

The Carrier Dove.

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

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The Platform.

The Natural Spiritual and Celestial Planes of the Second State.

The Fifth Lecture of a Private Course Delivered by Mr. J. J. Morse in San Francisco, and published in "Practical Occultism."

The present topic of consideration is "The Natural, Spiritual and Celestial planes of the Second State." At times it is supposed that the second state of life is so strangely different, so altogether miraculous in its character by comparison with the life you are now pursuing, that it would seem, that if such opinion be accepted as correct, that it would be impossible to give any rational and intelligible conception of what its nature was like. Naturally, the logical mind would argue, if there is this great difference between the two estates,—and if the fact of communion between them be true—then those who come to you from that other state can only make themselves understood to your judgment through the agency of symbols and such approximate statements as would best meet the necessities and difficulties that lie in the way. Therefore in this case all statements concerning the spiritual life would have to be accepted as approximate statements and not statements of literal and actual fact stated in specific terms, and the result would be that the whole of the literature of Spiritualism dealing with the after life would be an approximate and not an exact literature, for there could be no exact philosophy of the subject, and you would have to wake up perchance into conscious life in the world beyond with the painful fact dawning upon you that you absolutely were not benefitted in any particular by all the supposed information that had been transmitted to you during your residence upon earth. If the spiritual world could only give you an approximate understanding of the conditions of the future life, it would not render you any very substantial service, you would still be shrouded in doubts and difficulties, and the real character of that future state would be just as much a sealed book to you after you had received communications from these people as it was prior to your so-doing. Clearly, then, if this is the case the value of the communication will be seriously impaired in proportion as this fact is known.

On the other hand, suppose it to be that you can get not only an approximate but a tolerably exact statement of the facts of that future life, couched in such manner and method that shall make it easily understood and accepted by your intelligence and judgment, then the communications you receive from that to you, future world will help to clear away the mists as well as dispel the superstitious opinions that have surrounded that future life for so many generations past. In this case communications will be advantageous and beneficial to you, instructive and illustrative of the real facts and the actual circumstances that there prevail, and so coming to you in such a character will store your mind, unfold your judgment, and add to your knowledge of the life beyond, while it will largely rob death of those terrors that ignorance and doubt have hitherto associated with it. Shall we take the hypothetical ground or the ground of exactitude; is it impossible to translate the life beyond into the understanding of rational humanity, must the information be conveyed in the form of symbols and approximations? Our choice is very simple; we aim, as best we can, to be something of the rough and hardy pioneer, who working through the tangled undergrowth of the forest strives to carve a way for those who come after, that there may be something of a road and more of daylight upon the path than there was before, and if we can do this in such practical manner as shall make the road we mark out clearly understood by you, then we must come to something of exactitude, and symbols and approximations may be put upon one side as not suited to the task we have in hand.

We have divided our subject into three separate sections: The Natural, Spiritual and Celestial planes of the second state, and the inference arising from this division is naturally that man passes through certain conditions thus named and in himself exhibits a natural and spiritual and celestial character as he proceeds.

But at the outset we may be encountered with a criticism and told that to argue that a person passes through a natural condition in the spiritual life is to argue something that does not seem upon the surface to be supported by the facts. We would like to ask one question: How many of the teeming multitudes of spirits are really spiritually unfolded

while living in this world? If they are not spiritually unfolded while they are living in this world how can it be reasonably supposed save only by the operation of a miracle, that they can become spiritually unfolded as the simple result of having died? That death will put such people into a spiritual condition rests upon a sandy and insecure foundation; yet, you will tell us, they become spirits. That is true enough. There are a great many human people who just possess mortal bodies, in whom humanity has not yet begun to put forth its fairest flowers; they are mortal rather than human. These people, then, will be spirits rather than spiritual; and herein lies the essence of the distinction, for may it not be accepted that until the divinity of humanity has been elaborated and unfolded, the glorious spirituality which is the perfume of humanity can scarcely be expected.

We invite you first of all to the natural plane of the spiritual life wherein all the latent elements pertaining to your present development, germinate, flower, bring forth their graces and glory, and where all the nobler selfhood that you feel within you now unfolds, matures and beautifies. Ah! but if we have to take such a step as that, and if all the better part of us that we possess now is unfolded over there, how many of us shall reach the glory in the end, and at what an expense of time, it may be, that we shall pass through the ultimates of the natural nature of us and tread upon the verge of the spiritual that lies beyond?

True, there is no royal road to progress in the second state any more than there is in this; all achievement is the result of individual effort and personal application. If you wish to grow on the second plane of life; then even as you would have to labor upon this plane mentally and morally to achieve results, so mentally and morally, must you labor on that second plane if you would advance and progress.

Now when we look at human nature we find that there are certain possible characteristics and elements pertaining to man's natural nature, as it is called, that apparently are in the way, are clogs upon the wheels of his spiritual development, and people tell you if wish for grace and growth you must trample underneath all the carnal and material elements of your nature. Very frequently we have to raise our voice in condemnation of a

doctrine so sophistical. There is nothing base in man's nature; it is only the uses that ignorance and undevelopment have put it to. If, then, by ignorance you have descended to ignoble service, if by lack of knowledge you have become chained, slaves to mastering passions, then those passions are not to blame, but your lack of development and lack of knowledge rise up in condemnation and accuse you of failure to rightly use the powers that God himself hath committed to your keeping.

When the world grows wise enough and clearly sees the character of God's great government it will universally concede the point we are about to urge, that in man's nature as well as in the universe itself the gifts of God are good eternally. It is not in crushing and crowding to the ground and trampling beneath your feet the gifts of God that you are going to attain the real progress; but it is in bringing out the principles that are involved therein; in applying them intelligently and wisely to the nobler purposes and desires of your life, and so bringing out the latent elements of good, the essences and all the sweetness and brightness that man's material nature contains. This cannot be done to-day, but instinctively the individual feels it ought to be done. This instinctive conception has lain within the minds of men for ages past, and the ascetics and monks and recluses of the world testify to the fearful ends men have gone in their attempts to crucify the flesh that the spirit might be free.

Vain efforts were these, for your natural being needs its particular development, its true unfoldment, that these latent qualities and powers to be brought to the surface and stimulated even as the sunshine stimulates and warms and brings to the surface the blade of grass as it grows upwards from the soil; and when you can effect this result while you are living here, then so much higher will you stand in the natural condition in the spiritual world when you pass to it; but you need not think that you will pass into a realm or sphere beyond the first division we have mentioned, for the first stage will receive one and all, for there is not a human being living in the world to-day who has attained such superior developments and exalted unfoldment that he has exhausted the natural elements of personal being pertaining to the sphere of life wherein he first commences to be.

In the spiritual states of life you will find the counterparts of nature, the counterparts of humanity, and these natural counterparts of nature and man are the elements of the first degree, so to speak, of spiritual existence. They constitute the natural plane whereon your loves, your affections, your interests, your professions, all that which makes you what you are to-day, come to you, remain with you, a part and parcel of your lives, and do their work there in your fur-

ther development, and which fit you for the next degree that rises beyond.

Let us go back for one moment. The natural affections of the heart, so called, the desires of the intellect, the aspirations of the moral man, the emotions and premonitions of the spiritual part of you,—all these are working in your lives to-day. You will die, and when you enter on the second plane, all these things will be with you there working with you still, but they will bind you at the same time, for they are links that hold you down to the world from whence you came, and bind you to the friends you love, to the pursuits that were dear to you, to the principles of being you were then related to, and they will hold you just so long as you have not developed beyond, or more properly speaking, developed up to all the possibilities of life at present active within your being. Therefore, your sojourn upon the natural plane—the second state—will depend entirely upon the character of your affections, the nature of your pursuits; and if your strong affections still bind you to the realms of nature and the people living there, then will you be as dwellers upon the threshold, living actually within the confines of the material thought, even on the spiritual side, remaining unseen, but chained to the conditions of earth, sharing and sympathizing with its people in their trials and tribulations when they are affectionally related to you. But growing a little beyond this and becoming wider in thought and nobler in aspiration, you pass away from the world itself, from the actual conditions of mortal being, and enter into the real conditions of the spiritual life, and you will then realize the true fulfilment of the latent possibilities of the natural man.

We have so profound a faith in, and so deep a worship for the divinity of man, that at times we feel that if the world's humanity was only what that humanity can become, the world would need no service from the spiritual world to aid it in its upward progress. There is so much of good, so much of truth, so much of power and beauty enshrined within this nature of yours, that could all these be brought into active exercise the world's people would become angels and gods. Therefore when we see and know them and mingle with them on that brighter plane of natural existence, whereon the spirit man first stands, we feel and know how divinely great this humanity can be. Over there, then, where love is the ruling element mingling in every thought and urging all your nature forwards, there, on really the lowest round of the ladder of spiritual progress, man unfolds every latent element of the divine humanity, and realizes fully and completely all the elements of human greatness.

In the main, the majority of communicants, who come to hold communication with you, come from the first plane of spiritual existence; there they are dwellers upon the

threshold; nearer this life, really, than the other, they have scarcely passed the portal and yet those upon the natural plane of spiritual existence, whose interest, sympathies and desires are still associated with the mortal world. Occasionally, much more rarely than you think, come messages from the plane beyond, the aviant couriers of a better dispensation yet to be unfolded, and now again their golden words drop into the seas of mortal thought stirring their waters with a quicker life, illuminating them with a radiant glory that flashes and scintillates before the wondering eyes of those keen enough to feel the power of the deeper thought and the higher presence.

But no matter how long the time may be, the period surely comes at last when the latent elements of your present careers are all unfolded and you have grown co-equal with the plane of principles upon which you have hitherto reposed and therefore need a larger flight, must have a new condition, for now you begin to feel the need of that deeper unfoldment that lies behind the human nature, the cultivation of the spiritual part of you.

By effort and by sorrow, it may be by pain and misery,—most potent teachers in the main,—you have become chastened and purified; the discordant and rebellious elements have been reduced to order and to harmony, and being thus clothed in your right mind at last, wearing at last the wedding garments for the spiritual feasting that lies before you, the command comes out of your own necessities, "come up higher." Out of your own necessities, mind, for you can make no advance in the spiritual states of being until the absolute need of it within yourself compels the movement onwards, you cross the boundaries. Of that crossing we can not deal with now. Suffice it to say you cross those boundaries and find a new life surging within your nature, new aspirations developed, new relations yearned for, and onward you go not forsaking or forgetting all that has gone before, but, as it were, gathering and folding it up like a treasured garment and putting it away in the recesses of your mind for use hereafter. The life, and thought and action of you goes forward now into the upper portions of the consciousness and is related to spiritual things more deeply; or, in other words, you have now arrived at that plane of evolution in your spiritual consciousness when you have a higher plane of activities that, by contrast, because of their refinement, are justly describable as the spiritual plane of your being.

Now this spiritual plane is the complement of the natural plane you existed upon before; it is the very essence of all that has gone before. Whereas love ruled you before, now another power begins to operate as a controlling influence upon your judgment. It is the power of spiritual perception. The spiritual perception operates now, and whereas before you had to reason and to

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 argue upon all that entered into your knowledge, now the soul sees beneath the form, through the phenomena to the law and the principle that are beneath. The more remote powers, as you consider them now, of your souls, are then brought nearer to the surface, and all the virtues and abilities you have dreamed of as being possible hitherto now become practical realities in your every day experience.

This spiritual power working within you begins to manifest itself externally and you behold yourself upon this plane clothed literally in the purity of your own progress; whereas your garments upon the lower, or natural, plane of spiritual life were the reflection of your personal thoughts and states and conditions, which now have become the outward types and forms of your interior life and develop a being clothed in that which makes imposition and imposture utterly impossible. Here on this plane of life the spirit always is to outward form just what it is in inward nature. If this sublime law was only realized on earth, what a transformation would be effected in the conditions of human society, how many people would have to change places; those who are up would have to come down, those who are judges would become criminals, while many a poor prisoner might play the role of judge most righteously. Think of it! the time will come when what you really are, out of the purity and sweetness of your progress, will become actually manifest in the external robes that clothe you.

The spiritual state brings you into closer sympathy with the souls of men than you could here obtain upon the natural plane previously referred to. Natures intersphere each other more completely, and more close communion exists between the inhabitants of this plane, and their affections and their perceptions running into closer harmony than hitherto, prevent them making misplaced confidences, wrong associations and injurious affiliations. They find, too, that the purposes of being have a deeper significance than they ever dreamed before, and realizing truly and universally the presence of law and principle in the conditions around them and within themselves they are at last overwhelmed with a deeper and more spiritual consciousness of the existence and the government of God than ever was possible to them before.

