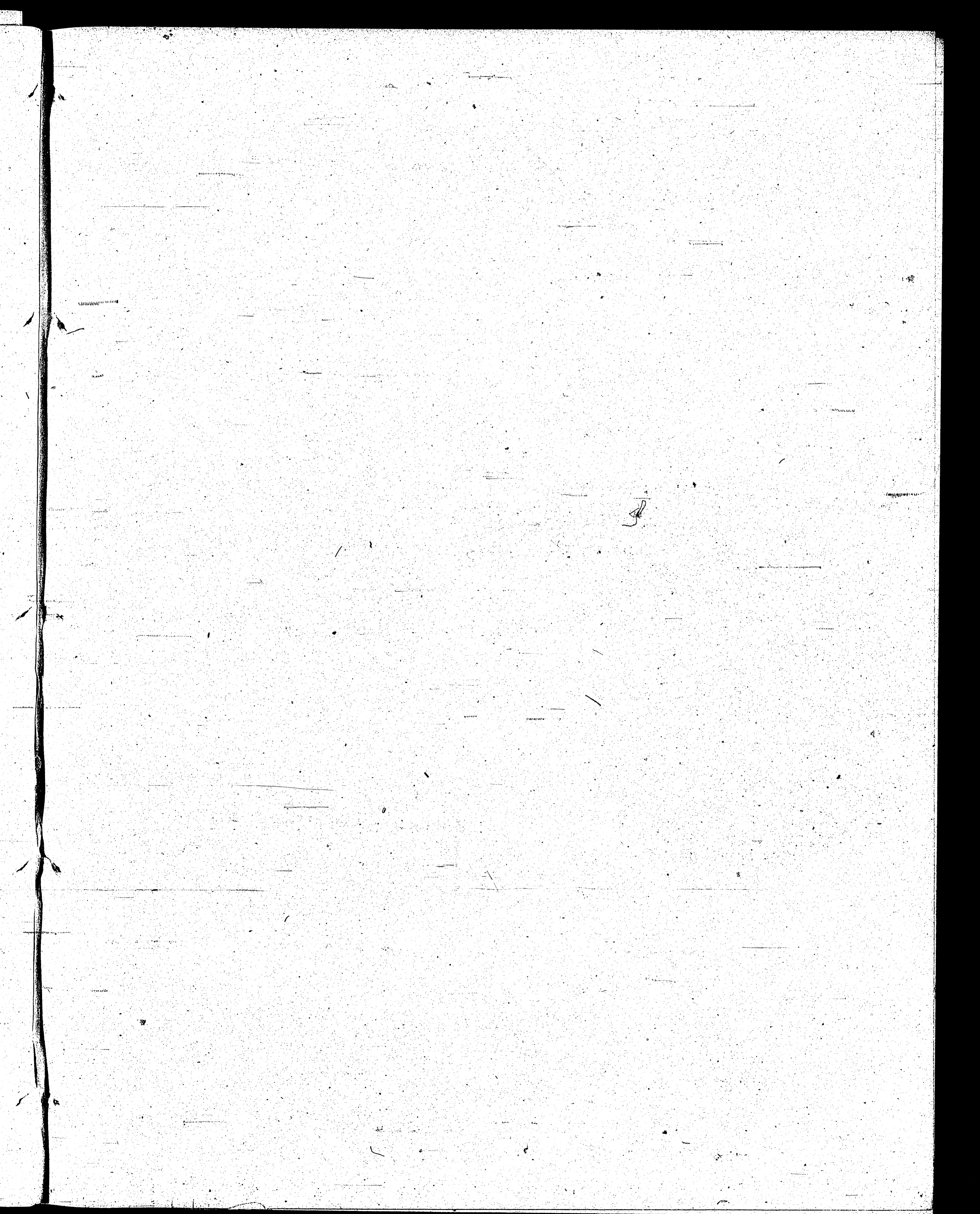
Laugh if you will, my dear, but I venture to say there are countless hearts in this world to-day so lonely and companionless that even the loving welcome of a dog would comfort them unspeakably; and laugh again, yet more unbelievably, when I add that this world holds few more disinterested, faithful or enduring loves than are shut away within the dumb and constant hearts of dogs for their masters. Not five minutes after I had found my train and was blithely rolling city-ward, a transformation scene occurred which made man's efforts at display seem but the dreariest tinsel show. Suddenly from out a doorway in the east the sun showed his face. In the air above us, behold the wonder of diamond domes and slender minarets, traced in pearl! The way-side banks were fringed with crystal spray of down-beaten weed and bush, that sparkled like the billowy waves of a sunlit sea when they break upon a beach of silver sand. The tall elms, here and there, towered like the masts of some returning ship, slow-sailing from a long and wintry voyage, home again to Summer lands of tropic warmth and splendor. There was no sound in all the air, but the whole universe seemed singing, as when the morning stars chorused the glory of God together. More and more widely opened that doorway in the East; step by step advanced the great magician, and over all the world in sight the splendor grew, until it seemed too much for mortal eyes to bear, when, lo! a touch dispelled it all, and brought our dazzled vision relief. Would you believe it: out of a train-full of people, for whom this glorious scene was wrought, not a paltry half-dozen, within my

car, at least, raised their eyes from off their newspapers to view it?

My dear, may I implore you, that whatever else you let go, you hold on to your enthusiasm! Grow old if you must, grow white-headed and bent and care-furrowed, if such be the process of years, but don't grow to be a stick. If you must be hay, be *sweet* hay, and keep your fragrance. If the cage must grow rusty and lose its brightness, there is a bird within it that must not be strangled or muffled with a cloth to keep it from singing to the end. I don't care how successful, or rich, or learned a man becomes, if he maintain a grim repression of all the enthusiasm and the romance, and what some folks call the "nonsense" within him, he is nothing more than a fine cage without a bird, or one with a dead bird in it. When I hear a person say of another, "Ah, he is a fine fellow! No nonsense about *him!*" I picture a gold-fish in a glass globe. A glittering cuticle that covers nothing more than the anatomy of a fish is not worth much. There are good many types of men to be detested, but the bloodless, emotionless, heart-paralytic is the worst. Polish up a golden ball all you like, it may ornament your mantle, or serve as a useless bit of glitter in some dark corner; but when you begin to feel hungry and faint for a little solace and cheer, you will turn from the golden ball and take up an old rusty-coat apple that has mellowed in Summer noons and sweetened in Summer rains, and praise God for its flavor and its juices, even if you can buy forty bushels of its counterparts for the price of one of your wonderful shining balls. It is the sympathy we get from people, the heartiness and the spirit that keep our souls nourished, rather than all the dazzle of their achievements and their pretenses. Finally, my dear, heart rather than head, nature rather than art; genuineness rather than pretense, romance rather than absolute realism, enthusiasm rather than Gradgrind petrefaction, will make a man rather than a gold-fish, a juicy apple rather than a polished ball of glittering Emptiness.—*The Chicago Weekly Journal.*

The new Press Association promises to be a helpful and agreeable undertaking for women. We wish it success. Its existence is another proof of the great progress made by women in journalism, since the conservative days of "Godey's Lady's Book," and the "Home Circle" columns, and "Domestic Corners" of newspapers devoted to crochet and custards, tating and twaddle, nutcakes and nothings.—*Hartford Times.*

N. O. Nelson, a manufacturer of St. Louis, visited the Social Palace, and on his return instituted in his own factory a plan of profit sharing like that at Guise. This year he paid his men nearly \$5,000, as their share in addition to their wages.





SPIRIT PEARLIE WILSON

[Written for THE CARRIER DOVE.]

Ode to Night.

All flooded with sunshine a day has passed by,
Not a gold-bordered cloud its bright rays betray;
And the banner of Night now rests on the sky,
Star-spangled and striped with the white milky-way.

O, beautiful Night, on thy deep vault we read
A truth which the sun would forever conceal;
And swift wings of thought through thy dark regions
speed
To bright, glowing orbs, which thy shadows reveal.

With souls filled with wonder and awe at the sight,
How we long for the buoyant wings of a dove
To bear us away through thy regions, O, Night!
The mystery to solve of those worlds above.

Are their valleys more lovely, heavens more fair?
Their mountains more lofty, their forests more
grand?

And deeper and broader their seas than ours are?
And unstained the banner that floats o'er their
land?

Are trees always green, and fadeless their flowers?
Do crystal streams flow over pebbles of gold?
And bright beings wander through sylvan bowers?
And none ever weep with grief, hunger, or cold?

Does the pale reaper Death ne'er visit their climes,
Relentlessly culling the brave and the fair?
Does the song of life flow in musical rhymes,
And hearts never break nor grow still in despair?

Does our earth to them seem a beautiful gem?
Does it hang in their skies a bright, shining star?
Or are its rays stained with the dark crimes of men,
Which on its fair surface is the only mar?

Beyond Death's shadows these mysteries we'll solve,
While our freed spirits rove through infinite space,
Where systems round system forever revolve,
If we win angels' wings in our earthly race.

C. A. WILFORD.

C. E. Eliot.

BY JULIA SCHLESINGER.

The work of a faithful biographer is necessarily a delicate one.

To outline the life-work of a friend is even more difficult than to give a general summary of the public services of a celebrated personage whose history is on every tongue. There are so many things we desire to say of the respected, honored friend that might sound like fulsome flattery, or over-much praise to the unsympathetic ear of disinterested strangers, that to know just how much to say, and how to not say too much, is indeed a fine point for discrimination.

Mr. Eliot was born and reared in the State of New York. His parents were devout Methodists, and faithfully endeavored to instill into the minds of their children the precepts and doctrines of the church, but did not succeed in the case of Mr. Eliot. He could not understand why he was not as likely to receive "the reward" spoken of, as were his brothers and sisters who belonged to the church, and whose outward lives manifested no greater depth of spirituality than did the lives of those who were "outside the fold." In the year 1847, Mr. Eliot left his native state and settled in Wisconsin. Here he became ac-

quainted with a family named Cook, to whom he became much attached; and when the reports reached them of the wonderful manifestations at Rochester through the Fox family, they determined to investigate the subject and began a series of home searches for that purpose. Manifestations soon occurred that convinced them of the truth of Spiritualism, and from that time until the present Mr. Eliot has been an outspoken, able advocate of its claims. A few years later, his father and mother having passed to spirit life, Mr. Eliot learned that some of his brothers and sisters had come to the same conclusion as himself; and one sister, who was considered "a pillar of the church," wrote a book under inspiration, which she called "Travels in Spirit Land." This literary work was done amid the perplexities and interruptions of household cares as she could obtain a leisure half hour to devote to it, and was considered a remarkable production.

Mrs. Nettie Fuller, of Stockton, daughter of Mr. Eliot has been a medium from childhood, but owing to domestic duties which have occupied her time and attention since arriving at maturity, she has given but little attention to the cultivation of her powers, until very recently she began attending circles for development at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Cook. She has developed rapidly as a trance and clairvoyant medium. A son of Mrs. Cook is also said to possess the gift of slate-writing and materialization.

For three years Mr. Eliot has been an efficient member of the Board of Directors of the C. S. C. A., a position to which he was re-elected in July 1886. In this capacity he has accomplished much for the advancement of its highest interests, and to his good judgment and clear insight as to the requirements of the people, coupled with his untiring labors for the success of the camp meeting, is due, in a great measure, to the gratifying result of that Convention in Oakland last year. In all this public work he was ably assisted by his estimable wife, Agnes Eliot, whose deft fingers and exquisite taste, arranged many beautiful bouquets of flowers which adorned the rostrum, and other decorations which contributed so largely to the beauty and harmony of the place. To those who assisted in that labor of love it will be gratifying to learn that Mrs. Eliot will be at the post of duty during the coming Camp-meeting, shedding the light of her happy countenance upon friends and strangers, and weaving not only the fragrant blossoms into pictures and garlands of beauty, but weaving bright and beautiful memories into the lives of all who may be present upon that joyous occasion.

That Mr. and Mrs. Eliot may long be spared to do the grand work in which they are engaged, and that the blessings of the angels may attend them, is the earnest wish of their many warm friends with whom the

writer desires to be numbered and in whose good wishes she also sincerely joins.

Mrs. R. H. Wilson.

BY MRS. C. C. PEET.

Mrs. Wilson, with that peculiar sensitiveness which accompanies refinement and true merit, has expressed a strong feeling of aversion to anything like notoriety in the shape of a sketch of her life. But feeling that one who has labored long and earnestly in the grand cause of progress, ever striving for the uplifting of humanity, should be willing to give to the world a brief record of earnest endeavor, that other travelers on life's dusty highway may gain courage from her brave example, we have gained her consent to weave together some of the most marked events of a busy, earnest life. Mrs. Wilson was born in Indiana, and was the fourth child of a family of ten. Her father was a Llewelling, a direct descendant of one of Wales' oldest and most honored families. He was a native of North Carolina, but becoming possessed of a number of slaves, by inheritance, and being strongly imbued with the idea of equality and personal freedom, he liberated this human property on the very day that he became the owner. This noble act caused him to become unpopular in this slave State, and he determined to remove to a place of greater freedom. His first change of residence brought him to Indiana, but not being satisfied, he next took up his abode in Iowa, then on the frontier of civilization. The family belonged to the Society of Friends, or Quakers, and Mrs. Wilson was most carefully trained in the simple, honest, straight-forward principles of this society, and still retains the impress of its rigid discipline upon her character to a very marked degree. In 1847 (two years before the discovery of gold in California), her family removed to the State of Oregon. Two thousand miles, unattended by other families, over almost trackless plains, and through unbroken forests, inhabited only by numerous tribes of Indians, many of which were hostile, was a journey calculated to call forth all the bravery of strong hearts. Though but a child, our little heroine traversed the whole distance on horseback. The incidents of this journey are sufficient to fill a large volume, many of which being of so thrilling a character as so-read like a romance rather than sober truth; but, as they do not pertain to the spiritual experience of our subject, must be omitted. Suffice it to say that this little family group were most wonderfully sustained in many severe trials. Shielded from the molestation of savage foes, when bloody massacre followed threateningly on their trail; rescued from starvation, when sweet hope had well-nigh fled their company; beset by trials incident to storm and flood, were

among the experiences of this adventurous household for seven months, as they journeyed over these continental wilds on their way to the most western outposts of American exploration on the banks of the Columbia River. Communications from angel loved ones in later days declared that this little band of resolute pioneers was the subject of their special care, and that spiritual guidance averted many dangers that might otherwise have compassed their destruction. They settled in the beautiful valley of the Willamette, and subsequently became one of Oregon's leading families. Mrs. Wilson was a medium from early childhood, but it was not until she had reached mature years that her gifts became apparent to her family and friends. Her father was an investigator of the laws of magnetism, prior to the advent of the Fox girls as mediums, so that when the noted manifestations occurring through these gifted instruments, was first published to the world, he was prepared to make intelligent investigations which resulted in his becoming an enthusiastic Spiritualist. Soon after this, a younger sister of Mrs. Wilson was developed as a perfect clairvoyant, while another sister soon became a trance and writing medium. Thus was the way prepared for her and she developed the power of healing and inspirational speaking. These phases have never been displaced, but have been supplemented by other and grander, of which we will speak farther on. Many there are who aver that she has saved them from death, while hundreds of sick and distressed ones have been restored to health by the administration of spirit magnetism through her willing hands. She has successfully treated insanity, preventing many unfortunates from being confined in lunatic asylums. The more common cases of obsession were at one time her specialty; and many there are who will bless her for the relief they have experienced through her mental and magnetic treatment. Mrs. Wilson has ever been a thorough, though fair investigator of spiritual phenomena. No phase has come within the range of her observation but to receive the most considerate attention. As a critical, skeptical observer she has few equals; but after demonstrating the truth of any phase of mediumship, it can never gain a more earnest advocate; and after proving the genuineness of any medium, there is no one who will herald it to the world in season and out, more persistently than she. Mrs. Wilson is not only a student, but a competent teacher of the laws and principles of materialization, and indorses the subject of obsession as a fixed fact, and claims most earnestly the interdependence of mortals and spirits. The most earnest work of her life has been to teach mankind, that earth's atmosphere is to be cleared of the darkened souls that now fill it, only

through the purifying, potential forces of higher spiritual powers, acting through the mediumship of mortals. These grand teachings have been emphasized by thorough, practical works which have exemplified these principles of spiritual science in her superior labors and tireless devotion to the cause of truth. For twenty-three years she has been the willing instrument in the hands of angel missionaries, to carry light and joy and "words of glad tidings" to the darkened souls of the lower spheres and conditions of spirit life. This has been a labor of love on her part, as from its nature no pecuniary gain could be possible. The greatest portion of this effort has been performed, (as woman's work so often is) secluded from the outside world. The public, however, were invited at one time to co-operate in this work for four successive seasons or terms of instruction, lasting for six months each, and embracing over four hundred seance lectures, attended by many thousands of spirit students. These lectures breathed naught but the purest morality and counseled the strictest adherence to the truth. The friends of Mrs. Wilson have many times remarked her positive, uncompromising nature. No power can be brought to bear strong enough to smother the fires of justice that are ever brightly burning on her spiritual altar. These qualities have eminently fitted her for spiritual labor, and make her a grand instrument under the control of angel teachers, enabling them to exert a strong psychological power over the otherwise intractable inhabitants on the inharmonious planes of spirit life. It is these noble qualities that make her an able champion when visiting those in prison cells or behind cruel bars as she pleads the cause of the occupant, and portrays the wrongs of outraged humanity as we learn she has done in the past. Whatever of good may accrue to the citizens of San Francisco, and the country generally from the liberal sentiments and progressive ideas uttered upon the free platform of The Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, they are indebted to Mrs. R. H. Wilson for the same, as her angel guides first suggested the establishment of such a meeting, and afterwards exacted a promise from her husband that he would put into execution their proposed plan. Since these meetings have been in progress, dating back some six years, Mrs. Wilson has worked with the same earnestness that has ever characterized her labors for the up-building of this grand auxiliary to interior growth and spiritual unfoldment. Those best acquainted with this movement have many times found their spiritual sight quickened and realized that enlargement which comes alone through the intelligent and kindly agitation of various subjects. When the meeting was first organized Mrs. Wilson was tendered the nomina-

tion to the office of Vice-President, which she declined. About one year ago she was elected one of the Board of Directors, which position she continues to hold. As a wife and mother Mrs. Wilson far surpasses all else that can be said or written of her. No one can enter the charmed circle of her home without feeling the genial influence that emanates so beautifully and naturally from its mistress. An idolized wife and worshipped mother, she reigns supreme in the hearts of her loved ones. Her children are all earnest, outspoken Spiritualists. Burt, the youngest member of the family and pet and darling of all, is a boy of rare promise, and proves more clearly than words can do, the holy ministry of a pure woman's love crowned with the fadeless glory of divine motherhood.

