



SCHWARZ fc

### MOUNT SHASTA — 14,412 FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

Behold the dread Mt. Shasta, where it stands  
Imperial midst the lesser heights, and, like,  
Some mighty unimpassioned mind, companions,  
And cold. The storms of Heaven may beat in wrath  
Against it, but it stands in unpolluted  
Grandeur still; and from the rolling mists upheaves  
The towers of white, each tower, that breathe

The wintry showers and white-winged tempests leave  
Their frozen tributes on its brow, and it  
Doth make of them an everlasting crown.  
Thus doth it, day by day and age by age,  
Defy each stroke of time, still rising highest  
Into Heaven.

# The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V.

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## Original Poem.

### The Creed for Me.

EMMA TRAIN.

That creed that reaches out to save  
The erring ones this side the grave,  
That teaches those who've gone astray  
The beauties of the better way,  
That lifts those lives degraded low  
And helps the God within to grow,  
That comes with sacred ministry,  
That is the holy creed for me.

The creed that clothes the shivering forms  
And shelter gives from winter's storms,  
That feeds the hungry everywhere  
And makes of life a psalm and prayer,  
That reaches to the vilest one  
Who long the downward course has run,  
And from his bondage sets him free,  
That is the holy creed for me.

The creed that dries the mourner's eyes,  
That sees beyond earth's clouded skies;  
And hears the angel voice that saith,  
"Weep not, O friends, there is no death."  
That dares to read each sacred sign  
And calls all laws of God divine,  
That stands for truth o'er land and sea;  
That is the holy creed for me.

The creed that betters every life  
And does away with wrong and strife,  
Before whose shining angel face  
Intemperance can have no place,  
That sows the seeds of greatest worth  
And makes a paradise of earth,  
Where grows for all the knowledge tree;  
That is the holy creed for me.

When it is written plain and fair,  
As sweet as song, as pure as prayer;  
And all its golden letters glow  
With heavenly peace for souls below;  
Though all the world should turn aside  
And in its scornful tones deride,  
Bring me the scroll. I'll court the blame  
And proudly write thereon my name.

### Good Advice.

An old philosopher sat in his library. A beautiful maiden entered the room. "Good-man," she said. "I have come to ask your advice. Two men have made me an offer of marriage."

"Ah, and you do not know which one to accept," the philosopher replied.

"You understand the situation. One of the men is handsome, rich and a literary genius."

"And the other one?"

"He is ugly, poor, and regarded as a fool."

"My child," said the philosophy, "marry the fool, for should you marry the genius, you would occupy the place of fool."

## The Platform.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

By the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, March, 1883.

Q.—Is the spirit of a healthy person who dies from accident stronger than if the same person had died from a long sickness or old age?

A.—Strength of body does not determine the strength of spirit. Have you not seen from eyes gleaming with intelligence, the fire and light of the spirit glow, unsupported by a strong physical frame? And on the contrary, have you not seen very weaklings in spirit possessed of a strong physical organism.

It is not necessarily true, as those who are ascetic and severe in life would have you believe, that a weak physical body is necessary for a strong spirit. But it is correspondingly not true that a strong physical body is necessary for a strong spirit.

In order to express yourself perfectly you must have a good instrument, as your organist has here. But would it affect the ability of the organist if he had a poor instrument? He would not have the same facility for expression. So the spirit that is strong cannot express itself as freely in a weak organism.

But when the spirit of a weak or strong organism passes to spirit life, the strength there is determined, not by the strength of the body but by the strength of the spirit?

When the questioner asks if one possessed of a strong physical organism, passing to spiritual life by accident, would be as strong spiritually as after a lingering illness or old age, we answer:

It depends entirely upon the state of the individual spirit. There are those ready to meet any fate, who if moved suddenly from any human position will not flinch or falter. So if a spirit suddenly and without warning is removed to spirit life, [if possessing that strength will not falter, and there is just as great strength to meet that emergency, and that spirit will be just as strong probably, as though living through a lingering illness of preparation, or to old age.

You cannot measure a man's condition by what he *might* have been. It is a thing impossible in logic. You cannot tell what the

individual *could* have done who is removed suddenly. The supposition of what he might have done by what another man does, is a false supposition, since another man may not and can not possess his individual condition.

Therefore the presumption is that the state of the spirit or mind in its general degree of adaptation and unfoldment, determines its condition of strength or weakness in the spiritual state.

There is about disease: a great many people sympathize too much with bodily pains, and when such pass from earthly life the spirit presents a more enfeebled condition, because mentally and spiritually they have been weighed down by their bodily difficulties.

On the other hand there are many who triumph over those difficulties, and who in passing away from earth life are strong notwithstanding the bodies are weak. No two conditions resemble one another, all are governed by the law and state that is within us.

Q.—Do the lower order of animals have spirits? If so what becomes of them when the animal dies?

A.—For every kind of life there is a spiritual existence corresponding to its degree of life. By this we do not mean that the spirit of the animal is like the spirit in man, nor that it will ever become so.

Organisms are always in existence; whatever impulsion or evolution, (if you choose to use that word) produces the higher organism. There is still the higher and previous spirit of that which must form the basis, as a germ does vegetation beneath you. Whatever antedates the primordial cell, whatever impulsion that makes conscious for its particular purpose the germ that is to unfold a particular form of being—that is spirit.

Now, while it is true that soul-life belongs to man alone in the order of being here, it is also true that for every classification of life there is a spiritual part; this is why clairvoyants and mediums, and many others see spirits of animals.

They see them, however, in the conditions corresponding to the life of the animal that is represented. While it is undoubtedly true that the soul of man may cease to require those associates in spiritual existence, it is also true that the earth will one day cease to produce certain orders of animal life now necessary here. Still, the spirit of that life is not dead; nature conserves all her re-

sources. And while the animal has no aspiration for the life of the soul that corresponds to yours, there is still the unnumbered spheres of life in material existence—new worlds being created in which this life that has expressed itself here must be conserved.

You have passed the period of the mastodon; you no longer have those gigantic growths upon the earth; and the atoms that composed them have changed into other forms of being. And the impulsion that makes the mastodon possible here, is transferred to another planet still beneath yours. So the successive stages of life are never wasted, but form the integral part of other lives and other states of being.

For every new life or newly developed force upon the earth's surface there is a new impulsion, not new in the universe, but new as relates to the earth.

All animal life must exist as spirit, and it is transferred in its expression from one planet to another, wherever that particular form of expression is required; as mankind express themselves here in the human form; but in those stages that lie beyond, this form is but the shadow of the celestial, divine and perfect. But the impulsion is man and it belongs to him forever, while each Kingdom of life beneath him has its own separate existence forever also.

Q.—What is the evidence of the truth of reincarnation? Is that evidence tangible to the human mind, or does it rest upon the power of imagination?

A.—We do not know that we are called upon to furnish evidence of what we are not teaching; every teacher must furnish evidence of his or her statement. If you want the evidence of those who teach reincarnation, please peruse their works. Our teachings are not reincarnation, but they are the existence of the soul before and after the human body, and of separate impulsions of soul into matter. But the same spirit is never reincarnated. It is a different statement and a different subject.

We shall be most happy in any line of teaching to give the facts to those who desire them; but like mathematics they cannot be taught in a single answer to a question, you must begin at the beginning; we are always ready to teach what we consider true concerning the nature of man's soul and its expression in the human form.

What the reincarnationists teach they alone can answer; but what we assert we have found to be true, and we can demonstrate from its basis just as clearly as any other mental proposition can be demonstrated; for, if soul is eternal, it must be past as well as future.

If human life is valuable for all, and if one minute of life is to suffice for the infant that only breathes an instant and then dies, there can be no necessity for wandering on for eighty or ninety years of earth-life for others. If the infant is deprived of some portion of

experience by that sudden change into spirit before the earth-life is fashioned, we know of no reason in spiritual existence why there may not be an expression from the same soul into earth-life, for the purpose of expression again. And as the man may be a geologist, an astronomer, and musician, neither impairing the operation of his other qualities, also if human life is valuable to any individual, then the *experiences* of human life must be valuable to *all*. How can king and peasant comprehend one another, save they change places?

#### A QUESTION ON THE LAWS OF NATURE.

A.—We consider that that which is called law or laws of nature is a term used by scientific minds, and by others called scientific, to explain what they do not understand; as electricity was a term used to explain phenomena beyond the range of ordinary observation, so the term "laws of nature" is a term used for that which is beyond comprehension, or if used in connection with matter, is used only in the subjective sense.

That is found to be a law of nature by science, which is not yet superseded by any other law, and when another law comes that does supersede, then that becomes the law of nature.

In other words, it is a relative term to be employed in the absence of the absolute. It is found, for instance, to be a law of nature that certain bodies gravitate toward the center of the earth, and that there is a specific gravity of bodies attracting them towards that center because the relationship of the bodies to the earth; but if there comes in another law that takes the bodies away from the earth, notwithstanding this natural law, then science will have to concede that there is another law of nature that repels bodies from the center of the earth, and this is admitted.

Then if there comes in an intelligent power that supersedes this law of nature and not only overcomes the power of attracting bodies to the center, but also overcomes the power of attracting bodies towards the circumference, then that is a third law of nature affecting the same body. There is a supernatural law which does not relate to the usual natural operations, and it is this supernatural law or supermundane law that science has not recognized. Now it is undoubtedly true that everything in the universe is governed by law; but it is also true that the primal law of universal government has never been discovered by science, and that while relative laws have been discovered and studied, and the movement of planets in their orbits calculated by the power of unfailling mathematical science, it is also true that beyond this so-called law of nature, there must have been an intelligence, or there cannot be a law. You never think of calling the Constitution of the United States the source of its own creation; and yet

it would be just as reasonable to say that the Constitution of the United States is the source of its own creation, and governs this country by its own laws of the universe always existing principle. Law is intelligence or it is not.

Q.—Why is eternal life better than mortal sleep?

A.—We do not know that it is any better, but, since sleep is broken by consciousness, it proves that it is not eternal. If it were eternal sleep no individual would have ever been awake to ask this question. Since there is consciousness that can break in upon eternal sleep, it proves that sleep is not eternal, and that, therefore, consciousness must be.

Q.—Are prayers and invocations offered to the Infinite Spirit, or divine power, in the life as well as in the earth life?

A.—"God is spirit and those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." We do not think any prayers offered on the earth, that is, on the *plane of existence*. The prayers that are offered cease to be prayers if they are not from the earthly plane; they do not come to the nature of prayer. Vocalized expression of what the spirit feels, however, accrue in conformity to prayer. Until it ceases to exist in time or eternity there are be aspirations and desire, and that is prayer.

Long years ago you sung it in the beautiful hymn, "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire uttered or unexpressed." And certain spirits have unuttered or expressed desire since there must be an eternity of aspiration before them.

Q.—Jesus Christ, his atonement, and ritualism.

A.—This, like the question given last day morning, is too great a subject to answer to a single question, but until we are ready to give a discourse upon this subject it may be well to answer as briefly as we can.

There are two mistakes in the world concerning Christ: one is the theological mistake, the other a materialistic mistake; both are wrong. Between these two truths must ever be found. Christ is nothing, excepting that he was the teller; the son of God and the son of man and gave no evidence of the theological mistakes that have been made concerning him. We are willing that you shall take the interpretation of Christ in his own language in what Paul, Peter, or John thought of him, but what he is recorded to have said concerning himself.

And if you find any other claim than we have mentioned, then we will consider it a mistake. We know of no apostle of Christ, we know of no champion of any religion in any age who has not claimed as much.

But yet we think he was more, in the sense that the spirit is greater than the body.

that the teaching of that which pertains to man's immortal nature is greater than that which pertains to state governments or human philosophy.

Therefore we believe Christ to have been the culmination of the spiritual dispensation of the Jews, just as they foretold. We believe he was their Messiah. That until some other light, which he foretold, shall come revealing all the things that they were not then ready to hear, he will remain the greatest spiritual teacher the world has ever known. And we can find an answer in his words as recorded in the first four gospels, to every caviller upon this subject.

With those who insist upon the vicarious atonement, or the shedding of blood literally for the remission of sins, we have no war; but they cannot find one evidence of it in the recorded words of Christ himself; and until they can we are not bound to receive theological testimony in opposition to the interpretation with which each individual can give of any recorded word.

Then with reference to Spiritualism: there are all grades of theological belief among Spiritualists; there are Brahmins, Parsees, Buddhists; there are Roman Catholics, Protestants of every denomination, those who were Infidels and Atheists. There is no uniform theology among Spiritualists; each individual claims, (which is perfectly right in this day and generation) the right to worship God, according to the dictates of his or her own conscience. And we are happy to say that whether you have Christ, Allah, Buddha, Brahma, Zoroaster, or Confucius, Spiritualism is broad enough to include you all, and make room for millions more.

Q.—Are not some of the married relations of the spirit world imperfect, and subject to the law of evolution as is the case here?

A.—There can be but one spiritual marriage and that must be perfect, and that is as the angels. It is quite true that the associations and ties which form the earthly happiness continue in spirit life. But do not mistake a spiritual tie for the physical; your spiritual natures exist there in response to that which is holiest and highest within you.