One step further is taken here, and from this plane of the spiritual perception they arise to still more exalted development which we will call, for convenience sake, the celestial state. There a wondrous development is made manifest; would that we had the power and the skill to bring the glory and the beauty of this third state before your understandings; the radiant divinity of it, the spirit and power, the spirituality of it, the loveliness of it are so divinely glorious, permeated by such royalty of soul from those who live

within it, the omnipotence of God's great presence, that words fall all too short of being able to give you the slightest outline of it.

Lives there beat in glorious rhythm with the eternal music of the Infinite heart itself, and every latent possibility of the soul to this point rises to its highest altitude, manifests its most glorious activities and divinest powers; the noble messengers of that higher life are indeed fitted to be as even Gods to you. How can we speak of them, how can we tell you of their glory and their beauty. There is in their nature one great principle. If affection and perception have ruled in the previous cases; now comes the godlike power of meditation or assimilation, whereby the principles already gathered, the knowledge already possessed, the developments already made manifest, are brought within the very consciousness of the soul itself, and love and intellect and meditation here crown the progress of the soul as it passes upwards in the second state. Mark well the meaning of these terms. We are speaking only of the second state, not other states that rise beyond it, mark you, more glorious still, but that one state of spiritual being that you are at present related to, the three divisions of which we have just enumerated.

When these three separate stages of progress have been made, they may now be passed before you in the review that substantially says they are the fulfillment of the natural man as you know him to-day. They are the realities of the spiritual man as you feel him within yourselves; they are the blossoming and unfolding of the divine man that lies beneath all that is the very essence of your natures.

Here we have, then, observation, perception and reflection; love, justice, and wisdom manifesting themselves in their proper orders and as they increase in power and come into harmony each with the other, and when love is directed by reason, and reason controlled by wisdom, then love, justice and wisdom—justice promoting the action of the intellect—then when these three are brought into mutual harmony and unity, what a perfectly rounded life, by comparison with the lives of men to-day, is presented for your consideration!

When this final stage in this second state has been reached, behold! a marvelous thing occurs. The mind's action, or more correctly speaking, the action of the conscious soul itself produces a wonderful result, and all that has been so far reached becomes absorbed into the very nature of you, and becomes the foundation element that is the basis of your progress in the next state that rises beyond, the second state you will encounter, when you pass from this your first.

The process may be indefinitely repeated. These triune developments, their associations in action and their final assimilation into one compact element will go on indefinitely until the soul in its attributes of justice, love and

wisdom, and all the elements that make up man's nature, affectionally, intellectually and spiritually, shall grow to such gigantic proportions and possess such divine abilities that all you have ever dreamed of concerning even Deity himself, shall pale into utter insignificance by the side of the reality you shall personally possess.

May we not, then, pause here, asking you to remember that we have only dealt in plain and simple terms, and on general principles with some of the most important facts which will be your experiences when you pass from this stage to the world beyond. We here endeavor to present to you, not an approximation, but a literal statement of the fact that three planes of your present natures, the natural, intellectual, and spiritual, as we should perhaps more correctly interpret them, are unfolded upon the first general degree of experience after death, and that over there the three are represented by the terms natural, spiritual and celestial; and as you thus progress the principles of your divine humanity, the elements of your immortal minds, the qualities of your eternal souls are successively developed and unfolded as you go along the second plane of your being, and each unfoldment lays the possibility of the one that comes afterwards, and as it grows and develops it makes you nobler and more divine, until at last having exhausted the possibilities of the first plane of your spiritual existence, all these beauties and glories in their triune departments become concentrated and embodied in yourself, and behold! a diviner humanity than you ever have dreamed of yet is the glorious and beautiful result.

May we meet you, then, not as dwellers upon the threshold, for then it would pain us to know that you had not yet reached that plane of spiritual development that fitted you to pass behind the outer portals, but let us meet you upon the inner side of the celestial doorway of the two worlds, and grasp your hands, and say we are glad to see you thus unfolded and thus beautified. May this, your plane of natural existence in the spiritual world, lead to that of which we have told you. Then shall we know that you have lived this life worthily, that you have done your best to unfold and exalt your powers and natures, and truly fitted yourselves for that natural-spiritual state that is to be your first experience after death. And as you march forward laboring faithfully, earnestly and zealously, gathering knowledge, and increasing in strength and stature, we shall know that you shall surely go forward to that sublime and celestial condition further still. And as you go up there wise and loving, true and thoughtful souls will be with you at every point, to give you aid and help whenever you need it.

Live, then, in this world under the solemn and serious consciousness that you are preparing for the second plane of life; and may

your deeds and thoughts and growth be such that you shall pass through the Gateway into the natural life that lies beyond, where under the blessing of the wise and the good, and the Providence of the Eternal Power, you shall learn the mighty lessons of nature as you can never learn them while you are here; for then you shall be able to see beneath the form, beneath the phenomenon, and learn the law and discover the principle of the life and world in which you live.

If thou wilt so live, then you will earn for yourself free admission beyond the threshold, and hear the glad welcome of the glorious hosts beyond as they speed to meet you and warmly clasp your hands in greeting, "Welcome! well done, thou good and faithful worker!"

White Slave Girls Of New York.

The *World* and other journals have at last awakened to the awful misery of a hundred thousand workwomen in the metropolis, which the woman suffrage party has toiled long to expose and cure. The mass of hope less creatures, laboring for less than \$4 a week and probably fifty thousand for half of that, as the cause of the most public ills, and we gladly welcome the long-sought aid of great journals to unveil it. Who that saw it can ever forget that terrible cartoon in *Judge*, where the poor girl stands between two men, one offering her starvation pay in a clothing factory, the other good pay in an infamous "palace of joy"—one life ending in the poor-house and the other in the jail. Yet what avails it to blame the manufacturer? He is not really in fault to take cheap labor when he can get it; nor are the public blameworthy for buying goods cheaply when they can. The trouble is far deeper—the whole system is wrong. Individuals cannot justly be blamed for faults of the system, naught but a revolution will right it. Disfranchisement is the cause. So long as the workwomen are politically helpless; so long as the vote of one low man outweighs the whole hundred thousand of them; so long as they are without influence in public affairs, they will be as downtrodden as their brothers are in lands where the latter are disfranchised. Mrs. Barry may preach and strive till she is weary in the effort to organize the work women, but these poor creatures are too weak, too ignorant, too deeply engrossed in the desperate struggle for clothes and bread to be strong enough or wise enough to organize effectively. Take off the burden of disfranchisement that crushes them into political nothingness; make them politically free, as they are entitled to be by the laws of Nature and of Nature's God; enable them to become the great political power their brothers are, and all the great influences of society will begin at once to help them up, as those influences always do the possessors of such power. They will begin the uprooting of the worst social ills, and in a generation the metropolis will be transformed. *Hamilton Wilcox in New York Sun.*

Original Contributions.

A CHAPTER FROM THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

How Is This Differentiation Effected? What Is Meant By Acclimation?

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

[The following address was delivered eighteen years ago, and contains a prophecy concerning California that has since been literally fulfilled.—ED. DOVE.]

Taking for granted that savage people are already disseminated, we enquire, by what what process do they advance towards civilization?

That any two savages should be born exactly alike, contradicts experience, no two individuals being precisely the same.

Some of these individual characters will be preserved by hereditary transmission, others will perish with the individual; which are preserved, which perish, is decided by the conditions which surround the individual. If he gain anything by them over others who do not possess them, by giving greater vigor to offspring will be preserved; if nothing is gained or if injurious they perish.

Applying this general statement, we can see how much a savage in his strife with beasts and other savages, would gain by superior strength, by swiftness of foot, by keenness of sight, and immeasurably more predominant intellect.

All these advantages would be constantly felt, but at some periods much more than others.

When there is scarcity of game, the most wily hunter, he who has keenest sight, who it swiftest or strongest secures and safely holds a supply of game, while less favored individuals perish. In these endowments we see an approach to animals, but in no case as great swiftness, as keen sight, as great strength. This is because the pre-eminence of even the savage man is based on intellectual and not on physical superiority, and according to the laws of the co-relation of mental and physical powers, as much as one gains the other must lose. All gain of intellect is so much lost to the body.

From his type of organization and upright posture, he cannot possess strength to grapple with the denizens of the wild, and swiftness of foot is denied him. If his existence in the struggle for life depended on these he would soon perish.

It does not in these respects equal the animal, but in quickness of the senses, in the endurance of the vicissitudes of the climate, of extremes of temperature, and the pangs of hunger, he is their equal. Savages are proverbial for their quickness of sight and hearing; and so acute in their sense of smell,

that they are enabled to track animals by it with the certainty of the hound.

Acuteness of sense is connected with mentality, and points to greater dependence on mental acumen than physical power. The savage cannot overtake his game by running, nor conquer the less fleet by power of muscle, but he decoys it into snares and pitfalls, or invents an arrow.

As man penetrated the wild in every direction from his primeval seat, he met diverse conditions. As the migration was extremely slow, no abrupt changes are wrought; and thus the problem is more difficult of solution than it would be if tribes were suddenly broken off, and placed in new localities.

The negro is now in perfect equilibrium with a tropical climate; he has become so by insensible degrees. Let us suppose that previous to his acquirement of this adaptation, he was at once placed in tropical Africa. He is no more acclimated than the European. He is subject to fevers and tropical diseases of which many perish. The hardiest, or those favored by some peculiarity of constitution survive. Each conformity to conditions is preserved, while the individuals that do not conform perish.

Nature selects by means of the conditions of preservation. As there can be no yielding of the means her mandates are rigidly enforced, and every being out of harmony lopped off unflinchingly.

EXAMPLE—AMERICA.

The process of acclimation can be studied in America. There is a frightful mortality among the first emigrants and among children, three-fourths of whom die before reaching four years of age. False customs have somewhat to do with this result, but it must be referred to our own state of non-acclimation.

The American type is different from the European. A slow change is being wrought despite the hundreds of thousands of emigrants yearly pouring fresh blood into American veins.

The New Englander and the Southerner present two dissimilar types which have grown on American soil in scarcely a century's time.

The New Englander is tall, spare, nervous, the opposite of the Aglo-Saxon grandfather.

We are not acclimated yet. Hence this mortality of those whose constitution is out of harmony with the climate. Centuries of time must intervene before we as a race can reach an equilibrium with our climate.

From these physical considerations, I turn to the history of man, to learn how the great civilizations of the past were evolved.

In the dawn of tradition we behold the pyramids and temples of

EGYPT,

Watched by the sphinx and brooded over by the enchanting mists of distance.

I said that wide areas were detrimental to progress. Society must be crowded together, must have its individual members brought in direct competition, in order to progress rapidly. In all Africa only one country fulfilled this requirement, and that was Egypt. A narrow valley, incomparably fertile, and hence capable of supporting a dense population, surrounded by a desert. Thus crowded, it sprang at once to a civilization before unknown. Situated on the highway between Asia and Africa, the gateway, as it were, it drew to itself the best blood of both continents. The Egyptian was primordially of Semitic stock, but situated as they were on the battle-ground of the people of two continents, they became an amalgamation of a variety of races. The negro is depicted on the walls of their temples and as a slave—never as an equal.

GREECE.

From Asia the next great wave of civilization gathered in Europe, and again we find it follows the law I have presented. Europe was inhabited by a race of nomadic savages.

The Pelasgi, of whom we have little but the name, gathered in the South. While the broad forests of the North and of Central Europe were peopled by tribes as savage as our red Indians. These Pelasgi, crowded within the narrow confines of Greece, began a course which has been the wonder and the model of the world. Several distinct people united with just that diversity of character to yield the best results. The impassable mountain chains shielded their infancy from inroads of northern barbarians; the sea invited them to seize the commerce of the Mediterranean world.

ROME.

The next grand civilization is that of Rome, and we find precisely the same conditions are preserved; a narrow peninsula, wherein population is crowded; a sea inviting to commerce; a fertile soil, a splendid climate.

The old Etrurian had under these conditions made great advance before overwhelmed and absorbed by more vigorous Pelasgi, a score of nationalities were melted in the Roman name. Italy was broader and the grasp of Italian thought was broader than Grecian.

Greece was too confined, its population necessarily too small to grasp at dominion. It made the attempt by Alexander the Great, but fell beneath the ruins of Asiatic Empire. What Greece lost in empire, she gained in the dominion of thought. Italy could furnish the population, and grasped and held for centuries the sceptre of the world.

ENGLAND.

At the fall of Rome, civilization retrograded, for it became diffused over vast continental spaces, a condition detrimental to progress, but when an advance began in the North, we find that it occurred in the narrow confines of the British Isles.

If we glance at the map of Europe, we shall find that it is divided into provinces by its rivers and mountain chains. These with *diversity of language* effectually compress their inhabitants. These provinces are large and progress is slow, and we find corresponding thereto, that Greece and Rome in a few centuries made greater advance than Northern Europe in a thousand years.