Mrs. S. B. Whitehead.

BY H. C. WILSON.

The task of writing a biographical sketch is at best a difficult one. Only a long and intimate acquaintanceship, with free access to the domestic circle of the subject, will fit one for the labor. By this means you are made somewhat independent of the caprice of the subject. If he be bursting with self-conceit and be requested to furnish a few notes of his life, he will pluck a handful of needles from the cushion of his experience, and quickly manufacture them into needle guns. He will take a few mole hills from the narrow field of his labor, and placing them in a circle, cause them to stalk before you in literary garb as an interminable chain of lofty mountains of human achievement.

Should he chance to be of a modest, retiring disposition, he will suppress every event in his life of which you are unaware and belittle those with which you are familiar.

He will insist upon your viewing each good act of his life upon which you chance to stumble, through the inverted lens of your own mental telescope, that they may all be lost in the fields of beautiful nothingness.

Fortunately for me, and the readers of the DOVE, the subject of this sketch has been well known to the writer for many years, and what is here given for your perusal is from a personal knowledge, rather than from the ten or twelve lines of notes furnished for this article, coupled with the modest request that we "write nothing that will sound egotistical."

Mrs. Whitehead was born a medium and a Spiritualist in the historic town of Salem, Massachusetts. One hundred and ninety-five years ago the angel hosts made the attempt of planting the garden of spiritual knowledge in that place, believing that the world was ripe for its reception. But no! the shackles of bigotry were too strong, and the clouds of ignorance and superstition were too dense to permit of its reception, and had our subject but lived there at that time

with her mediumistic gifts, her body would have been made to grace the scaffold rather than the public rostrum, as at present.

She early removed to Boston where she received many advantages of intellectual culture furnished by that progressive city—the embryotic “hub.”

From her parents she imbibed a liberal spirit, they being Universalists, but she never was inclined to join any church. As the church was civil to the extent of not joining her, she was spared the pain of a separation on the discovery of the truth of spirit communion. It is refreshing to know how many good people we have in our ranks, who have been able to forego this time-honored, fashionable luxury.

In the year 1854 she learned that one of her girl friends could “get the raps.” She and her sister (now Mrs. Hutchings) determined to sit and see what would be the result. Almost from the first they were both controlled to write, and her sister soon after became clairaudient and clairvoyant. Her conversion, through her own mediumship, was complete; and though a third of a century has rolled away on the rapid wheels of time, still she has never had cause to regret this, the greatest event of her life—her spiritual birth from darkness into light; but I need not refer to the “staying qualities” of the great anchor that holds her soul in balance, for we all have one. No fully-fledged, true Spiritualist was ever known to “backslide.” They can’t. The Truth is too “hefty.” “It won’t let ‘em.”

Four years of quiet spiritual growth sped on when the hour arrived that was calculated to show the great value of Spiritualism to her. Dear reader, have you ever watched nature’s beautiful law of unfoldment as seen in the budding life of a little child? And have you also realized that the dear little darling was more to you than all the world beside? And when your mind was filled with plans for its future welfare, have you seen it turn away from all that it had loved and cherished, and as if seeking protection from the chilling winds of earth in the strong embrace of your willing arms, breathe out its last breath on your warm, loving heart? If so, then you have passed through the greatest and sweetest experience of soul refinement vouchsafed to humanity. This blessed *trial* came to the lot of Mrs. Whitehead. A darling child, a sweet little daughter of eight summers, was transferred from the breast of her loving mother to the care of the dear angel friends above.

It was then that the never failing consolation, the sweet solace of Spiritualism came to her relief. In it she found that abiding comfort born of absolute knowledge, that is not elsewhere furnished to sorrowing hearts.

In the following summer, 1859, she sought a new home and new associations in San Francisco. Her great love for children, intensified by the transition of her beautiful

daughter, led her to engage in Sunday-school work. There not being any spiritual society fostering lyceum work at this time, she went into that of the Unitarian society where she instructed her class in liberal thought and dropped as many seeds of spirituality in their young minds as circumstances would admit. This work was continued by our sister for three or four years (to the great and lasting benefit of the church) until the arrival on the Coast of Mrs. Emma Hardinge. Her labors were a great encouragement to the Spiritualists, for shortly after a movement was made by Mrs. Whitehead and other noble souls, for the organization of the First Children’s Progressive Lyceum of San Francisco.

The members of the lyceum paid a well deserved compliment to the devotion of Mrs. Whitehead and her well-known ability by electing her guardian of Groups, a position which she continued to hold for several years with honor to herself and satisfaction to all. From that time down to the present she has been a consistent, faithful worker in the cause of spiritual progress. Being of a retiring disposition, she has never sought leadership, but has been content to labor on unobtrusively, though efficiently, in humble positions. Ever and anon she has been summoned to do battle in the front rank, at which times we are pleased to say, she has never shown “the white feather.” The Society of Progressive Spiritualists is under deep obligation to her for her wise, patient services as a director from the first day of its organization. During the last year she has filled the post of secretary with such marked favor that she was unanimously re-elected to the position at the recent election. She is thoroughly in harmony with the progressive, practical work of this young, stirring, spiritual society.

A year ago she was elected as a member of the Board of Directors of the California Spiritualists, State Camp-meeting Association. She does most efficient work there in the capacity of secretary, for which place she seems specially fitted. We predict for her a long and useful career in the public service of Spiritualism.

On all the great questions of the day affecting the weal or woe of humanity she is certainly a “solid citizen,” ever espousing the cause of the weak against the encroachments of the strong. Having shown that she has a mind of her own; has oft exposed her to the somewhat common but still terrible charge of being “strong-minded.” Though this dreadful accusation probably had the effect of excluding her from the society of the *weak minded*, (I do not know positively that there is a society of that name, but as some philosopher has said that “this is a world of opposites,” I suppose there must be one,) still it was a ready passport to the ranks of the woman suffragist, where she was known as a persistent worker and effi-

cient adviser. She has lived to see the fruit of her labor in this direction.

We cannot close this article better than by making reference to the kind, patient, loving demeanor that has ever characterized the gentle, faithful ministrations of Mrs. Whitehead for her aged mother. No duty to her is ever viewed in the light of labor. Nothing left undone that willing hands can find to do. Though her mother is oppressed with the weight of over four score years, and has been of late years confined much of the time to her bed, still Mrs. Whitehead has been her only attendant. We can only wish that when the winter of age may have whitened her brow, that she may be fortunate in the reward of a care as tender and heartfelt from some earthly loved one, who will take a pure delight in smoothing her pathway to the beautiful home she is now building in the world of joy, when her angel friends shall have summoned her to “come up higher.”

Spiritual Nourishment.

Man is a dual being, possessing both a spiritual and a material body, each dependent upon the other for health, happiness and usefulness, and both more or less subject to the will and reason of the individual. We will demonstrate this more clearly as we proceed. Permeating and pervading our entire material body is our inner or spiritual body, invisible to mortal eye owing to the refined and etherialized nature of its composition. Nevertheless, there it exists, the real, the immortal part of man, that which, at its separation from its earthly environments, will become still more refined and beautiful, as it is re-embodied in those pure and more intensely refined elements of the celestial realms, to continue throughout the vast cycles of eternity, its nearer approach to the ever unapproachable Infinite! while the material body, no longer required in its human form, undergoes the natural process of disintegration, being again resolved into its natural elements. As we are becoming more and more enlightened concerning the laws that govern our material bodies, we can better understand the necessity of regular habits, wholesome food, cleanliness, temperance, etc. We are learning that to promote health and strength, both mental and physical, we must observe these natural laws, and that any violation of them invariably brings illness and suffering. Now the spirit, although of different nature and material, still depends upon the food with which it is supplied for its proper growth and unfoldment. The mass of mortals are both indifferent and ignorant as to what constitutes the nourishment of our spiritual bodies, but an age of reason and consequently of knowledge is dawning, and we are beginning to dimly understand that we hold the reins of our spiritual as well as our physical development

in our own hands. The glorious light of our beaming philosophy reveals to our darkened minds and obtuse perceptions the true significance and object of our creation, and the wisest manner in which to employ the means placed at our disposal, to best accomplish the divine purpose of our immortal existence. Exalted above all human ability is the Infinite Wisdom and power that has provided the necessary conditions for our highest unfoldment, spiritually, mentally, morally and physically, and has endowed us with sufficient intelligence and reason if properly cultivated, that we may honor and glorify Him in the highest sense by achieving the happiest results to our existence, both terrestrial and celestial. We are becoming more and more conscious that the real source of our earthly enjoyments, the intelligence that controls them, the laws that preserve and protect order and harmony, within and without, are not wilfully withheld from our knowledge, but are for our investigation and instruction, and that to glean the most intense pleasure, the deepest knowledge, and the highest enjoyment and appreciation of this beautiful world in which we live, and the vast possibilities that lie within our beings, we must look beyond the material, the external, and study those intelligent and divine forces, that not only control our temporal and spiritual conditions, but all Nature. The spirit not only depends upon the nourishment it receives for its proper development, but upon the condition of the body that it temporarily inhabits. To allow the spirit free and unobstructed progress to higher conditions, it must possess a pure, healthy and able instrument with which to perform its divine mission. The brain must be clear and the intellect unclouded to obey clearly and satisfactorily the will of the spirit. We cannot erect a costly, substantial and attractive structure, without the skillful mechanic, the proper material and the necessary implements, neither can the spirit, whose mission it is to erect a divine spiritual structure, that is to endure throughout all the eternal ages, without the necessary conditions for that divine purpose. What spiritual progress can be attained with a body racked and torn by disease and pain, and a mind consequently crippled and distorted? Then, in order to best contribute to the needs of the spirit, we must labor unceasingly to create and promote the best, purest and most favorable material conditions. Now, the spirit, like the mortal body, if improperly nourished by unwholesome, too scant, or too abundant food, it will become disordered, despondent and unfitted for its divine work. Each body sustains close relations to the other. The best spiritual diet will assist the material body, while improper material nourishment will mar the luster of the spirit, retarding its progress and confine it to undeveloped earthly conditions.

The spirit, however, requires a very different diet from the perishable body. Its food must consist of those refined, pure and imperishable elements that alone can develop the divine attributes of the immortal soul—love “that endureth all things,” charity, hope, patience, mercy, faith, and all those heavenly virtues that alone can contribute to the growth and unfoldment of the soul’s highest possibilities. Cheerfulness, mirth, all innocent amusements, pure thoughts and motives, and loving, unselfish deeds, all combine to strengthen, beautify and educate the invisible, immortal body, that must either suffer or enjoy, thrive or decline according to the nature of the food we supply. Its natural desires are for the most refined and purest sustenance, but through ignorance and depravity, we but poorly understand and supply it, and as a consequent result, this purest, brightest object of our infinite Father’s creation becomes weakened, sullied and impure, incapable of fulfilling its high and happy earth mission, entering the realms of spiritual activities unprepared and unfitted for that exquisite enjoyment awaiting the more fortunate arrivals, and the work that should have been done here, must be accomplished there. We now plainly see that to provide our spirits with their just opportunities, we must carefully and perseveringly cultivate and cherish every virtue, forbidding vice or evil desire a moment’s lodgment. We cannot afford to indulge, however seldom or slightly, in anger, malice, jealousy, revenge, selfishness, despondency, or any emotion that will impair the beauty, usefulness and rapid unfoldment of our immortal spirits. As our habits add to or diminish the beauty of our material bodies, so do our desires and deeds mar the beauty of our spiritual bodies. Beauty on the other side of life is not regarded as it is here, viz: of form and feature, but that celestial being is the most lovely and attractive whose countenance beams with magnanimity and the most intense love; and those who began that mission of devotion to the best interests of their fellow-beings while yet on the earth plane, where their efforts are most keenly needed, wear the most beautiful countenances of all. We who have received this valuable instruction from those whose experience on the other side of life, as to the care and cultivation of our mortal and spiritual bodies, should not only improve it for the happiest effects upon own lives, but for the progressive benefits it will bestow upon our needy associates. We are daily contributing to, or impairing the health and unfoldment of our spiritual bodies. Let us have as few regrets as possible, when we reach the opposite bank of the crystal stream called Death for wasted opportunities, and that we had not performed more carefully and faithfully, the duties we owed to ourselves and humanity; for, until those reparations have

been righted, our anticipated heaven will still lie beyond us. Be temperate, prudent, honest and persevering. Be true to your highest interests both temporal and spiritual, and earth life will prove the promise only of a full, effulgent and eternal day.

ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Ignorance, Fraud, or Both?

PORTLAND, OREGON, April 23d.

EDITRESS DOVE:—I have just been thinking upon the question of materialization—of the cry of fraud which is so often heard in reference thereto, and I wondered how much of this cry was caused by ignorance of the forces brought into action; how much fraud there really was, and last but not least, how much of that which seems like fraud is of mundane, and how much of spirit origin.

“Of spirit origin!” I hear some one exclaim. Yes, why not? There is a change approaching, and rapidly, which will— which must, upset our present society relations, and this from the fact that they rest upon injustice. This is true both of the religious and of the economic world; also of similar false relations in spirit life. This, or the so oft repeated statement that death does *not* change the individual character, and like people *must* create like conditions.

In this life those who occupy high places or possess great wealth are averse to yielding them up, will not unless they must, no matter how much the masses might be benefited thereby. On the contrary, such will unite to perpetuate that which secures to them wealth and power, and it must be the same there or the laws of mind are not uniform. This being true spirits who are not yet liberated from the bondage of church teachings, would inevitably be opposed to materialization—would do all in their power to bring it into disrepute.

I care not what spirits may say, be it through the lips of trance speakers or otherwise. All things must be measured by axiomatic law—by irrefutable logic, and accepting the premises before stated, there is no getting away from the above conclusions; and if death does change the character then we are all at sea; our supposed landmarks disappear. It follows then that when Emma Hardinge Britton stated, or her control did through her lips, that if there was fraud in seances it never came from those in spirit life, she stated what in the nature of things cannot be true, and when Cora Richmond’s control states, as was done in my hearing, that no one can be influenced, (morally I mean) by a spirit morally lower than themselves, the laws of mind as shown in this life will not bear out the statement.

What we *believe one to be* does give them an influence over us, or the reverse, no matter what their moral status, and unless our intellects are well informed, one in whom we trust may make us believe the wrong to

be right—may lead us far astray from the fact that their moral standard is below ours.

It is just that kind of trust—to-wit: that fraud cannot come from spirits, and that no spirit who is morally beneath us can influence our acts, that renders it possible for us to be led astray by spirits, or be deceived by them, thus laying their frauds to the helpless mediums. We do not mean by this that frauds never play medium, but such soon retire from the contest.