So human ties, if imperfect, will there become more perfect, and many between whom the shadow of selfishness lies on earth, will find themselves nearer than they supposed in spirit.

Therefore it is not well to speculate upon the transitory nature of things that have their relationships only on earth, while spiritual relationships are eternal.

Q.—Do we understand you to say that the spirit world is not objective? Will you give us its geography?

A.—You understand us to say that if there were geography in spiritual existence, there must also be astronomical, geological and all other existence corresponding to time and space. Whenever a spirit thinks that geography is necessary, the spirit obtains that

from the very nature of things, either upon the earth or some other planet. But for spiritual existence *per se*, that which is your life beyond death, there cannot be geography, there cannot be astronomy. If the thought that is within you is not greater than that which surrounds you, then there is no immortality. And if you are dependent spiritually upon forms, time, space, and things as related to you here, then all who belongs to the spirit must be objective, and the external, objective.

Now, while it is true, as I stated before, that you will receive answers to questions corresponding to the state of the individual, and that there are many thousands of spirits who believe the spiritual world to be local and limited as is your earth, actually it is only local and limited by the nature of their understanding of it.

Forms in spirit life to be real, must be subjective because the reality is within and not without. We make this more plain by an illustration.

If you have a thought of anger here, perhaps the most it does is to cloud your countenance and show a disagreeable influence among your friends, it may escape in some form or word of anger that you vainly wish to recall.

If in spirit life there is such a condition, that takes shape and form in your atmosphere and your friends could not approach you, so repellant would be that atmosphere.

We mean, therefore, by this, that that which seems to be subjective here becomes the objective there if there is not a physical barrier between you and your friends, or your thoughts and your friends. So that the spiritual life is composed of thought not substance.

The very word substance denotes and infers property, that which lies beneath the real existence and is the foundation only of the earthly state. But reality differs from substances as shadow does, and the reality is within you.

Now every thought as we stated before, if it is to reach your friend, or is to exist for your friend, takes the form adapted to that expression.

But a thought itself is a palpable existence, and in a realm where you are not dependent upon mere sensation for expression you could well understand what we say. Take for instance, two friends in perfect sympathy; they are not entirely dependent upon words to express their ideas and their feelings towards each other.

Sometimes when you are with a friend and you make a remark, your friend will say, "I was about to say the same words and make the same remark," proving that language is not necessary.

Now if language is not necessary to express your thought, is locality and time which limit you here, and often enslaves you necessary? Can you not conceive in spirit

and mind of an existence which may need form to express itself to other forms, but may not need location, and time, and sense, in the usual expression of the word, for existence. If you cannot, then your spiritual state will correspond to your conception, and you can have the geographical limits; but remember, they will limit, not other spirits, but yourself alone.

## Literary Department.

### THE HAUNTED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

There have occurred, in the last decade, few things that have created more surprise and curiosity than the strange phenomena now in existence in Newburyport, Mass.

We propose to detail them, giving the sifted and investigated testimony of those most concerned, without heightening or lowering the colors of the stories. There are few matters relating to supernatural appearances of which one can write temperately or fairly, so strongly does the love of the marvellous or the hatred of sham enter into the composition of the mind. It is hard to preserve an equable tone, and to keep a pen in the proper course; but the present writer feels that extraordinary care is necessary in this case, for the matter has become so widely known, that to depart into the regions of romance would insure instant detection, while to write reservedly would be doing a clear injustice to the astonishing facts.

It would seem, then, that at last we have a veritable ghost,—a pure and unquestionable visitor of semi-spiritual material. It has appeared, at various times, in a small school-house in Charles street, in Newburyport, and the evidence regarding it is too lucid and consistent to be passed by.

Perhaps the history of these manifestations would be more intelligible, if we began at the beginning and detailed the first of the troubles, and carefully described the premises where they occurred.

#### THE LOCALITY.

The school-house in question is situated on Charles street in this fine old city, and is an ordinary one-story building raised upon a three-foot underpinning. It has a pitch roof, four windows upon each side, and its entrance door looks upon the street. It stands nearly east and west. It is drab in color, with green blinds, and it is not in the very best condition outwardly. The door-posts are soiled, the weather-boards are covered with all sorts of scratches and cuts, similar to those that every other school-house is marked with, and about the bare yard and the broken fences, and the homely building itself, there is a sombre dreariness that oppresses the beholder, and makes him more willing to listen to the strange tales that are told of the place.

The neighborhood is a neat and quiet one. The surrounding houses are well built, generally white and mostly of good style. A little further down the street is the James Cotton Mill, the perpetual whir of whose thirty thousand spindles keeps up an eternal monotone that penetrates even to the school-room, and perhaps is a pleasant companionship for the distressed young pupils within it.

As one goes up the half a dozen stone steps and enters the battered and sun-cracked door, he comes upon an entry. It is cold and stuffy, and has that old familiar scent of Southern pine that haunts the nostrils of those who have ever attended a public school.

Directly opposite the door is a partition window which looks in upon the school-room. Its panes are 10x12 inches in size, and twenty in number. The sash is stationary, the mouldings are light, the glass is of medium thickness, and there is nothing peculiar whatever about this very important feature in the building. It is at this bare, commonplace, and uninteresting window that some of the most startling appearances have taken place.

To the right hand are two pairs of stairs; one leading to the cellar below, where the coal is stored, and the other to the garret above. They are both encased with sheathing, and both have doors fastened with latches, and the cellar-door has, in addition, a strong bolt, which may be thrown three-quarters of an inch.

At either end of the entry is another window similar to the one described, and at either end of the partition is a door of light deal, painted brown, and which leads into the school-room. Around the entry are two rows of stout iron hooks, used by the pupils to hang their outer garments upon.

We now look into the school-room. It is sixty feet long, forty feet wide, and perhaps twenty feet high. It is one of the most dispiriting and unhappy apartments that children ever got into. Its furniture is old-fashioned, uncomfortable, and in bad condition; the walls are old, dusty and cracked; the windows are grimy, and the floor is chipped and ingrained with dust.

Everything, the chairs, desks, wainscoting and all, have become so permeated with the bad air that arises in an overcrowded school, that even when the pupils have been dismissed and the room is open to the outer atmosphere the half-stifling scent troubles the breath.

The apartment is lighted by three windows on either side, and by two at the rear end. Upon the walls are three or four Colton's maps, torn at the edges, soiled with dust, and with a general discrepitude in all their parts. There are seats for about sixty scholars, and absurd and ridiculous seats they are. From the front of one boy's desk there projects a narrow ledge, which forms the seat for the lad in front of him, and so on. These

seats are arranged as is usual,—in longitudinal rows,—and they face the window in the partition. There is nothing at all peculiar about the room. There are no niches to give echoes; there are no mirrors to refract the light; there are no closets where one could be secreted, and there are no objects near enough to the windows outside to cast shadows within. All is plain even to meanness, and bare to a fault. It is nearly the last place in the world that one would point out as being a spot where a ghost would walk, or where spirits would take up their abode.

It has no particular history. It was built for a school-house originally, and it was moved to the present spot from another place; but the site had always been bare. There has never been a mansion here that has had legends and old horrors connected with it. No tragedy has ever been perpetrated (so far as known) in this vicinity. Affairs have gone peacefully on, and all attempts to connect the "haunting" with some old-time event has been unsuccessful. To be sure several rumors of a violent death have gone the rounds of the excited community; but there is hardly any ground for belief that those circumstances have anything in common with these. Many people tell the story that a poor boy of thirteen years was flogged so savagely by a brutal school-master in this very building fifteen years ago, that his death ensued in several days after the beating. This is not well authenticated, though one is tempted to believe it, even on the imperfect evidence, when the true ghost is described. Here is the boy, the picture of death in his face, the evident preparation for burial, and the motive for his reappearance. Who would not try to think that there might be some connection between those old, terrible facts and these present terrible ones?

#### THE SCHOOL.

The school is a primary one for boys. Those who attend it are the children of people of the humbler sort, they being sons of mill-operators, or of fishermen, or of tradesmen. The smallest of them is very small, being so brief in stature that his white head does not rise far above the level of his liliptian desk, while the largest is a strong, intelligent and wide-awake boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age. Under different circumstances, there could be nothing more amusing than the appearance of these boys at study. Their dresses are made up of all sorts of colors and patterns, and are eked out with patches and strings. The children's features are rather homey, though a certain ruggedness of health is apparent in them. When they study, they study furiously, rubbing their fat hands up and down their knees, bending their bodies backwards and forwards, and nodding their dishevelled heads up and down. When they recite, they tramp noisily out and stand in an uneven row, and cry out their answers with a fierce-

ness and shrillness that enable one to hear them at the further end of the street. This assemblage of anxious and furtive faces has now replaced the assemblage of cheerful and happy ones impresses the observer painfully. There is a certain air of nervousness, a certain habit of starting and starting quickly, a disposition to shrink and cry out, that touches the heart of those who are permitted to go into the school-room. It is curious to see them try to fix their attention on their stained and dog-eared books after some of the disturbances have taken place and have been calmed for a while. They bend down their heads, and put their hands to their temples, and seem to shut out the sights and sounds, and hide away from the scene.

Some of the larger boys have been mentioned by the writer, and he found an almost perfect consistency in their stories, and this is quite remarkable in a case where imagination may be made to play so important a part. It has been argued that such children cannot be competent witnesses, because of their youth and immaturity, but it is reasonable to insist that they are far more reliable from this very fact, in cases like the present. A child who sees something strange receives a quick and vivid impression on his mind which cannot be easily disturbed, and he only shows his childishness in attempting to account for it. He will stray out of sense and probability in describing the scene, and wherefore, but he will detail the evidence of his eyes and ears with an exactness that is astonishing.

It is in this place then, and among the children, that there has occurred the manifestations that are now described. The writer attempts no explanation, simply for the reason that he has none to give. The matter is not explainable. It takes its place on a long list of proved but mysterious phenomena, and it demands a respect and consideration second to none. A recital of the facts produces a strange sense of fear that pursues the listener at all hours and in all places until counteracted by the hard features of the world gradually wears away his dread. The human mind is implanted in every human being an innate attraction toward the supernatural, the unknown, and if there is in these manifestations anything that may renew a general belief in matters of this kind, and awaken an inquiry, then it will not be regretted that this uncanny tale has been told.

#### EARLY TROUBLES.

As long ago as 1870, it is now remembered by a few people became cognizant of disturbances in the Charles-street school. It is reported in a narrow circle that various accountable sounds and acts had taken place from time to time within the building. The matter attained no prominence in the community, partly on account of the common character of the troubles, and partly

because the teachers and the school committee were interested, for plain reasons, in keeping the affairs secret or in making light of them. It is now known that the two teachers who were there previous to the present incumbent were forced to throw up their charge for the real reason that their lives were made miserable by the constant intrusion and "doings" of a power that they could not see or feel, but of which they had a nervous dread. It was not something that they could "mark," or scold, or whip; it did not come at stated times; it could not be expected; it could not be met, or hunted down, or destroyed; it was something in the air, something malignant, yet intangible. It rushed in at prayers; it was present at recitations; it came while the school was busy and while it was silent; and it was beset with so many plagues and annoyances that the teachers one after the other retired from the unwholesome place, and finally a braver and more enduring woman stepped into the breach, and there she yet remains in spite of all.

And this "all" is a great deal.

There is hardly a phase of spiritual manifestations that has not been exhibited in this luckless spot, and some of them have been startlingly novel in their character. There are two or three that arouse as great a sense of fear and awe in the mind as the ghost itself, and so wild are they that one asks in reading them, what awful meaning lies behind all this?

Let us begin with some of the simplest troubles and trace them up gradually to their highest forms.

They are not startling. They consist of the ordinary knocking and pounding that every one is familiar with, but which, alas for human ignorance! are yet perfectly mysterious. Their cause is unknown. No one can tell why in response to a question a resounding blow is delivered close to one's person, or why, in response to another question, two blows are delivered. This is the A B C of such things, it is said. Well, it is true. But are you not wholly powerless to account for these trifles, these coarse incidents? You must say "yes."

For a very long time this school-house has been alive with a strange power that made these knocks. Now in the silence of the morning hour, when the faithful teacher and her little brood of children are uttering their morning prayers, and there is nothing to be heard save the low murmur of their voices, there comes upon the floor a thundering blow, that causes every anxious head to fly up, and every ear to listen for another and yet another. Now it comes upon the wall, now it comes upon the teacher's desk, now it beats upon the wainscoting, now upon the windows, and now upon the ceiling. Sometimes the blows are sharp and quick, and sometimes they are dull and slow. They do not wait upon time. They come at all hours;

at all minutes. They cannot be evaded. They attack the place at any point, or at all points at once.

On one occasion these sounds were so rapid and powerful that the teacher could not hear her boys recite their lessons. One lad was spelling the word "cannot." He pronounced the letters c-a-n-, but the noise which had been going on for a long time suddenly increased, and his voice was completely drowned. The teacher saw his lips move, but she heard nothing. His thin tones were overcome by this uproar. He was out-shouted by this incomprehensible influence. These raps come upon the stairs that lead to the garret, and upon the walls of the entry. Sometimes they are soft as if made with the palm of a light hand, and again they are so heavy as to resemble the blows of a sledge-hammer.