HINDOSTAN.

I said wide areas were unfavorable to civilization. Look at the vast regions south of the Himalaya; the most fertile plains on earth, watered by the Ganges, and Brahma Pootra, inhabited by a people of the same old Aryan stock as ourselves. Long ago progress became lost in stagnation. The innumerable population seem to have drunk an opiate and to desire unbroken rest.

CHINA.

To the north, China furnishes another example. The people are destroyed by their geography.

TARTARS.

Farther south, the Mongolian Tartar of the same race, roams the trackless Steppes, in the same state that he was in two thousand years ago; but that portion which penetrated the south, captured Constantinople and by the force of the necessity of union in order to control the disjointed fragments of Turkish Empire, have become the most superior people of Oriental stock. The Asmanli Turk can still converse in his common dialect with the Yacut of Siberia, or a Tartar from Astrachan.

AMERICAN INDIAN.

The Indian of America felt the force of the laws I have pointed out. It was on the shores of New England, and the confined borders of Mexico that he commenced civilization. There he vastly exceeded the tribes spread over the illimitable forests of the central portion of the Continent, and in the South and Central America. Where he has felt this geographical compression with greatest force, he attained the greatest advance.

THE UNITED STATES

Seem an exception to the foregoing. It strides onward and at the same time extends itself over a vast area. It is not exceptional, however. Many new elements are introduced. The power of universally diffused education, the press, and easy communication by railroad. Annul these and I ask you where would be the civilization of the West? Penetrate the less accessible portions of Tennessee, North Carolina, or Kentucky, and you have an answer. Take away the newspaper and the car from this or any middle or western State, and you will in fifty years time observe an appalling retrogression. Do this, and only at the seaboard will there be a representative people. As it is, by telegraph we catch instantaneously the throb of the

heart of Europe. We measure not distance by miles, but by hours. The Mississippi is forty-eight hours only from the Atlantic, only ten days from Europe, and by the telegraphic nerve, the remote settlers beyond the Rocky Mountains are integral members of the world.

But we cannot wholly escape the influence of our geography. The compression early exerted by the red man and the forest is still felt, and New England leads American civilization. We are compelled to admit, much as it galls our western pride, that it is the brain of our continent. It is her sons that plan and grasp the major portions of the schemes of natural aggrandizement.

When the opening of the great national artery, the Pacific railroad, an emigration flows over the mountains and floods the magnificent country beyond, we may expect a reversal of this order. California furnishes in intensified form all the conditions I have pointed out for progress. Its fabulously fertile valleys, its exhaustless mineral resources, are united with boundless commercial facilities. It fronts the eastern world, and when this road is complete, commerce will seek this new channel, St. Louis will be the half-way house between New York and Asia. Confined, compressed, intensified, California will yield a civilization more grand than our wildest dreams.

Mills asserts and Buckley maintains that "of all the vulgar methods of accounting for differences of intellect or morals observed in mankind, that of race is the most vulgar," but history teaches the opposite. Race is the expression of preceding conditions of growth, and when thus established becomes an element of vital consideration.

History in its finale is created by the contention of races. The law has been written broad and deep, and has never met a contradiction, that the race of men who best use the bounties of nature shall possess them. Whenever a superior has come in contact with an inferior race, which will not be absorbed, the latter has perished.

I need but allude to the illustration furnished by the Indian. He cannot be civilized; he will not enter our social structure. He wastes the bounties of nature. It is said 3,500 acres are required to support one Indian. A thousand whites can dwell on the same area, and every soul of them enjoy more than the monopolizing red man. Give him an equal share with the thousand and he perishes. Now, the question is, which shall go to the wall?

Nature solves the problem. With the wolf, the deer and the bison the Indian becomes extinct. No legislation, no sham pseudo-philanthropy can avert his inevitable doom—no "Indian Reservation" can save him.

You say this is a heartless doctrine. I cannot help it. It is fixed in the constitution of things. The Anglo-Saxon with the pride of

twenty centuries of constant advancement seems to unite its blood with the Indian—the latter cannot, will not unite his blood with him; as the weaker he must go out.

It is different with the Celt. In Mexico and South America the Indian has absorbed his conquerors. In those States we see the disastrous results. There exists a people robbed of all hope or prosperity.

We may palliate for a time, but it is like giving stimulants to a victim bound to the rack and only prolongs the hours of torture. Our safety depends on the perfect unity of our integral parts. The flood of emigration pouring on our shore must be absorbed as fast as it arrives. There must be no crystallization of nationalities; a Dutch, Spanish, French, or English State formed by itself. When the fugitive from the Old World steps on our shore, he is English, French, Spanish, German no longer; he is an *American*.

So long as these elements can be blended into harmony, so long are we safe, but if allowed to remain unabsorbed danger immediately follows.

ILLUSTRATION, THE NEGRO.

In the negro we had this unabsorbable element. Our climate confined him to a certain section, and I need only mention the disaster he has brought on us, by which we nearly went to pieces, and from which we have by no means yet escaped.

GREECE

Was wrecked because she could not utilize her Asiatic possessions, nor even harmonize the differences of her petty States—differences growing wholly out of the early isolation of her tribes.

ROME

Was wrecked by the impossibility of uniting the diverse people she attempted to control.

OUR POSITION

Is different. Civilization came ready formed to this continent. All nations are invited hither on equal terms. All become American citizens with equal rights and privileges. We lose the old idea that a foreigner is an enemy. All that is asked is for them to join with us in the honorable strife of brother men.

Our safety depends in the universal diffusion of knowledge, in the free press, in easy communication by which our population shall be constantly kept in circulation.

OUR GEOGRAPHY

Is favorable to unity. Look at the map of our country. The great Lakes on the north, the Gulf on the south, on either side a great Ocean, placing us in communication on one hand with Europe, on the other with Asia; intersected by magnificent rivers, and our plains not broken by impassable mountain chains. North and South, East and West we run our lines of railroads without obstruction. Every river flowing to the sea, every line of rail, unites and binds our people into

a closer brotherhood. Every steamer, every panting engine, like shuttles weave the inextinguishable web of our national unity.

OUR DUTY.

As citizens of the grandest country on which the sun ever shone, is thus marked out for us. As such we are to know no North, no South, no East, no West—America indivisible; and forever.

Our Common Enemy.

BY DR. F. O. HOUBERT.

Sister and brother Spiritualists, awaken! for our enemy is lurking in our very midst; and surely if we do not arouse and drive him away, he will arise in his strength and take us prisoners, and not only that, but exterminate us from this our land, liberty and individual rights.

I see his forces every day gaining more and more foothold in our ranks, as may be plainly evident to all observing minds, from the destructive and inharmonious influences that are going on in the Spiritualistic fold.

We see one setting him or herself up against another, both against members and mediums, to that extent that intolerance of another's opinion or phase of development has resulted in open denunciation, and "fraud! fraud!" has oftentimes been the cry, when there was no fraud, and noble workers have been driven from the field of labor and usefulness because they dared proclaim the truth.

This is what the enemy wants, to bring disturbance into our ranks, and what he is quite successfully working for.

Have you ever stopped for one moment to consider where all this trouble comes from?

If not, I beg of you to take under consideration what I shall present to you as the cause of all the inharmony amongst those who claim to be spiritually minded. Have you, who are freethinking people, never thought of this enemy of all freedom who is drawing its snares closer and closer around the white throat of liberty, ready to strangle free speech, and, if possible, free thought? That it has its support from the political offices of this country and the community at large?

I appeal to you, fellow workers of this, my adopted country, to awake and rub the sleep from your eyes, that you may see how closely we are surrounded by this hellish enemy, Poperism.

It has exerted all its energies to destroy whatever is good and pure within our ranks, whatever brings light and knowledge and understanding through our philosophy. For out of priestcraft and nunneries comes forth the odor of bloodshed in the destruction of all good and noble principles in their lust for power and greed for gold.

If you, my friends, could see what I have seen, and know what I do in regard to the

workings of Baptist priests and laymen, and of the Papist servants who become inmates of so many family circles in this country in one capacity or another, you would shudder with horror, and very justly denounce them as frauds of the blackest dye.

Are you aware that your servants go to the confessional and carry to the priests information of everything that transpires in your family circle, and that through this avenue they gain knowledge and power to breed strife and contention among the advocates of the Harmonial Philosophy?

It is thus that they come in like a wolf in sheep's clothing, to devour all that pertains to good. Remember, my friends, that the Papist bloodhounds are not asleep, but lying in ambush, ready to spring out at the first opportunity upon defenceless prey.

And shall we tolerate traitors in this country? You have been for the last three years reading and talking much about Anarchists, but have been blind to the greatest of all Anarchists, Popery.

Its millions of subjects in this country are nothing less than traitors, for every one has sworn allegiance to the Pope, and under no circumstances can be bound to the laws of this or any country in anything that does not support the Romish faith.

No matter what other oath he may take upon himself, he does not consider it binding, for according to an act passed at the Council of Trent, "No subject belonging to the Romish Church or out, shall be bound to any potentate or Republic, but to the Pope, the only monarch that must be obeyed in all things." Therefore, if any of his subjects should swear allegiance to any government from motives of policy or treachery, the priest will absolve him from that oath.

What think you of this, my friends? And again, at so late a period as 1845, the Council at Rome commanded all priests, laymen, and all members of the Romish faith, to support Daniel O'Connell, and declared that he was the vice-regent next to the Pope. This man who is the worst traitor to the world, to all civil governments, who has brought about all the contention and strife between the English and Irish population, and sent fugitives over to this country to get money to carry on their warfare both at home and abroad!

And they have established schools of sedition and destruction of all sacred and civil privileges in this land of freedom. They have built nunneries, those institutions of sisterhood (?) all over the land, to help spread their pernicious doctrine in our homes; and our American people have closed their eyes and put their hands in their pockets when one of these sisters (?) has called on a beggarly canvass, and contributed to carry on the pious fraud. I want the people to stop and think for one moment that by this act, which is ostensibly one of charity, they are helping to foster criminals for our prison houses, and subjects for houses of ill-repute.

Furthermore, from the confessional, that hot-bed of iniquity, the priest reaches out through these hundreds of emissaries to rob the homes of Protestants as well as Catholics of all that is best and purest.

In regard to their workings in the spiritualistic ranks, I will state that in the city of San Francisco there are, to my knowledge, ten public mediums who are Roman Catholics, and go regularly to the confessional once a week. They have stated to me personally that they would not associate with Spiritualists only to make money to advance their own faith. Then again, in Chicago there are six to my certain knowledge who palm themselves off as Spiritualists, but are Catholics, and work to the detriment of our cause. And yet the Spiritualist papers and journals endorse them as good mediums, for I see their names in print every week.

Do you think the Catholics would do as much to help our cause of freedom and human rights along its pathway of progression? They would not. But they stand ready to seize and exterminate us without a moment's warning.

So beware what you are doing, friends, for the hydra-headed monster, Popery, is drawing closer and closer about you day by day. It is time to awaken and understand the situation.

I will in the near future give more in specified detail of the workings of the Romish priests and Jesuits in the past and present.

The Spirit World.

BY ALMOND GRIFFIN.

My own experience leads me to think that the titles "Spirit-world," "Home above," "Ever green shore," etc., often leaves wrong impressions on the mind in regard to the higher plane of our existence.

As I have passed but twenty-one milestones of life's journey, and am just beginning to realize more fully the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, I find that I have been misled by the name so often applied to the—what I now believe to be—*conditions* into which the soul passes after quitting the outer shell, or body. My youthful imagination often conjured up an immense tract of land stretching across the heavens, to which we should sometime wing our way and dwell in that blissful land evermore.

I often found myself wondering as to the altitude of the "Home above." And it required no little effort to disengage from my mind the clinging, tenacious idea that the spirit-world was another world entirely separate and distinct from this, and obedient to far different laws. But the astonishing truth at last came to me that we were living in the spirit-world now, that this was really the "Home above," though hardly to be recognized as the same in the broader, clearer vision of the freed spirit.

I believe that one of the greatest surprises attendant upon the birth into the Higher Life is in finding that we are not transported on fairy wings to some far-away Isles of Rest, but are still in the homes of the loved of earth.

To the outer eye, death seems a far more serious happening than a change. To-day we enjoy the company and social converse of a dearly beloved friend; to-morrow with sorrow too deep for tears, we stand by the side of a newly made grave watching the casket containing all that we ever recognized as our friend, being lowered into the windowless palace of rest. We see him no more; his familiar voice is no longer heard; soul-stirring appeals are made to his name, but they bring back only mocking echoes to our riven hearts.