I know two women living in the same city, both mediums, one for materialization, the other has other phases, and denounces the first one as a fraud. Now mark: that very denunciation proves to me that the first is not a fraud. Why? If such manifestations as the first one gives could long be simulated without such detection as would forever put an end thereto, the denouncer would long ago have tried it, for she is really, or to all appearances a much keener, sharper woman than is the one she denounces, and whatever they may think of her mediumship, all who know her know that it is not a sense of moral rectitude that holds her back. She has tried to develop that phase of mediumship and has failed. If she could simulate it she would.

But I sat down to make some statements in reference to the mediumship of Elsie Reynolds tending to show that ignorance of the law involved of the forces brought into action, might often lead honest men and women to believe that there was trickery when there was not.

A gentleman here in Portland who has known Mrs. Reynolds from her girlhood, said to me: "She is the best medium and the biggest fraud I ever saw." I inferred from the connection in which this was said that he referred only to what took place in her circles, not to her general character, so I related the following facts:

Your readers are well aware, many of them at least, of what was called her expose at San Bernardino at the house of our venerable brother, John Brown. I was in San Bernardino in February last, and a lady, an old resident, Mrs. T. C. Carter, among other marvelous things, told me the following:

"A spirit came to the door claiming to be" (giving the name which I have forgotten). "The face was like hers, and she was dressed in white. I was called up, requested to take the hands and hold on to them. I did so, and as I held them the white robe seemed to melt away, and also the face of the one I had known, and Elsie Reynolds in her dark dress stood before me."

Now mark: this was done at the request of the spirit, and Mrs. Carter did not for a moment relinquish her hold of her hands, but as the white robe and the spirit face disappeared, Mrs. Reynolds seemed frightened and said: "Oh, you have grabbed me."

Then there is another statement made by a responsible party when I was last in San

Francisco, and if I mistake not, you, yourself, know something of this case.

There was a proposal made by some one of Mrs. Reynolds' band to illustrate one phase of manifestation, personification, or transfiguration, I forget which they called it. The spirit form came out, and two parties were requested to hold each a hand, while other parties, equally reliable, and selected for the purpose, held the dress, one on either side, and while they did so, the spirit form faded, and Elsie Reynolds came in its place. As I understand it the transformation was not instantaneous, but a gradual change.

When I had related the above to the gentlemen who had said she was the greatest fraud, as well as the best medium, he replied, in a thoughtful tone, "Well, we don't understand this matter."

It is an indisputable fact that at the expose in San Bernardino, Mrs. Reynolds was caught with simply her undergarment on, and that robes covered with phosphorus were found in the cabinet, but if Leah Fox Underhill could distill phosphorus from her finger tips, as is stated in her history of the Fox family's mediumship, and if it has been demonstrated, as is stated, that in Mrs. Thayer's seances flowers are brought with the dew fresh upon them, and if, as positively stated by Dr. Storer, of Boston, and another, that, if I remember rightly, was George Bacon, that in one of Mrs. Compton's seances, they saw her tied to her chair and strong spool thread put through her ears, and the ends fastened to the floor, and when the Indian spirit was out of the cabinet, among the sitters, they were permitted to go in and examine, and found nothing—the medium not there, and again when the seance was over they went and found the medium sitting tied just as they had first left her. I ask if all this, and much more of the kind, which is as well substantiated as human testimony can make it, is true, then how much of what has seemed, is proof of fraud somewhere, is the medium responsible for?

I say fraud somewhere, and it is, for if spirits profess to materialize that which they do not, they deceive, even if they bring the things into the cabinet through spirit power. I have read, I think it was in the *Banner of Light*, an account by a mother, whose daughter was a materializing medium. She says: I recognized upon the spirit form, or what purported to be such, a dress that I knew belonged to my daughter. I closed the seance immediately, but without giving my reason. I watched my daughter so that I knew she had had no opportunity to put the dress back in its place, and hastened to her room, opened her drawer, and found the dress all in a heap, as if it had been hastily thrust in. I then had a sitting with my daughter, without telling her of the matter, and called for the spirit claiming to be materialized. I told this spirit what I had

discovered, and asked her what it meant. The reply was: "I found that the forces were failing, and I could take that dress from the drawer easier than I could materialize one, and so I did it."

But I must not make this article too long. I will give but one more fact related to me by one that I can no more doubt than I can doubt my own existence. It is in reference to Mrs. Stewart, of Terra Haute. Mrs. Dr. Pence said to me: "We put her under test conditions, by tying her, putting the ends of the rope through the cabinet to be held by someone on the outside. We took this and various other methods, till we found that it was of no use, for the spirits would untie her quicker than we could tie her."

Now, why did they untie her? Simply because they must have her free to use her body to accomplish what they wished.

I would like to sum up the above, and give the conclusion I have arrived at, but will not ask the space now—in the next number, perhaps. LOIS WAISBROOKER.

The spirit world, the home of the blessed, and the seat of all causation, is not far off in some starry world, in a distance so remote that no telescope can empower the natural eye to pierce its dimness. The truly spiritual man is in close proximity and affinity with the society of the angel bands. He has sought and found the ever-present kingdom of the heavens. He dwells on the borderland between the two worlds, where they so touch and unite, that where earth ends and heaven begins cannot be clearly defined. Death to such is an empty name, a sound without a meaning. They live eternal life. They live and move in the ante-chamber of the celestial habitation, and so may we.

W. F. EVANS.

Mary Read Goodale says that woman suffrage sentiment is growing among the women of Louisiana. Some of them have already voted on the five mill tax, and others are asking: "If we can vote on a question whether a railroad is to pass through our parish or not, why can we not vote as to whether a saloon shall be established in our town?"

Very often there comes to light the fact that traffic in girls is being carried on by scheming knaves, and females for whom no bad enough title exists. The girls are lured from their homes on various pretexts and kept away by force until they become too low to hope to return. This extraordinary possibility warns parents to look to their daughters, brothers to their sisters, and the police to the scoundrels. For the theft of a loaf men are arraigned with considerable pomp. But they may steal body and pollute soul with nothing to suggest check but a conscience smothered in sin.—*Omaha Herald*.

Do We Ever Forget?

AN INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE BY THOMAS GALES FORSTER.

An able writer of the present day has well said that, in regard to spiritual and eschatological conceptions, Christendom is to a very great extent the slave of false knowledge. The mind is more or less crowded with theological ideas that have but slight foundation in truth. Humanity has learned to lean on these ideas, and hence the sum of experience is but little more than a dizzy dream of the conduct of past generations, generations that acted in almost complete ignorance of their natures. A series of ecclesiastical systems have mystified existence, whilst the current of original thought touching the soul and its possible or probable destiny is well-nigh stagnant. Men of the present generation believe in what their fathers credited; their fathers credited what they were taught to believe by their predecessors, and the spirit of inquiry is too often checked by a mistaken reverence for the utterance of antiquity. Examine the pages of the material metaphysician, or study the dogmas of scholastic theology, and in both you find systems that deal in words, not facts, arbitrary assertions at war with reason, imaginary principles leading to the adoption of theories that more or less contradict the common sense of mankind.

But when moral and scientific truths are practically enforced by a system of independent thought so pre-eminently engendered by a study of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, the glorious system of which I am in part the advocate upon the present occasion; when men, led by its teachings, search into their own natures, and recognize that all true growth must be from within, independent of all external appliances; and when, in the formation of individual character, they learn from the same source to depend upon exertions made through their own intellectual and emotional nature, rather than through reliance upon established creeds and prescribed formula, then, indeed, all becomes light and order; the certain succeeds the doubtful, the practical the impossible, and mind revels in that high and ennobling satisfaction that is derivable from the investigation of nature and the discovery of truth, for Spiritualism teaches all that is written in the moral constitution and spiritual needs of humanity, and he or she who would triumph amid the higher joys of the present, or the glorious beatitudes of the future, must look to the cultivation of their own spiritual powers, since all true happiness can be reached either here or hereafter alone through the shekinah of the individual soul.

But, to the immediate theme of my discourse—Do we ever forget? The distinguished Agassiz has said: "If you would teach a child geography, you should take him

out among the hills, and let the earth become his instructor; if you would teach him of tigers or turtles, show him tiger or turtle." It is somewhat so in the study of the vast possibilities of humanity. If we would learn of man's powers of memory, as well as all his capabilities, of mental activity in the realms which Spiritualism demonstrates are to succeed this, if we would form a just appreciation of his immortal capabilities, we must examine him critically, as we find him here. We must analyze him as a physical, an intellectual, and a spiritual being, which, we are assured, he is; we must find out the peculiarities and powers of each department of his organization; determine the qualities and capacities of each, their adaptability or non-adaptability to the necessities of time, together with the indications which either one of these divisions of his nature may furnish of the probability of continued activity when time shall be no more. Thus, reasoning by analogy, we shall be able to establish a legitimate postulate, at least, touching the interrogatory involved in my text. Let us attempt to do this.

And, first, permit me to refer to the physical department of man's being. It is an established fact of science that every well-developed human organism contains about twenty-eight pounds of blood, which, by the most perfect hydraulic process, is conveyed from the heart to the extremities at the rate of about three thousand gallons per diem, whilst not less than one hundred thousand cubic feet of atmospheric air, passing through six hundred millions of air cells in the lungs, are required for the purposes of existence every year that we live in our material bodies. Science tells us further that every square inch of the human body sustains a column of air forty-five miles high, which, it has been ascertained weighs about 14 lbs; so that it is estimated that every ordinarily-sized human body supports the astounding weight of about thirty thousand pounds. This immense pressure from without, science tells us, is counter-balanced by what is termed the electro-vital power within, the body being thus rendered insensible to the pressure. So that, with an electric engine of not less than one-horse power together with a vast chemical laboratory all the while in operation within the system, with such admirable precision has nature done her work that man is not disturbed thereby, unless the machinery, from some cause or other, gets out of order. Indeed, so quietly and harmoniously work the wonderful forces within the human system that the power, as you may perceive, which drives to the generous bosom of the mother the food for her offspring, at the rate of fifteen thousand hogsheds per annum, does not awaken the little slumberer, although the rushing tide is just beneath its ear.

No less wonderful is the muscular system of the human frame. The muscles, although constituted similarly as regards material, are

divided into two classes, the voluntary and the involuntary. The voluntary lie between the bony frame and the integuments of the body; the involuntary exist within the cavities, and compose a part of the circulatory and the digestive systems. The former are subject to the conscious action of the will, the latter are supposed to act independent of the will. The muscles are over five hundred in number.

The alimentary canal is about two feet in length, whilst the mesentery glands, which lie along the line of the intestines, take up the different particles of food which we consume, and convey them to appropriate departments of the system, in obedience to the same great law, operating under different conditions, that holds the mighty worlds which compose the body of the majestic universe we inhabit each within its own appropriate orbit.

Wonderful, likewise, indeed most wonderful, is the nervous system as a part of the human mechanism of which I am speaking, an intricate telegraphic process, conveying to every portion of the body the vital sensibilities necessary to the pleasures and uses of existence. After the discourse on Sunday morning last, a friend said to me, while shaking hands: "I am glad to meet you, although, of course, I cannot see you." This was true. When we see a man in his flesh and blood, we see but his outer robes. If his nervous system alone were delicately separated from out his body, it would have the precise form thereof; for the nerves fill not only each tissue of the body, but extend even to the enamel of the teeth, the fibers of the hair, and the shaping of the eye. There is no part of the human frame that is not penetrated and infiltrated by these invisible ramifications. And the recognition of this fact, I may remark, in passing, is one great step toward the realization of the existence of a spiritual body. A little further refinement only is needed to bring the mind to a conception of the reality of the spiritual body, with still the precise form of the outer man, which conception Spiritualism has demonstrated to be a great fact in nature.

But the greatest wonder of the beautiful piece of mechanism which is termed the human body is undoubtedly to be found in the refined cap sheaf of this material organism, the mysterious center of the nervous system just adverted to, the human brain. This amazing apex of our animal organism, with its complicated and varied compartments, its convolutions, its cells, its watery and marrowy substances, its thin partitions and regular subdivisions—indeed, its entire shape and texture—all existing and operating harmoniously, in accordance with the laws of adaptation and use, certainly constitute this organ as a channel for the manifestation of powers so transcendent, and of functions so delicate and complicated, that it is not to be wondered at that even in

Christendom it has been termed the "dome of thought." But, with all its delicacy and wonderfulness of construction, Spiritualism gives to the brain no such distinctive appellation, that is, in the sense of being the originator of thought. It is to be esteemed rather as a machine, in the nature of a galvanic battery, the different compartments thereof constituting the furniture of an electro-mental apparatus designed for the generation of a refined and subtle agent, which serves the purpose of transmitting, not originating, that thought and feeling which, in the highest sense, are the characteristic qualities of a sensitive and reflective being. Material science tells us that the action of the voluntary muscles to which I have referred is dependent upon currents transmitted through the agency of the nerves, from the nerve center, the brain. This is true, likewise, of what are termed the involuntary muscles, also adverted to, although the fact may not be impressed upon the outer consciousness. Material science tells us, also, that in all cases of sensation the impression is conveyed from the extremities to the brain by means of the same voltaic current along the line of the nerves. But material science does not tell us the nature, in full, of this current, nor does she solve the mystery of this unseen but intelligent power which gives to the animal brain its seeming impressibility and projecting power. Spiritualism, properly understood, assumes to do this.

Material metaphysicians have affirmed, in this connection, that the mind, meaning the intelligent principle, is but a function of the animal brain, and orthodox theology has done nothing practically to contradict this atheistic assumption. Let us consider for a moment the sad and absurd sequences of such a proposition, if true. Missionaries, for instance, have been devoured by cannibals, martyrs have been burned at the stake in other days. That these missionaries and martyrs have been annihilated altogether, in accordance with the belief of the atheist, is to my apprehension no more irrational and inconceivable than the idea of the theologian who is inculcating the doctrine of a material resurrection. That conscious identity has been forever destroyed by the occurrence of what is termed death is, indeed, more acceptable to many than the thought that these victims have been without minds as well as bodies for these many years, awaiting the revival of their individuality in a far distant future, alone through the restoration of their earthly bodies, which have not only long since gone through the process of disintegration, but likewise through assimilation in possibly a thousand different other forms incidental to material growth and decay. Either position is wholly untenable. Is it not, therefore, far more rational, as well as consonant with the aspirations of the human soul, to believe, as Spiritualism teaches, and likewise in accordance with the known laws

of matter, that, after what is called the death of the body, the fluid portions thereof ascend in the form of vapor, descending again through the operations of natural law in the dew drop and the rain, and that the more solid portions of the body, seeking their kindred atoms, likewise, are continuously passing and repassing amid the various forms of life that make up the different kingdoms constituting the majestic macrocosm of the universe? But the intelligent principle, which gave vital activity and advancing thought to the material body prior to its phenomenal prostration in the silence of death, possessing a conscious spiritual individuality peculiarly its own, seeks unerringly a congenial sphere in the glory-world of the beautiful hereafter, where its diviner possibilities will be brought into healthier and happier exercise, proportioned to effort and desire, throughout the unending cycles of eternity.

Physicians tell us that, in the disease called hydrocephalus, the human brain will sometimes become distended from within toward the circumference, giving it the appearance of a mere sack, and yet the faculties remain normal. The upper portion of the brain has likewise been frequently torn away, even severing the optic and olfactory nerves, and yet the faculties of thought and memory remained intact until inflammation ensued. Some years since an iron bar was driven through the center of the brain of a railroad operator at Cavendish, Vermont, forcing before it a column of the brain of the dimensions of the front end of the bar, mutilating the delicate structure within, and rending arterial twigs by well nigh the dozen, and yet the man recovered, and his faculties remained intact. Must there not, then, be some principle of intelligence within this material machine which we have mistakenly called the man himself, some thinking faculty, not visible to the external sight, and that is not affected by the casualties and incidents to which the outer man is subjected?