These are the simplest and most common of these famous troubles, and yet who can say where the cause lies.

The present teacher, to calm her children and to quiet their fears, cried "rats," "frost," "wind," at first; but she has long since quitted that expedient, and is obliged to acknowledge herself at fault.

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"Why have you been knocking at the door?"

He denied having done so, but he said that he had heard the blows three times, and he had stopped to listen. He was innocent of any hand in them, and the teacher retired, perplexed and nervous.

Another fruitful cause of annoyance is the inability to keep the pupils' garments on the hooks in the entry. A mischievous hand throws them down upon the floor. The corridor is often paved with the caps and mufflers and the little patched coats of the children. They are hung carefully up again, but again they are dashed down with spiteful energy, and they are permitted to lie there.

In the stairway leading to the garret it is customary to hang the dustpans and brushes. But it is also customary for this influence to unhang them. They are thrown down against the door with a noisy clatter. This happens over and over again. Not ten days ago a visitor to the school-house made a special test of this trifling matter. He replaced the brushes and pans securely upon their hooks,

but they were instantly dashed down about his feet, and all subsequent attempts to keep things in order were as fruitless as the first.

In the school-room, in the open space in front of the pupils' desks, is a tubular stove of small size, which has a cover which may be raised by a wire handle. This handle is at times seized, as if by invisible fingers, and raised upright, and the cover is lifted, bodily, several inches above the burning coals; and after keeping its mid-air position for some minutes, it is lowered again and restored to its place. The janitor of the building—a man ordinarily courageous—has lately declined going into the school-house unaccompanied, to build his fires in the morning. He says that the noises and disturbances are too much for him, and he waits until some one comes along who will keep him company. He often finds the stove moved from its position, and the utensils scattered in various places, and the fuel disarranged.

In the school-house, the long funnel which overhangs the desks of the pupils often shakes to and fro, as if it were about to fall. It grates and creaks upon its wire hooks, and so violently has it swayed at times, that the teacher has caused the children to leave their seats, for fear that it would fall upon their heads.

Upon the teacher's desk there are two bells; one smaller than the other. Frequently the lighter is seized by the unseen power, raised from the ledge where it usually rests, and violently rung before the astonished eyes of the scholars. One day last October, this bell played a part in which a certain amount of humor was displayed. Early in the morning, that is, at a quarter to nine, the boys who were playing soldier with sticks, in the yard, heard this bell ring. They ran to the door of the building, but they found it locked. There was no one within. The janitor had built his fire and had long since gone away. Still the bell rang sharply and loudly. They looked up the street, and they beheld the teacher coming down. She had just arrived. They entered the school-room in a breathless and timid body; nothing was disturbed; everything was in its place; the fire was burning brightly, and both of the bells were on the desk. Presently the city clocks struck nine, and then the school formally assembled. It is said that this imitation of the familiar jangle of the bell aroused the pupils' fears more than any of the more noisy manifestations, and an appearance of being cowed haunted them for a long time after.

The school-room is ventilated by means of a circular hole in the ceiling, which is closed with a wooden valve, which may be raised or lowered at will by means of a cord which descends from the garret. It is a trick of the rogue to shut this valve when it is required to be open, and to open it when it is shut. It is found that it takes a weight of six pounds to lift the cover. When the room is too close and the air too impure, the teacher seizes the

because the teachers and the school committee were interested, for plain reasons, in keeping the affairs secret or in making light of them. It is now known that the two teachers who were there previous to the present incumbent were forced to throw up their charge for the real reason that their lives were made miserable by the constant intrusion and "doings" of a power that they could not see or feel, but of which they had a nervous dread. It was not something that they could "mark," or scold, or whip; it did not come at stated times; it could not be expected; it could not be met, or hunted down, or destroyed; it was something in the air, something malignant, yet intangible. It rushed in at prayers; it was present at recitations; it came while the school was busy and while it was silent; and it was beset with so many plagues and annoyances that the teachers one after the other retired from the unwholesome place, and finally a braver and more enduring woman stepped into the breach, and there she yet remains in spite of all.

And this "all" is a great deal.

There is hardly a phase of spiritual manifestations that has not been exhibited in this luckless spot, and some of them have been startlingly novel in their character. There are two or three that arouse as great a sense of fear and awe in the mind as the ghost itself, and so wild are they that one asks in reading them, what awful meaning lies behind all this?

Let us begin with some of the simplest troubles and trace them up gradually to their highest forms.

They are not startling. They consist of the ordinary knocking and pounding that every one is familiar with, but which, alas for human ignorance! are yet perfectly mysterious. Their cause is unknown. No one can tell why in response to a question a resounding blow is delivered close to one's person, or why, in response to another question, two blows are delivered. This is the A B C of such things, it is said. Well, it is true. But are you not wholly powerless to account for these trifles, these coarse incidents? You must say "yes."

For a very long time this school-house has been alive with a strange power that made these knocks. Now in the silence of the morning hour, when the faithful teacher and her little brood of children are uttering their morning prayers, and there is nothing to be heard save the low murmur of their voices, there comes upon the floor a thundering blow, that causes every anxious head to fly up, and every ear to listen for another and yet another. Now it comes upon the wall, now it comes upon the teacher's desk, now it beats upon the wainscoting, now upon the windows, and now upon the ceiling. Sometimes the blows are sharp and quick, and sometimes they are dull and slow. They do not wait upon time. They come at all hours;

at all minutes. They cannot be evaded. They attack the place at any point, or at all points at once.

On one occasion these sounds were so rapid and powerful that the teacher could not hear her boys recite their lessons. One lad was spelling the word "cannot." He pronounced the letters c-a-n-, but the noise which had been going on for a long time suddenly increased, and his voice was completely drowned. The teacher saw his lips move, but she heard nothing. His thin tones were overcome by this uproar. He was out-shouted by this incomprehensible influence. These raps come upon the stairs that lead to the garret, and upon the walls of the entry. Sometimes they are soft as if made with the palm of a light hand, and again they are so heavy as to resemble the blows of a sledge-hammer.

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cord and pulls it down. By this means the ventilator is opened. Now there comes this contrary spirit, and endeavors to press it back again. It pulls and jerks the cord until it seems on the point of breaking. On several occasions the string has become loosened, and the valve has closed with great violence. At other times it flies up and down with great persistency, creating much annoyance. One day the teacher knotted the cord to prevent it from slipping, and the efforts made to free it by the "influence" were vigorous; the cord snapped and strained, but it was too strong to give, and the attempts presently ceased.

Another phase of these troubles is the mysterious opening and closing of doors. Any door in the building is likely to swing noiselessly open with more or less rapidity, and, in some cases, to resist all available power to close it again. Many times has the teacher summoned some of the largest of her pupils to help her shut a door that has just opened silently of its own accord, and many times has the power proved too much for them. They would push and pull with all their might against a door apparently swinging on its hinges, but without the slightest effect. When the door got ready to shut, it would do it of its own accord, and not in consequence of force. One day in November, the teacher heard the door leading to the garret swing back; she passed out into the entry to close it. No sooner had she done so than two more doors opened. She closed the first and the second, when all of them opened. She shut one after the other, but her efforts were fruitless; her work was undone before she had hardly performed it: She hastened with all possible speed from one to the other; but in vain. The mysterious power trickily followed behind and mocked her. She struggled for ten minutes. It will be remembered that the door leading to the cellar has a bolt upon it. On shutting this door, finally, the plucky teacher, tired and out of breath, pushed the bolt into its socket and turned it around, so that its handle fell into the slot. Now mark—this handle was seized, the bolt righted and pulled back with a visible effort, and the door was thrown angrily against a hat-hook behind it, and a deep indentation was made in the soft pine. To quote a remark made on this incident in a recent publication, "this act seems very clearly to involve an intelligence *plus* the force;" and it is deemed that here is a plain combination of something analagous to a human brain with something analagous to human power.

#### HIGHER ORDERS OF TROUBLES.

All the incidents that have been described, are not, perhaps, uncommon. They are of a low grade in the classes of spiritual manifestations, and perhaps in themselves would attract little more than local attention; but we have yet to chronicle the real disturbances, and to describe a series of manifestations that

are not inferior to the highest that have been known.

#### EFFECT UPON THE PUPILS.

It is natural to ask how it is that the school has been held together through so much that is frightful. The best reply is, because the teacher has, by remaining at her hard post,—which must be a very pillory,—set an example that her pupils can but follow. She invented excuses to calm them, until their wits persuaded them that "rats" and "frost" and "wind" had but little to do with their scares; and then when they began to recognize that they were encompassed by a mysterious and aggressive power, they looked to her for a pattern of fortitude and courage; and they found it. She stood by the school, and so did they.

#### THE TEACHER.

Now that we are compelled to bring the teacher prominently upon the stage, it is necessary that she should be described. Her name is Lucy A. Perkins. She is twenty-three years of age, strongly-framed, and full of vigor and strength. She is of medium height, and has pleasant features. Her hair is black, her skin brown, her mouth small and somewhat sensitive, and her eyes dark and liquid. She impresses one as being a decided materialist, and not a person to be impressed with conceits and imaginings. Her evidence in all these matters is singularly lucid and consistent. She declares that she is not a Spiritualist, and that she is not a medium. She professes an entire ignorance of the methods and literature of this class of believers. She properly considers herself an historian, and not a cause or an expositor of the scenes which she witnesses. Perhaps a close observer might detect a certain weariness and lassitude in her manner; but her "staying" power must really be strong to enable her to encounter day after day the distressing peculiarities of her position. She has taught in this building for two years, and it is hard to fancy how a woman could pass through such an ordeal and still preserve so much of her elasticity and strength. Miss Perkins has not yielded to the conviction that she was surrounded by mysterious powers without a hard struggle. She has tried all means to convince herself as well as her pupils that some ingenious human trickery underlies all this agitation; but it is hardly necessary to say that she signally failed.

Upon reading what is written hereafter one cannot wonder that she did fail, for more weird, singular, and alarming manifestations never haunted the most favored of German castles than have shown themselves in this simple and homely American school-house.

We now detail one or two of the higher order of appearances.

#### THE LIGHT.

At times the whole school-room has been

illuminated, while the school has been in session, by a strong, yellow glow, which on dark days has proceeded from the entry and entered through the partition window.

In the midst of storms, when the sky is heavily overcast and the school is almost lost in gloom and obscurity, a soft and radiant radiance has stolen over the scene and lighted up the furthest corner of the apartment. This is nothing that can be ignored and treated with brave indifference. Over the faces of the pupils who have put aside their books and gins to creep this terrible light. It has a central point. There is no flame anywhere.

There is no brilliant burning focus. It is an illuminated exhalation, arising from the one knows what, and shedding its rays on the petrified and astonished visages of the children. Outside all is tempestuous, black and howling. Within all is calm, vivid and silent.

An examination of the entry reveals nothing. The light springs from nowhere in particular, but from everywhere. One can see the most distant corners. All is revealed and brought out plainly. After half an hour, perhaps, this light begins to fade away. It withdraws gradually and slowly. It is extinguished with the same tardiness that marked its coming, and the honest daylight, or rather the honest gloom, resumes its sway.

What does this mean? Where is the natural cause; or the unnatural cause? What does it portend, or what does it hinge upon? Is it a sequence of anything? Or is it a forerunner of something?

This strange thing that comes with a rattle and a clatter one may endure with comparative courage. The tumult distracts him from the real contemplation of the miracle; but it is when a mystery dawns slowly and silently upon the senses that fear has time to develop and to possess. The tremendous awfulness of silence helps the infliction, and the heart flutters, and the flesh trembles, and the hair rises before its time.

But there is still another "manifestation" (for want of a better word), that is equal with this one in its boldness.

(Concluded next week.)

A reporter connected with one of our leading daily papers canvassed a train the other morning as to what paper was altogether the most popular. His own journal received four votes, while the remaining sixty-two were evenly divided between wall paper and fly waper. —*Harper's Bazaar.*

"Sakes a mussy!" says old Mrs. Poppo-dick as she took a last glance at the deceased Deacon Spookenberg, as he lay, "in the sleep that knows no waking," with a smug smile of beatitude moulded on his face by the undertaker's thumbs, "Sakes a mussy, don't be look happy. Why, he's just too sweet to live." —*Truth.*



## Original Contributions.

## A REAL SPIRIT-WORLD.

## Convincing Proofs of its Existence.

BY CAMERON KNIGHT.

We will first examine a few of the means which have been adopted to prove the truth or fact of spirit-communication; and afterwards attempt to show what is the only basis of such proof.

Emanuel Swedenborg first introduced the term "World of Spirits" to general use. His method of proving its existence consisted in exhibiting results of his experience with "angels and spirits." This consists of a very large amount of testimony regarding his "spiritual eyes being opened by the Lord," that he might see into the "world of spirits." He states that his mission was to announce the coming down of the New Jerusalem from heaven to man; whereby a "new Church" on earth would be founded.