It is no wonder, then, that we form the false idea of the long journey that death brings; of the great intervening distance between the earth and spirit-home. We miss a person from our midst and by interrogations learn of his decease. We immediately conceive the idea (unless we are materialists) that the better part of him has gone somewhere, that his soul has soared to realms supernal; never dreaming that he is, probably, with us at the time, and striving by all possible ways to impress his presence upon us.

Let me use a rather crude but excellent illustration:

On passing by a wayside pool we see a tad pole wriggling about in the mud and water. After several days, on going that way again we find to our amazement that the tadpole has developed into a frog. This evolution from an inferior to a superior order must certainly bring with it broader and more comprehensive views, so that though the frog still swims in the same waters they do not so seem.

Thus in relation to man. Through Nature's laws the germ of life is awakened and, for an allotted time, is encased in earthly garments, which are at last dropped, and he goes on and on in progression's never ending path. Of course, we who still dwell on this material plane can never know with any degree of precision what is awaiting us on the other side. We know that death is but an incident in our journey, a necessary change in the unfolding and releasing of our souls. We have indisputable evidence that our departed friends can and do return. They tell us of the beauties of the Higher Life; of the flowers, the birds, the entrancing scenery and surroundings. And we cannot avoid thinking of these things as we see them here. A tree stands in yonder field; would it not appear differently to us were our spirits disencumbered by this muddy vesture of decay? Surely it would, for we could then see beyond the outer appearance, through the exterior of the trunk, and behold Nature in her work of adding cell by cell, ring by ring, to its growth.

The body of man is a medium that surrounds the soul or vital germ of his being. This medium becomes transparent in proportion as he grows out of his sin and selfishness and learns more of life's uses and purposes, though it is not till after the casting aside of the worn-out body, that he is enabled to see things in their true and fullest light. One other point before I close.

Many persons do not attach sufficient importance to the fact that we all make our own hereafters; that our future life is dependent entirely upon the present one.

We must not think of our future joy as a settled certainty. There are absolutely no complimentary tickets to the grand pleasures of the coming life. For the truth must ever be that we are our own saviours, and that it behooves us to live nobler, purer, truer lives if we would enjoy the sweeter blessings of our future home.

PIGMY REPUBLICS.

Diminutive Autocratic States In Europe.

BY DR. JOSEPH SIMMS, WHO IS NOW TRAVELING IN EUROPE.

It is perhaps not very generally known that there are in Europe several States, not larger than ordinary townships in England or America, yet permitted to enjoy perfect independence of the powerful governments which surround them. That which has least escaped notice is the ancient republic of San Marino, so-called, as some say after an old monk who was its founder, though another account is that this honor is due to a pious mason of Dalmatia, in the fourth century. It is a craggy tract of country in the hills near Rimini, on the Adriatic, and includes about 33 square miles, with a population of about 8,000 and an army of 40 men, commanded by several "generals," for it is said that offices and titles and decorations are to be had for a suitable consideration, independent of meritorious service. Though enclosed on all sides by what were the dominions of the Pope, and though it was severely menaced by Napoleon I in his conquering career, yet he was induced to respect its venerable autoeracy, and so have all the powers into whose hands the surrounding parts of Italy have fallen, both before and since; so that this little republic has continued independent for at least fourteen centuries, a longer period than any other government in Europe can boast of. Austria, Prussia and France have each had 1,100 years of united independence, England 800, and Russia 350 years only. It has an unwritten constitution, according to which the legislative power is vested in a council of 60, elected by the people. Of these 20 are nobles; 20 are townspeople, and 20 are from the rural population. The executive lies with two of the councillors, who are chosen every six months, and

act jointly as regents. The judicial power is exercised by a doctor of laws, who must be a stranger, and cannot hold office longer than three years. The village of 1,500 people, which forms the capital of the republic, is situated high up on Mount Titan. It has a castle, which was fortified by King Berenger, of Lombardy, and as its principal object of interest a splendid collection of medals numbering about 40,000. The principal inhabitants reside in a more sheltered locality. The people generally are in a very backward condition. They have no printing press but rejoice in four convents, five churches and a theatre.

ANDORA, OR ANDORRE,

is another very ancient republic, having received its rights from Charlemagne and been permitted ever since to retain the privilege of governing itself by its own laws. It is a wild district, consisting of three valleys on the south side of the Pyrenees, and having an area stated variously by different authorities between 154 and 196 square miles. Its name, derived from the Arabic language, signifies a place thick with trees, which is a true description of most of the surface. The inhabitants have been variously estimated at from 4,000 to 12,000. They are a strong, well-made set of people, extremely simple in their mode of life, rough in their clothing, almost unacquainted with disease, little knowing or desiring the luxuries of city life, and apparently ignorant of the crimes which result from such desires. The legislative powers of this remarkable little republic are vested in 24 representatives, with a president who holds office for life. The laws framed by this body are administered by two vicars (priests), one chosen by the French Republic, the other by a Spanish bishop. All the male inhabitants are liable to military service, and are provided with firearms, but only married men are allowed a voice in public affairs. There is a school in every parish, but education is in a very low condition. Very little of the land is arable; and the wealth of the people consists chiefly of live stock and the produce of the iron mines.

MORESENET.

Another place, rejoicing the the name of republic, is the little territory of Moresenet, near Aix-la-Chapelle, and on the confines of Prussia and Belgium. When the boundary line between these two kingdoms was settled in 1815, it was found impossible to determine which should have Moresenet, or who had a right to its valuable zinc mines; so it was left so be neutral and independent. It consists of only 122 square miles and at the time in question it contained only 50 squalid huts. It has greatly improved, however, and has now well-stocked shops, 800 houses, and a well-to-do population. A Burgomaster, with ten councilmen of his own choosing, is at the head of affairs, and is for the time an autocrat ruler. There is no military service, and

but one policeman, wearing a badge to denote his office under the "Republic of Moresenet." Prussia and Belgium each keep a commissioner resident on the spot, to keep an eye over their respective interests, but without interfering in the internal affairs of the place. There is now a postoffice, which issues stamps worth from one to fifty pfennige.

A LILLIPUTIAN STATE.

Not a republic, indeed, but a kingdom, the smallest in Europe, containing five square miles and forty inhabitants, is Tavolara, the ancient Homaca, an island on the northeast coast of Sardinia. It is a mass of compact limestone, attaining a height of 1,500 feet. Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, who died in 1849, bestowed the absolute sovereignty to this islet off the Bartoleoni family, and the first King, Paolo, reigned in great peace, for above half a century, but died last summer.

MONACO.

We have yet to mention some small principalities. Monaco, on the Gulf of Genoa, is reckoned Italian, but is enclosed on the land sides by French Territory. Its independence dates from the tenth century, when its sovereignty was vested in the House of Grimaldi, with which it has since remained. It formerly measured ten miles by six, with a population of 7,000, but by various concessions to France, the territory is now reduced to the town of Monaco and its environs, being an area of about eight square miles, with 12,548 inhabitants and an army of 126 men. There is a telegraph office and a postal establishment issuing its own stamps, and employing letter carriers. The exports are olive oil, oranges, lemons, liquors, perfumes and pottery. The famous gambling establishment of Monte Carlo forms part of this little state, and pays a handsome sum yearly to the prince for the privilege of extracting from thirty to forty million francs out of the misguided votaries of this pleasure. Besides the eight large tables for roulette, Trente et Quarente, and other games, which form the staple, there is a bank, a reading room and a theater, with free concerts of excellent music by fifty or sixty performers every evening. In short, this gambling company has spared nothing that human ingenuity could devise, in order to attract visitors and lure them to their ruin. Here, as is well known, men and women play with infatuated earnestness, hoping for gain, and not seldom, when a man has lost his all, he repairs to a neighboring hotel and puts an end to his own life. There are usually from 250 to 300 players, and the games are kept up from 11 in the morning till 11 at night. We counted nine bald heads among the younger ones around one table, and thirteen gray-haired men at another. One would have thought that gambling at this rate would have been left to the young and sanguine; but there are old fools as well as young ones, ready to become the dupes of designing men. If there is a literal hell in Europe, it is here, within the precincts

of this little corrupt principality. The shareholders have been informed that the Casino never had so profitable a season as the last has been, and the report adds this item—76 suicides. The latest we have heard of is probably not included, as it occurred on December 27th last, and was reported to a Scotch newspaper by a person on the spot. A young handsome, and once respectable female, who went to Monte Carlo some years ago, ran through the too common course. The passion for gambling developed in her rapidly. She frequented the tables daily; she lost and won; played more and more rashly, and as her gold diminished, supplemented her resources by a life of shame. On the Tuesday after Christmas she carried her jewels, not for display on her person, but in her pocket, to obtain money from the "strangers," as those hangers-on are called, who give advances on such property. At once she took her place at the roulette table, and at nightfall was a beggar. She entered her hotel about midnight, went straight to her bedroom, and was found next day hanging from the pole of the window curtain. The authorities of the Casino were sent for immediately, a fact which shows that they accept the responsibility of such occurrences. They came at once, cut down the lady, settled with the hotel keeper, cleaned up the room and buried the corpse in their beautiful garden—an "Aceldama," where lies the remains of many suicides from various lands. In Monaco, there are no coroner's inquests, or other judicial investigations; no communication with the relatives of the deceased. The bodies are consigned to unlettered graves, and who they were or what they were is hushed up by the authorities. And why? The whole principality, from the prince to the scavenger, lives by the Casino, with all its dreadful tragedies.

LIGHTENSTEIN,

A principality on the upper Rhine, is the smallest of the states now included in the German Empire. Its area is about 61 square miles, and its population in 1880 was 9,124. The family of Lichtenstein, to which the sovereignty belongs, is a branch of the famous House of Este. The revenue in 1885 was \$60,000, with a debt of \$35,000.

Then there is Riekersdorf or Ruckersdorf, an enclave of the Kingdom of Saxony, and in the eastern part of the Duchy of Altenburg, a tract of only a few meters, with fourteen inhabitants. Of its twelve farms, six belong to Altenburg, and six to Saxony, but in alternate order, so that neither power can claim either the whole or any complete half, and no one can decide which has the right of patronage over the church and school, or who can dispose of two houses with outbuildings, which nobody has claimed time out of mind. The people, weary of such independence, are now begging to be subject to the government of Saxony, with its taxation and conscription, rather than belong to nobody.

Selected Articles.

Parentage And Social Reconstruction.

Instead of the ancient damnation of the flesh we need a religion of the body as well as of the soul, and gospel of human physics. Hitherto the utmost that has been aimed at scientifically has been a better breed of horses or cattle; we ought to be at least as careful in the bringing forth of human things. Make the tree good and its fruit will be good (barring certain "throw back" or "sports" of nature.) The work has to be done from the root, and not by late trying to graft the good on a bad stock. Remember that life comes into the world according to conditions, and the first of these conditions are those of the married life. Human embryology has now to be studied religiously in the light of evolution. If I were a woman I doubt whether I should think a smoker or chewer of tobacco, quite good enough to father my children! The final effect—the supposed beneficial effect—of nicotine is to arrest the decay of matter that ought to be sloughed off in order that it may be renewed. No smoker, is so live a man, all around, as he ought to be; and you can study them in all the various stages and degrees of dreaming, decaying, dying, or bringing death into the world.

The truth is, that woman at her best and noblest must be monarch of the marriage bed. We must begin in the creatory if we are to benefit the race, and the woman has got to rescue and take possession of herself, and consciously assume all the responsibilities of maternity, on behalf of the children. No woman has any right to part with the absolute ownership of her own body, but she has the right to be protected against all forms of brute force. No woman has any business to marry anything that is less than a man. No woman has any right to marry any man who will sow the seeds of hereditary disease in her darlings. Not for all the money in the world. No woman has any right, according to the highest law, to bear a child to a man she does not love. No mother has any right to allow her innocent little ones to be injured mentally for life by orthodox drugs and false nostrums of salvation that are vended from the pulpit by pious impostors. These—and other things as vital will become practical as soon as womankind co-operate and insist that they shall be practised. "Women, obey your husbands," is a text that, when wrongly applied, has wrought as much human misery as that other relic of barbarism, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Why, the great and sole incentive with the mass of male hypocrites who support the Churches is because orthodox Christianity encourages the subjection of women, and helps to make them better—that is more spiritless—household slaves. They do not believe for themselves, but they think anything good enough for their wives and daughters to believe.

"You cannot serve two masters," saith the Word,
But Satan nudges them and whispers "Gammon";
"You lend your Wives and Daughters to the Lord,
You give yourselves to love and worship Mammon."