Observation in the realm of matter teaches us unmistakably that everywhere and under all conditions there is a universal law of change in operation continuously. Some infinite power seems evidently in exercise unceasingly, upon and through nature, through and by this great law of mutation new forms and relations being thereby continually brought into being along the variable pathway of the wheels of time. Man's physical body and its functions form no exception in the operations of this law. Every portion of the material organism is constantly undergoing change, not merely every seven years, as formerly supposed, but momentarily. At every half revolution of the blood, oxygen and carbonic acid gas are alternately imbibed and dislodged through the lungs, and at the capillaries of the system. There is an alternate liquefaction and solidification constantly going on in man's material encasement, bone, muscle, brain, and nerve

matter becoming blood; and blood, in turn becoming bone, muscle, and brain. Besides, as affirmed by physiology, each portion of the organism is constantly throwing off particles of dead matter, and taking on new ones, in obedience to the organic law of demand and supply. Thus, the physical body is being continually torn to pieces and rebuilt, particle by particle, the ingredients of brain matter forming no exception amid the changing portions of this wonderful machine. Indeed, in these particulars the human body may be compared to the fabled web of the ancient Penelope, which she was constantly weaving and unweaving, whilst awaiting the return of her absent lord. What she had woven in the day was unwoven at night, that she might continue to repulse the importunities of her suitors, to whom she had promised compliance upon the completion of the web. Even so with the material organism; it is being continually woven and unwoven, through the law of its being, while the grim suitors disease and death are at hand, waiting for their prize. At length the Ulysses of immortality arrives, and the contest ends.

These evidences of perpetual change in the various portions of the physical body certainly indicate the fact that the animal brain does not and cannot possess the retentive faculty, even in this life, much less when the hand of decomposition and decay has set the seal of silence upon all its various functions. The brain in this life, it is true; seemingly telegraphs to the extremities, and the extremities seemingly communicate with the brain, by means of what science terms the voltaic current coursing along the nerves; but neither the brain nor the nerves, in and of themselves, possess vitality or the power of thought. They are, Spiritualism contends, and indeed demonstrates, but temporary instruments through which some intelligent principle is acting, the brain being superior to the hand or foot only in the ratio of its superior functional development.

This position, however, as I have said, is opposed directly by the materialist, and indirectly by the orthodox theology of the day. The materialist tells us that thought and memory are functions of the animal brain, and that man is nothing more nor less than an intelligent representative of the history of matter, as it exists all around us. As the acorn produces the oak, and the oak, in turn, produces the acorn; as the fowl produces the egg, and the egg, in turn, produces the fowl; so man, he affirms, being produced alone by matter, can alone in turn, produce matter. But this is certainly a most superficial and unwarrantable assumption, as all the phenomenal revealments of man and his relations clearly illustrate; and yet, I repeat, that theology, in its theoretical advocacy of the doctrine of a material resurrection, has done but little to success-

fully eradicate so fearful and materialistic as well as erroneous conception touching the human soul and its destiny.

Under the teachings of either of these schools of thought, of either theology or atheism, who shall approximate a satisfactory solution of that mysterious and interesting phenomenon, a human corpse? Why does the inert mass lie so still? Examine the brain, the eye, and all the functional organs of the system, and you will find that they are as perfect in construction immediately after as immediately before what is called death has occurred. Why, then, have these organs ceased the performance of their relative duties? Why does not the body throw aside the grave-stone, and resume its conscious individuality? What has become of its loves, its hates, its hopes, its disappointments, and its desires? If thought and memory are properties of the physical, why is the brain so motionless, so pulseless? If all the physical organs are still intact, why are the individual idiosyncrasies—but a short time since so marked—now indistinguishable? Why are the faculties which but recently rendered that body so much the object of love or veneration now so dormant? What has become of that loving or intellectual light that shone out from beneath the eyelid, now so motionless? What has become of those expressive features, a smile from which could thrill our very being with ecstasy, or frown us into reverence or hate? The features are still there, but, oh, how expressionless—and why?

To these interrogatories the atheist practically replies: all these emotional sensibilities and capacities of thought and memory to which you have averted, as recently characteristic of the body now before us, were merely the result of the material organization; belonging to the physical, with the vitality of the physical they have necessarily ceased to be. And with these, likewise, all man's longing hopes and glowing aspirations, all his unaccomplished desires for progressive development, and for personal security and happiness, have been blotted out in the fate of both mind and matter.

This answer of the atheist, horrible as it is to the aspiring part of our natures, has the advantage of definiteness, at least, over any general response which may be given by the schools of ecclesiasticism, from the fact that each particular sect of theological faith has some peculiar shade of belief essentially its own. The general idea of their text-books, however, in this connection is that of a material resurrection. This doctrine involves, and has authoritatively received the following interpretation, which is held in contradistinction to the views of the naturalist just presented: after the phenomenon of death has taken place, the body is, of course, disposed of; and the spirit, which seems to be esteemed as a sort of indefinite essence, wholly incomprehensible to

the finite mind, remains in an unconscious state in some unknown locality until a general resurrection, which, it is stated, will take place at that indefinite period termed "the end of the world." When this general resurrection occurs, and not before, if I understand the doctrine, with a view to the restoration of conscious individuality, lost in most cases for many centuries, the indefinite essence termed a spirit is to re-inhabit its former body, accept the decrees of a "general judgment," and, in a large majority of cases, be consigned to irremediable woe in an eternal hell. And I do not intentionally misstate this horrible creed of orthodox theology.

Sad, indeed, the fate of the human family if either of these responses to the interrogatories which I have propounded be true, whilst either of them would render creation a horrible blasphemy and an incomprehensible failure.

Rejecting the views of both schools of thought just named, in regard to the inquiries suggested on viewing the corpse of a once sentient being, what has Spiritualism to present in lieu thereof? What has Spiritualism to offer touching the perpetuity of thought, of feeling, and of memory touching an uninterrupted continuance of our conscious individuality after the material body lies cold and still in death? Let us see.

It is evident, of course, that some principle of vitality, and of intelligence, likewise, must have operated in and through the organic structure now so dormant. Inert matter, we are well aware, is incapable of emotion, of activity, or of thought; yet, through gross matter in the organized form now before our mind's eye, so senseless and motionless, we know but recently was expressed affection, memory, and will, together with all the qualities attributable to an intelligent individuality. To what principle in nature can we assign these powers of ratiocination? Not to organized matter, for organized matter lies before us essentially dumb. Nor can we attribute such active capacities to abstract principles or disintegrated essences. Such intellectual and emotional powers as pre-eminently distinguish the human from all other individualities in the finite realm of being can alone be attributable to organized intelligence, not organized matter, as the atheist contends, and theology implies, but a more subtle and exalted feature in the majestic universe, of which we are a part, of which matter, organized or otherwise, is but the passive channel of outward manifestation. What, then, is that power, but now so active in and through the material body, the departure of which has left that body so expressionless and dead? This great question, certainly the most important inquiry of all the centuries, Spiritualism assumes to answer, and to answer demonstratively. By a series of hitherto unappreciable phenomena, together with an elevated and elevating

system of philosophy based thereon, touching the human soul and its immortal destinies, Spiritualism is rapidly changing the entire tendency of eschatological conceptions in Christendom, while it is undoubtedly coloring in a greater or less degree the whole current of general literature, and that, too, despite the most irrational and unwarrantable opposition. By an appeal to the interior consciousness and the external senses at one and the same time, the justifiable demand on the part of the general mind for tangible evidence touching the nature and office of the intelligent principle in man, together with a possible or probable future for the race, has been fully and satisfactorily met; and this, too, in a manner illustrative of the truth of the ancient record, wherein it is declared that "God chose the foolish things of the world that He might put to shame them that are wise." The despised and much-ridiculed phenomena of Spiritualism—the raps, tipping, trance, personating, writing, materializing, clairaudient and clairvoyant manifestations, together with the sadly-misunderstood dark circles—have contributed to bring about the important changes referred to, and constitute the fundamental basis upon which is founded that glorious system of ethical philosophy and devotional thought which we term the religion of Spiritualism, and which we recognize as being in harmonious accord with all the divine revelations of nature, and all the higher aspirations of the human soul. These phenomena have established, beyond the possibility of successful contradiction, the great fact that the intelligent principle of which we have been speaking, the departure of which from the body consigns it to irremediable decomposition and decay, is a conscious entity, an individualized spiritual intelligence—in other words, *is the man himself*, whilst the physical body, with its complex machinery, of which I have spoken, is but a temporary agent, a material covering, adapted to the uses and pleasures of an earthly existence alone. Instead of the man being the physical form which we see, endowed with a spirit, it is precisely the reverse. Man is a spirit possessed of a material form, designed for the individualizing and educational processes incidental to time. Hence, then, it is the object of our love and veneration that has departed from the body through the process termed death, leaving the corpse but the lifeless lump of clay to which I have referred. And the phenomena of Spiritualism have clearly demonstrated that these spiritual entities, our departing friends, on leaving the "muddy vesture of decay," which we call the body, take with them, necessarily, all the emotional and intellectual properties which constituted their individuality here—their loves and hates, their memories, their capacities of thought and will—indeed all the mental and affectional capabilities and desires which consti-

tuted personal character here, intensified rather than diminished by their liberation from immediate contact with the physical body as a channel of communication and expression. In fine, the phenomena of Spiritualism unmistakably demonstrate the perpetuity of individual consciousness, individual memory, and individual affection beyond the grave, and, inferentially, their continuance forever—whilst, at the same time, these phenomena are accessible to all, thank God—the loftiest and the lowliest of earth's children, the veriest sinner in human estimation as well as the most exalted saint.

But, it may be readily suggested, if it be true that thought, memory, and affection are the properties of an immortal principle within the physical body, possessing a conscious individuality of its own, what, then, is the office of the animal brain? If the physical brain, in and of itself, possesses neither of these potencies of intelligence, what are its functions, and what is its office in the human machine, of which it constitutes the apex? Reasoning from legitimate premises, the conclusion is warrantable that the material brain is a machine, so to speak, in the nature of a galvanic battery, as previously stated; that its various functional arrangements constitute the furniture of an electrical, or rather an electro-mental, apparatus, designed to generate a current somewhat akin to galvanism; which sustains a continuous connection between the brain and every other portion of the physical frame; and which is known to material science, as I have said, under the name of voltaic. The brain, you are aware, is the centre of the nervous system, and, hence, the nerves constitute the channels by means of which this fluid reaches every other portion of the body, serving as a means of communication for the purposes of sensation and motion, under the intelligent direction of that more positive principle of which I have spoken, the departure of which from the body produces the phenomena of inertia termed death. This current is as ethereal as the air we breathe, and, from the nature of its production, is susceptible of impressions from both its material and spiritual relations. This emanation from the brain under the impulsion of the intelligent principle, or soul, may be denominated the external mind, serving as the intermediate agent of the soul, or the man himself, in his communion with the material body, and through that with the outer world. This external mind, or essence, like unto the physical brain and body, possesses no vitality in and of itself. All vitality is in soul or spirit. Through this intermediate agent, the individualized spirit is enabled partially, and only partially, to manifest outwardly his or herself truly, either emotionally or intellectually; for the external manifestation, thus far in the history of the race, is not always a true indication of the inner

being. The outward act necessarily comports with the conditions of the channel through which it is given. As the physical body is undoubtedly the legitimate result of evolution from the kingdoms in nature below man, partaking more or less of the organizational proclivities of the next lowest department in the scale of being, and as ante-natal and educational surroundings are still deficient in moral and social adjustment, the spiritual nature of man is, as yet, in a great measure subjected to less elevated influences and tendencies; hence man is thus far in the history of the race in a transitional condition, and human society but a sad and lamentable masquerade. The human spirit, therefore—the real man—cannot fully express his true nature, or manifest truly his innate capacities of thought, of feeling, and of memory. These organic experiences, however, we are taught, are legitimate results of the law of universal progress, and tend to the educational individualization of the soul, preparatory to broader activities and higher uses, in the conditions of existence that are to succeed this.

Again, we are enabled to perceive the inability of the spiritual man to properly express himself outwardly through the physical body, when impaired in any manner by the incidents of time. In old age, for instance, when man has reached what is termed his second childhood—as you may have observed—often important intermediate events are seemingly forgotten, whilst the incidents of childhood are frequently recalled with peculiar vividness. This is from the fact that time or disease may have weakened the generative powers of the physical brain; and its issue, the external mind, is incapable of receiving and conveying impressions corresponding to the vigor of earlier and healthier manhood. So, likewise, with the monomaniac, the lunatic, indeed, with physical derangement of every kind; conditions having in some manner deleteriously affected the external mind and body, the outward manifestation of the interior intelligence necessarily corresponds with the defect of the channel through which it passes. But, these facts by no means warrant the assumption, or the fear indulged in by some, that what is called the “thinking principle in man” waxes old, sickens and dies. On the contrary, the intelligent principle, the real man, amid all these experiences and changes, remains essentially himself; and when the pale angel of divine beneficence calls him hence, he takes with him unimpaired all the wonderful faculties that constituted his individuality here—his individual consciousness, his individual affection, and his perpetuated memory. These declarations are not the result of chimerical speculation, or groundless hope. Tens of thousands of disenthralled spirits, once inhabiting human bodies, as you and I now do, continually bear testimony to these

facts, through the sadly misunderstood and grossly misrepresented phenomena of Spiritualism. Hence in response to the interrogatory presented in my text, Spiritualism, in the melodious tones of undying love, proclaims unmistakably *man never forgets*.

In further illustration of the idea I am attempting to enforce, I may refer my classical hearers to the curious manuscripts of the ancients called *palimpsests*. Parchment was precious material before the invention of paper; and, in consequence, the writers of the middle ages were compelled to be very economical in its use. They would take, for instance, a scroll containing a portion of one of Cicero's orations, and, erasing (seemingly) the original words, would supply their place, we will say, with an extract from St. Augustine's Commentary on the Psalms. Afterwards, the same scroll, falling into other hands, by the same process of erasure, the production of the great bishop would disappear, giving place, perhaps, to some gay romance. Modern chemistry has discovered a method by which all that has been written upon this parchment since it was first used can be extracted, so to speak, leaving behind only the eloquent original of the Roman orator. Thus showing that the Ciceronian gem was there all the while, though seemingly destroyed.

The human soul may be termed a *palimpsest*, on an immortal and, of course, more immense scale. The parchment can carry, at most, less than a half dozen different scrolls; but the immortal soul can carry untold millions of them. There is, indeed, no such a thing as forgetting. We say at times we forget, and we believe we forget; but to the real man, the undying soul, forgetfulness is a fiction and oblivion a delusion.

And, thus, it will be perceived that Spiritualism, in establishing the perpetuity of memory beyond the grave, is logically determining, likewise, the individual responsibility of the race for the deeds of time, not by arbitrary decrees or preordained judgments, but through the legitimate outworkings of the law of cause and effect—the pivotal law, essentially of the divine economy. The diamond-pointed pen of organic law, Spiritualism declares, is continually and indelibly inscribing upon the tablet of the soul the legitimate effects of our every thought, word, and act, whether good or evil; so that when the body celestial shall have been freed from the body terrestrial, the collective experiences of the whole past existence will be in full and unescapable recognition. And this, indeed, will be the judgment book—in the mysterious chirography of which the deeds of time will be found to have been unerringly recorded; and under this law of righteous retribution man will find himself his own judge, juror, convict, and executioner.

But the world to come, we are assured by our beloved ones who have gone before,

is a realm of compensation as well as of retribution. The Mahometans are taught that the true believer, in his passage to paradise, will be compelled to walk with bare feet over a bridge of red-hot iron. They are also taught never to step upon, or otherwise permit the destruction of, any piece of paper in this world, lest the name of God or some holy thing may have been written upon it; and that, when called to pass over the bridge alluded to, all the pieces of paper which they may have thus preserved during earth life will arrange themselves between their feet and the fiery pathway, that they may be thereby saved from pain or injury.

In conclusion, and as applicable to the purport of my discourse, may we not recognize an interior and consolatory definition of this fanciful conception of the Moslems; since, even in this life, the effects of conscientious and benevolent actions often assuage the pain of subsequent afflictions; whilst, in the worlds that are to come (we are assured by our beloved and miscalled dead friends), we shall find that the memory of good deeds will materially lessen the burden of our misdirections; whilst the joys of the soul shall grow brighter, and still brighter, as such reminiscences flash out from the immortal record of the past, amid the beatific realities of angel and archangel glory.

Fourth Annual Report of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW-WORKERS:— It becomes my duty to-day, as the executive officer of this Society, to drive another stake by the highway of our spiritual thoroughfare.

Regular meetings have been held Sunday afternoons, with the exception of the Camp-meeting season. The speakers occupying the platform have shown the greatest moderation and commendable control at all times. This is a healthful sign of intellectual and spiritual growth—a true measure of the soul-development of the worthy participants. Your attention is not called to this matter in a spirit of offensive boasting, but of congratulation, that all great questions affecting the weal or woe of humanity can be calmly and thoroughly discussed on our free spiritual platform without any fear of disintegration. A few years ago many questions were tabooed in spiritual meetings, fearing inharmony would result therefrom. We are delighted with the change produced and appreciate the discipline received here in our conferences that has raised us to this higher, harmonious plane.