In order to understand Swedenborg's method of proving the existence of a "world of spirits," it is necessary to remember the two principal features of his system. Throughout the whole of his voluminous theological works, two facts are very prominent. One is the firm conviction in the great Seer's mind that he, himself, alone is the one person of modern times to whom was granted the privilege of unravelling the mystery. The other fact is the Secretary's persistent endeavor to make use of everything he heard and saw among the spirits, for proving the divine origin of the Christian Bible. He thus gives us a lesson on exclusiveness. He at the time had none of our modern ideas of general mediumship. He also gives us a lesson in Churchism; adding thereto something of his own to consolidate and extend the religious system existing at that time.

Instead of critically examining the Bible's origin and history, he foolishly proceeds to attach more sanctity to it, by maintaining that every word, and even every single letter, is divine.

His transcendent views of the Bible's sublimity, and all his theology, is built upon information from the spirits. These must have been, like himself, born churchmen, who, in the other life had not advanced much beyond their former superstitious reverence for the book. We do not blame the learned, polite scholar for any of his peculiarities; but feel rather grateful for his earnest labors in teaching what he felt was the only means of salvation from evils resulting from errors which prevailed at that time. But we blame his disciples, "the new Church," for continuing so persistently to teach the same old doctrines during a hundred years, against all the vast accumulations of evidence that

Swedenborgianism is only one of the multitude of bible-theologies, all of which are doomed to obliteration by the spirit of modern investigation.

We thank Emanuel Swedenborg for the proof which he gives that he did actually converse with a large number of spirits, during a quarter of a century; we but we feel still more grateful to the mediums who are here with us to-day, and instruct us in wisdom which far exceeds even that of the polite Swedish Seer.

Another method of proving the existence of a spirit-world is that now used by all churchmen in general. It consists in holding forth the Bible as the only source of wisdom. It is the only key to unlock all mysteries; whether of this life, or of any other. It is said to be indispensable in every doctrine, philosophy, science and art. It must be used in every institution, in every Church, school and house. The way in which the Bible is made to show the fact of a future life is, to say the least, reckless. The book is full of very tolerable evidence. But a churchman ignores all the rational, incidental evidence, and seizes the supposed divine evidence. He will point, for example, to one of the multitude of texts on heaven, and on eternal life. These, he will maintain, with great show of awe, are divine, infallible statements confirming the fact of future existence; and the texts are supposed to prove it by the mere fact that they are there; so much ink on so much paper. In his mind, they are beyond suspicion. Yet he will, if questioned, admit that he has no knowledge whatever of how the texts came into the book, or how or when it was written. He has no knowledge of the original languages; of the translation; and he will admit that all he knows of the men who wrote it, is the fact that they, nowhere in the book, claim their writings to be divine and infallible. Yet he will boldly assert that it is infallible; and also assert that it contains all we need to know, concerning the spirit-world and its operations.

A very little inquiry soon shows that the vague ideas of churchmen in general, on the Bible, are imbibed thoughtlessly from their teachers and pastors, who assert in the usual manner, the book is the word of God. When some real evidence of spirit-life, such as conversation with a spirit, or with a medium, is offered to a churchman, he rejects it as a snare of the Evil One, to destroy his faith. He prefers to retain the old dogmas which were with him at his birth. He fears to commence any new inquiry through fear he might really obtain some new ideas which might disagree with his old ones.

This plan of settling the fact, or discovering the existence of a spirit-world, is the most foolish of all. But it is invariably adopted by churchmen. If a Spiritualist points out that the visions given in the Bible are all accounts of clairvoyance and material-

ization, the same as all modern manifestations, the man of faith becomes disgusted, and often insulting. He cannot allow that the God of the Bible would condescend to permit any such degradation of the Holy Book.

Another, and far superior method of proving the existence of a spirit-world, consists in adopting the personal-evidence plan. Two persons, while yet on earth, agree to communicate with each other after death. They agree that the one who departs first shall, as soon as possible after arriving, appear, or send a message to the friend on earth. Then, the friend is supposed to immediately possess proof of future existence; and also proof that the philosophy of Spiritualism is true.

The latest experiment of this character was conducted by two cultivated men, and deserves attention. According to the newspapers, Courtland Palmer, noted for founding the Nineteenth Century Club, and his friend Stephen Pearl Andrews, a Spiritualist, agreed to memorize a sentence, which should be unknown to any other person. The words were to be given after death, by whichever died first, through a medium, to the one on earth. One year of time after death was allowed, during which the communication was to be given; and the delivery of the sentence was to be accepted as proof of spirit-existence after so-called death. Stephen Pearl Andrews died about a year before Mr. Palmer; but no tidings reached him concerning his friend; and he was in the habit of saying that if he should not receive any before the year expired, he would consider Spiritualism to be a delusion.

We have to remember, as part of the story, that Mr. Palmer heard of several mediums who had communicated with Mr. Andrews in the other world; but this hearsay evidence had no effect, because the required sentence was not given.

Connected with this compact, and with all similar ones, are several points to be considered, in order to obtain some idea of their value for proving the fact of intercourse with persons in the other world.

First we have to notice the formulation and memorizing of the sentence. While the two men were thus occupied, a number of spirits were with them; and perhaps some of them composed the sentence and put it into the heads of the two gentlemen. No doubt they were very careful and acted wisely; but some one near may have been wiser. In these days we stumble upon wise people very unexpectedly. We have no account of the gentlemen suspecting the presence of listeners. It is, however, tolerably correct to say that it is next to impossible for any person to say or do anything without some other person or power becoming aware of it.

At the time the compact was made, a clairvoyant might have been called in who could have read the sentence in the minds of the two men as easily as the reader will read the

words I now write. Then, it would have been only necessary for the clairvoyant to tell a few mediums, and the words could have been revealed to both men immediately, by the mediums or other persons, and perhaps in some newspaper.

Next, we may remember that it is just possible that the compact was a real good thing; something of use to the world. But Mr. Andrews and his band of spirits may not have thought so. They are not quite so ignorant as ourselves; but they are not omniscient. Probably, as soon as Mr. Andrews arrived among his teachers in the higher life, he may have found it necessary to learn his lessons in a manner somewhat different to his routine in earth-life, and he may have changed his views about the compact. One of his teachers may have given him a lesson something like this:

"Pearl, of course you remember the wonderful little secret you and Courtland invented, that sentence you formulated, (I was there at the time) and I remember it was to decide whether we in this life are all fictional, vapory nothings, or real men and women. Now, all of us belonging to your society here, have well considered the subject and think it will be better for you to forget all about it, for the present, because the noble Courtland will soon be with us, and have far better evidence. The fact of your sending him the message, would have little or no effect in convincing any person, not even Mr. Palmer himself. And we have nobler work for you, my friend; something far more consonant with your abilities."

We may remember also that two persons cannot always act justly when engaged in such compacts. The intentions of both persons may be perfectly right respecting themselves; but events may afterwards require some different arrangement, for the benefit of other persons; and Pearl's teachers may have acted accordingly. We know that the loving, wise counsel of our beloved instructors in the higher life does not rudely collide with our own individual divine power to act for ourselves. They always operate in delightful harmonious effort for the general good.

One other circumstance may have prevented the communication which Mr. Palmer desired. He and his friend were not blood-relatives. These, experience teaches us, are nearly always first attracted to each other, rather than to comparative strangers.

Why should Mr. Palmer decide to reject the fact of a spirit-world merely because he failed to receive a message within a year? By adhering to the agreement for limiting the time to one year, he would have been compelled to reject Spiritualism if the message had reached him during any time in the second year; even if only a day thereof had passed away.

We may now devote a few moments to the seance-method for proving the spirit-world's

existence. Those of us who have been charmed with the greetings and messages of our departed loved ones have observed two things, or two conditions of mind, standing out very prominently as the results of every seance, whether it consisted of manifestations of clairvoyance, of writing, or of materialization. One is the disposition of investigators to accept the occurrences as genuine spirit-work, with little or no evidence; the other is an opposite disposition to reject and pronounce everything to be results of fraud, in face of all evidence.

Among the class who accept everything at the moment, are large numbers who contradict everything a few days afterwards, or perhaps the next morning. While noticing this fact, we must carefully avoid censuring these investigators, as if they were reckless, or weak-minded, or deceitful; for scientists and learned cultivated people of all classes, are liable to such irregularities, in some rare cases. The contrast to the custom of first accepting and immediately rejecting, vividly appears in the class who first obstinately reject and afterwards accept. Both are equally sincere in their efforts to acquire a sound understanding of the facts presented. But each sees the same things at the same time, with different eyes, because their minds are products of different circumstances; and no two individuals can be found who will give the same account of the same thing witnessed by both.

The laws of evidence are so obscure that the wisest persons are continually committing mistakes while acting in the most careful manner to administer justice in accordance with the so-called evidence. Physicians, scientists, acute lawyers, and experienced judges, all fail, and some of the wise ones acknowledge their failures. The subject seems to belong to those mysteries which surround us and forcibly remind us of how little we know, and how much we have to learn. Who can tell what is, should or would be, genuine evidence, to the existence of a world of spirits?

It is very common to meet with investigators who maintain they are seeking the truth. They are not jolly churchmen who have found all they need of it, and are living on its light, its joys, and unalloyed bliss. But they are loving patient explorers, of the human mind and its duties. These anxiously and patiently work for more light, humbly acknowledging their ignorance. Their dictum is, "If any one will give us evidence of new truth, we will renounce our most cherished dogmas immediately."

And what is evidence? What is truth? Church-dignitaries have a short method of settling the question. They tell us God is Truth; and the evidence of it is His word, the Bible. If we ask what God is, we are told he is Jesus Christ; the only possible manifestation of God to man; and this manifestation on this little speck of dust, this little planet called Earth, is supposed to be suffi-

cient for all the vast Universe, during all the decillions of ages of all past and future time. This is the sum of their so-termed explanations.

Churchmen always regard "evidence" and "truth" as two things which they perfectly understand. For their satisfaction it is only necessary to refer to the Bible as the repository or storehouse where both evidence and truth can be found; but they cannot find anywhere else.

A sensible inquirer who is not a churchman soon discovers that "truth" is only a relative condition of mind, always subject to change. We may verify this daily, by observing the routine of judges, juries and medical men, who are always discovering "the truth" and renouncing it for something else.

Investigators in Spiritualism do so. An inquirer, while present at a seance, witnesses a fact, or receives a message from his wife, which quite convinces him and removes all doubts concerning the after-life. This conviction remains in his mind until some account is given by some other person who considers the first one was deceived. The new report entirely destroys the settled conviction; and the new condition remains until additional facts appear, which produce fresh ideas. These, in their turn, are called "evidences," proofs, etc., as before.

Thus, we shall see that each addition of new knowledge produces a new condition of mind; the images in the mind become either beautified or distorted; and the outer world presents a new aspect. If this be so it is easy to perceive that the same seance, or the same facts and appearances, can never produce the same mental images in any two persons.

When a man states he has found the truth about the other life, he is liable to think, especially if he found it in the Bible, that he has discovered an absolute something, an ultimatum, an absolute truth, or a final adjustment. To a churchman, it is final, while he remains unconverted. But so soon as he becomes converted to Rational Religion, he discovers that he must frame another final conclusion.

By observing processes of this character, we learn the need of exercising great gentleness with persons who frame, from the same series of facts, conclusions quite different to our own. When we feel inclined to term some person a fraud, or some dear friend a credulous fool, let us hesitate, and remember that their conclusions which we now term false, outrageous, etc., may be ours at some time. Our duty consists in making good use of the little knowledge we have, while striving for more, making every new idea subservient to our desire to make everybody happy.

And, of course, says some one, we must be content to live the whole of this life without any absolute knowledge whether there be any life afterwards! Yes. It seems to be

quite necessary that the wisest of us should be always ignorant of many things. How else could we learn? Our wise friends over the boundary tell us they are still in uncertainty regarding many problems, and always will be. Perhaps we may judge that if we could possess absolute knowledge of anything, it would imply things never changed. While things change our ideas must also change. While Eternal Progress rolls its endless wheels along, must change of mind and change of life forever be our song. The basis of proof regarding the existence of another world, is, consequently, the particular conviction or idea of truth in the individual's own mind. It is relative, because of the infinite varieties of mind, and dependent, because of the different varieties of evidence. But there is no such thing as absolute truth in the Universe, except as an ideal.

The fact that these uncertainties and mysteries exist, does not detract from our joy in contemplating the glories of the future; the only life that offers justice and substantial reality. To whom is it real? The beauties of the higher life are real to every person who determines to so make them. And every person, especially a loving woman, can easily formulate and beautify her delicately woven perceptions of spiritual love, until they develop into a magnificent ideal of sublime power, able in the future to provide joy for every being in the Universe. She delights to call the lovely image by her own name, and to revel forever in its untold possibilities.

### Reminiscences of the Long Ago and the Present.

BY SOLOMON V. JEWETT.

The writer was born and reared under the eaves of a John Calvin Church, in Vermont. It was located a little out from the College at Middlebury, sustained by the Presbyterians. Its surroundings were supplied by the best talent, as preachers and winter teachers of common schools.

Doctor Thomas A. Merrill graduated at Yale College and was honored, by choice, to deliver the valedictory address, while his classmate Daniel Webster was known to be the best scholar, and when his turn came to walk up and receive his diploma, the story goes, he cast it upon the floor making some impertinent remarks, and laid his foot on it.