Our women and children are bound to break away from this system of fettered thought. If I could stand where stood the cock when all the world could hear him crow, my cry would be to the wives and mothers on behalf of the children. The women are bound to rescue the children, and to head their Exodus from the bondage of orthodoxy, even if the men are too unmanly—too cowardly to help them. No doubt, one real crux is, What are we going to teach the children? And here there is so much to be done and lived by the parents in presence of the children; and so little to be said! The life we live with them every day is the teaching that tells; and not the precepts uttered weekly that are continually belied by our own daily practices. Give the children a knowledge of natural law, especially in that domain of physical nature which has hitherto been tabooed. If we break a natural law, we suffer pain in consequence, no matter whether we know the law or not. The result is not an accident, because it always happens, and is obviously intended to happen. Punishments are not to be avoided by ignorance of effects; they can only be warded off by a knowledge of causes. Therefore *nothing but knowledge* can help them.—From GERALD MASSEY'S *Lecture on the "Coming Religion."*

We cannot begin too early to teach our children the little courtesies of life, and although it may be trying to ourselves and them at times, there will surely come a time when they will be grateful for our care.

Probity, independence, tender regards for the feelings of others, and a hearty hatred for whatever is mean, tricky, vulgar or profane—these are among the qualities that distinguish the true gentleman.

A religion that does not make a man honest and kindly, and fill his heart with noble aims to help others, is not worth the having. It is a delusion, and he is deceiving himself, if not trying to deceive others, and is thus a hypocrite.

The teacher must show his appreciation of a child's common sense as well as of his knowledge of the lessons. Sometimes the dull pupil has a better every-day judgment than the scholar who never fails in lessons, and will make an abler man.

Scholars are men of peace; they bear no arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actin's sword, their pens carry further, and give a louder report than thunder. I had rather stand in the shock of a ballist than in the fury of a merciless pen.—Sir T. Browne.

Show me that he who has the worse principles can get the advantage over him who has the better. You will never show it, nor anything like it; for the law of nature and of God is this: Let the better always prevail over the worse.—Epicurus.

It is not our beliefs that frighten us half so much as our fancies. O. W. HOLMES.

Without adversity a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not. FIELDING.

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent. SWIFT.

Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit. BACON.

The more originality you have in yourselves, the more you see in other people. PASCAL.

Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate nothing but the changableness of the weather. PHELPS.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best. GEORGE ELIOT.

Good sense and good nature are never separated though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. DRYDEN.

I have faith in labour, and see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labour alone can keep us alive. CHANNING.

What thou art, that thou art; neither by words canst thou be made greater than what thou art in the sight of God. THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

Many favours which God giveth us ravel out for want of hemming, through our own unthankfulness; for though prayer purchaseth blessings, giving praise doth keep quiet possession of them. THOMAS FULLER.

"How is it, my dear," said a husband to his wife, "that while you and your sister Ellen are so much alike in most respects, you are married and she prefers to remain single. Surely she has offers enough. "Yes, love, but Ellen was always more difficult to please than I."—*New York Sun.*

How lucky we should be if we could get out of discontent and envy into the habit of loving the good we have, but fearing to have all the good we desire! Well, we think, we really ought to have such and such a thing. If this is so, we shall have it. But we will not whimper in the meanwhile. We can put out the airs of Socrates, and congratulate ourselves that we can be jolly without it.—*Louise Imogen Gosney in Wide Awake.*

They had been engaged to be married fifteen years, and still he had not mustered up resolution enough to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a particularly spoony frame of mind and asked her to sing him something tender and touching, something that would "move" him. She sat down at the piano and sang: "Darling, I am growin

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THE CAUSE AND THE EFFECT.

Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane, in the New York Sunday World, of Oct. 21st, explains why she renounces Spiritualism and makes a lame attempt to explain the manifestations. From a very lengthy statement we make the following extract which shows the real cause of the present effect.

"Now I am, I hope, a Christian and a sincere one. I am a Catholic, baptized in the Roman Catholic Church by the Rev. Father Quinn, in St. Peter's, in Barclay street. I want to do honor to my faith. Father Quinn said to me that as long as I was in this business and did not believe in it and had to support myself, to charge very high prices, so that it would at least limit the number of my patrons; that I should not give any free exhibitions and never claim supernatural powers."

The above coming from a Christian and a "sincere one" shows how little we can trust to that form of religion. Just imagine a Christian practicing a fraudulent business and calling it mediumship just for the sake of support; and think of a priest—a Reverend Father—giving his sanction to such an unholy calling for the sake of the money there was in it. Now, no doubt, the Reverend Father Quinn has discovered that it *pays better* to play the part of expositor than that of a genuine medium and has advised his Christian (?) daughter, Margaret, to give up her former occupation for something that will prove more remunerative to herself and thus aid the Holy Church. But it occurs to us that for once the Reverend Father has overreached the mark. The spirits who first inaugurated the movement known as Modern Spiritualism, using the Fox family as their in-

struments, were too far-sighted to allow their work to come to naught after forty years of public demonstration; and we doubt not that they have now outgenerated the old priest by allowing him to bring their former instruments before the public in the role of exposers they may thus gain the public ear and attention which it would be impossible for them to do with such mediums under any other circumstances.

Now when an audience composed of intelligent persons listen to the loud, distinct raps, which invariably occur at these public exhibitions, and which are heard in various parts of the hall or theatre, they will at once question the origin of the sounds, and no theory or claim of creaking toe-joints will suffice to explain their production to the satisfaction of reasoning, intelligent persons. Not being satisfied with the explanation given by the exposers (who expose nothing but their own ignorance) the people will endeavor to find a solution of the mysterious sounds, and many will doubtless be led to discover the truth of their production by spiritual agency, and thus become familiar with the grandest truth ever given to humanity. Taking this view of the case, we can see how good can come from seeming evil, and learn to trust more implicitly in the wisdom of a higher power that controls and directs the affairs of material life.

DONATIONS OF BOOKS TO THE FREE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY.

Our Library has been enriched since the last report by seventy-two volumes. Some of them are quite new works, others have been in print some time. Among them we have "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy; "History of the Earth's Formation," "Esoteric" two volumes, "New Education," "Spirit of the New Testament," bound volume of the *Spiritual Record*, an English spiritual paper; "Mesmerism or Hints for Beginners," "Material Law in the Spiritual World;" and from Prof. J. B. Campbell, President of the American Health College of Fairmount, Cincinnati, Ohio, we have received his new work entitled "Encyclopedia of Nature, and Guide to Life." We are under obligations to Mrs. M. J. Hendee, Dr. Stockham, F. A. Davis, Mrs. Hornbrook, Annie Svenson, John McDougald and others, for this generous donation of books.

Dr. E. J. Baily also has presented to the Library forty volumes of the "War of the Rebellion," "Official Records of the Union, and Confederate Armies." These books are growing more valuable by time, and cannot be taken out of the Library but can be seen in the rooms for reference or reading. The friends have the thanks of the Society for their valuable and generous donations.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Librarian.

All education begins in work. What we think, what we know, or what we believe is, in the end, of little consequence. The only thing of consequence is what we do—and for man, woman or child the first point of education, is to make them do their best.—*Ruskin.*

AN ENIGMA.

It has always been an enigma to us why Spiritualists did not own their halls and places of meeting. It surely cannot be owing to pecuniary disabilities; for, as a class they will compare favorably in that respect with any church people. Yet it is a remarkable fact that there are very few public halls or "temples" owned by spiritual societies. Why is this? There are several societies besides private individuals conducting spiritual meetings regularly in this city, and all of them pay rent for their places of meeting. When an entertainment is proposed for the benefit of any worthy object, a hall must be engaged at a high rental for the purpose, and thus largely are the profits diminished. This state of affairs is quite unnecessary and exceedingly detrimental to the advancement of the cause. If a few representative Spiritualists from the various societies, and outside of them, should consult together for the purpose of devising ways and means to build a suitable hall, there would be but little difficulty experienced in securing the requisite funds and we might soon boast of a spiritual temple in San Francisco equal to any in the world.

THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY.

A very interesting meeting was held in Washington Hall on Sunday afternoon. The subject "What is Spiritualism?" was handled in a most efficient manner by Miss Downer, a writer, and lecturer, lately arrived from the East, who spoke under inspiration, and also improvised a poem from the subject "Nearer My God to Thee," and both were greatly appreciated by the audience. Judge Swift made extended remarks in his pleasing and inimitable manner. Solos by that sweet singer, Mrs. Eugenia Clark. Mme. De Roth occupied the platform the last hour in giving tests.

Dr. L. Schlesinger gave satisfactory sittings to skeptics in the ante-room during the afternoon. We are glad to see the increased interest manifested in these meetings. A Free Platform to discuss our spiritual philosophy from each one's own standpoint broadens our views, and we cannot fail to receive new thoughts, after listening to the several speakers who take part in these Sunday meetings, which are free to all.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

To be at work, to do things for the world, to turn the currents of the things about us at our will, to make our existence a positive element, even though it be no bigger than a grain of sand, in this great system where we live—that is a new joy of which the idle man knows no more than the mole knows of the sunshine, or the serpent of the eagle's triumphant flight into the upper air. The man who knows indeed what it is to act, to work, cries out: "This, this alone, is to live!"—*Philips Brooks.*

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

The meeting at St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, Sunday evening, was of unusual interest. Mrs. Rutter opened the meeting by rendering "The Last Rose of Summer," with pianoforte accompaniment, in a most thrilling yet charming manner.

An invocation and a few well chosen remarks by the chair, with an original poem, placed the audience in a receptive condition to listen to the venerable John Brown, of San Bernardino, whose very interesting remarks brought forth applause. He was followed by vocal and instrumental music by Mrs. Rutter and Mrs. Cook.

Dr. MacLennan was invited to the platform, and in his usual earnest style related the conversion of a clergyman to the truths of Spiritualism in the early days of San Francisco, giving names, dates, and incidents.

After music Mrs. C. J. Meyer took the platform, and gave many names of spirit friends to the most skeptical.

To one very plainly clad lady she gave many words of encouragement.

The lady had just arrived in the city with her thirteen-year-old boy, had tried to get work, but failed. Mrs. L. invited her to a seat beside her on the platform, when she became entranced and talked beautifully. As she was about to sit down, an Indian maiden took control, and not only edified the audience, but pleased them.

Mrs. L. offered her "Miscellaneous Poems" to the audience for the benefit of the lady, and John Brown proposed a collection. It is hoped by those who so freely contributed that she may be placed in a comfortable room, properly clothed, not only with raiment, but with the spirit, that she may henceforth become the mouthpiece of the angels.

Mrs. Logan finds so much good to be done, and so much talent that might become brilliant by the using, that she has concluded to hold not only these meetings every Sunday evening, but in another hall fronting Market street, in the same building, every Sunday, at 11 A. M., an "Experience Meeting," inviting all to participate. Dr. J. D. MacLennan, the celebrated healer, will be the first speaker to-morrow.

WALTER HYDE.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Mrs. E. L. Watson delivered an excellent lecture last Sunday night upon "The Philosophy and Mission of Mediumship." The remarks she made in correction of misunderstandings of her position concerning public mediumship were timely and should set at rest the inaccurate ideas thereanent which some people appear to entertain. No true medium could take any just exception to her remarks.

Mediumship, said the speaker, is not a miraculous enjoyment, but a general law. It is not art magic, white or black, but the manifestation of natural principles. It is not the involution of externalized forces, but the evolution of latent innate powers. It is not a new thing, but is among the oldest of things. It is not confined to any nationality or clime. The African in the jungle feels the spirit presence; the nomad of the desert recognizes the appearance of angels at the door of his tent; and the shepherd of Palestine sees the angel visitants to this lower sphere and hears their song of "good will." Adam in the garden of Eden, according to Genesis, talks with the spirit presence, God. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are mediums; the angel of the Lord ministers to them day after day. Daniel, the prophet, is a medium, he dreams dreams and interprets them, and prophesies of that which shall be. The noblest minds of Greece, too, are touched by the same power. Aristotle and Socrates, St. Paul and Swedenborg, all these and many more that we could name of noble men and women, learned for their time, have felt the actions of the law, been subject to the special power, the manifestation of which is termed mediumship.

