The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., DECEMBER 22, 1888. NUMBER 51.

The Platform.

"LOVE IS BETTER THAN GOLD."

An Address Delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at Chicago, Sunday, October 7th, 1888.

The quotation which forms the theme of our morning greeting was translated from the ancient Arabic, and has been handed down through the ages that have been made luminous by the growth of humanity toward the light of perfect love.

At the time when Egypt was in the height of her splendor, the City of the Sun was said to have been paven with gold; the temples of Ion were burnished with gold, and all the sacred vessels from which were received the sacrament dedicated unto the Highest Light, the sun, were burnished gold; the streets of that magnificent city shone as the light and splendor of the morning, and all who served within the temples or who reigned in the places of power were arrayed in garments that represented the light of the sun. Even then gold was said to be the most precious of all earthly substances sent through their rare alembic; served thus beyond all the stored treasures of the earth, all precious things from the heart of India, from the mines of Africa, that are now buried or swept away by the sand, as tribute unto the might of Egypt. Since that time, also, the kings of earth have vied with one another to imitate the splendor of the sun in the one precious metal that man prizes above all others, because it could be burnished and polished, because of its malleability, pliability, and hardness, gold could be made up into so many forms of beauty and usefullness, it came to be coveted and the pride of all the potentates of earth; the one representative on earth of the Infinite, the one symbol of the light of truth, typifying the radiance of the eternal sun.

Independently of the worship of Mammon, the ideal worship of gold is because it symbolizes that which is most rare and precious, and that under burnishing and polishing it could be made to imitate the brightness of the sun.

The City of Ion was built in imitation of the sun, because of the worship of Osiris; and even far back in the still more ancient Egypt, among those nations of whom you have no account to-day, there was still this worship of the precious metals, gold being the chiefest because the rarest, the most difficult to extract from the dross, because it symbolizes that which is highest in nature—highest in the thought of man. Hence you have in this representative the perverted symbol of the highest moral nature, not only the confession that gold is the highest standard of value in the world ideally, but that it typifies that which illustrates the highest value in man's spirit.

How far the ancient Romans, how far the ancient Grecians, and how far modern civilization must have descended from this ideal worship you must judge. We know gold now symbolizes simply Mammon, and is made to stand in the place of human lives. It was not so in that ideal age of the worship of gold: all splendor, all adornment, all beautiful things in life were fitted and decorated with this precious metal in symbol of the light of the gracious golden glory of that sun that shone over Egypt, away down into the very depth of the Nile, awakening the germs of precious grain that were to yield the harvest. Whatever was there in the worship of gold came through the kings and potentates of acknowledged power, but in no wise symbolized, as it does to-day, the mere external worship of Mammon; it was splendor worship, the worship of glittering things. The precious metal was made to serve in the place of the light of that Divinity that was typified by it, but coins were not made of gold, the monetary power of the world was not made of gold; it was the symbol rather of the light that might become at last evolved from within the thought of man, by the selfsame principles that gold is tried and rendered pure in the crucible of fire.

It is only in its ideal sense, therefore, that we refer to this to-day. For one moment to place the modern standard of gold on the other side of affection, or to suppose that there is need of discoursing upon this subject, would be an insult to intelligence and moral sense. Only in its highest ideal sense, endeavoring to explain what it betokens, in all that is woven into moral excellence by the thought of the Golden Rule,—which is named such from the ancient symbolism of gold, is thus to-day preserved—after all is the spiritual consciousness that there can be no outward symbol that can correspond to the light of the only power that redeems and exalts the world.

In that wonderful statement translated by Paul concerning charity, it is said that in the original, the word is love, and that the word love having become so perverted under the misinterpretation of materialism, the authorities and elders fashioned it into charity. But love is the better term, since there can be nothing named love that is not divine, whatever is else is a perversion, a mistranslation, it is a modern misinterpretation that must be done away with. In the ancient meaning of the word, when Jesus announced the one commandment, which was the token of His divine ministration, He did not deem it necessary to qualify the word that symbolized all that He had to say: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another;" there was no thought that it was possible in all the world to pervert that sentence. In all the world of mankind to-day there can be no thought so perverse and base as to substitute for love that which was not intended, in the sacred meaning of the fine gold of the spirit that has been wrought into that single sermon, in all the ages of the world. If it was not love that Jesus came to typify and express; if it was not love that even under Moses was made the standard of action toward your neighbor; if it was not love that in the ancient Buddhistic faith wove its fine glory through the life of Buddha, and shed its splendor over Asia, until by that wonderful light of reform the Buddha saw the meaning of every shadow at the background of the love of God; if it was not love that pierced through the form of ancient Egypt, and as with flame wrought itself into the fine symbolism that gave the expression of the word of Osiris, and the voice of the nameless God, then we have no use for words whose meanings must fall and fade away, and the divine principles of life must be vaguely guessed at, or you must follow them, as you oftentimes do, without a name wherewith to call them by.