In those days Calvinistic doctrines were dealt out on Sundays, freely, and closed service by singing the Doxology. One service before dinner, the second soon after, and a conference followed before tea. All were allowed to express their views at conference, and all have heard members—Laymen—

describe the place of fire and brimstone, where the wicked are cast among devils, and all could live on and on in these burnings together, and punished, for ever and ever, and that even the skull-bones of infants could be seen floating near the shore. And one old, white-headed minister, in a town adjoining, was repeatedly heard, from his pulpit, to make these assertions. At funerals, the hymn, "Hark, from the Tombs that Doleful Sound," was read, and sung by the Church-singers, at the grave. Young men and women attended the so-called Bible class, and could put hard questions, or any selected from the Bible, for the minister to expound.

At Weybridge—while in attendance—one lady says, "Mr. Smith, how long do you think we must lay in our graves before the day of Resurrection?" This reverend gentleman says, speaking and looking gravely "Oh, I don't know, can't say, it will only seem like a moment of time, like waking from a long deep sleep, it may be a thousand years, shorter or longer, I can't tell."

The verses to follow, were composed after returning from a Church, on Howard street one Sunday evening, where two reverend gentlemen officiated before a full house of intelligent looking people. The first hymn read and sung was more horrifying than exciting. "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne," and it produced these lines.

An awful God seated; on awful Throne  
Is what some Christians claim to own.  
An angered God and God of love  
Resides in Heaven far, far above.  
One God on throne, and all three in one.  
The Ghost, the Father and the Son  
Co-equal in power, in glory too,  
The like—Triune—man never knew.  
Proclaim this creed to all mankind  
"Believe or damned," must go it blind.  
When that great trump begins to sound,  
All then shall rise, assemble round  
The Highest Judge, and great, white throne,  
Who will the doom of each make known.

Daniel Webster has repeatedly held interviews with this, the DOVE'S casual correspondent. And one time, when Dr. Merrill reported his presence, Mr. Jewett very respectfully inquired of his old friend, about his present views of God and heaven, now, as compared with his sermonizing in Vermont? He gave a modest answer, that he "had not found all things in heaven in accordance to his belief on earth?"

\* Webster closed, in his letter to Mr. Jewett, from Mansfield, in 1843, by saying—"Please remember me to Doctor Merrill, who was a classmate of mine, and was considered as first scholar in his class." Daniel Webster has repeatedly returned and extended his best greetings, through different controls, to S. W. Jewett, and is one who feels as though historical records should be preserved for instruction and reproof to coming generations.

Note. This is important testimony. We always dined Dr. Thomas A. Merrill at our table on Sundays, before and after another filled his place in Middlebury, Vt. He lived to about 80 years, was the leading "Congo" of N. E. John Todd, next.

### The Handsome Women of Sorosis.

There is no better way to get a view of some really good-looking women than to eat a Sorosis lunch at Delmonico's, if you are of the right sex to do so, some bright afternoon.

Sorosis from its position as a pioneer among the women's clubs of the country, has been the butt of overmuch ridicule, but as a plain, ordinary, everyday matter of fact, it comprises in its membership some of the prettiest and some of the best-dressed women of New York. Of the younger set, Jennie June's daughter, Vida Croly, is a fresh and fair example, with one of the most attractive faces that one ever sees in the metropolis. Mme. Demorest's younger daughter is another very beautiful girl, and Mme. Demorest herself is a fine specimen of the stately dame.

Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, wife of the artist, and herself a well-known writer, is a member and a very pleasant person to look on, and Georgia Cayvan, the actress is not accustomed to have her beauty called in question.

Mrs. Hammond, wife of Dr. William Hammond, is a handsome woman, and Mrs. May Riley Smith, one of the sweetest-voiced of the minor poets, has an oval face that suits an artist, with soft brown hair and the most winning of smiles.

The brightest and pleasantest thing of any session at which she is present is Mrs. George Hoffmae, with her smiling eyes and wavy gray hair, who has been widely known in philanthropic work in the city, but who lives at High Point, on the Hudson, since her husband's death.

Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, the President, is a pleasant-looking woman in motherly home fashion.

Sorosis is a cosmopolitan institution. It admitted two women worth \$4,000,000 and \$2,000,000 respectively at a recent meeting, but women dependent on their own efforts are numerous and respected in the society. Mrs. Lord, of the shopping firm of Lord & Taylor, is an active member, but Mrs. Ayer, of Recamier cream fame, so I am told, once had her name proposed and was advised to withdraw it.

### Should Keep Her Half Still.

A loving young husband of this city possesses a pretty, young wife and a sweet little baby who is as good as he can be in the day time, but who has a penchant for making the midnight air resound with his cries. The dear little thing was giving his usual concert several nights ago. His audience was tired out. The "happy father" was trying hard to persuade the old sand man to fill his eyes and transport him to the land of Nod. Still the baby yelled.

"Dearest," growled this loving young husband, hadn't you better get up and walk around the room and get your baby quiet?" "My baby," responded "dearest;" "well, I think about one-half of it is yours!" "Oh, I don't care how much noise my half makes," answered the villain. "You just keep your half still."

# THE CARRIER DOVE,

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 25, 1888.

## SPIRITUAL LITERATURE--ITS IMPORTANT MISSION.

Forty years ago there was not in existence a book or periodical devoted to the promulgation of Modern Spiritualism. The reason of this was obvious. The spirit world with all its beauties, pleasures, and charms was like the old-fashioned map where certain portions of our globe were marked "Unexplored Country." No traveller had returned from that distant bourne to tell of his surroundings, of the country, climate, or condition of its inhabitants. Vague speculations, strange beliefs and superstitious notions were rife concerning the future life.

The previous efforts which had been made by the people of the spiritual spheres to communicate with the inhabitants of earth had been met with such hostility by the bigoted, ignorant, superstitious masses, and their instruments, denominated witches, put to death with such cruel tortures that the great, loving souls over there refrained from further demonstrations until they were enabled to attract attention independently by the raps, which the first intelligent means of communicating with our spirit friends.

The first reports of these manifestations were in keeping with the public sentiment of that time. They were sensational, unjust, and often bitterly denunciatory of the mediums and their supporters. The prevailing public opinion which was highly orthodox declared the manifestations of satanic origin; an opinion held by some learned divines of this city at the present time. Gradually as investigation deepened and broadened and men of intelligence

and influence declared in favor of the new movement, and it began to command respectful attention everywhere.

Men of science and letters declared themselves satisfied of the genuineness of the phenomena, and put the results of their investigations before the people in well-written newspaper articles, pamphlets and books. When the demand came for papers devoted to an exposition of the philosophy and accounts of the phenomena of Spiritualism, they were supplied and the public education began in that manner. Books pertaining to the subject were eagerly read and still continue the channels through which many persons receive their first intelligent conceptions of a future state of existence.

It is impossible to give a correct estimate of the number of volumes which have been published pertaining to Spiritualism in these forty years, yet it is certain they number several thousand. These silent educators are at work all over the land, opening the eyes of the spiritually blind and lifting men out of the thrall of ignorance into the blessed freedom which comes from our enlightened understanding. Newspapers and magazines devoted to Spiritualism are published in almost every land and in almost every tongue.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are, says the *Banner of Light*, one hundred and twenty-two papers and periodicals published specially devoted to Spiritualism, and probably more than twice that number that favor it, and occasionally place in their columns evidences of its truth. Of the former, twenty-four are published in this country, and ninety-eight in foreign countries.

Far and near these messengers of love are sent with their good tidings of great joy, and sad hearts everywhere are comforted and blest through their silent, yet potential ministrations. We have in this city one of those spiritual centers from which radiates the light of the brightest and most spiritually enlightened minds of the present century. Its influence is felt not only in our midst, but in many homes throughout the State; we refer to the Free Spiritual Library belonging to the Society of Progressive Spiritualists. Although only about three years since it was founded, and having been subject to many adverse conditions, it has steadily grown from the small beginning of half a dozen books until it now numbers about one thousand volumes. The good this institution has done is inestimable. Many come or send for books and read that which they would not be brave enough, or, from some cause would be prevented from hearing and are thus made acquainted with our facts, who could not become acquainted with them in any other way. This is a work in which every Spiritualist should take a pride and assist to the extent of their utmost ability. It is one of vast importance and requires only a little self-sacrifice on your part to become such a power in this city, as your lecture halls and seance rooms could not compare with in its far-reaching potentialities. While the library contains many valuable works still there are many more

it is in need of. New books are being published containing all the best thoughts and inspirations of writers, and mediums and these books are upon the library shelves where they become the common property and education all, without price.

In connection with the library is also a reading room, where all the current publications are on file for the benefit of who desire to avail themselves of this and that many do so is evident by our an's monthly reports.

Any contributions in money or books received and due credit given the through the columns of the Dove. Mrs. Whitehead is the librarian, to whom ten communications can be addressed office.

## THE ONE FACT.

The one fact that must, for many yet, underly all our public work is spirit communion. To the demonstration that fact, in a manner so certain that be no gainsaying it, we must still direct our chief efforts, for it was first involved at Hydesville forty years and is as important now as then. Without demonstrated spirit communion, our fails of any reason for its existence. Open continuous communion with the Spirit is alike our foundation and justification.

But, arising from this statement are others. Why should it be so insisted and for what end?

The why is this: because spiritualists claim they are the only people who possess present day demonstrations of man's after as attested by the facts of spirit communion with which they are familiar. As, therefore these facts are necessarily the foundation which they build, it is their duty to maintain the open communion by which they have obtained. This communion depends upon certain natural condition called mediumship and under proper circumstances, the spirit make not only their presence, but their individuality perfectly clear through the aforesaid mediumship, to us on this side of Primarily, then, the why is because spirit communion is our corner-stone, and secondary because it affords us indubitable proof of conscious life of man after so-called death. To what end this demonstration of communion with the Spirit world ought to be maintained involves a most important answer. First, the extension of our ranks by convincing quiers; next, that we who have become convinced, may gain a knowledge of the beyond. To accomplish the first our facts of be facts, entirely above suspicion, and giving absolute evidence of their reality source. We must meet the skeptic, and we can not we must know why we cannot see the spirits must teach us, or we must experiment until we find out.

To realize the results of the second part of the answer, we must look to our mediums on the one side, and their training under the best psychological knowledge and experience at our command on the other, so that the channel be kept not only open, but as far as practicable, free from all obstacles. Concerning spirit life and its conditions, the spirits must remain our informants. They are living there; let them, then, tell us how they live and what they do.

But some may object that, in thus arguing, an altogether too narrow view of Spiritualism is being taken. That it is a broad humanitarian movement, a great moral reform, a religious upheaval and so forth. All of which is true; but, the one fact, nevertheless, is what it all rests upon—and the use of it for us, is that we gain the knowledge alluded to, and out of that knowledge we see arise the new light that illumines all the great questions pertaining to man's life here and hereafter.

#### THE CONFLICT.

Reader, did you ever experience one of those terrific mental and spiritual conflicts when it seemed that your very soul was rent asunder, and your body,—poor, weak, helpless thing—would be left like a reed after the tempest had past, lying prone and desolate, with scarcely enough of the vital forces of life in it to prevent entire dissolution? Have you slowly regained your consciousness of the struggle just over, and wondered why you did not die, what there was of life, after all, worth living for?

Have you taken up your daily tasks and performed them in a meaningless, mechanical way without seeming to enter into the spirit of your work, and all the time feeling dazed, half-conscious and wholly incapacitated for thought or reflection?

Then, too, have you felt the awakening from this lethargic stupor which had so benumbed your faculties and began to reason *why* you were thus disturbed and what was the outcome of it all?

If you have experienced all this, you have doubtless understood in time, the purpose back of it all, and realized that the struggle was only the birth-throes whereby new conditions were to be evolved, and there was born unto you a new life, new hopes, new aspirations and stronger incentives to nobler endeavor.

Then, also, you have wondered why you cling so tenaciously to the past that it should require this desperate conflict before your eyes could be opened to behold the grandeur and beauty of the present and the wonderful possibilities of the future. You have rejoiced exceedingly that you were permitted thus to suffer, and have sang, light-heartedly, the song of him that overcometh.

Then, dear reader, you who can see how good can come to individuals through suffering, can also understand how the same experiences can come to certain classes, organizations, or bodies of people, and even nations. You can trace back these histories of the classes, or

bodies, and see how some seeming calamity was their first impulsion toward higher, better ground.

So it is with the spiritual movement of to-day. It is passing through an ordeal very trying to many, and doubtless some will succumb in the conflict; but after the struggle is ended Spiritualism will arise, purified through suffering, spotless and beautiful, to spread her wings of healing over all the earth.

She will come forth from her baptism of sorrow with shining raiments, retaining the good, true, and beautiful, but having been cleansed of the impurity, error and falsehood which now clings to her beautiful garments and trails them in the dust.

Then be of goodheart, faithful workee! Let not the clouds of the present obscure the sunlight of truth which still shines as brightly as ever. Cling closely to the hands of the loving angels who will lead you safely even through "great tribulation" into the port of peace at last. Listen to the dear voices ever singing, softly, sweetly singing:

"When through the deep waters we cause you to go,  
The river of sorrow shall *not* you overflow;  
For we will be with you your troubles to bless  
And sanctify to you your deepest distress."