Mediumship is the key to metaphysics. Without it, metaphysics is mere jargon. It is the soul discerning the soul-realm and the peopling of the soul-realm. The only channel through which human beings can attain to a knowledge of a spiritual life, is mediumship. It is confined to no time or place; it is indigenous to human nature; and the secret of mediumship lives in the fact that we are duplex,—are spirit as well as body. By what power do we discern spiritual things? St. Paul said that spiritual things must be discerned spiritually. The scientist may talk learnedly of the marvels of atoms, molecules, and protoplasm, and of the combinations of substances which produce certain results; but all acknowledge that there is a point beyond which they cannot go. That point is where the invisible consciousness begins. Our complex lives involve double consciousness, discrete degrees of consciousness. There are interior senses through which you cognize in a superior manner to those which take hold of matter. Man as a spiritual being is never unconscious,—he never dies, never ceases to act. The material organism may lie in apparent unconsciousness, but still the soul, the man, the eternal identity, is intensely conscious and active,—cognizant not only of the material and sensuous, but of that which lies beyond the physical sphere. So that often those whom the physician pronounces unconscious are intensely conscious. The physician pronounces them unconscious because the disease has attacked the grey matter of the brain, and there is no sign of consciousness. But there are hundreds of cases of persons who, when brought back to consciousness, are able to tell you of all that has happened in the room; nay, they have traveled away from the body, and have been cognizant of things far removed from where the physical form lay, apparently shrouded in complete uncon-

sciousness. This has been demonstrated time and again. While the physical has been totally inanimate and apparently wrapped in the slumbers of death, there has been complete consciousness.

What is the nature of this consciousness which admits of thought, independent of the physical brain? The answer is, that all life is eternal, that every form of matter, whether of the human body, of the animal, or of the vegetable, is a symbol of spirit. Every expression of thought proceeds from the spiritual, from the interior, the superior conditions of being. Before the material there was the spiritual types of all things. The physical body simply externalizes the spiritual. Mediumship is the cognition of this interior state. There is no truth in the farthest spiritual universe that you may not independently cognize without the action of any external or outside intelligence, when once you are in perfect harmony with the interior life principles of nature. What the outside or independent intelligence does for the medium is to anticipate the action of his or her own spiritual brain,—not the physical brain, but the spiritual, which was before the physical.

Mediumship is the key to psychical nature, and without it metaphysics cannot be comprehended. We can know nothing of the supersensuous without the faculty we call mediumship. There is mediumship everywhere in nature. You cannot take hold of anything with your hand without the action of intermediaries or mediums. The lifting of your finger,—how complex is the law by which that is performed. How many mediums are interlinked between the spiritual cognition and the ultimate act? The law by which you perform that act is as mysterious as the law by which a spirit is enabled to come into contact with material things. The law is the same. The law of mediumship is the law of psycho-physiological forces. Back of every physical sense is a spiritual sense.

The unconscious patient whose physical eye makes no demonstration of sight, is a conscious, seeing being time and time again. Be cautious what you say in the sick chamber, even though the patient seems unconscious. There are discrete degrees of consciousness, as I said,—sometimes what is said and done in the presence of the apparently unconscious is not carried into the normal consciousness, but there are cases in which these things are carried into the outer consciousness. Just as in dreams, sometimes the dreams are remembered in the waking state, while at other times they are not. There may or may not be the physical memory, but be sure there will be the spiritual memory, and the time will come when you will remember every word that has been spoken in your presence. It may not be just after physical death, but it will come when you have come into the full possession of your spiritual endowments.

Mediumship cannot be continuous or long sustained. Why? Because the nature of our environments are such that they forbid us to dwell in the superior state continually. Those who do this to any extent are called cranks and

dreamers, but they sometimes give the world valuable lessons. They themselves are valuable glimpses we get of the superior or spiritual realm, how glorious! This superior consciousness, the power to take hold of abstract truth, is the real consciousness; and it is impossible for a man to have true consciousness until he comes into the spiritual consciousness, susceptibility to spiritual influence. Spiritual influences are those of spiritual intelligences who have passed from physical life and are living under laws higher than those of the material world.

From what sources do mediumship, clairvoyance, etc., come? The physical medium is one whose system is surcharged with magnetic forces, more so than the ordinary man, acting either under the control of his own will or under that of outside intelligences. Both these are active in such matters, and the fact that these forces are subject to the action of both, accounts for many of the inconsistencies attending the manifestations of physical mediumship. It is true that the medium may be an instrument through which other unfleshed intelligences may produce the raps or slate-writing. It is also true that these may be produced under the direction of his own mind, without the intervention of any "spirit" at all; and if they are produced by the will-power of the medium, they will partake of the nature of the medium's mentality, and often what we get from the mediums in such cases is only a transfer or reflex of the medium's mind. The question is often asked, Why is it that the physical phenomena are usually of so low an order? and the usual reply is that only the lower or more material class of spirits assist in the production of such phenomena. The true answer is that the phenomena generally correspond in quality to the character of the medium, being the projection of his consciousness, and many of the physical mediums, but not all of them, are not of an elevated nature.

The country is stirred to-day with the so-called *expose* of the raps by the Fox mediums, and many Spiritualists who have lately come into the cause are frightened, and declare that if they are frauds then all must be false. Mediumship is receptivity both to material and spiritual influences. The Fox girls have been exposed to adulation and flattery; they are not of a very exalted order of intellect; they have been receptive to the influences of a low order of spirits on this side of life and perhaps on the other side too. These mediums, and probably hundreds of others, coming into contact with the promiscuous public, have deteriorated morally and spiritually, and the phenomena through them have partaken of the low and fraudulent character of their surroundings and proclivities. If we would have moral and truthful mediums, we must give them moral and truthful surroundings. Mediumship is innate, to a greater or less degree in all. You may develop mediumship by cultivating receptivity on the part of both body and mind. In order that mediumship may be perfect, you must see that

you only open your avenues of life to such things as are adapted to the highest and purest demands of your nature. In seeking mediumship you should put aside all that is selfish. You are bereaved or in great distress; you go to a medium with your mind fixed,—you will have just this or nothing,—and in many cases you get only the reflection of your own mind. Not that the medium is a fraud, but she is a mirror, not only for the reflection of spiritual facts, but also for the reflection of the spheres of mind of this world. Mediumship in all its phases is simply getting the possession of your spiritual nature. Clairvoyance is coming into possession of your spirit,—the dying temporarily of your physical senses and the cognition of the spiritual. This is mediumship: to die to the material or physical and be resurrected into the superior condition.

What is the mission of mediumship? There are those who believe it to be a means of increasing our bank-stock, a guide to successful operations in the stock-market, a guide as to whom we shall or shall not marry. But whatever your manhood is competent to do in this world cannot be done properly by the supersensuous. Just as soon as you begin to depend on props in place of your own rational strength, that moment you begin to weaken. An infallible medium would be as dangerous as an infallible pope or priest, and we want nothing savoring of priestcraft.

Regarding public mediums, as a class, they have borne a heavy burden and they have fairly earned all that they have got. I am referring now to those who have ministered to the promiscuous public, been in contact with all kinds of people. Such mediums cannot be at all times reliable, owing to mixed nature of the influences to which they are continually subjected. Mediumship cannot always be commanded. Inspirational mediumship cannot be commanded at all times, and all that I have said about physical mediums in this matter is applicable as well to inspirational speakers and to all forms of mediumship. We cannot as yet command these spiritual processes, and therefore mediumship should be taken with a degree of caution. Do not throw aside your judgment and reason.

The mission of mediumship is to carry the soul into a realm of spiritual truth that we cannot cognize with our ordinary light, a perception of spiritual truth, a recognition of the soul's immortal powers. It is to resurrect man on the mortal plane, to introduce him to a realm of spiritual principles that he could not otherwise reach. If the veil could be lifted to-night, you would see what mediumship has done for the world. Multitudes of souls like Jesus of Nazareth in Gethsemane have felt the angels ministering to them. The mission of mediumship many of you have recognized, not only for yourselves, but for those with whom you are in contact. If you are a medium yourself, you know what it is to feel the physical being all shriveled up, while the soul beholds in wonder the higher glories of the immortal world. How many of you, through public mediums and pri-

vate mediums, have received words of consolation and of hope from the other side of death.

The idea is sometimes advanced that as mediumship is the free gift of the spirit-world, mediums should not be paid for their services. But you have no more right to take the time of a spiritual medium without remuneration, than you have to consult a physician or a lawyer and not pay him therefor. In these days of frauds, exposures, and denials, let us have a revival of private mediumship. Let us not depend so much on the marvels exhibited upon the boards, as we do upon the innate principles of mediumship in ourselves. Be not in such haste to become rich, but make haste to become more spiritually developed. By fervent aspiration therefor, you will be brought into closer relations with the spirit-world. When in doubt concerning the character of what you may have received from a public medium, go home, and retiring to your closet, enter into private communion with the higher life. At least once a week you should invoke the presence of your own dear friends in spirit-life. Open the side door of your heart, and bright and radiant spirits shall be with you, sustaining you in every high and holy endeavor and aspiration, and their loving guidance will be an offset to all the failures and miseries of this world. Cultivate unceasingly the higher nature and the higher faculties, and thus be at one with the spirit-world.

Miss Joy favored the audience with two charming solos, and Senor Arrillaga presided at the organ and piano-forte. To-morrow evening Mrs. Watson will answer written questions from the audience. Commencing to-morrow evening, the services in the Temple will hereafter begin at 7:30 P. M.

The trustees of the Society will meet on next Monday evening, the 19th, at the residence of F. H. Woods, Esq., 913 Pine street. A full attendance is desired, as important business will be presented for consideration. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Society will hold a dime social on next Saturday evening, the 24th, at the residence of R. A. Robinson, 308 Seventeenth street. Mrs. Watson will be present, and it is hoped that as many of the friends as possible, of both sexes, will be present.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The meeting at Washington Hall, Sunday evening, was largely attended. Dr. J. Mead presided and made a few remarks regarding the entertainment to be held at Irving Hall for the benefit of the Free Spiritual Library.

Sweet music and solos were rendered by Mrs. Eugenia Clark. The remarks of Judge Switt on the subject of, "Has Kate Fox Killed Spiritualism?" was well received and freely demonstrated that spirit was the life of the universe of nature and that all the opposing forces of religious superstition, or the deception and cunning of priestcraft and all the Foxes combined could never diminish or detract one iota from the established truth of the communion of intelligen-

from the world of spirits with spirits in the flesh. Kate Fox, in her renunciation claimed to be the founder of Spiritualism; but she might as well claim to be the creator of the universe.

Christianity has had its traitors, its Judases and his Peters; yet the great truths of Spiritualism live, and all that is spiritual in its teachings will be eternal. The reading and comments from the 9th Ch. of I Samuel (Bible) proved the custom and practice of the Israelites to be precisely similar in receiving and communicating intelligence from the spirit-world through what was then called, at one time, seers, afterwards prophets, (now mediums) which was then so rare, but now so universal in this age.

Mrs. D. F. Place for the first time, being a newly-developed medium, gave tests from the platform which were highly appreciated and satisfactory to the audience. Mrs. Place will appear at alternate Sundays at this hall and give platform tests. One unrecognized test given is worthy of note. Mrs. Place gave the name "Marguerite" and described a dress of the most antique style, to an entire stranger, who was unable to recognize it, but as your correspondent was on his way home the stranger accosted him with the announcement, "It has come to my recollection now; but at the time the test was given I was thoroughly confused and could not collect my thoughts, but it has come to me. It was my aunt in the old country whom I had not seen or heard from for over thirty years. The name, and the antique style of dress and bended form was a perfect description of my aunt."

Dr. Schlesinger was also present and gave, as usual, his wonderful and convincing tests. The Doctor has a too well established reputation to require any eulogium, suffice it to say that if the Doctor was the only medium through whom this peculiar phase of mediumship establishing the great truth of future life was received, he would be the wonder of the world.

It is hoped and desired by the public, and has been so expressed, that the Doctor will appear upon the platform and let the eyes and ears of the anxious and doubting ones, both hear and see these convincing proofs of spirit return as given by him.—REPORTER.

PERSONALS.

The DOVE's editorial "Wage Slavery," published some time ago, has been reprinted in *The New Thought*, of Des Moines, Iowa, and in the *Nonconformist*, published at Wingfield, Kansas.

Twilight is the name of a neat little paper devoted to Spiritualism and especially the publication of spirit messages through the mediumship of the editor and publisher, Dr. H. F. Merrill. Published at 87 Sewall street, Augusta, Maine. Price 50 cents a year.

Read the advertisements of the spiritual meetings in this city every Sunday, and then tell us if you think Spiritualism quite dead yet. It will take more than the absurd statements of half-demented creatures like the "Fox sisters" to kill Spiritualism.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn writes to the DOVE that he will leave New York for San Francisco about November 20th, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Foss. They will remain in this city until they find a country home that suits them. Mr. Dawbarn is one of the ablest speakers on the spiritual platform; and we trust the Spiritualists of this city will make arrangements for a course of lectures from this talented speaker while he is in our midst.

Our readers will please overlook all deficiencies in the editorial part of the DOVE this week, as our time has been very much occupied with the arrangements for the entertainment; and visions of incomplete costumes, confused tableaux, supper, music, tickets, programme, and anticipated bad weather, and dismal failures have haunted our waking hours and midnight slumbers, until the DOVE, our beautiful philosophy, and the business of every day life has been temporarily "laid on the shelf," as it were, while the great event was in course of preparation.