Our philosophy teaches that no soul can attain to a high degree of excellence and thereby to spiritualized happiness without being well disciplined and devotedly in love with all the spiritual graces. People may not be well balanced and yet lay claim to

great happiness, but we are privileged to believe they are mistaken, or at best, have a very crude idea of happiness. They may have made but little progress on the highway of harmonious living, entertaining unkind thoughts, be filled with impatience, conceit, pride and vanity, and yet claim great happiness: but when they recover from these infirmities, these diseases of the soul, and the warm rays of love and wisdom shall permeate the inmost avenue of their being, they will, for the first time, realize the bonds of true happiness. I believe that the road to happiness is approached only through the gates of intelligence which swing on the hinges of free thought. In material matters we act and think for ourselves, but in spiritual matters we trust too much to the guidance of others. We take without investigation the utterances of our spiritual priests as slavishly as the most orthodox Christian. It is the province of this Society to correct this error. It can not thrive on a free platform. Here people *must* think. Each auditor occupies the position of a judge, weighing and considering arguments and ideas as presented. This is a healthful mental discipline, stimulating thought, exercising reason, both efficient workers in the vineyard of progress, opening up the broad avenues that lead to the brighter day of greater soul development. We trust that the angels of love, peace and justice may continue to brood over our assemblies; that vigorous action and harmonious desires may find here a perfect blending, to the end, that we all may be worthy laborers in the cause of truth and the establishment of the reign of peace on earth.

While we have no fulsome flattery for any individual member, we wish to acknowledge the invaluable services of the many earnest workers who have aided us during the year. Our little doorkeeper, for the faithful discharge of her duties, is entitled to the same respect as the executive officers of the Board of Directors, and no line of distinction should be drawn between them. The reports of the Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian speak well for the efficiency of these officers and the prosperity of the Society. Correct business principles characterize them all.—The Directors fully realize that loose business management has relegated more spiritual movements to the shades of oblivion than any other cause.

Our Library is no longer an experiment. It has won an honored position and proven itself worthy of your fostering care. All liberal Spiritualists should feel it a duty to contribute to its support. Money is needed monthly, while spiritual, liberal and scientific books are always desirable. Let us take a just pride in building up the Library, and the time will soon come when it will be one of the most practical of spiritual institutions and the grandest teacher in our midst.

A comparison between the Treasurer's report of this year and that of last shows good

financial progress. Let us remain true to our trusts and the building of a great hall, a home of our own is fully assured, being simply a matter of time. Take courage, then, my brothers and sisters, being ever hopeful for the sweet possibilities of the future.

We are under deep obligations to our local speakers or conference talent, embracing the names of Judge Collins, Judge Dameron, Messrs. E. Fair, Wm. Reed, E. G. Anderson, C. Severance, James Battersby, A. P. Bouten, L. P. Hopkins, J. B. Adams, J. F. Meed, and Mesdames M. J. Hendee, Eggert Aitken, R. H. Wilson; M. Miller, Dr. Jordan, M. A. Ellis, M. C. Kasten and E. Price.

We have occasionally received valuable platform assistance from Mr. Ravlin, Dr. McKaig, Mrs. Mason and Mr. Tucker of Oakland, Dr. York and Mrs. Schwartz of San Jose, Dr. Schellhaus of Topolobampo, Dr. and Mrs. Schlesinger, Dr. Stansbury, Messrs. Colby, Owen, Faust, Dr. Peet, Auditor Strother, Mrs. McKinly and Mrs. Wiggin of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Thompson of Philadelphia, Col. Logan of Denver, Dr. John Allyn of St. Helena, Dr. Taylor of Tacoma, Lois Waisbroker of Portland, Dr. S. N. Aspinwall of Boston, Miss Wright of Reno, Mrs. Patterson of Indiana, Mr. McLure of Fresno, Mrs. King of San Diego, and many others whose names we hold in grateful remembrance, and hope to see them many times again on our platform.

Within the year we have conferred ordination service upon Sister King of San Diego, and it gives us pleasure to report the good work she is now doing. She is a worthy accession to our corps of licensed missionaries now representing us in California, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Australia and British Columbia. The memory of Mrs. Dr. Payne, our second ordained missionary, is still green, and it is gratifying to know that she is still engaged with us, as clairvoyants have several times attested.

One of our number, Sister J. H. Forbes, has passed on to the higher life. Her pleasant face, so full of gentle dignity and womanly sweetness, has gone from our view, but we feel to rejoice with her dear, aged mother in the fact that the good angels can raise the veil that separates the two worlds, giving us the blessed assurance of a continued and improved existence "over there," that what the church has taught as the "dark river of death" is really the crystal, purling stream of life, spanned by a bridge of beauty on which the music made by the patter of angel feet, may be heard as they come and go on their errands of love to the dear ones of earth.

SUPPLEMENTAL REPORT.

The warm endorsement by this Society of the Spiritual Benefit Meetings, held Sunday evenings in this hall and elsewhere during the last eight months, demand from me a brief report. The plan

was that of open conference and mediums' seance; with volunteer talent. The profits have been divided among worthy mediums and to the relief of destitution. I now hold vouchers from forty-one persons in amounts aggregating \$413.15, being an average of a little more than ten dollars each. I am indebted to Dr. Louis Schlesinger for his valuable services through the whole series of meetings. This experiment has shown that benefit meetings are popular, and have pointed this way to still greater fields of action that may be tilled to great advantage by willing hands and philanthropic hearts. The tears of gratitude that have recognized my efforts, in a few cases, have more than remunerated me for all I have done.

We hope that the year to come will be more prolific with gentle words and noble deeds of loving kindness, than any other in the history of our organization; so much so that their enumeration will be the chief feature of my successor's report at the next Annual Meeting.

Respectfully submitted,

H. C. WILSON, President

WASHINGTON HALL, S. F., April 10, '87.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

April 11, 1886—Members on the roll.....	206
" 10, 1887— " " Joined during the year. 64	
Total.....	270
" 10, 1887—Members withdrawn during the year.....	3
" 10, 1887—Members passed to higher life..	1
Total.....	4
" 16, 1887—Members on the roll at present date.....	266

Mrs. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

April 1, 1886—Balance cash on hand.	\$ 690 30
" 1, 1887—Received from all sources.	2,812 45
Total.....	\$3,502 75
" 1, 1887—Disbursed as per vouchers and order of Directors \$ 2,365 30	
" 1, 1887—Balance on hand.	1,137 45
" 1, 1887—Real estate and sundry property as per inventory of agent valued at.	22,100 00
Total.....	\$23,237 45

S. B. CLARK, Treasurer.

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT:

April 1, 1886—Books on hand.....	642
" 1, 1887— " " purchased.....	17
" 1, 1887— " " donated.....	33
" 1, 1887—Total.....	692
" 1, 1887—Books loaned during the year.	2040
Average monthly loan for 11 months 1887	

C. H. GILMAN, Librarian.

It Helps Women.

[S. F. Examiner.]

The revolution in New York in the relationship of working-women to business has become so general that thousands of women, who, less than ten years ago, would have been obliged to work in factories, as household servants, or with their needles, are now

filling the places of clerks, secretaries, stenographers, type-writers, and even office errand girls, in the down-town establishments, side by side with men. No one who comes to New York can fail to notice it. Women are to be seen in a great majority of the large counting rooms and general offices, and one runs across them in the chambers of lawyers, and even in those smallest business places wherein one man conducts an agency or consulting room, and the girl he employs is alone with him a great part of the time. New avenues are thus opened to thousands upon thousands of women, to an extent that may, without exaggeration, be said to have created a revolution in the opportunities and surroundings of the sex. This change in her relationship to men whereby she works with him all day six days in the week must affect the sex, and be felt by society, it needs no reflection for anyone to perceive. Last week I spent some time in discussing with men and women who have given the subject thought, what that effect is or is to be. What I learned was too interesting and too important for one letter, and I was obliged to leave some of it for this one. To those who did not see that collection of opinions it is only necessary to add that not one contradicted what now follows. Those interviews concern the effect of woman's daily association with man in a commercial house; this deals with the same relationship in other places.

In the operating-room of the Western Union Telegraph Company at a dizzy height above the roofs and many of the towers of the city, seven hundred men and women, mainly between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, manipulate the electric machines that scatter and receive the telegraphic correspondence of the metropolis. For several years women have been employed side by side with men in this great workroom, and as the sexes have never been divided, but almost every girl and woman has been brought, at one time or another, to the side of almost every man, this is a splendid vantage point for studying the problem presented by this new phase of city life.

The questions that it was necessary to ask I first put to William J. Dealey, the manager, who, fortunately for the reader, is a very thoughtful, observant and broad-minded man, and had given the subject much attention. Better yet, he was willing to be interviewed, even among the cares and complex requirements of his position.

"Has it been your experience," I inquired, "that ladies in business lose their feminine ambition to marry and keep house? Do they marry in any less proportion in business than they do from the homes of the land?"

"My experience," said Mr. Dealey, "is that ladies in business become to a certain extent independent, consequently more self-reliant, naturally more exacting, more crit-

ical, less sentimental, better able generally to take care of themselves, and that their marriages are more wisely planned and result in a greater average of happiness than if they had less means of observation. My experience is that there are more marriages between the ladies and gentlemen in business in the same office than there would be between the same number of ladies and gentlemen, if not so closely associated in business. Their judgment in the choice of life partners is excellent, simply because of their experience. The boys see many kinds of girls, and the girls an equal variety of boys, and they learn to compare the qualities of those around them."

"Then business does not rob a lady of feminine qualities. She still wants to be a wife, and fulfill her duty as a female in life?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Are lady operators in this office robbed of their graces and charms by the discipline of business?"

"No, on the contrary, they add to their charms by being constantly on their dignity, which is a necessary outcome of discipline. Ladies in business lead two lives—one a business life, and the other a social life. The training of their business life makes them practical, economical and far-seeing in social life. The majority of them (perhaps it may be said that all of them) have dependents upon them at home, and the sense of responsibility thus developed necessarily makes them good housekeepers—good managers."

"You have had a long experience here in a room where two hundred ladies and five hundred men are together every day, has it been your experience that this contact has ever caused any scandal, or would cause you to advise parents to keep their daughters out of business?"

"No," Mr. Dealey replied, "I have never known of anything that had the shadow of scandal arising from any such contact; and instead of advising parents not to send their daughters to business (of course I am speaking only of this department) I know of no better school for those daughters. The discipline is rigid, severe, but always gentle, and the impression is always indelibly fixed on the mind, that the discipline has for its object the good of the employee, whether it be girl or boy, man or woman. So far as I know, no associations formed here have ever led to ill outside. The general effect of ladies and gentlemen being associated together in business is to tone up both sexes. My belief is that this influx, as it were, of women into business, began with the close of the war, when many of them were obliged from necessity, through the loss of those upon whom they depended, to find a means of providing for themselves. It has also since been helped along by the

improvements of the times, such as typewriters, the popularization of stenography and telegraphing and various other causes, and perhaps also to some extent by the natural law of demand—women intuitively seeing the advantages of meeting that demand.”

Really, a view of the seven hundred operators at their work was in itself an answer to many of the questions one desired to ask on this subject. The girls and women were singularly feminine in all their ways. No attempt at beautification had been missed. They were a comely lot of young women, and not only were their faces soft and plump and rosy and their coiffures modish, but they wore all those little fascinations in the shape of bows and ribbons and rings and elaborately draped garments which every properly constituted member of the sex so dotes upon. Their rounded forms gave no testimony against the healthfulness of their business. Wherever a girl was for a moment unoccupied with business she took up knitting, embroidery, crocheting or a newspaper. It is said that the talk of these girls among themselves is usually practical, sensible, and upon serious topics. The most interesting thing I observed there was the practical turn of mind and the very creditable ambition of those little girls called “pick-ups,” who are employed to carry telegrams hither and thither among the operators. When the dinner hour came some applied themselves to practice among the instruments and some to learning the type writer—all taking up one or the other, and each expecting soon to be earning more money. In this model workroom every girl is addressed as Miss, and referred to as a lady.

One head of a division, a man, said to me that the presence of women refines and softens the men, who become careful as to their dress and clean in speech. “And yet,” said he, “I never saw a flirtation here, and I believe few of the men know where any of the ladies live. When they leave this building each evening they forget each other.”

Mr. Brennan, the assistant manager, said that he had observed that the proportion of marriages is at least as great in that room as among an equal number of persons outside; that the operators marry one another, and that the women pick out the best men. He said that sometimes the wives return a year or two after marriage, but mainly he thought when they married outsiders—reverses and necessity being the motives. He said that he didn't believe that business affected the sexual peculiarities of women. They remain just as feminine, no matter how long they stay, though they become practical, confident and self-reliant. “As for the effect upon their morality much depends upon themselves,” he said. “A lady might work here ninety-nine years, and if she were lady-like, and showed no encouragement to misconduct on the part of a man, no improper advances would ever once be made toward her.”

It is strange almost to a startling degree how exactly this corresponds with what was learned from women's experiences in business offices as clerks, typewriters and secretaries. Every observation and comment upon the experiences of those women was duplicated in this telegraph workroom. There seems to be no doubt that men and women are both elevated by constant association together, and that women are better fitted, mentally, at least, for wifehood and motherhood by business training, as well as being better able to select husbands, when they get to know men and can judge of them without sentimental or romantic illusions. In a great cigar factory where men and women work together I made a curious discovery, which was that the girls after a short experience, begin to revolutionize the homes of their parents in the tenements by bringing into them flowers, paintings, newspapers, magazines, and conversation upon serious and public affairs. It has been observed that the influence they exert is most potent and far-reaching, so much so that their younger brothers and sisters are kept at school longer than other children of the same condition in the same neighborhood; that neatness and order arises out of the general slovenliness of the tenement life around them; that the beer kettle yields in a great degree to more innocent luxuries, and that the average of morality is raised among them. I do not need to say that this is true of only one cigar factory that I know of and that this one pays the best wages in town, and is so managed that the employees have a voice in the government and fixing of wages; that an insurance and relief fund is one of the features of the establishment and that the proprietors are very intelligent, humane and progressive men, who treat their laborers as if they were worthy of their hire. Nevertheless, this is a place in which men and women work shoulder to shoulder, and where, as everywhere else in such a case, it is said that no harm to the girls and much good to both sexes is found to be the result.

JULIAN RALPH.

Make Home Bright.

“There is nothing like fun at home,” says papa. “No, not if you search the world through. We want every possible amusement to keep the boys at home evenings.

Never mind if they do scatter books and pictures, coats, hats and boots. Never mind if they do make a noise around with their whistling and hurraing.

We would stand aghast if we could have a vision of the young men going to utter destruction for the very reason that, having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff firesides at home, they sought amusement elsewhere.

Don't let them wander beyond the reach of mother's influence yet a while. The time will come, before you think, when you would

give the world to have your house tumbled by the dear hands of those very boys; when your hearts shall long for their noisy steps in the hall, and their ruddy cheeks laid up to yours; when you would rather have their jolly whistle than the music of all the operas; when you would gladly have dirty carpets—aye, live without carpets at all—but to have their bright, strong forms beside you once more.

Then play with and pet them. Praise Johnny's drawing, Betty's music and baby's first attempt at writing her name. Encourage Tom to chop off his stick of wood and Dick to persevere in making his hen-coop. If one shows a talent for figures tell him he is your famous mathematician; and if another loves geography tell him he will be sure to make a great traveler or a foreign minister.

Become interested in their pets, be they rabbits, pigeons or dogs. Let them help you in home decorations; send them to gather mosses, grasses and bright autumn leaves to decorate their rooms when the snow is all over the earth, and you will keep yourself young and fresh by entering into their joys and keep those joys innocent by your knowledge of them.

If there is any picture of home-life suggestive of the cheerless November season of life, it is when frolicsome children scatter from their innocent sports, the mirth of childhood gives place to a silence only broken by timid whispers, when mamma comes into the room or papa gets home from the office or shop. To keep growing children out of bad company, make home attractive, and nothing else takes the place of real exuberant mirth, spontaneous fun. Sometimes it is positively necessary to limit and check it, but it is rarely wise to shut it off.—*Minneapolis Transcript.*

Woman's Affairs.

Ex-Empress Eugene talks of coming to America.

Twenty-five young women have just graduated from the Woman's Medical College of Chicago.

The argument against woman suffrage which is based on physical strength is one of the most absurd of the whole lot. Logically carried out, it would disfranchise half of the men in America, including some of those who have been most influential in shaping public affairs. It would also enfranchise a class of women, who as a rule, would be least fitted for the responsibilities of suffrage.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

The finishing blow whereby labor shall take its legitimate position in the world will be struck by the gentle hand of woman at the ballot box.—HUGH LESLIE in the *Labor Review*, of Clinton, Iowa.