Never mind the arrows of the enemy; pluck them from your bosom and look to heaven for strength and healing. Forget your own wounds by binding up those of your fallen comrades. Speak tenderly, gently the "beautiful words of love" to others, stricken as yourselves, and lo! the balm of Gilead is found; the great panacea for all your ills is at hand, and strength and healing will descend as softly and surely as the dew at eventide.

#### FAREWELL RECEPTION TO MRS. ADA FOYE.

On Thursday evening, the 16th inst., a pleasurable company of privately invited guests assembled in the parlors of Dr. and Mrs. Schlesinger, 32 Ellis street, this city, to bid adieu to Mrs. Ada Foye, who was leaving the following morning for an extended tour to embrace the Eastern States, England, and probably Australia.

The event was in the nature of a "surprise party" to Mrs. Foye who had been kept in blissful ignorance of the matter, and who was deluded into being present by the aid of a messenger boy and a peremptory note from Mr. Morse concerning "most important business matters."

The parlors had been decorated with flowers, ferns, vines, etc., supplied from the gardens of Mrs. L. C. Cook, and they looked quite bowerlike as a result. A pleasant hour was spent in social chat after the arrival of the literally "surprised" guest of the evening, accompanied by her daughter Birdie, who was one of the conspirators of the occasion. Shortly after Mr. J. J. Morse called the assembled friends to order in a short speech, at the end of which he invited Mrs. Amanda Wiggin to address the company, which she did most acceptably, as was the case with Mrs. Lena

Clark Cook, Mrs. Schlesinger, Mrs. S. Seal, Mrs. Finnigan and Mr. Cornor.

The closing speech was made by Mr. Morse who, in feeling terms regretted Mrs. Foye's departure, but yet was glad to know that so excellent a medium was kept on the move by her guides, as hundreds were hungering for the bread of life that her peculiar phase of mediumship so ably dispensed. He bade her good-bye, in the name of her many friends assured her she would not be forgotten though absent, and heartily commended her to all whom she would meet.

Mrs. Foye then made a fitting rejoinder full of gentle touches of womanly feeling and pathos, assuring all her friends of her appreciation of their great sympathy and kindness towards her, and wherever her feet might wander her mind would always turn back to her San Francisco friends with warm and loving memories.

Refreshments were next in order, the consumption of which, combined with much visiting and saying of good-bye to Mrs. Foye, brought the time past eleven o'clock, so with a few farewell raps from the unseen guides of our sister the genial company at last separated, and another happy evening takes its place among the things that have been.

Mr. W. E. Coleman sent a letter of regret at his inability to attend but expressing his accord with the purpose of the evening.

#### "THE OCCULT."

This little book is a pamphlet just issued by A. M. Stoddard, and contains some practical advice regarding the development of mediumship, one of the first truths he starts out with this:

"We wish it distinctly stated that spirits develop mediums. No one person or medium can ever develop another person or medium. Spirits who have vast clairvoyant powers, through and by a perfect system of laws well understood, develop all we call mediumship.

Persons who advertise to develop spirit mediums in any particular phase by sending out magnetized slates or paper to be used by persons at a distance, very much mistake their calling. No person was ever developed in that way. Each person seeking the development of mediumship must have not only a *desire* but a *mighty determination* to accomplish all their life powers will warrant them to attain. This determination, born of the soul's deep thirst for good to humanity, will call from the spirit side of life, a host of willing workers who will enter in with the resolve you have formed, and good will be the result."

This pamphlet contains twenty-three pages pages of reading matter, and will be found on sale at this office. Price, 10 cents.

#### PASSED AWAY.

EDITH ALICE BROOKS.

On the afternoon of Sunday, the 12th inst, the youthful spirit of Edith Alice Brooks passed to spirit life after a brief mortal residence of eight years and seven months. The cause of her departure was diphtheria from which she suffered just a week before the end came.

The funeral service was held at her late

home, 1430 Twenty-third avenue, East Oakland, but owing to the nature of the cause of death none but the immediate relatives were present. The exercises were conducted by Mr. J. J. Morse whose controls spoke in their usual tender and touching terms. The interment of the remains was at Mountain View Cemetery.

#### MR. MORSE'S CLOSING SERVICES.

To-morrow, Sunday evening, Mr. Morse delivers his closing lecture in this city, and it is to be hoped that his friends will turn out in numbers to hear their stranger-guest who has ministered unto them so faithfully and acceptably during the last fifteen months, on this, his last appearance before them as a spiritual teacher. The words of wisdom his control has given week after week will long be treasured in the hearts of his listeners and blossom into fruitage in their daily lives.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATION.

We call especial attention to the beautiful illustration which adorns the DOVE this week. Mt. Shasta is seen in the distance covered with the eternal snows, and planted, like a sentinel, amid scenery, wild, grand, and inspiring to every lover of Nature's grandest works.

#### PERSONAL.

Mrs. Etta Morrill and the Misses Adelaide and Lulu Duvall, nieces of W. E. Coleman, paid a short visit to San Francisco last week. They appeared to make the most of the time during their brief sojourn in our city, in visiting the most prominent places of interest. While going the rounds the sanctum of the DOVE office was favored with a flying visit from them and their uncle. It is expected that at no distant day they will be enabled to visit us again, and for a longer period. Mr. Coleman regrets very much that their stay was so short, and is sorry that they do not live in San Francisco, so that he and they might be able to see and meet with each other whenever desired.

## Chips.

O ecstasy of loving! Life is sweet  
When forth from silent mystery she springs  
And wakes in dual strength, with golden wings  
To soar, nor heed the earth beneath her feet!  
Say! is that rapture hour when pure souls meet  
And each to God so close love's treasure brings  
That angels sympathise and Heaven rings  
With songs, the fairest and the most complete  
Hath not the soul a fuller, deeper joy  
When called to "give," e'en suffer exquisite pain  
For that it loves? Shall not eternal gain  
Cancel the weight of woe, its power destroy?  
Such Christ-love hath not length, nor depth, nor height,  
But is as boundless as the infinite.

Birth is a meeting between the spirit and body; and death a parting. Nothing more, nothing less.

Those with whom we can apparently become well acquainted in a few moments are generally the most difficult to rightly know and understand.—*Hawthorne.*

If a great thing can be done at all, it can be done easily; but it is in that kind of ease with which a tree blossoms after long years of gathering strength.—*Ruskin.*

Let us draw the veil of charity over the past. If every man's history were printed on his forehead we would all be Quakers and keep our hats on in public.—*Freethought.*

How gratified our ascended friends must feel when we talk of them as "influences" and "intelligences." Our nomenclature must sound a trifle funny to our spirit friends.

Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results. "There are only two creatures," says the Eastern proverb, "which can surmount the Pyramids—the eagle and the snail!"

Evil actions always re-act upon the evil-doer. Those who stir puddles generally get splashed. If "the Lord" set marks on the brows of every Cain to-day, there would be many brows bound up.

Let us not forget that there are two worlds, to both of which we belong; to one by the present inflexible material law of necessity; to the other by Divine nature, by birthright, and sure future inheritance and possession.

Some day we may know why we thus suffer, weep and mourn; our sight is tear-dimmed now, and the gloom of earth's shadows is too heavy for us to see the light. But the sun no less surely shines, and we no less certainly, not only are to be, but are already blessed.

"It is not necessary to be rich and great and powerful, in order to be happy. If you will treat your wife like a splendid flower, she will fill your life with perfume and joy. I believe in the Democracy of the fireside; I believe in the Republicanism of home; in the equality of husband and wife."

Our own observation teaches us that physical ease and comfort do not produce as a fruitage the ripest, choicest characters. Who of your friends do you value most? Whose sympathy is the most prompt and serviceable in times of trouble? Is it not those who have themselves suffered?

Life's severest experiences awaken the choicest qualities. Its calm and peace alone are to be dreaded; for these leave us perpetually satisfied with what is, which is a state fatal to progress and growth. It is dissatisfaction and unrest which begin improvement, and could we be transported to that fabled city where never any died, how soon, as told of its people, would we weary of the monotony, and steal outside its walls in order that we might simply die and find an improved state of being. Nature's changes are always upward; even volcanoes and earthquakes, pestilence and revolution are helpful in bringing about better conditions.

The original matter contained in the DOVE is at the disposal of any of our correspondents desiring to use it, but in justice to those who have asked this journal be credited with it, we will not allow it to be used by others. We frequently see articles from our Exchanges taken from the DOVE and credit given. It is either carelessness or

There is occasion for rejoicing, for the kindling thanksgiving and praise that exalts the soul above the gloom of the day; that life is hard, only to teach us the perfect ease abiding with the spirit; that the way is lonely, only to broaden into perfect unending companionship! Over every dreary, desolate, difficult or painful the more sure and complete our triumph last.

## Spiritual Meetings.

### SAN FRANCISCO.

#### J. J. MORSE AT WASHINGTON HALL.

The announcement that Sunday last was the last meeting but one that Mr. Morse would address in this city, drew a large and intelligent audience to Washington Hall, on Sunday evening. The subject of the discourse by the controls was, "Murderers and Murderers as Seen by the Spirits," and was one of the most keen analyses of the subject that has been presented for a long past. As there was no reporter present, abstract even cannot be presented, but suffice to say that the subject was argued from the platform of the broadest right and humanitarianism, and elicited frequent and hearty applause.

The speaker's desk was handsomely decorated with bouquets of choice flowers, presented by Mrs. Amanda Wiggin and Mrs. Lena Cook. The vocal selections, "In the Gloaming," and "A Dream of Peace," were sweetly rendered by Miss Florence Morse, accompanied by Senor W. D. Van Brunt.

On Sunday evening next, Mr. Morse will deliver his final lecture in San Francisco, closing his public work in this city. No doubt there will be a large audience to listen to the eloquent speaker for the last time. Meetings commences at 8 p. m. sharp.

#### WASHINGTON HALL.

The Progressive Spiritualists met at the accustomed hour on Sunday last, for the discussion of the subject, "What Has Spiritism Done for Humanity?" The speaker who has been engaged to open the meeting will appear, and consequently volunteer speakers were in order.

A. M. Stoddard, Judge Swift, Mr. Mrs. Miller, Mrs. S. Seal, Mrs. Hendee, Judge Collins were among the speakers.

Dr. Schlesinger gave tests to skeptics, and all reported very favorably. Mrs. Rutter sang by request, "Where is My Wandering Boy?" and the services closed with congregational singing. The President announced the subject for next Sunday to be "What is Spiritualism?" An interesting conference is anticipated.

#### SAN JOSE.

The platform of the "Psychic" was occupied on Sunday morning by Mrs. L. H. Champion. She chose for the subject of her address, "Man, The Relation he Sustains to the Supreme Power that Projected Him into Existence." Though so boundless a theme the presentation was clear, logical and scholarly, as is all that emanates from the lady's pen.

The second hour was given to a conference meeting, the subject being "The Art of Forgetting." A number of speakers gave their thoughts relative to the benefits of knowing what not to know.

From Sunday to Sunday an increasing interest is shown in the meetings.

#### Intends to Stay.

EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE: Please find enclosed money order for \$2.50, to renew subscription for one year. I shall "stay" with you as long as you deal such blows at the frauds and excrescences that have attached themselves to the cause of true Spiritualism. Give us scientific, practical religion. Yours truly

M. W.

BOZEMAN, MONT. TY., AUG. 11, 1888.

## Our Exchanges.

### The Investigation of Mediumship.

The Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng.

Interested, unprincipled, and impecunious frauds drift into the ranks of Spiritualism; and because it is a world-wide and popular (not an unpopular) cause, so they find it a rare field for the exercise of their unscrupulous villainy, and are willing to try their skill on either side that will pay best, whether it be in exposing its weak points, *a la* Cumberland and Bishop, or in simulating its phenomena by prepared tricks.

On the other hand, half-developed media find themselves possessed of some sort of power, and rush into its exhibition, supplying with excited imagination what they lack in genuine medial power.

Professional mediums may be tempted by necessity to supplement spirit power by their own contrivances, when from ignorance of the laws of control it cannot be obtained, and private mediums may be tempted to the same course by the desire to oblige *exigent* enquirers, or from ignorance of how to discriminate between the promptings of their own minds and that of foreign influence.