Judge Smith made a very telling speech last Sunday evening at Washington Hall upon the subject of "Has the 'Fox Sisters' Killed Spiritualism." The Judge stated that Spiritualism was not dependent upon the Foxes or any other person or class of persons for its existence; that it was as old as the race, and at all times during past ages spirits had manifested their existence to mortals. He read some extracts from the Bible illustrating the Spiritualism of those times and the reverence with which they treated their public mediums.

We have the manuscript for an intensely interesting pamphlet of about twenty-four pages, upon "Woman," giving her social, religious, political and intellectual status in the past and present, and the outlook for the future, by Dr. Joseph Simms, the celebrated physiognomist, traveller and lecturer. This is a work to which Dr. Simms has devoted much time and attention and is a valuable collection of historical facts and data of interest to all who are interested in women. We propose to get it out in neat style, paper covers, for sale at 10 cents a copy. We shall expect large orders from the publishers of women's journals.

We received a very pleasant visit from Mr. and Mrs. Priest, who have recently arrived in this city and now located on California street, a very pleasant part of the city. Mrs. Priest is an excellent psychometrist and comes highly endorsed by Col. Bundy of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Mr. Priest, we learn is a physician of excellent ability and skill. The DOVE bid them a cordial welcome to our beautiful city, our glorious climate, and the fellowship of several thousand grand-hearted, "true-blue," genial, social Spiritualists who will make them feel at home, and so happy and content that they will wonder why they did not come to San Francisco sooner.

Mrs. M. Miller, whose serious illness we mentioned two weeks ago, we are informed is improving; although her physician says it will be at least three months before she will have sufficiently recovered to be enabled to resume her usual business. Meanwhile, she needs the care and attention of her friends; and it should not be bestowed grudgingly or stintedly; for if there are any who have worked faithfully at all times, and in all places and seasons "Sister Miller" is one of them. Unselfish, and generous even to a fault, she was always helping others, and pleading the cause of the poor and needy. The DOVE, therefore, pleads for her that even as she has ministered unto others may she be ministered unto.

Correspondence.

WOMAN'S POSITION.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: How a little leaven leavens the whole camp. Spiritualism is getting more popular through the daily press. The great flow of soul, light, love, and truth, will more and more move the hearts of mankind to higher fields of work than mere money getting. Each day brings new thoughts into action for our unfoldment. Your journal takes into its ranks the cause of woman, and boldly strikes out in their behalf, which is a noble field to work in. Woman, if she is honest, pure and good, has nothing to fear from man, for she is eminently capable of saddling her own horse, and galloping on to victory, for she has all the qualifications of success that man has.

To cringe and bow to man as liege lord and master, is unwomanly, and often unfits the man for the noble work, truth and justice points out for him to do. Woman is no less lovely because she demands better conditions for the rearing of her children. It is her birth-right, given her by that kind old dame, Nature, but has been misinterpreted through false understanding, and lack of scientific knowledge, and the fitness of things. Girls have been taught, and are being taught that their sole mission is to fit themselves for marriage, which is often the case a hot-bed of contention and brute passions. Far better teach them some independent method of gaining a livelihood. It is far easier to take care of one than marry and take care of four or five, as many of them do. I see no reason why woman has not the same right to vote as man. A son and daughter are both born to the same mother, both dwell in the same household, both talk, and play, and amuse themselves together, both grow from childhood to man and womanhood together, and the great liberty-loving charter, the Declaration of Independence, says, all rightful powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed, and what woman is there who wishes to be deprived of all participation in the government under which she must live. Now, then, if Nature has provided for both the same moral, intellectual, and spiritual conditions, why should one be deprived of any or all the privileges the other has? Can any one give a reasonable avowal? No; they have tried it time and again, and as often failed; as time and progress will ever prove. Nature's laws are the same for both, then what right has man to step in and and deprive the mother, sister, or daughter of these privileges he so craves? Why should he be allowed to make laws that deprives her of exerting her refining influence in anything that helps to make man better? Many thanks for the higher light that is coming to man in our behalf, but we want more, we want equal rights with man, for it was ours in the cradle, it was ours in childhood, it is ours in womanhood, and anything to the contrary is slavery and tyranny, and robs us of our birth-

right, to which no woman should submit, and no man should attempt to exact. They say woman has influence over man; but to deny rights and admit influence is morally wrong.

MARY E. BARKER.

SAN JOSE, Cal.

PORTLAND LETTER.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: The month of November, 1888, has commenced with very flattering prospects for the prosperity of the First Spiritual Society of Portland. The G. A. R. Hall, on the 4th inst., was well filled with an intelligent and appreciative audience as can be found in any city. The Rev. Mr. Coenour, who has come here from California, spoke for us in the evening on the subject of "Some of the Laws Pertaining to Our Social, Political, and Religious Nature," and was very well received. He has very recently left a flourishing Baptist Church in California, and says that he is convinced that Spiritualism is true and his explanation of the Bible will be very different hereafter. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, of Ottawa, Canada, is with us and is helping our cause in Portland very much in a public way. The powers of Mrs. W. for materialization of oil or other substances in her hand at the will of her control is most wonderful to all who behold it. She has one of the most remarkable gifts for examination and healing that it is possible for one person to possess. She is making many wonderful cures, and we must say that the coming of these parties to our city was most timely for our society and the good of our cause.

Dr. Schlesinger's short stay with us was a source of very great consolation to many who had never been fully convinced of the truth of Spirit return. A number of those who had sittings with the Doctor, have acknowledged their satisfaction in the tests that were given them through his medium powers, and much regret has been manifest for the very sudden departure from this place, and we hope he may make us another visit soon. The CARRIER DOVE has come to us very regular, and its contents, as far as we have been able to peruse, is very interesting. Our city is booming. More people, more business, and better prices for real estate than has been known in the last thirty-five years, during which time I have been a constant resident. I will sometime in the future write up some of my experience in the city of Portland. Adieu, for this time.

D. H. HENDRE.

CHAS. DAWBARN IN CHICAGO.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: During the past month this profound and logical thinker has been lecturing for the Young People's Progressive Society in Avenue Hall. Though Mr. Dawbarn has not attracted large audiences, he has drawn the most intelligent and devoted thinkers in our city to his opinions. His lecture on "True Manhood," "The Science of Spirit Control," and "Universal Law," with a somewhat flowery elucidation of the future of Modern Spiritualism,

were considered his best efforts. Mr. Dawbarn is to a certain extent, radical, but who is not who flatly rejects the orthodox theology. So many of us cringe before popular opinion, whether it is ignorant or not, that a man capable and willing to present his arguments in favor of true liberty and truth, is rarely found.

To the faithful Christian, who has not, as yet, began to think for himself, Mr. Dawbarn is considered a monster; and to the Spiritualist whose idea of progress has scarcely budded, his lectures are considered abusive. But to the man whose heart and soul have been seeking and aspiring for something higher all these years Mr. Dawbarn is an archangel, bringing forth the tidings of great joy. Reason is the foundation of knowledge, which rears its structure to the skies, and if we wish to go beyond the mere material form we must climb the ladder and gain each round by self effort, and then will we see and hear, and understand all that is included in the Spiritual Philosophy.

A. L. COVERDALE.

MATERIALIZATION.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Our spiritual meetings held in Grand Army Hall are well attended, especially the evening meetings, with an intelligent and appreciative audience. During the past summer, Miss H. M. Young, of your city; passed through Portland on her way East. We accompanied her to the cars, and in conversation with her learned that she expected to visit Boston, Mass. We expressed to her this wish, that if she should attend materializing circles that our spirit friends would present themselves to her and make themselves known to her. I am pleased and overjoyed with her experience. She writes from Boston as follows:

Miss Young says she attended a seance at Mr. Albro's rooms, at 55 Rutland street, Boston, Miss Hattie Stafford being the medium. My little daughter, Myrtle, materialized several feet away from and outside of the cabinet, running with outstretched arms to Miss Young, and giving her name and asking her to deliver a message to us. At the same time, Margaret, my wife, who passed to the other life in 1850 materialized inside the cabinet and came out and was introduced by Myrtle.

Two weeks after this meeting, Miss Young visited Mr. Albro's rooms a second time, when Myrtle presented herself again and repeated the request that Miss Young send her message to us in Oregon.

J. H. McMILLEN.

PORTLAND, Or.

Anger is the mother of cruelty; cruelty is the mother of crime.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am only the prodigal son, I shall return by and by." "And I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father, and off she went.

Our Exchanges.

THE FOX SISTERS.

The Better Way, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Fox Sisters are popularly supposed to have "founded" Spiritualism, but really it is doubtful if they ever knew anything whatever about it. That which they may do or say will not have the least effect with thinking people. Neither Maggie or Katie was ever a Spiritualist, for neither is blessed with sufficient intellect to comprehend or appreciate our sublime philosophy. They may give an opinion after the manner of Jack Bunsby, and say something about mediumship for physical manifestations, and possibly account for the raps at Hydesville upon a recent theory, like that of the Seybert Commission,—but these things have no more to do with genuine Spiritualism than the atomic theory with the price of wheat at Chicago. Can they tell the world how Jesus of Nazareth changed water into wine; how he healed the leper; fed the multitude on five loaves and two small fishes; walked upon the Sea of Galilee and stilled the tempest; dematerialized from the sight and touch of those Jews who had determined to kill him because he proclaimed himself the Christ in the Synagogue; his appearance to the Magdalene and the holy women after the crucifixion; his conversation with the two disciples, going to Emmaus; his revelation to the eyes of Peter, who took him for a spirit; his coming into "the upper room;" his promise of a further Gift; his rebuke of the doubting Thomas; his ascent from Olivet into heaven;—or reasonably explain any of these things without invoking the aid of Spiritualism? It must not be forgotten that this conspiracy is the movement of those who profess to take Jesus of Nazareth as their spiritual guide, and if his method is true, which they aver, how can they deny the genuineness of his mediumsip? And if he pledged himself to confer the power to perform even greater things, upon whom has it been conferred, and how exercised? What has been the realization of that sacred promise of a Gift? This fitful fanaticism which asserts the literal truth of an ancient "miracle" in one breath, and denies the mediumship which is at the foundation of Modern Spiritualism in the next, can

... "make the worse appear
The better reason to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels"—

Unless the reason of man is constantly on guard. Is it possible that they glory in self-deception? Upon what other hypothesis can their action be explained?

SPIRIT DETECTIVES.

"M. A. (Oxon)" replies to a question concerning the propriety of consulting mediums regarding murders as follows, in *Light*, London, Eng.

I am still of opinion that no good end can be served by the discussion of the hideous crimes which have recently been perpetrated. I do not believe that any of us can throw light on such events from an occult source except under conditions which are not and will not be furnished. I opine that clairvoyance might help, but any clairvoyant who should offer aid to the police would run the risk of being locked up. As to the communications made at circles where there is no connection between the occurrences and the people present I regard them as of very dubious value. You cannot "summon the spirit of Eliza"

Abeth Stride," or any one else with whom you are not in close rapport. If you are in closest rapport, it by no means follows that the evocation will succeed. And the evocation never ought to be made. These communications are on the face of them valueless; and to say so much by no means involves denial of their extra-mundane origin. I do strongly think that the time has come when we should recognize who are not omniscient as regards our world; that some of them are less progressed than ourselves; and that the most advanced of them are the last to claim a knowledge of mundane matters. Certainly they would not play the role of detective, and would tell us that it was no part of their business to save us from the trouble of using our own brains.

What manner of intelligence is that supposed to be which can give us information as to such events as these murders? By all signs that we can judge from, it is a limited intelligence not long released from the body, and displaying powers of mind considerably less than those of many people still amongst us. By what process of reasoning is it demonstrated that a liberated spirit acquires at death a scope of knowledge which enables him to answer all inquiries and solve all mysteries? I might go on to inquire further how it happens that, having (on that hypothesis) this store of wisdom and knowledge at command, he contrives so often to talk such egregious nonsense. But I do not press such a query. It may conceivably be as much the fault of the questioner as the questioned. A little thought will lead us to the conviction that even if we could certainly come into relations with a first-class detective in the world of spirit, it by no means follows that he would lay his ghostly hands on the Whitechapel murderer. A little more thought will convince us that such an interference with the law and order of this world is neither to be expected nor desired.

INTEMPERANCE CURED.

By Mathew Fidler in *The Medium and Daybreak, London, England.*

I saw much in England that made me feel very sorry. It appears to me a cruel thing that men should so trade on the failings of their fellows, and the drinking saloons of England are a terrible reflection on the enlightened people. The wretched poverty of the people indulging in the poison that saps their best qualities is of such a depth and extent that it is quite appalling when one tries to think of how any remedial measures can be of real benefit. The best thing to be done is to strike the root of the evil, and only allow the sale on similar conditions of those relating to other poisons.