The Mount of the Holy Cross.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

[The "Mount of the Holy Cross," the principal mountain of the Saguache Range, Colorado, is 14,176 feet above tidewater. The cross is located near the top, facing the east, and consists of two crevices filled with snow summer and winter. The crevices are about fifty feet wide and the snow in them from fifty to one hundred feet in depth. The perpendicular arm of the Cross is some 1,500 feet long and the horizontal arm 700 feet. The Cross can be seen at a distance of thirty or forty miles.]

The ocean divided, the land struggled through,
And a newly born continent, burst into view;
Like furrows upturned by the ploughshare of God
The mountain chains rose where the billows had trod.
And their towering summits in mighty array
Turned their terrible brows to the glare of the day,
Like sentinels guarding the gateway of Time,
Lest the contact of mortals should stain it with crime.

The ocean was vanquished, the new world was born,
Its headlands flung back the bold challenge of morn,
The sun from the trembling sea marshaled the mist
Till the hills by the soul of the ocean were kissed,
And the Winter king reached from his cloud-castled
height

To hang on each brow its first garland of white;
For the crystals came forth at the touch of his wand,
And the soul of the sea ruled again on the land.

Then arose the loud moan of the desolate tide,
As it called back its own from the far mountain side,
"O, soul of my soul, by the sun led astray,
Return to the heart that would hold thee alway;
The sun and the silver moon woo me in vain,
By day and by night I am sobbing with pain,
O, loved of my bosom, O, child of the Free,
Come back to the lips that are waiting for thee."

But a sound like all melodies mingled in one
Came down through the spaces that cradled the sun.
Like music from far distant planets it fell,
Till earth, air and ocean were hushed in the spell;
"Be silent, ye waters, and cease your alarm,
All motion is only the pulse of my arm;
In my breath the vast systems unerringly swing,
And mine is the chorus the morning stars sing.

"Twas mine to create them, 'tis mine to command
The land to the ocean, the sea to the land;
All, all are my creatures, and they who would give
True worship to me must for each other live.
Lo, I leave on the mountain a sign that shall be
A type of the union of land and of sea—
An emblem of anguish that comes before bliss,
For they who would conquer must conquer by this."

The roar of the earthquake in answer was heard,
The land from its solid foundation was stirred,
The breast of the mountain was rent by the shock,
And a cross was revealed on the heart of the rock;
One hand pointing south, where the tropic gales blow,
And one to the kingdom of winter and snow,
While its face turned to welcome the dawn from afar,
Ere Jordan had rolled under Bethlehem's star.

The harp of the elements over it swung,
In the wild chime of Nature its advent was rung;
Around it the hair of the Winter king curled,
Against it in fury his lances were hurled,
And the pulse of the hurricane beat in its face
Till the snows were locked deep in its mighty embrace,
And its arms were outstretched on the mountain's
cold breast
As spotless and white as the robes of the blest.

Then the spirit of Summer came up from the south,
With the smile of the Junos on her beautiful mouth,
And breathed on the valleys, the plains and the hills,
While the snow rippled home in the arms of the rills.

The winter was gone, but the symbol was there,
Towering mutely and grand, like the angel of prayer,
Where the morning shall stream on the place of its
birth,
Till the last cross is borne by the toilers of earth.

It cannot grow old while the sea-breath is drawn
From the lips of the billows at evening and dawn,
While heaven's pure finger transfigures the dews,
And with garlands of frost-work its beauty renews;
It was there when the blocks of the pyramid pile
Were drifting in sands o'er the banks of the Nile,
And it still shall point homeward, a token of trust,
When pyramids crumble in dimness and dust.

It shall lean o'er the world like a banner of peace,
Till discord and war between brothers shall cease,
Till the red sea of Time shall be cleansed of its gore,
And the years like white pebbles be washed to the
shore.

As long as the incense from ocean shall rise,
To weave its bright woof on the warp of the skies,
As long as the clouds into crystals shall part,
That cross shall gleam high on the continent's heart.

To Avoid Premature Old Age.

The following good advice is given by Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson: The rules for the prevention of senile disease are all personal. They should begin in youth. It should be a rule among grown-up people never to subject children to mental shocks and unnecessary griefs. When, in the surrounding of the child life, some grave calamity has occurred, it is best to make the event as light as possible to the child, and certainly to avoid thrilling it with sights and details which stir it to its utmost, and in the end only leave upon the mind and heart incurable wounds and oppressions. Children should never be taken to funerals, nor to sights that cause a sense of fear and dread, combined with great grief, or to sights which call forth pain and agony in man or in the lower animals.

To avoid premature old age in mature life, the following are important points to remember:

Dwelling on the inevitable past, forming vain hypotheses as to what might have been if this or that had or had not been, acquiring a craze for recounting what has occurred—these acts do more harm to future health and effort than many other things connected with real calamity. Occupation and new pursuits are best preventives for mental shock and bereavement.

Hate keeps the heart always at full tension. It gives rise to oppression of the brain and senses. It confuses the whole man. It robs the stomach of nervous power, and digestion being impaired, the failure of life begins at once. Those, therefore, who are born with this passion—and a good many, I fear, are—should give it up.

The expression of jealousy is old age, in however young a face it may be cast. Jealousy preys upon and kills the heart. So, jealous men are not only unhappy, but broken-hearted, and live short lives. I have known no man of jealous nature live anything like a long life or a useful one. The prevention of jealousy is diversion of mind

toward useful and unselfish work. Everything that interferes with chastity favors vital deterioration, while the grosser departures from chastity, leading to specific and hereditary disease, are certain causes of organic degeneration and premature old age.

When old age has commenced, its march is best delayed by attention to those rules by which life is sustained with the least friction and the least waste. The prime rules for this purpose are:

Subsist on light but nutritious diet, with milk as the standard food, but varied according to seasons.

Take food, in moderate quantity, four times in the day, including a light meal before going to bed.

Clothe warmly but lightly, so that the body may, in all seasons, maintain its equal temperature, keep the body in fair exercise, and the mind active and cheerful. Maintain an interest in what is going on in the world, and take part in reasonable labors and pleasures, as though old age were not present. Take plenty of sleep during sleeping hours. Avoid passion, excitement, luxury.

Of Captain Kidd, with whom Lord Byron sailed to Lisbon, in 1809, he used to mention a strange story: "The officer stated, that being asleep one night in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs, and, there being a faint light in the room, could see, as he thought, distinctly the figure of his brother, who was at that time in the naval service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes, and made an effort to sleep; but still the same pressure continued, and still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across him in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform, in which it appeared to be dressed, dripping wet. On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished; but in a few months after he received the startling intelligence that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance, Captain Kidd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt."

Ancient India, the source of all scriptures entertained a respect for woman, amounting to almost worship, and it was priestly influence alone that reduced her to a state of inequality and subordination which, owing still to that influence, has not disappeared from the social systems of nations, and may yet be found in the land of the free, under the stars and stripes.

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THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER Editor

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

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AGENTS.

Thomas Lees, 142 Ontario St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Samuel D. Green, 132 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn.
Mr. J. J. Morse, trance speaker, at present located at 541 Pacific street, Brooklyn, New York.
J. K. Cooper, 746 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.
W. H. Terry, 84 Russel street, Melbourne, Australia.
Banner of Light Bookstore, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.
H. A. Korsey, 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

MAY, 1887.

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

Camp-Meetings—Their Object and Aim.

Camp-meetings were formerly solely religious convocations, having for their purpose the advancement of the teachings of the Methodists, who were the most zealous in the promulgation of their religious views of any denomination of orthodox Christians, and annually assembled together, full of zeal and enthusiasm to preach the Word to sinners, exhort the faithful to renewed efforts, convert the unconverted and receive a general outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

These occasions were a sort of religious holiday, when good people came from far and near, with ox-teams, hay wagons, carts, on horseback and some on foot, walking many miles in sparsely-settled districts to have their spiritual strength renewed at these enthusiastic revival meetings.

Their greatest preachers joined in the simple and crude methods of tent life, and entered heartily in the work of "saving souls." The result was large accessions to the church, a sort of gathering-in harvest. In addition to this, old friendships were renewed, new ties of fraternal interest formed and a closer spiritual kinship developed, uniting all in one harmonious body, working

for the same purpose and with oneness of heart.

When the people returned to their homes each bore with him some new light and added strength to brighten and lighten the dull round of toil, until another year should bring again the pentecostal season.

The camp-meetings of to-day are quite different. They are now conducted according to the rules of chartered associations, with corporate rights and franchises of the same nature as those belonging to railroads and banking associations. Each institution has its corporate name, and states its object to be the establishment and maintenance of usually a sea-side resort, founded upon Christian principles, and affording religious as well as healthful recreation.

Spiritualists have imitated their orthodox friends in this respect and gone far ahead of them as regards popularity and public patronage.

The eastern camp-meetings under the auspices of Spiritualists are thronged each season with thousands of people who are drawn together from various motives. The true Spiritualist, like the old-time Methodist, finds in these yearly convocations renewed spiritual strength, hope and courage which enables him to meet more successfully the trials and temptations of life. The curiosity seeker attends these meetings to "see what is going on," the skeptic, "to prove what frauds they all are," and the pleasure-loving crowds go "to have a good time" sailing on the lovely lakes, patronizing the skating rinks, attending the charming entertainments, gliding through the mazy dance, or, when satiated with these pleasures, turning inquiringly towards the more abiding joys of the spiritual seance, are unconsciously drawn into an investigation of the phenomena.

The heart-hungry who have feasted at the communion tables of orthodox churches, and in time found that what they had partaken of as the true bread of life was only husks, go with unutterable yearning to the table of the spiritual mediums, hoping, doubting, yet praying that there they may find that bread which, after having tasted they will not hunger again, and that there they may find the living waters, which shall slake all thirst.

In view of all these diversified conditions having to be met and ministered unto according to their respective needs, much care and attention must necessarily be given even to the minutest details to secure the most favor-

able results. The object of our camp-meetings is ostensibly the promulgation of the truths of the spiritual philosophy. To successfully accomplish this end, good speakers who are capable of expounding *intelligently* the philosophy must be engaged, but as the philosophy without accompanying demonstration is comparatively valueless, there must also be *good*, reliable media, through whom the phenomena may be given. With these important factors available the prime object will most certainly be obtained. Combined with these factors must be various accessories, such as proper time, place and accessibility.

While it is desirable on the part of some to withdraw from the pressing cares of everyday life and seek a season of rest and relaxation in the quiet and retirement of camp-life, where they can daily commune with nature apart from the busy scenes to which they are accustomed, yet there are others, (and they are in the majority) who find themselves so related to their business affairs that such seasons of rest and recreation are impossible and can only take brief respites from toil in which to gratify their higher spiritual longings. In order to accommodate this class, care in the selection of a favorable locality should be used, and an effort made to combine in as great degree as possible the requirements of each, but respecting the demands of the majority, as the greatest good to the greatest number should be the paramount aim.

At these gatherings, everything having a tendency to elevate, harmonize and spiritualize those assembled, should be cultivated; good music is indispensable.

Sociability should predominate. None should be permitted to feel themselves strangers and alone. All should endeavor to get acquainted. Much of the unhappiness, the unkindness and misunderstandings among us would vanish did we only know each other better. If we could realize the struggles, trials and defeats crowding into the lives of all we would be drawn into closer bonds of sympathy and affection, and forgetting the weaknesses and errors, look only for the good, the noble and true. Many of the mists which now veil us from the faces of our own, would be lifted, did we know as we are known.

The entertainments should be given with a view to interest, amuse and instruct both old and young, and afford an opportunity of

freely mingling together sociably. The details of the camp, the order of daily exercises should be under the supervision of competent officials, and everything that will be conducive to the comfort, convenience and happiness of all concerned should be brought into requisition. The especial demands of the occasion must, of course, be decided by those having the management in charge, and upon their wisdom and sagacity depends in large measure whatever of success attends the convention.

Our Camp-meeting.

On Sunday morning, May 1st, a small party from this city took an early boat for Oakland, for the purpose of visiting the grounds upon which the coming Camp-meeting is to be held. After a forty minutes' ride by boat and local train, we arrived at Clinton station, in East Oakland; a walk of nine short blocks occupied fifteen minutes more, and we were at our destination, the whole trip occupying about one hour. The grounds are located at the corner of Twelfth street and First avenue, on the eastern shore of Lake Merritt, directly opposite those occupied last year. The present location far surpasses the former, as there will be plenty of room, and the grounds have been well kept and contain many beautiful ornamental and shade trees. The view is magnificent. Looking west and north the silvery lake, dotted with snowy sails, first greets the eye; next, its farther shore, dressed in a garb of spring-time loveliness, and the stately mansions of aristocratic Oakland, surrounded with their wealth of flowers and varied foliage. Still farther on appear the green-clad foothills of the Contra Costa range of Coast mountains, the whole scene a vast panorama of beauty, such as is seldom seen from any one point of observation. Winding around the border of the lake, below the high bluff is a romantic foot-path, where lovers would delight to ramble, and even commonplace people, who have an eye for the beautiful, would consider a charming walk. Then there are boat-houses and boats near at hand, where those who enjoy a sail can be accommodated. The large tent will be located near the center of the grounds, and the tents for camping occupy the northeast portion, while a goodly portion will be reserved for promenades, pic-

nics, etc. It is proposed to have a line of omnibuses from Clinton, or Oak street stations, so that passengers need be subjected to no delay, or the inconvenience of walking. The horse-cars from Broadway to Brooklyn pass the grounds, affording accommodation to passengers from either way. Mr. J. J. Morse, of England, one of the finest trance speakers on the spiritual rostrum, will be the principal speaker. Dr. H. F. Merrill, an excellent platform test medium, from Montague, Mass., is also expected to be present. Our best local talent, both speakers and mediums, will participate. The first service will be held Sunday morning, June 5th. All who can possibly do so, should be present on that occasion, and assist in dedicating the place to communion with the angels. Mr. Joseph Maguire has charge of the music, and from our knowledge of his ability we can assure our friends that this will be an attractive feature of the convention. Let us all unitedly work for a pleasant, harmonious time, and we will have it.

"Unspeakable Logic!" A series of spiritual discourses, given through the mediumship of Thomas Gales Forster, is one of the most beautiful and valuable works that has found its way to our table for some time. It contains a brief biographical introduction by Mrs. Carrie Grimes Forster, of the life and labors of her husband, who was one of the most gifted and eloquent speakers upon the spiritual rostrum, and who passed to spirit-life at Washington, D. C., March 23d, 1886. The book contains twenty-four lectures upon spiritual subjects which embody the highest, purest teachings, and are calculated to edify and exalt all who read them. It should have a large circulation as its intrinsic worth demands. For sale by Colby & Rich, *Banner of Light Office*, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Ada Foye's interesting Sunday evening meetings continue to attract large audiences and are doing a vast amount of good. Her tests are clear and positive and almost invariably given to strangers and skeptics who have never before met Mrs. Foye, and upon the occasion of their first visit to a spiritual meeting. At a recent meeting communications were written in three different languages, Italian, German and Spanish, all of which were read and interpreted by persons in the audience, as Mrs. Foye cannot

speak or write any but the English. This, however, is a common occurrence, she having been known to write in as many as *nine languages* in one evening. Mrs. Foye has recently received an urgent invitation from the Spiritual Association of Sidney, Australia, to visit that portion of the globe at the earliest possible date, and remain as long as she can, for they highly appreciate the grand work she did for them during a previous visit and are impatiently awaiting her return. So far as our experience goes we consider Mrs. Foye without an equal in her special phases of mediumship, and especially adapted to public work. Our only wonder is that she does not give the world at large an opportunity of witnessing her superior mediumship.

Fred Evans, the slate-writing medium and J. J. Owen, editor of the *Golden Gate*, have returned from their southern trip crowned with laurels. On no occasion did Mr. Evans' guides fail to produce the most satisfactory writing between the closed slates under the most crucial test conditions; thus establishing beyond question the fact of independent slate writing (should there be any so foolish as to doubt it) in the minds of all who witnessed the manifestation in his presence. At Los Angeles, Mr. Wilson created quite a ripple by a challenge which he had inserted in one of the city papers, offering Mr. Evans \$1000, if he would produce writing upon slates which he (Wilson) would furnish and which should be held by a committee selected for the purpose. Mr. Evans at once accepted the challenge, which had the effect of silencing the would-be detective of fraud. For full reports of these interesting meetings the reader is referred to recent numbers of the *Golden Gate*.