We say thus much in order to leave the largest possible margin for all that enmity, prejudice, or antagonism, can urge against the

claims of the Spiritualists. Meantime, history, and the experience of thousands of competent and careful observers, have proved that there are, and have been, thousands of genuine mediums in both professional and private life; persons who would suffer any loss, disgrace, or obloquy, sooner than practice deception, or *knowingly* impose their own mentality upon that of the spirits. Nevertheless, in an age when fraud abounds, wherein every daily journal is filled with reports of deception and wrong practiced upon the unsuspecting, and that by professing *Christians* and so-called *religious* persons, the Spiritualists have no right to expect that their ranks shall remain free from the harpies that live by preying on society. We know, too, of scores of cases in which unscrupulous cheats and swindlers have pressed into our ranks for the mere purpose of betraying the cause they pretended to assist. Meantime, the Spiritualists, honest in their own dealings, and confident in the stability of their cause, are not always sufficiently on their guard against error, deception, or imposture. Spiritualism is as yet very new and young; its vast and world-wide forces are unorganized. Its writers, exponents, and adherents have been too busy in defending their sacred truths from the attacks of bigotry and the self-interest of crafts, to organize schools, found institutes, or establish methods for the detection of fraud or the erection of the standards of truth. Hence it is, that error may pass by unchallenged, and reports made in perfect good faith require to be weighed and measured with the utmost acumen and consideration. Not then for the sake of our opponents—for we know that in God's own time all opposition to that which we believe to be God's revelation will cease—not for the sake of the schools who are too proud to acknowledge any new facts that they have not originated; nor yet in consideration for the Church, whose occupation will be gone when the people are their own priests, and know the facts of the spiritual universe for themselves,—but for the sake of good, true, honest Spiritualists themselves, we wish to see investigations conducted on the most careful lines; and the proofs of spirit agency placed on such corner stones of irrefragable evidence that opposition can be laughed to scorn, and half-developed pretenders to medial powers be compelled to prove their pretensions before they demand credence from their associates.

### Dangerous Trusts.

North American Review.

We have entered upon a dangerous epoch in the evolution of our civilization, and hardly a fortnight passes now without developing some new combination of gigantic "trusts" of some corporate, industrial or commercial interest, to fix the price to consumers of all sorts of things and commodities, independent of economic operations of the law of supply and demand. One of the first as well as one of the greatest combinations ever formed was the Standard Oil Company, and it has thus far been so eminently successful in absolutely controlling the market prices of oil, regardless of consumers or producers, in defiance of supposed well settled principles of political economy, that it has inevitably bred an ugly brood of imitators.

The next great combine was the whisky trust, commonly known as the whisky ring. This became so strong and potential that it commanded the submission, not only of States, but of the National Government, to its behests and interests. It insists upon a monopoly tax upon whisky, but generally pays the tax (if at all) only when it suits its own convenience. The people of this country have already become weary of hearing of trust conspiracies for

the monopoly of beef, salt, coal, rubber, lead, lead pencils, copper, etc., indeed, almost everything which may be controlled by aggregated capital.

Perhaps one clear and concise statute forbidding corporations or aggregated capital to do business except as a unit, would break up this pernicious trusts which have been so serious a menace to commercial progress and to future national prosperity. The introduction of such an enactment is imperatively demanded by the requirements of the situation. Otherwise all competition, the life of all trade, will be eventually crushed out. An economic writer of great force says, "The 'trusts' are, in effect, corporations created without the consent of the State, and not subject to the control exercised over legalized corporations. The combination of coal companies to sustain the prices of coal and to arbitrarily limit production is practically a 'trust' in the general scope of its operations. The steel rail combination is of like character. And so with others. The object of all these combinations is to effect an illegal purpose by legal means. What is to be done with them? It is a well-settled principle of law that associations have no more right to inflict injuries upon others than individuals have. But these associations merely agree verbally to quit selling their products until their price shall be offered them. The trusts do not hesitate to undersell troublesome competitors or to overbid them for necessary raw material, thus making themselves, if successful, the only wholesale buyers and the only wholesale sellers of the commodities they deal in. After having established themselves by breaking down competition, they make the consumer pay the expense of the experiment and such further charges as they think the business will bear."

### "The Modern Spiritualists."

Light, London, Eng.

Very few persons of average education and knowledge are now ignorant that the present generation has demonstrated the existence of a force which exact science has hitherto refused to recognize. Most of us are aware that this force is governed by an intelligence which, in some cases, can be differentiated from that of any individual person, or from the collective knowledge of those persons present when this intelligence manifested itself. The claim which we Spiritualists of to-day make, that the survival after death of certain beings who once lived on earth has been proved, receives a wider recognition and a calmer attention than it ever did. For it is equally removed from the wholesale negation of the materialistic man of science, and from the unreasoning credulity of the old-time Spiritualist, who was not content without importing angels and archangels, and the spirits of the mighty dead to account for the simplest phenomena.

It is idle to refuse to admit that the modern Spiritualist has learned much of that moderation in hypothesis, that care in observation, and that precision in recording facts, which honorably distinguishes him from the methods of modern science, while he has refused to sanction the conclusions to which the application of some of those methods have driven some inquirers. He admits readily the part that incarnate spirit—whether of the medium, of the circle, or even of some distant individual—may play in the production of phenomena or the transmission of information hitherto referred *en bloc* to the operation of disembodied or unembodied spirits. His objection to recognize this theory, which he is by no means disposed to reject as a *vera causa* of some facts, begins only when it is strained and pressed to explain and account for *all*. He does not believe that

Spiritualism can be adequately investigated in all its branches, in all its varied aspects by any persons, however honest, able, and laborious, who frame such a working hypothesis as excludes the action of spirits outside of a human body. And this canon of criticism he applies also to the Spiritualist who used to discern in everything the action of spirits of the departed. He maintains from evidence that completely satisfies him that such action unquestionably exists: but he is ready to acquiesce in the competency of such operative causes as investigations into the phenomena of Hypnotism and Thought-transference have revealed, and no longer makes the sweeping assertions as to the action of spirits that a previous generation shocked sound sense by propounding. His objection to Telepathy begins only when it is distorted and twisted to form a working hypothesis for the explanation of facts which it does not cover. In effect, he believes that the hypothesis of the Spiritualist has not been disproved by any of the discoveries of modern science, nor by the researches of any body of investigators whose attention has been chiefly fixed on one branch of the inquiry. The Spiritualist hypothesis, in his opinion, still holds the field, even if it seem to be modified in some of its more fantastic applications, such as were rife among the credulous, but never among sound or cautious thinkers.

It is not to be denied also that the attention on the part of the Spiritualist to the theories and observations of those who have dealt with his subject in previous generations has been of service to him. If it be for no other reason, his study in that direction has borne fruit in enabling him to see the weak points in his own position, while he has been concerned in exposing the flaws in the arguments of his predecessors. Nor need a hypothesis be old to be instructive. It is notorious that all students of our subject do not accept our hypothesis in its entirety. We need not affect, as has been too much the fashion, to make light of conclusions which we do not share, or to turn away from such philosophical dissertations as, for instance, the German school of thought furnishes, because their lucubrations are somewhat difficult of mental assimilations, or because we have at hand our never-failing *deus ex machina* ready to be furbished up for every fresh emergency.

It is a hopeful sign of the times that matters of contention—and most psychical problems are matters of contention—are being discussed now in a more equable temper; that we are more disposed to patient observation and argument, and less to mere vituperation of an opponent; that there is more give-and-take in controversy; more disposition to listen to a hypothesis with which we do not agree, and more readiness to face the truth wherever it may lead us.

### Ghost-Hunting.

The Globe, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Richard Hodgson from England is Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research. He is the one who, as reporter for the English Society, profoundly disgusted the friends of Mme. Blavatsky, and gratified her enemies by a very hostile report upon her doings in India.

"The Society for Psychical Research guards its gathered materials with great secrecy. Its rich fund of facts is not published until they have been passed upon and thoroughly examined by the various committees; even then the names of those who contribute their experiences are in no case furnished to the public. Among the following are some of the most astounding facts on the record:

"An old gentleman living in Albany had been ill for months. His married daughter resides at Worcester. One evening last summer she suddenly laid down the book she was reading, and said to her husband: "I believe father is dying." She was strangely overcome by the impression, as there had been nothing whatever in the conversation or her own thoughts to lead to the subject of her father's health. All that evening and the next morning the feeling haunted her until a dispatch came saying that her father had died the evening before.

"A Lowell physician was called to see a patient about ten o'clock one night. It was extremely dark, and in alighting from his conveyance he made a misstep and sprained his ankle severely. His wife, who was at home in bed asleep, suddenly awoke with the vivid impression that an accident had occurred to her husband. She arose, awakened the servant and communicated her fears to her. Nothing could induce her to return to bed. At one o'clock the doctor returned, and it was found that the moment of the accident and of his wife's awakening were simultaneous. He was three miles away from home at the time.

"A young lady of Boston was visiting her uncle at Montpelier, Vt. He had but recently moved there, and she had never been in the Green Mountain State before. The day after her arrival he took her to a jeweller's to see a curious timepiece which had been mentioned in a local newspaper. This jeweller was a perfect stranger to both uncle and niece, neither having heard of him before. The gentleman introduced himself, made known his errand and presented his niece. The jeweller, a very courteous, affable man, stretched out his hand to the young lady. Her eyes caught sight of it, she turned pale, began to tremble, and did not take the proffered hand. On leaving the store she said to her uncle: "I could not shake hands with that man; there is blood on his fingers. He is a murderer." Her uncle ridiculed the idea, but it was afterwards learned that, thirteen years before, the jeweller had been indicted for murder, although owing to the breaking down of a witness who at the first examination had told a straightforward story, he had escaped conviction.

"Mrs. J., living in the suburbs had spent the morning shopping in Boston. She says: 'I returned home by train just in time to sit down with my children to dinner. My youngest, a sensitive, quick-witted little maiden of three years, was one of the circle. Dinner had just commenced, when I suddenly recollected an incident of the morning shopping experience, which I meant to tell her, and I looked at the child with the full intention of saying: 'Mamma saw a big black dog in the store,' catching her eyes in mine as I paused an instant before speaking. Just then something called off my attention, and the sentence was not uttered. Two minutes later, imagine my astonishment to hear my little girl exclaim: 'Mamma saw a big dog in a store.' 'Yes, I did,' I gasped, 'but how do you know?' 'With funny hair,' she added, calmly, ignoring my question. 'What color was it?' 'Black.' Now it was utterly impossible for the child to have been given even the slightest hint of the incident, as I was alone in town, and had not seen my children until I met them at the dinner table."

### Extremes in Healing.

Hall's Journal of Health, New York, N. Y.

There has been a tendency among new converts to go to extremes, especially in respect to religion, or matters into which religion enters

as one of the elements. Oftentimes their zeal assumes a fanatical turn, from which recovery is seldom had. This is plainly unnecessary in respect to methods of healing, as our established schools of medicine, that claim as its heritage the transmitted edge of the earliest empirics, that oldest allopathist, confined its teachings to the physical side of being, rating human disorders no otherwise than those which affect the animals in the effort to heal a wound or eradicate disease.

Now, to the appreciative mind it would seem quite as inconsistent to treat a patient as would treat a dumb animal, as it would to attempt to delude him into the belief that a fractured limb was a mental hallucination. His faith may be as a mountain, yet the limp member must be carefully set, splinted and bandaged before the process of healing can begin.

We have, heretofore, asserted in the columns that no physician who treats his patients from a purely materialistic standpoint is capable of intelligibly diagnosing a class of cases largely induced by mental distractions, or ministering to their relief by the usual methods, and the reverse proposition is equally true of the exclusively mind curists, who regard the physical as unworthy of consideration. It is indeed this ignoring by the old school of the very decided part which the mind plays in our ailments in inducing and keeping alive the disorders that pray upon the body, that has opened wide the door to the extremes of treatment now flashed into sudden and unsubstantial favor under the names of the mind, the prayer and the faith cure; fruit of the same ephemeral stock, which has only to be tested to discover its imperfections. Let us bring face to face these two extremes which, at present, rival each other with that unreasoning opposition which admits of no compromise, no blending into a harmonious whole, neither of which can ever reach anything like perfection for want of the other as a helpmate. On the one hand the mind is troubled by some overpowering sorrow or misconception, and needs to be sustained and reinvigorated, and you physic and fret the body with drugs and nostrums; on the other, the body is diseased, crushed and broken down, and you address yourself solely to the mind, declaring all sickness a delusion!

The influence of the mind over the vital functions has been frequently illustrated. A criminal condemned to undergo the death penalty after being told that his executioners had contrived a comparatively painless death for him, was bound upon a stretcher, a pretense of puncturing an artery made, and water allowed to drip, drop by drop, into a receptacle, in his hearing. Under the impression that he was being slowly bled to death, the convict actually expired under the operation. So much for the mind; now, supposing the subject had merely been bled to exhaustion, is it reasonable to believe that any effort upon the mind could have restored his lost energies? Men have been known to imagine themselves in the most absurd conditions, even to being a tool or a household utensil, an hallucination of which was found quite impossible to disabuse them.

In all similar instances it would be as absurd to rely wholly upon physical remedies to effect a cure as it would to appeal solely to a mind. Both the mental and physical should be considered in the treatment, both should be operated upon, and herein lies the vantage ground between the two extremes, neither of which should, in any event, be unmindful of the benefits to be derived from a recognition of the other. No amount of physic will cure a "mind diseased," and no persistency in prayer will cure a broken leg.



## Poetry.

## The Two Mysteries.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE.

"In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near by it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquired into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he, and added, "We don't either."

We know not what it is, dear,  
This sleep so deep and still;  
The folded hands, the awful calm,  
The cheek so pale and chill;  
The lids that will not lift again,  
Though we may call and call;  
The strange white solitude of peace  
That settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear,  
This desolate heart-pain;  
This dread to take our daily way,  
And walk in it again;  
We know not to what other sphere  
The loved who leave us go,  
Nor why we're left to wonder still,  
Nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead,  
If they should come this day,  
Should come and ask us, "What is life?"  
Not one of us could say.