Homes for drunkards may do much good, but a preventive system of the evil would be even better than having the good to do. It was with much pleasure that I noticed a report from Russia in our Swedish papers that a pinch of strychnine dissolved in 200 drops of water was enough to cure the most confirmed drunkard, or indeed half a dozen, by simply injecting a few drops under the skin. After the first treatment the patient begins to get sleep, and the appetite slightly returns. In ten or fourteen days the patient entirely recovers, and has no craving whatever for the stimulant that has been his ruin. I have always looked on Stephenson as one of our greatest civiliziers, but if the above discovery really turns out to be what it is said, then there is a greater step to be made in uplifting humanity than even that accomplished by steam and railways. This I am certain will be good news for your readers, and cheer them in a work which every true man and woman would only be too glad to help in. If this meets the eye of Mr. Askakof, he could probably obtain and furnish further information, as to what has been accomplished in Russia in the way of curing inebriates.

Children's Department.

ABOUT SHARING.

BY S. ROSALIE SILL.

"Girls, I cannot stay to-day," said Bessie Carmon, throwing down her croquet mallet, and turning to leave.

"But why not?" asked Kittie Dunham.

"Because I happen to remember that mamma said, at dinner, Hannah had to go home this afternoon, and that, in consequence, she would be so busy she feared grandma would be lonely. Perhaps you have heard she has badly inflamed eyes, and gets very lonely."

"Oh, it is only because Bessie wishes to spoil our good time!" broke in Lena Ayres. "Just as though a grandmother was not old enough to rely upon her own resources for amusement. I think Bessie very disobliging."

"I'm sure *she* can never be sorry. I wish I had the precious privilege of making things pleasant for my—my"—and then Kittie broke down; and all remembered that her grandmother had, not many months before, been laid away in Lawnwood Cemetery.

Bessie turned to go, and Kittie recovering herself, ran after her to say:

"I will come over, by-and-by, to see you if you wish."

"I shall be only too glad to have you. I can then take out the baby to amuse, and mamma can rest for a little."

"What a perfect grandmother Bessie is herself!" said Lena. "The idea of a girl shutting herself up on her half-holiday, to play nurse. I would not be so poky for the world."

But no one of the half-dozen girls assembled on the lawn to have a "good time" that sweet June afternoon, made reply. In fact, all, except Lena, were convinced of her loving unselfishness. With a half-suppressed ripple of a song, Bessie tripped across the lawn. She was just going up the stairs when Mrs. Carmon said:

"The mail was just brought in, and you may take up grandma this letter. But, come to think, she cannot read it," and Mrs. Carmon heaved a little sigh as she thought of all the many cares of the afternoon.

"But I can be her eyes this time, mamma."

"How kind of you, darling—leaving your playmates to amuse her! I am sure God will remember it of my little girl."

How light Bessie's heart was as she sprang up the stairs. Going softly to her grandmother's room, she laid the mail beside her, and, kissing the faded cheek, said:

"Do you wish me to read to you?"

"Why, yes, dear. I was just thinking how long the time seemed; yet I never once thought of you leaving your playmates to amuse an old woman."

"And did a certain grandmamma never leave her pleasures and needed rest to care for a troublesome little midget, I should like to know?"

An hour afterwards, when grandma wished to rest, Bessie ran down stairs, and was met at the hall door by Kittie.

Together they went to the nursery, where Mrs. Carmon was trying to soothe baby Leona. Bessie carried her to her cab, and they went out into the large, shady garden for a ramble.

Some time after, as the girls were returning, Mrs. Carmon said:

"I was trying to get time to set the table out on the lawn, as a treat for a very obliging little daughter; yet I find so much to do I have failed."

"But grandmamma could not come down, could she?"

"No, dear. But why?"

"Do you care if Kittie and I should carry up our supper, and spread grandmamma's little round table, and eat with her, mamma?"

"I know she would be pleased dear. How kind of you to think of it!"

So, tired mamma, relieved of half her care, went light-heartedly about the rest, while Bessie and Kittie carried up strawberries and cream, and light white rolls, along with some fragrant tea for grandma.

"I think you are entitled to a story, girls. Some way, my mind is busy with the scenes of long ago, called up by the letter Bessie read me to-day. We were girls together, just as you and Kittie are. We had our good times, playing with our dolls, and all, just as you have had. I was never so quiet and thoughtful as my friend, Louisa Green. She gave her young life to Jesus, and commenced the study preparatory to going at a missionary. As her parents were not wealthy, she was educated by the Baptist Board of Missions.

"During this time, she had bestowed her affections upon a worthy young man who was preparing himself for the ministry. At length the time was set for their marriage, and then they were to sail for India.

"Yet God had planned otherwise. Mr. Van Slyke became ill with consumption, and died within a year. My poor friend was prostrated through sorrow. She was never very strong and her earnest application to study, as a preparation for her life-work, followed by her bereavement, was something she never fully recovered from sufficiently to go as a missionary to foreign shores.

"Yet in the niche where Providence placed her, she wrought a beautiful life of usefulness. With brain and pen she made many 'bright spots' in the world. I have not a doubt when her life-web is unrolled, that it will show the traceries of the Divine Pattern. You know, Bessie, you read me that she is at rest now."

Mamma (S. A. M.)—"Mercy me! Dot, what are you ringing that big bell for?" Little Dot—"This flower in the window, (pointing to a bud) isn't waked up yet."—*Omaha World.*

"Now, then, children," said a parish school-mistress, showing her children off on examination day, "Who loves all men?" "You, missus," was the unexpected reply.

Poetry.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

The Falling of the Acorns.

BY MRS. LOUISE FARLEY SUDDICK.

Just before the summer's over
Ere the flush has left the clover,
Ere chill autumn paints the forest, gold and red and
russet brown,
Paints the green leaves russet brown,
Sounds there a continuous dropping
On my roof, a joyful hopping,
As the sleek, brown-coated acorns, from the tree come
hurrying down;
From the boughs came hurrying down—
As the sombre-coated acorns, dosened, come a-hurrying
down.

High above the gray roof bending
With his giant arms ex'tending,
Stands the great, tim'-honor'd oak tree, with his wealth
of shining leaves—
With his wealth of glistening leaves;
And the sunsets quiver, quiver,
Through his branches, and a shiver
From the lightest-winged zephyr, echoes all along the
eaves—
Echoes through the mossy eaves—
And the softest-murmured zephyr, whispers all along
the eaves.

Waking oft from sweetest slumber,
While the stars, a countless number
Through my casement shine and shimmer, I can hear a
rumbling sound—
Hear at night a rumbling sound,
Not unlike the welcome patter
Of thick rain drops is the clatter
Of the acorns as they tumble, from the low roof to the
ground—
From the steep roof to the ground,
As the acorns fall and scatter, from the low roof to the
ground.

Oh! ye ripe nuts, why this thudding;
What does mean the constant scudding?
What the burden of the message, that your hidden music
tells?
That your wordless music tells,
With your unremitting humming
Say you that the autumn's coming,
And his hand will soon be weaving, radiant carpets for
the dells?
Wondrous carpets for the dells?
Autumn's hand will soon be weaving, carpets for the
woodland dells?

Golden dandelions studded
All the meadow-lands, when budded
This great oak, and slender tassels pendent from his
branches hung—
From his branches trembling hung—
And the wild plum trees a-blooming
All the soft air were perfuming
And amid the growing verdure, blue-birds built their
nests and sung,
Happy blue birds built and sung,
And amid this budding greenness, joyous blue-birds built
and sung.

Year by year, repeats the story
Of the summer's pride and glory,
Of the budding and the blooming, and the fading of the
leaves,
Fading of the autumn leaves—
But no dream of summer splendor,
Wakes a retrospect more tender,
Than the sound of falling acorns, as they patter on the
eaves—
As they scatter o'er the eaves,
Of the ripe, brown crested acorns, as they rattle down the
eaves.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

Dust to Dust.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

When a human being dies,
We have aching hearts and sighs,
Quivering mouths and streaming eyes;
But Faith whispers soft replies
To our sobs, of melting skies,
Wherein lies a paradise
Whose sweet beauty will surprise
Those who drop the mortal guise—
When a human being dies.

Yesternight my graceful pet
By Life's foeman, Death, was met,
And to-night my eyes are wet
With the tear drops of regret.
I have stroked her jetty mane—
But I never can again—
I have loved her great brown eyes,
Like the dusk of tropic skies;
Her unfeared, fond caress
I shall ever, ever bless!
Laugh who will o'er such a corpse,
I am weeping for my horse!

Under the wild cherry tree
She will never neigh for me,
But will moulder silently,
Dead for all eternity.
Faith will whisper naught to me,
Though I loved her tenderly,
She will never live again,
Silent dews and fretting rain
Soon will melt my beauty down
Into dust, all chill and brown,
Under the wild cherry tree.

When the glad spring comes again,
And life leaps in every vein,
Under the wild cherry tree
Rich and dark the grass will be,
Where she mouldered back to earth.
Loving is of little worth
In this changing world of ours;
I shall fear to love the flowers,
Breaking every one with pain
When the glad spring comes again!

"Dust to dust," my little pet!
Would that you could love me yet!
But I never will forget,
Blessing through all coming days
All your playful, gentle ways,
Brightest of all glossy bays!
I have been your loving friend,
Loving to the weary end,
Stroking head and neck in pain,
Nursing you—alas, in vain!
You will never think of me,
Under the wild cherry tree;
But I never can forget!—
"Dust to dust," my little pet.

Hope and Fears.

ELIZA A. MARTIN.

O, beautiful world that greets our glad eyes;
O, beautiful landscape and sapphire-hued skies!
O, flowery fringed brooklets and sweet sylvan bowers!
A world filled with music, with sunshine and flowers!
Is heavenly beauty more perfect than this?
Does any far planets afford greater bliss?
With gladness and goodness the world is rife?
If hope leads us on through the journey of life.

O, dark, dreary world that pains our sad eyes!
O, mist hidden landscape and dull leaden skies!
The brooks are complaining and long for repose!
The serpent's slimy poisons the breath of the rose!
There is no perfection; all beauty is scarred.
By coarseness and grossness all nature is marred,
And life is a burden that drags through the years,
When we're led through its intricate maze by our fears,

A Strike.

Once upon an evening dreary,
As I pondered, sad and weary,
O'er the basket with the mending from the wash the
day before;
As I thought of countless stitches
To be placed in little breeches,
Rose my heart rebellious in me as it oft had done
before,
At the fate that did condemn me, when my daily task
was o'er,
To that basket evermore.

John, with not a sign or motion,
Sat and read the "Yankee Notion,"
With no thought of the commotion
Which within me rankled sore,
"He," thought I, "when day is ended,
Has no stockings to be mended,
Has no babies to be tended,
He can sit and read and snore,
He can sit and read and rest him,
Must I work thus evermore?
And my heart rebellious answered,
"Nevermore; no, nevermore."

For though I am but a woman,
Every nerve within is human,
Aching, throbbing, overworked,
Mind and body sick and sore,
I will strike. When day is ended,
Though the stockings are not mended,
Though my course can't be defended,
Safe behind the closet door
Goes the basket with the mending, and I'll haunted be no
more.
In the daylight shall be crowded all the work that I will
do;
When the evening lamps are lighted, I will read the
papers, too.

—Selected.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

What Is that Which Awaits?

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARKE.

To the loved and the true who their earth path have trod,
And whose loved forms were laid 'neath the daisy strewn
sod;
Who return from that land whence their spirits have
flown,
To revisit and comfort the hearts of their own;
We extend them our greeting, we welcome them here,
When love is our banner what have we to fear?
Oh! tell us our brothers who have gone on before,
Through the portal of death to the furtherside shore;
What you found in that land that is higher than this?
Are its fields verdure clad? Do they fill you with bliss?
Are its waters more clear? Are its skies deeper blue?
Are our sisters more fair? Are our brothers more true?

Do the passions that sway us while here we remain,
Ever cling to us there like a fettering chain?
Do our loves and our hates, do our hopes and our fears,
Grow and thrive with our life through the cycling years?
Oh! tell us ye loved ones, who have passed through
Death's door,
What is that which awaits? What is that just before?

It was a little three-year-old who remarked
that she didn't want to kiss her papa because he
had "fringe on his mouth."

A gentleman of this city observed his little son
attentively studying a map of the world. "What
place are you looking for, Willie?" he enquired;
The small boy knit his brow and travelled in a
circuitous route with his fore-finger before he
answered, earnestly: "Twyin' to find Christen-
dom."—*Detroit Free Press.*