Dr. J. L. York gave his last address before a San Francisco audience, previous to his departure for an extended trip East, on Sunday evening, May 1st, at Mrs. Ada Foye's meeting, in Washington Hall. His remarks, as usual, teemed with grand thoughts eloquently expressed, and interspersed with sufficient wit and sarcasm to amuse as well as interest and instruct his listeners. Dr. York and wife left the city on the 7th inst., carrying with them the cordial good wishes of a host of warm friends for their abundant success, preaching the word of truth, and absolute mental liberty to the people. They are

authorized agents for the CARRIER DOVE and *Golden Gate*, and we trust that through their earnest work, the cause everywhere will receive new impetus and the light spread abroad over the whole land.

GOING EAST.—Dr. Stansbury, the well-known independent slate-writer and test medium of this city, is contemplating an extended trip through Oregon, Washington Territory and British Columbia. He will go overland via the recently completed California and Oregon railroad, visiting en route, Ashland, Salem, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and Victoria, from whence he will go East via Northern Pacific railroad to attend the Eastern Camp-meetings. He expects to be at Cassadaga, Lake Pleasant, Onset Bay, Neshaminy and Chattanooga Camp-meetings, returning to San Francisco about October 1st. Societies desiring to engage the Doctor's services for public seances or platform tests, may address him at 32 Ellis street, this city, until the middle of June.

"REFORMADOR."—This interesting exchange comes to our table a welcome visitor from the far-away South. It is published at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, and is the organ of the Brazilian Spiritual Federation, and treats of matters relating to Spiritualism; practically recording its facts, and theoretically studying it as a science, as philosophy, or as a doctrine. It has been four years in existence, and is the only organ of Modern Spiritualism in Rio de Janeiro.

"BEYOND."—This is the title of a new book of one hundred and forty-one pages, published by H. H. Kenyon, of St. Paul, Minn. It is "A Record of Real life in the Beautiful Country Over the River and Beyond," given through the mediumship of Mr. Kenyon's daughter. It is an interesting narrative of the personal experiences in spirit life of various members of the family and other friends. For sale at this office. Price, fifty cents.

The services at Metropolitan Temple, under the auspices of the Religious and Philosophical Society, have temporarily suspended owing to the continued ill-health of the speaker, Mrs. E. L. Watson. It is expected that these meetings will be resumed the first of July next.

The New Birth of Mrs. Dr. S. N. Aspinwall.

From an eastern exchange we learn of the death, or new birth, rather, of Mrs. S. N. Aspinwall, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr. and Mrs. Aspinwall will be remembered by many Spiritualists of this city by whom they are loved and respected as a dear brother and sister who were co-workers with us in this field for a brief time; and all join in sending loving sympathy to the one so suddenly bereaved of the sweet companionship of the angel of his heart and home. We who know the truth of spirit communion should find great consolation in the knowledge that our darling dead return and communicate with us—that they are ours still, and see and know all our grief as before the shadow came between us; yet the pang of outward separation remains, and we long for the dear tangible form; we long to clasp the hand and look into the face of love and hear the voice of sweetness as in the olden time. Human nature is human still, and so long as mankind is encased in the physical and material, so long as they are born, love and die, will they also suffer. Happiness and sorrow go hand in hand through the world. We live in the light and sunshine of one for a brief season and then the darkness and gloom of the other enfolds us; yet above and beyond all shadow, brighter and clearer than our brightest sunshine, shines and glows the star of immortal life and immortal love. In the midnight of our grief, its glory-gleams shed a halo of light o'er our path-way, guiding and leading us along the shining roads, our loved have traversed, until at last we, too, shall enter the gates of the Celestial City.

A grove meeting of Spiritualists will be held at New Era, Clackamas Co., Oregon, beginning Thursday, June 23d and continuing five days. The Board of Trustees will make all necessary arrangements for the success of the meeting, including reduction of railroad fare, etc. This June meeting is a kind of preliminary to a meeting of several weeks' duration to be held, probably on the same grounds, later in the season, of which due notice will be given. Wm. Phillips, President; Thos. Buckman, Secretary.

Mrs. Eckleston, the "symbol medium," will attend the Camp-meeting.

Editorial Notes.

Our best local mediums have all been engaged for the Camp-meeting.

The new Camp-meeting grounds are "perfectly lovely," do not fail to come and see them.

Remember the Camp-meeting commences June 1st, and all be on the grounds ready to participate in the opening exercises. A feast of good things will be prepared.

Brother H. C. Wilson has disposed of his business at No. 1, Fifth street, and taken rooms at 32 Ellis street, where he can be consulted or addressed for the present.

We have been reading the book called "The Career of the Stolen Boy Charlie," by Mrs. Caroline Oakley and Willie Fern, and find it an entertaining book for young people. Price \$1.25 for sale by Mr. W. H. F. Briggs, 35 Sixth street, S. F.

We are very proud of our "officers" pictures in this issue. Do you think the Camp-meeting can fail with such intelligent heads to guide and direct its course? No; let the waves of opposition and prejudice beat against it if they will, the grand ship will keep straight on regardless of breakers until the "Port of Peace" is entered.

Miss Susie Johnson, the well-known trance speaker has returned from a very successful six months of spiritual service at Victoria, British Columbia. She is one of our most able speakers, and should be kept constantly upon the rostrum, dispensing the spiritual food so freely given her by the angels. Miss Johnson has gone to her home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. George, wife of the celebrated author of "Progress and Poverty," is a woman of domestic tastes, devoted to her husband and their four children. She is a small, plump, cheery woman, who never gets down-hearted, and people who know them well say that but for her unflagging devotion and enthusiastic belief in him, Henry George would never have been able to come triumphantly through the long period of straightened means and hard work which preceded his success. It is no wonder that he believes in woman suffrage.

Notice.

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

Dr. Schlesinger will give a free sitting to any one who will subscribe for the *Golden Gate* or CARRIER DOVE. As either of these valuable journals are well worth the subscription price, we consider this a very liberal offer. The doctor is without an equal in his special and peculiar phase of mediumship, and his tests are convincing and satisfactory to the most skeptical.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays and evenings sittings will be given by appointment.

Important.

The Committee having charge of the decorations at the Camp-meeting, would respectfully solicit donations of flowers, evergreens or potted plants to be used on that occasion. Care will be taken of such plants and at the close of meeting they will be returned to owners. Those who will assist us in this way can send their address to the Committee and the donations will be called for. Small bouquets thankfully received.

Address,

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER,
32 Ellis street, San Francisco.

MRS. C. E. Eliot,
Henry House, Ninth street, Oakland.

Committee on Decoration.

The CARRIER DOVE for March is at hand, and as usual is a masterpiece for typographical beauty and completeness. If our friends will send twenty-five cents for a sample copy they will be fully repaid the valuable reading which each number contains. Try it once.—*The Nonconformist.*

Had we not faults of our own we should take less pleasure in observing those of others.

MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

We have decided to have a department in this journal devoted to such spirit communications as can be vouched for as having been obtained through reliable mediums; and whatever facts pertaining to the phenomena that may be equally true and genuine. The following, which is taken from the *Golden Gate*, we can vouch for as a correct statement:

A SKEPTIC CONVINCED.—A very interesting test, with those two grand mediums, Drs. Schlesinger and Stansbury, has come to our notice which, though not as startling in its nature as many, is of a very convincing and satisfactory character, and while frequently met with by those of large experience with mediums is especially interesting to investigators who are just beginning the study of our phenomena. A skeptic in a seance with Dr. Schlesinger was so overwhelmed with testimony that he took his wife the following day, and while she was sitting with Dr. Schlesinger, the gentleman went up to Dr. Stansbury's office, in the same building, and had a seance, during which he wrote a ballot asking his little boy if he had been able to talk to his mamma, and what he had said to her. The ballot was placed between two slates which were held entirely by the gentleman. The result was, the boy wrote on both slates, telling what he had said to his mamma. "On going down stairs to his wife, he asked: "What did you get?" She began telling at once, almost word for word, what her boy had said, which was the same as appeared on the slates. The lady and gentleman were both highly pleased, and they were firmly convinced that they had received messages from their darling boy. It is these little experiences, constantly occurring in the course of the skeptic's investigation, that makes converts to our cause, rather than occasional demonstrations of a more marvelous character.—*The Golden Gate.*

Report of a Seance with Dr. Stansbury.

Dr. J. L. York and wife called upon Dr. Stansbury April 26th, taking their own slates with them and obtained highly satisfactory results. Dr. York stated that he wrote a question and folded it securely, while Dr. Stansbury was standing on the opposite side of the room, looking out of the window. He then placed it between two slates, one end of which himself and Mrs. York held while Dr. Stansbury held the other. In just three minutes the writing was completed, when the slates were opened and the question satisfactorily answered. The slates never having passed out of Dr. York's hands he con-

sidered the demonstration very satisfactory indeed. The following is the question written by Dr. York and the reply; also a message from his two sons in spirit life.

Question: Are my friends satisfied with my course and attitude as related to Spiritualism—that is, claiming, as for myself, it to be a belief, not knowledge?

Answer: You are doing the work intermediate between Spiritualism and materialism, that no other man can do. Your friends are satisfied with your work. Go ahead.

T. STARR KING.

Message from sons:

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:—There is life and immortality for all, and intercommunication between the two worlds and the entire universe.

FRANK AND FRED.

Besides the above, many other messages of a private nature were received under the same strictly test conditions upon that occasion.

The following extract from a private letter from Dr. H. F. Merrill, contains a test, to us, of much value, Dr. M——, being an entire stranger.

"I see with my clairvoyant vision white-robed beautiful beings all around you; and one in particular I behold is a young, fair and beautiful maiden, with mild blue eyes, long golden hair, with features and form as perfect as the beautiful, shining white roses she brings to you."

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS CARRIER DOVE, Friends:—Your beautiful magazine affords us much pleasure and instruction. In its peculiar field it is unsurpassed. Its friends and supporters should number many thousands to place it on a paying basis, worthy its management. We prize its engravings of pioneer workers in the cause of Spiritualism, together with sketches of their lives and labors, and hope some time to be able to order the preceding volumes in bound books. With thanks for your kindness to us and good works for humanity; in need and indeed,
Yours truly,
S. H. HERRING.

Mrs. Hendee's Work.

This untiring, faithful worker, and true, noble woman and medium, has sent us a little notice of a brief visit to Merced County, and of the interest there manifested in the cause of Spiritualism, which we know will interest our readers, and also give them a glimpse of how our brave teachers "go about doing good," sowing seeds of truth that shall some day blossom

into forms of beauty and fragrance along the pathway of their future.

EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE:—On Saturday, 23 of April, by invitation of Mr. C. Bliven, I visited their beautiful home at Livingston, Merced County. On arriving at three o'clock, I was cordially received by Mr. Bliven and his noble wife and interesting family. They had anticipated my coming, and had invited guests to a spiritual lecture, on Sunday, at two P. M. At the appointed time a goodly number came in carriages from distances of miles. They were much pleased, as my guides gave a brief history of Spiritualism, and an inspirational poem, after which "Hitchicum" controlled, giving tests to all, which were very satisfactory. In the evening we held a seance, and Mrs. Dr. Foye was controlled, and gave tests, and a lady medium, who has recently allowed her control in public, gave some fine tests. I remained until Wednesday, and our time was fully occupied with sittings and pleasant visits. They have a lovely home, surrounded by fields of waving grain as far as the eye can see. There has been quite an awakening, many receiving fine tests, which were convincing as I was an entire stranger in their midst. Mr. and Mrs. Bliven are grand and reliable people, and many others are doing a good work. May good angels bless them all. Yours for truth,

MRS. UPHAM HENDEE.

To Be a Medium.

Has any one considered what it is to be a medium—the peculiar condition one is placed in to be a recipient of spirit power, and subject to spirit control? If they have never felt the influence, they can have no conception of the peculiar, undefined sensations one has to undergo who is being subject to the influence of spirits. It is only of recent date that the true knowledge of mediumship has been understood or recognized. We find that mankind has ever been strangely led, or guided, and the advent of Modern Spiritualism has demonstrated an intelligent purpose in the return of departed spirits, who act as guides and teachers to their friends, or those whom they may control. Therefore, those who are susceptible receive impressions and visions, and are impelled to do many things they cannot resist, sometimes spasmodic laughing or crying, or personation of the peculiarities of the one controlling, that they may be identified. All this is very trying to the medium who has to undergo these strange phases; oftentimes feeling the same sensations that they represent. A true medium, or one who is susceptible of spirit influence sufficient to represent by act, form, trance, clairvoyance, or inspiration, the one controlling, yielding their own individuality to the unseen intelligence, must pass through a trying ordeal to fit them for the work of

the angels. They must pass through many distressing changes, both chemically and impressionally. They find it thorough training, and all phases are practiced upon them before they submit them to the crucial test of proving the immortality of the soul. The manifestations of spirit power differ greatly, some mediums being gently and easily controlled, while others are violently moved, differing according to the power manifesting. The world has little knowledge of the wonderful power of spirit, and when we behold a sensitive subject to the control of a spirit in its effort to prove its identity, we perceive not only power, but intelligence, and that intelligence human, having a purpose in subjecting the medium to his control. The experiences of thirty years convince me that we are like clay in the hands of the potter, and the more plastic we become under the pressure, the more harmonious will be our development; but we must always try to elevate and harmonize our own spirits to the highest and truest conditions, and be guided by our highest and noblest thoughts. Life is yet an unsolved mystery, that will sometime be explained.

MRS. UPHAM HENDEE.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE, Dear Madam:—There is an old adage to the effect that what is left to be done at some time is not done at all, and I am afraid I have been almost on the point of illustrating the truth of it by my long delay in writing to you. THE CARRIER DOVE I have seen month by month filled from end to end with the choicest and most varied reading matter, so I am sure you have not felt the need of a contribution from my pen; still, as my long silence may have seemingly betokened indifference to your excellent periodical and neglect of my good friends in Oakland, I trust at this late day to counteract any such feeling, by assuring all who read these lines that extreme pressure of business has been my only reason, as it is my sole justification for such apparent negligence. No doubt you have all heard something of my movement since last October, as no one who is as constantly before the public as I am can hope to live in seclusion from the all-observing, all-criticising eye of the world, though that inquisitorial organ does not always regard any of us with unmixed favor. I am thankful to be able to say in all sincerity that I have received far more kindness than the reverse wherever I have wandered since last I saw the inside of the nest of the CARRIER DOVE, in which peaceful retreat, I doubt not, an immense amount of ennobling and harmonizing influence is generated to be sent out to bless the wide, wide world, when the DOVES spread their pinions; and with olive branch in mouth carry good tidings to near and far by land

and sea. As my principal fields of work have been Boston and Chicago during the past winter and early spring, I have more news from those two great centres of life and activity than from any other parts of the country, though I have been on several occasions, to New York and Brooklyn. I have also visited Grand Rapids and other cities further west. In Boston, as usual, spiritual work is being carried on quite extensively and in many halls. During the winter, which has been a very unsettled one, so far as weather is concerned, the attendance everywhere has fluctuated, though a good average has been uniformly maintained. In point of size of building and imposing nature of surroundings it is needless to say the great Spiritual Temple, corner of Exeter and Newbury streets, has the unquestioned pre-eminence. The work, though not as yet very extensive, considering the facilities such a building offers in the best location in the city, has been and still is productive of much good and is the means of interesting the most refined and cultivated people in spiritual subjects. The queer ideas some people have of Spiritualism are simply ludicrous, but when once they attend a well-conducted spiritual meeting they soon change the tune of their remarks from scornful badinage to respectful appreciation. The great organ at the temple, a truly magnificent instrument, pours forth its sublime melodies prior to the principal services, and as the glorious harmonies float from the massive building and fill all the surrounding air with melody, the passers by are many of them attracted inside the hospitable walls. The genial countenance and kindly manner of Mr. Ayer, the president, and of all the officers and ushers, the sweet singing of Miss Sara Fisher, as well as the superb playing of Mr. Everett Truette, suffice to present sterling attractions, whoever may be the lecturer or whatever may be the order of the exercises. Whenever I have been privileged to occupy the platform I have seen before me a vast concourse of eager, interested faces, and have felt a truly inspiring influence, whether from the building or the audience I cannot decide, I think from both. At Parker Memorial Hall, where I have been the regular speaker every Sunday, except during March, when the platform was occupied by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, who drew very large audiences, we have had many delightful concerts as well as the regular meetings, and the general interest in the work has been considerable. Berkeley Hall, Eagle Hall, Harmony Hall, and other places where spiritual meetings are regularly held two or three times each Sunday and frequently during the week, are still drawing crowds within the doors, and presenting tests as well as philosophy to the public. The charges brought against physical mediums, particularly those for the phenomena com-