Life is a mystery as deep  
As ever death can be;  
Yet, oh! how dear it is to us,  
This life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones  
And blessed is the thought!  
"So death is sweet to us, beloved,  
Though we may show you naught;  
We may not to the quick reveal  
The mystery of death,  
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would,  
The mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not  
With knowledge or intent,  
So those who enter death must go  
As little children sent.  
Nothing is known. But I believe  
That God is overhead;  
And as life is to the living,  
So death is to the dead.

## What Does It Matter?

ELLA WHEELER-WILCOX.

Wealth and glory, and place, and power,  
What are they worth to me or you?  
For the lease of life runs out in an hour,  
And death stands ready to claim his due.  
Sounding honors or heaps of gold,  
What are they all when all is told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear—  
What does it matter which we claim?  
For we step from the cradle into the bier,  
And a careless will goes on the same.  
Hours of gladness or hours of sorrow,  
What does it matter to us to-morrow.

Tenderness or love, or vow of friend—  
Tender caresses or cruel sneers—  
What do they matter to us in the end?  
For the brief day dies, and the long night nears.  
Passionate kisses, or tears of gall,  
The grave will open and cover them all.

Homeless vagrant, or honored guests,  
Pure and humble, or rich and great—  
All are racked with the world's unrest—  
All must meet with the common fate.  
Life from childhood till we are old,  
What is it all when all is told?

## Caraway.

Down past the savory-bed and the parsley,  
And close to the tumble-down picket fence,  
The caraway grew that grandma planted,  
And there it has been growing ever since.

When dear old grandma her "meetin'-bunnet"  
Had carefully tied, on the Sabbath day,  
She always put in her best-gown pocket  
A generous handful of caraway.

For the dear old soul would go away  
To sit in the cushionless pew;  
And oft the parson's doctrinal sermon  
Would trouble her tender feelings, too.

And when she had heard so much of "election"  
That her heart for others began to bleed,  
She sensed to better God's love behind it  
By eating a bit of her "meetin'-seed."

Solemn and mild, upraised to the parson,  
Her gentle old face on the Sabbath-day,  
She drank the sweet there was in the sermon—  
The bitter she flavored with caraway.

Though it is not very fair to look at,  
Though you may not fancy its taste indeed,  
Yet still it shall grow there down in the garden,  
Because it was grandma's "meetin'-seed."

## Call Me Early, Wifey Dear.

"Now wake me up at six o'clock,"  
Said he on going to bed,  
"To-morrow is my busy day,  
I'll get right up," he said.

His patient wife, who previously  
Experience had tried,  
Said nothing—only looked at him,  
And softly, sadly sighed.

The night passed on, the morning came  
At six she said, "My own,  
It's six o'clock. You know you said—"  
He grunted, "Lemme 'lone!"

At seven she gently tried again,  
But once again without  
The slightest semblance of success—  
He only snapped "Get out!"

At eight her courage almost failed  
And turned to wholesome dread,  
For as she spoke, she had to dodge,  
A boot flung at her head.

She thought he swore at nine o'clock,  
And gave up trying then,  
And he whose busy day it was  
Got up at half past ten.

The came the tide of bitterness  
That overflowed her cup:  
For he remarked, "What! half-past ten?  
Why didn't you wake me up?"

## A Tired Woman's Last Words.

Here lies an old woman who always was tired,  
For she lived in a house where help wasn't hired.  
Her last words on earth were "Friends, I am going  
Where sweeping ain't done, nor churning, nor sewing;  
For everything there will be just to my wishes,  
For where they don't eat there's no washing dishes;  
I'll be where the loud anthems will always be ringing,  
But having no voice, I'll get rid of the singing.  
Don't mourn for me now and don't mourn for me never,  
For I am going to do nothing for ever and ever.

## When Wife's A-Goin' Away.

Somehow yarns around the groc'ry  
Ain't so funny as before,  
An' I'm all the time forgettin'  
This or that e're little chore;  
When I git out in the kitchen,  
Want to hang around and stay;  
Guess I'm foolish 'cause this ev'nin'  
Why—my wife's a-goin' away.

She's a-fixin' things for me  
With a thoughtful, lovin' care,  
T. Illin' me that somethin's here  
An' somethin' else is over there;  
Lookin' sober, speakin' low voiced,  
Though she hasn't much to say;  
Ketch her eyes on me all dim like—  
Guess she hates to go away.

Wish 'twas over, wish 'twas way off,  
Wish we didn't have to part;  
That's jist what I keep a-thinkin',  
And a-feelin' in my heart.  
P'raps our speerits see much farder  
Than the partin' of to-day,  
And, jest hint what they can't tell us,  
When a loved one's goin' away.

Calls to mind another journey,  
By-an'-by we all must go.  
Wonder who's a-gettin' ready  
For the train that moves so slow?  
Brings the tears to think about it,  
So I git nigh her an' pray  
It may be my time for startin'  
Jest when she's a-goin' away.

—Lu. B. Clark, in Omaha World.

## A Birthday Ode.

MATILDA VOORHIS.

I'm forty-four. Strive as I will  
I cannot make it less,  
Though of their age my sex, 'tis said,  
Will oft the truth suppress.  
I knew a lady once whose age  
For ten years was a score;  
When she at last reach twenty-five  
She stuck there ten years more.

But oh! if time would in its flight  
Stand still at sweet eighteen,  
And leafy June be always June,  
With all its glow and sheen,  
And girls be girls and boys be boys,  
Through all the sunny days,  
Nor learn that life has thorny paths  
And darksome devious ways!

But then, if girls were always girls  
Where would we get our mothers,  
And if the boys were always boys  
We'd sadly miss our fathers;  
And where would dear old grandma be,  
With specs and easy chair?  
And grandpa, with his placid face,  
And pipe, and silvery hair?

Though youth is sweet and all too short,  
And cares come quite too fast,  
Yet life has many sunny days,  
Though oft with clouds o'ercast,  
And though we may backward glance  
At days that are no more,  
Yet life has some charms left us still,  
Though we are forty-four.

—[MATILDA VOORHIS.

## Children's Department.

### Cutting off the Baby's Curls.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

My beautiful darling ran in from his play,  
His blue eyes swimming with tears unshed;  
"The boys all call me a 'dirl,' mamma,  
And I isn't a dirl," he said,  
"It's 'cause I've got curls, and they're just like a dirl's,  
And I wish you'd cut off all these mis'able curls."

I held my darling close to my breast,  
And I hushed his sobs with a sigh and a smile;  
But oh, my heart was so ill at rest  
As I thought of the past the while;  
Must I sever those ringlets, half silk, half gold,  
That lovingly over my fingers I rolled?

I thought of the baby kisses and wiles;  
Alas! had my baby gone far away?  
Must I look in vain for his dream-like smiles,  
And watch him no more at his play?  
Nor call him my "wee dimpled pearl of pearls,"  
While I stealthily fondled the hated curls?

I lifted them gently—my boy, my pet,  
Still sobbed and still clung to have them shorn;  
His cheeks were like scarlet, his eyes were wet,  
As he lisped of his playmates' scorn:  
And my own eyes were heavy with unshed tears,  
As the shining tresses fell off the shears.

It was done—my darling no longer wept,  
But proudly held up his head as he ran,  
"See! now you can't call me a dirl any more;  
My curls are all gone—I'm a man!"  
Ah, poor little manikin, what did he care  
That my tears fell hot on that glistening hair?

I laid them aside in a carved box,  
Those living tresses of amber glow,  
And I look at them now with a yearning love,  
Though my locks are as white as snow;  
And they straighten and spring into spirals of gold  
At the touch of my tremulous hand, as of old.

And I think of the head where they clustered soft,  
Of the tearful voice and the wet blue eyes;  
And I wist if his ringlets are grown again,  
In his beautiful home in the skies.  
My baby! his triumph was brief as wild—  
He died on my bosom a little child.

I had dreamed my dreams of the coming man,  
My proud, high dreams, but they never led  
So high as the heaven to which he has gone,  
Or stooped to that narrow bed;  
They were full of glory, untroubled by pain—  
Now God has the glory, and he the gain.

And I sometimes see through the open door  
My darling, my baby, my pearl of pearls!  
His hands outstretched and his shoulders hid  
In a cloud of golden curls,  
Ah! me, these tresses will never grow gray,  
Yet my tears fall like rain as I hide them away.

—Youth's Companion.

### He May Rival Hofmann in Time.

Charley Shenett, a little toddler who can only lisp a few words, has set this town wild by the remarkable ability he displays as a musical genius. The good people here have all heard of young Josef Hofmann, whose wonderful performances have been so much written about, and they think that the world should know of the little fellow who may in time rival even Hofmann.

So far he has experimented only upon the

harmonica, but he has mastered that instrument, and though he is only three years old he plays twenty-eight separate and distinct tunes, not counting a dozen or so variations of "Home, Sweet Home." No one even suspected what a little genius he was until about six months ago, when his father brought home one night a little toy harmonica. Charley seemed immensely pleased with his new toy. He blew all sorts of noises out of it, imitating his father, who has about as much ear for music as a hen. His indiscriminate blowing didn't last long, however. In a day or two the little fellow's mother was surprised to hear a tune she was accustomed to hum coming from another room. She was still more surprised when, on going into the room, she found little Charley contentedly sitting on the floor and piping away on his little toy harmonica. At first she thought it was an accidental performance, but it wasn't and in a few weeks the little boy could play a dozen tunes. Since then he has branched out into all sorts of fancy, and it is a rare treat to hear him touch up an old tune with his own variations.

Before he was three years old his parents were so beset by callers who wanted to hear him play that they decided to have him play in the church at one of the sociables. He was a little shy about beginning, but once started all went smoothly and the audience listened to a rare treat. The only time he has shown any fear was at the Grand Army social. He played "Home, sweet Home," so well that the old veterans fairly raised the roof with their applause. This so startled the young musician that he could not be prevailed upon to play any more that evening.

The strangest feature of the case is that Charley does not inherit his wonderful talent from his parents. His father, Jared W. Shenett, is a stone mason by trade and cannot even whistle a tune. His mother hums a little, but, as she says, she is not in any sense a musician. An older brother plays the accordion a little, and an occasional organ-grinder passes through Mansfield. Just how much of Charley's musical education he owes to the organ-grinder does not appear, but it cannot be much. He seems to have taught himself.

His musical self-education has been interrupted of late by an attack of scarlet-fever, but he is now convalescing and his toy harmonica is his constant companion.

New York Sun.

### Rich Folk and Poor Folk.

"Tommy, are you tired?" "Yes," said Tommy, crossly, "I'm very tired, and father's working in the fields, and I have got to take him his dinner before I go to the fair." "Why don't the servants take it?" "Servants!" said Tommy, scornfully. "We've got no servants. We are not rich people." "Wouldn't you like to be rich?" the eldest sister asked, while

the two little ones walked slowly round me, looking at the feather in his hand. "No, I don't want to be rich," said Tommy, shaking his head. "It's expensive," said Tommy, shaking his head. "Rich people have to buy such a lot of things and to wear fine clothes, and they can't have dinner in the fields," and they can't have dinner in a room," said the girl. "That's because he's rich," said Tommy. "That's because people would talk if he didn't; rich people can't do as they like, as the poor can." "My father lives in a big house," the girl went on, for she was rude and liked to boast. "It takes up lots of room; my father's house is better world to live in, if he likes, and it's more work," said the girl, scornfully. "Miss Shenett said Tommy, proudly. "Rich people don't get the poor folks to do it. Why, we poor folks made everything in the world. Oh! it's a shame folks died?" "But suppose all the poor folks die?" cried Tommy; what would the rich folks do? They can sit in carriages, but can't build them; and eat dinners, but can't cook them." And he got up and went his way. "Poor folks ought to be very kind to the rich folks for its hard to be the like of them," said to himself as he went along.—*Under Mother's Wing.*

Taking a cigar out of his mouth, the minister said to one of his parishoners, who was sleeping in sermon time: "There is no sleeping-car on the road to heaven." "No, no smoking-car either, I reckon," said the man, in reply, now wide awake.

## Miscellaneous.

### Talmadge Brays.

"The time is going to come (you and I will not live to see it, but it will come, just as certainly as there is a God it will come) when the Infidels and Atheists who openly preach out and out and above board preach and practice Infidelity and Atheism will be considered as criminals against society as the now are criminals against God. Society will push out the leper, and the wretch will be gangrened and ichorous and vermin covered and rotting apart with his bestiality and be left to die in the ditch and denied a burial, and men will come with spades and cover up the carcass where it falls with poison not the air, and the only text in the Bible appropriate for the funeral service will be Jeremiah, xxii, 19: "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass."

It is said that the noise of a goose saved Rome, and in this case the devilishness of a two legged ass shows the devilishness of Christianity and the curse of personalism. Think of a man like Talmadge talking of Ingersoll as a wretch with soul gnawed by vermin covered, and rotting with bestiality.—*Foundation Principles.*