monly called materialization, have been serious, but in many instances malicious and unfounded, and when not positively as bad as that greatly exaggerated. The mediums in the long run do not suffer nearly so much as those who seek to accomplish their downfall. Error destroys itself and slanders wounds the mind which gives it birth. To live above calumny and pay no heed to our detractors is surely both the wisest and the safest course for all to pursue. Jealousy and envy are at the bottom of the great percentage of recriminations. Many people are afraid certain mediums are getting on in the world better than themselves, so out of revenge they organize a conspiracy and condescend to the basest maneuvers to entrap and convict the object of their dislike. Self-righteous hypocrites are, of course, always ready to pelt their neighbors with the stones of belligerent accusation, and in some instances even to assail them with brute force, but much to their chagrin, the very persons they have tried to crush rise to heights of fame their traducers will certainly never reach in this existence, unless they radically change their ways. The more I see of fraud hunters and medium persecutors the more I am convinced that the majority of sensitives are far more sinned against than sinning. Wherever I go, I find an increasing interest in all that pertains to the spiritual side of life. Some very interesting new books have recently quickened the desire of the public to look into spiritual matters seriously. One which I have recently come across, is entitled *Light on the Hidden Way*. It is by a lady belonging to the Church of the Disciples, Boston, whose venerable and highly respected pastor, Dr. James Freeman Clarke, has written an introduction to it, fully sympathizing with the author's desire to make public some of her most interesting and enlightening spiritual experiences. Dr. Clarke is, however, somewhat wary in his endorsement of Spiritualism; but he, no doubt, in common with many other eminent, liberal-minded persons considers it best to leave the mind of readers and investigators as unbiased and unprejudiced as possible, which they would not in all cases be, were certain representative men, whom they hold in exceptionally high esteem to become ardently enthusiastic. *Light on the Hidden Way* has probably reached California ere this. I am sure it is destined to make many people think. The descriptions in its pages of spiritual experiences are so graphically, yet artlessly told, they cannot fail to impress the reader with the thorough genuineness of the narration. Another much larger and more pretentious volume is *The Mystery of the Ages*, by Lady Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar. Any work from the pen of that truly illustrious lady, is sure to be of the highest excellence, as all who have read her previous works must be fully pre-

pared to admit; but, however much praise be bestowed on *Serious Letters to Serious Friends*, or any other of her most valuable literary efforts, this new work eclipses them all. The amount of information compressed into one volume is simply amazing. It is a veritable theosophical encyclopædia; the knowledge and libraries of the earth seem to have emptied their contents into this one book which seems like a powerful magnet attracting to itself the wisdom of the ages. Those who are privileged to know Lady Caithness personally, feel it impossible for her to do any but the very best conceivable work, if she attempts anything at all. I speak of what I *know* when I say that in all my travels I never found so much real wisdom combined with such surprising grace and royal good-heartedness united in one person as in this queen among women, of whom no one can utter a slighting word unless it be in ignorance or malice. Though I am as much of a metaphysician as ever, I should be very sorry to take so narrow a view of spiritual science as to disbelieve in the efficacy of all endeavors to heal sickness and produce harmony unless they were put forward in certain phraseology or under certain *espionage*. I have found myself, therefore in full accord with Doctors Emmet and Helen Densmore of New York, whenever I have been in that city, and enjoyed their genial hospitality and delightful conversation. This estimable couple advocate a strictly hygienic diet as one of the principal aids to health. They eschew meat and all highly seasoned foods, and though their table cannot be luxuriously, it is always temptingly spread with delicacies and nutritious food. I have found of late an increasing desire on the part of seekers after truth to discover and adopt a simpler diet than the one ordinarily prevalent, and honesty compels me to admit that so far as my experience goes the simpler and purer one's manner of living is, the easier it is for one to think clearly and resist the ravages of discord and disorder from whatever cause they may arise. I have recently observed in several striking instances that diet has a decided effect on mediumship; it therefore appears very important that Spiritualists should pay more attention than they usually do to their culinary, as well as other duties, not in adding to the onerous weight of such duties, but in largely lightening them. I am sorry for some reasons, that I am not to be at Oakland for the Camp-meeting this season, as my experience there last June will long remain fresh in my memory. No matter where I go I never meet kinder friends nor a more hearty welcome than in the beautiful "land of oaks" which I shall be delighted to see again in September next. Fearing to trespass too far upon your valuable space I will conclude, when I feel I am only just beginning to say a word to you and all your

numerous readers. With hearty good wishes for the DOVE and all to whom it flies laden with wisdom, believe me,

Your sincere friend,

W. J. COLVILLE,

481 Shawmont Avenue, Boston.

April 30, 1887.

Geo. D. Prentice.

When Geo. D. Prentice arrived in Louisville, it was not as a brilliant young journalist, looking for a position in which to shine, but as a drunken loafer, utterly uncertain about a place in which to sleep. In this condition he met and made friends with a fellow who was as near a tramp as any that existed in that day, and who was known as a "strolling tinker," or traveling mender of tin pots. They made a day of it, to the extent of the funds they both had, and such credit as they could get, at the risk of boots applied to their coat-tails. Night came on, and George D. Prentice bewailed his lavish and open drinking which left him without the means to get a bed. The tinker said, with the lordly hospitality of a very tipsy man: "You shall go home with me."

George assented to his "comerlong erme," and arm in arm they started for their "home." The man seemed to know where he was going, and soon reached an obscure street, not far from the Ohio river. He paused at a shed, let down a bar, and again mumbled out his word, which could be divided in "come'erlong'er-me." Then he at once rolled over the bar, and fell into some straw, and Prentice following. There were some sharp squeals and some loud and angry grunts, as of disturbed swine.

Prentice shook his friend, who was already asleep, and said, "See here, is this your home?"

"Yes, sir-ee," said the sleepy tinker.

"It sounds and smells like a hog-pen," said the half-sobered Prentice.

"What-er that—they'll have to stand it," said the fellow, who then went to sleep.

Prentice was still too drunk to know how to get out again, but he lay and thought. His thoughts were: "Here am I, a man of good education and of good parents, and well brought up. I have been enjoying myself and living high and having a good time. Let's see how high I have got. I am out of clothes, out of money, out of character—that's three outs; and I have arisen to be the companion of a traveling tinker. That's my outing and elevation. Now what have I got into—let me see? Oh, I see, or rather smell—into a hog pen. If I ever get out I'll quit, and serve God for better wages." He did quit, and became the first journalist and wit of the Southwest.

Subscribe for the CARRIER DOVE.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Do the Best You Can.

If in this world you would succeed,
You must be brave and true;
Don't stand aloof and slight your work
Because 'tis hard to do.
If troubles come and sorrows rise,
Then show yourself a man;
Let courage nerve you for your work
And do the best you can.

And in your study or your play,
Determine to excel;
Don't lag behind but "hoe your row,"
And strive to hoe it well.
In all your play, in all your work,
Just try the golden plan;
Be active, ready, brave and bold,
And do the best you can.

Life's battle now is fairly on,
And there is work to do;
Will you be active in the fight
And to your colors true?
You see the men around you now,
Who thus their lives began;
Then courage take, brave efforts make
And do the best you can.

—Golden Days.

DEAR CHILDREN:

It seems a long time since I have had a chat with you, but I have tried to send you something every month by THE CARRIER DOVE that I thought would interest and please you. It affords us all pleasure to be able to contribute to your happiness, and therefore dear Mrs. Wilson has written you a beautiful sketch of Spirit Pearlie, and also sent her sweet picture for this DOVE. Do you not think she must be a bright, beautiful spirit when a picture is so nice. But you can all be just as lovely if you try. It is a sweet disposition, and kind, gentle manners that make people pretty. No matter how bright your eyes, or rosy your cheeks are, if you are selfish and naughty you will not look handsome even if you are dressed in the most elegant attire. Beautiful faces may become scarred and homely by disease or accident, but a beautiful spirit nothing can tarnish or spoil. It shines through the eyes, whispers through the lips, illuminates the whole countenance with such radiance and light that the most irregular and so-called homely faces are transfigured and made beautiful by reflecting the pure, sweet spirit within. Dear little ones, and we of older growth, let us all strive to cultivate sweeter dispositions, more gentle ways, and make ourselves outwardly beautiful by being beautiful within. If any of the young readers of the DOVE will write us letters for publication we will have a corner devoted especially to them and you may be able to become better acquainted and thus mutually helpful.

Lovingly yours,
EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE.

Spirit Pearlie.

I.

"MRS. DOVE" (as friend Colville would say) again I take my pen to indite a few lines to you and the youthful readers of your beautiful magazine, hoping that you will all be pleased to read my little story, which is something of a continuation of my former sketch, inasmuch as it is about one of the same persons. You will remember I sent you a picture of Burt and Pearlie Wilson, last December. Well, I will send with this article another picture of my spirit daughter. You will see a strong resemblance to the former picture, although that was a spirit photograph and this is a crayon sketch taken by a spirit artist through the beautiful mediumship of Mrs. Allie Livingstone. It came about in this way: Mr. Wilson was calling upon Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone when the lady became entranced and her bright, little control said: "Mr. Wilson, your daughter is here and will sit for her picture." The medium having been previously thoroughly blindfolded the work began. The little spirit talking and picking out the different colored crayons at the same time that an artist of "ye olden time," calling himself "Carlos Angelo," claiming distant relationship with Michael Angelo, took control of the right arm and drew the outlines of Pearlie's head so perfectly, in less than one minute, that Mr. Wilson recognized it and told me when he came home whose picture to expect. Sure enough, when it was finished and brought home we all saw and felt that it was indeed our loved one. We prize it more than words can tell. Burt is particularly delighted; although he never saw his sister in the mortal, yet he has always been an ardent admirer of hers and loves to hear from her on every possible occasion.

One day some five years ago I received a little scrap of verse from my dear son in the world beyond. Burt pleaded at once for something from his sister and the following lines were given:

PEARLIE TO BURT.

Little Red Riding Hood,
Wandering through the wood,
Gathering lovely flowers,
Resting in sylvan bowers,
Fingers, deftly weaving
Beauteous flowers wreathing.
Given through our mother
For sweet little brother,
By his dear sister, Pearlie,
Who has learned quite early,
The way her love to send
Unto an earthly friend.

I do not insert these lines because of any fancied merit but simply to show to the children who may read this that brothers and sisters may not be parted by supposed death if there is a strong bond of loving sympathy between them. On the contrary, those who are left in this sphere may feel assured that those who have gone from their sight (unless they are clairvoyant) have *not* gone from

their presence, but often linger near their old homes, (if they do not dwell in them) rounding out and finishing up their earth lives through the magnetic conditions afforded them there.

Pearlie calling herself "Little Red Riding Hood" has a significance which I will explain, and then close this already, I fear, too long article.

When she was with us in the form she had a red cashmere cloak with a hood attached to it lined with red silk, and we used to call her "Little Red Riding Hood."

She had been over the river eight years when she wrote those lines, and was only three years old when she went; which proves conclusively to my mind that memory holds its sway over there; that we are thoroughly individualized in this, our infantile condition, and, as a natural inference, individualized forever. So it behooves us all, old as well as young, to so live every day that memory will have no dark stains or grim phantoms to haunt and taunt us, in what might be a happy future, if we but practice half the good we preach.

Yours lovingly,

MRS. H. C. WILSON.

[FOR THE CARRIER DOVE.]

The Harvest Song.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

(AIR: "Marching Through Georgia.")

We are living in a grand and in a wondrous time,
Toiling for a purpose and a destiny sublime,
Great will be the harvest when the fields are in their
prime,

While we are marching to glory!

CHORUS:

March on, march on, O, speed the jubilee!
March on, march on, the spirit makes us free!
We'll shout the joyful tidings over mountain, vale and
sea,

While we are marching to glory!

Lo, my brothers, do you see the shining wheat and
corn?

Their hues are like the golden beams that crown the
rosy dawn,

The reapers they are coming in the beauty of the
morn,

While we are marching to glory!

CHORUS:—March on, etc.

The reapers they are coming, O, the time is almost
here,

Put on your wedding garments, for the heavenly
bride is near;

Speed ye with the golden palms of music, love and
cheer,

While we are marching to glory!

CHORUS:—March on, etc.

Speed ye, for the lion and the lamb shall be at rest,
And man no more oppressing man, will by a sweet
behest

Be led into the kingdom, and his soul forever blest,
While we are marching to glory!

CHORUS:—March on, etc.

Shout and sing, ye heirs of light, and of the heavenly
birth!

O, all ye mighty sons of God, this glory shall engirth
In floods of golden beauty all the kingdoms of the
earth,

While we are marching to glory!

CHORUS:—March on, etc.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 4th, 1887.

Do Not Worry.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
 Leave things of the future to Fate;
 What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
 Life's troubles come, never too late.
 If to hope overmuch be an error
 'Tis one that the wise have preferred—
 And how often have hearts been in terror
 Of evils—that—never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
 Permit not suspicion and care
 With invisible bonds to enchain thee—
 But bear what God gives thee to bear.
 By His spirit supported and gladdened,
 Be ne'er by forebodings deterred;
 But think how oft hearts have been saddened
 By fears of what—never occurred.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
 Short and dark though our life may appear,
 We may make it still shorter by sorrow,
 Still darker by folly and fear.
 Half our trouble are half our invention,
 And how often from blessings conferred
 Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
 Of evils that—never occurred.

—Selected.

A Talk With Young Men.

Observe that pale young fellow crossing the street. You see a good many of that kind just now. Some folks say it is the climate. The truth is, that the climate of America, with a fair chance, produces not only the best complexion but the best health in the world.

Did you notice the thing he was carrying in his mouth? Well, it is that meerschaum that is doing the business for him. It is busy with three million of our men. Let us study one of those meerschaum suckers. We will take a young man. He shall have money and plenty of time for sucking. Pale, nervous, irritable, thin in chest and stomach, weak in muscle, he is fast losing the power of thought and application. Let us get near enough to him to smell of him! Even the beast of prey will not touch the corpse of a soldier saturated with the vile poison. Nice bedfellow he for a sweet, pure companion.

Chewing is the nastiest mode, snuffing ruins the voice, but smoking among those who have time to be thorough, is most destructive.

Young K—graduated at Harvard (no devotee of the weed has ever graduated with the highest honors at that institution), and soon after consulted his physician with reference to his pale face, emaciation, indigestion and low spirits. He weighed but one hundred and eight.

"Stop smoking," was the prescription. In four months he had increased twenty-eight pounds, and become clear and healthy in skin, his digestion all right and his spirits restored. One or two million of our young and middle-aged men are in a similar condition, and would be restored to health and spirits by the same prescription. On the whole, the cigar is worse than the pipe.

—Home Science.

MAGNETIC POWER.

THE PEOPLE MARVEL MUCH.

Since the advent in this city of Dr. Darrin, the great healer, the excitement not only in this vicinity, but wherever any of the numerous patients he has relieved can be found, has been most intense. The old story—the lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind see—has come to be a reality in our midst, and what would be scouted at as too marvelous to be true, is now demonstrated in too palpable a manner to leave room for the slightest doubt or uncertainty. That the Doctor is achieving a vast amount of good in this community, no one will attempt to deny who has given the subject the slightest examination. Testimonials are being continually received, a few names of which we herewith present and could add many more did not want of space forbid:

L. P. Fisher, Room 21, Merchants' Exchange, can be referred to in reference to the cure of his wife of Spinal Complaint.

Miss Elsie Nielson, Lincoln, Placer County, Epileptic fits, three or four daily, nervousness and cough and periodically indisposed for 17 years, cured in two months; Mrs. Sarah Stevens, 1037 1/2 Market street, S. F., nasal and throat catarrh with threatened total loss of voice, permanently cured; Mrs. Delia King, 1265 Center street, Oakland, cancerous trouble in the mouth, cured.

C. B. Doty, Baldwin Hotel, S. F. Ringing noises in the ear and deafness, five years, cured.

H. D. Harris, Los Angeles, Cal., deafness 10 years, restored.

W. R. Miller, Centennial Hotel, Oakland, Cal., rheumatism for years, cured.

Wm. M. Morris, 331 Kearny street, Room 34, distressing case of neuralgia in the head for one year so he could not sleep one hour at a time, nervous system completely broken down, now perfectly cured.

His rooms at 113 Stockton street are crowded from morning till night with the afflicted, of all grades and stations, all anxious to see the Doctor and receive a share of the benefits which he seems to be literally lavishing upon all who desire them. The Doctor does not pretend to cure all diseases—no mortal can do that—and he should be distinguished from those pretenders and charlatans who boldly and blasphemously proclaim that they hold in their hands the mysteries of life and death.

We would urge upon all sufferers to lose no time—delays are dangerous—but go at once and see the Doctor, and you will be glad to add your voice to the testimony in favor of a man who has conferred upon you a benefit, in comparison with which all other gifts sink into insignificance—the great and inestimable boon of health.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Mr. Heuley:

San Francisco, Cal.

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Yours truly

E. J. Milas.

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