As the light of gold was the standard of material splendor, as the light of the sun, which gold symbolized, was the vivifying agent of the material universe, awakening every form of life into activity, thrilling the atoms until they burst forth in the chalice of the lotus flower, to give back from its golden cup the reflected image of the light of day, so does this ineffable light of the soul, the power which conquers and triumps forever, give back the sacred word in the symbol of life forevermore.

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but when you feel its windings, climb up to its heights, find its piercing sword flame cutting you through and through, and follow it to its innermost recesses, it is buried in the midst of Infinite love; and here is said to be the strength and shield of Jove. From the brow of Jove, it is said, Minerva sprang; the goddess of wisdom, to govern the world. Follow wisdom to its innermost depths, where it bends beside its chosen altar, where by the light of its surpassing power it moves and governs the visible universe to ends that are divine; wisdom gives up the conquering sceptre unto love. In the innermost heart of Jove the power of love is supreme.

Knowledge is said to be great, but knowledge is a mere burnishing of principles, the power that enumerates the qualities that are in the universe and carries them forward to expression, and manifest purpose; but the animating power is not knowledge any more than the ray of the sun is the source of light itself. From the great and wondeful glory of the sun itself, whose splendor only is its light, must come its rays, and knowledge is but one of the rays emanating from that primal sun whose light is perfect love; and if you had all the qualities that are supposed to make up divinity in man; if you could enumerate all the Christian virtues; if the muses shall sing to you that which is divinest in paradise, and you shall weave them in your imagination with the golden glory of the primal morning; first and last the primal, the ultimate and one center of light, will be found to be that all-pervading light of love; the Infinite love, which not only has knowledge, affection and wisdom, and arranges the purposes of divine life, but whose own purpose, an all-potent and all-pervading flame, thrills in and though all souls, making them aware of this divine inheritance.

It is not the wisdom of God in which you trust, it is not in the knowledge of God of which you are aware, it is not the light, in this seeming potential flame, that makes men believe the Infinite law. No. But it is because within the soul, by the light of the alchemy of its own subtle power, is the recognition of the love divine, made perfect in its comprehension it illustrates the one divine life; and without that knowledge were valueless; and wisdom were barren without it; the various faculties that make up the spiritual attributes, without this one divine impulsion would be lost and meaningless. In human life the one prompting agency, the one light that distinguishes man from the brute, that makes him greater than the nature beneath him, is this light of love.

In the material universe it is knowledge that gives man triumph, in an external way he may be wise to carry forward the purposes of his triumphs; in a physical way he may dominate: with the senses he may do this without any voice to bid him stay; the strong may triumph over the weak, the giant may trample upon the dwarf, and the mighty kings of earth may slay the subjects that are fawning at their feet; men may wage war against each other without a voice of protestation. Wisdom and knowledge enable men to do this. Man conquers the world by these: his physical strength is not adequate, but knowledge comes to his aid. Who knows but what the serpent in paradise was this knowledge tempting man? Because it was the fruitage of the Tree of Knowledge that was man's curse, and knowledge without love is as bare and barren as dead sea fruit. And if into the paradise of human life the one word knowledge were to come untempered by that which makes man divine, it would sweep all fair and beautiful things away, the blossoms of daily life would become bitter fruit, and man from the bare height of his intellectual power would see nothing but the chaos that is beyond. It is knowledge that enables man to triumph over the brute; it is that mere external knowledge which prevents him from sympathizing with other's sufferings, or being tender to them in their servitude to him; it is knowledge which makes him kill or be cruel to friend or neighbor. In all the animal kingdom they only slay one another for food, or when encroached upon; man slays from the mere instinct of victory! from that cruel intellectual pride which bids him consider himself a conqueror of the world and of his kind.

Piercing through this shadow, lighting up this darkness, and causing man to turn not only from his brutal instincts, but from the way of degradation, of that which intellectual pride brings, is the light of love; not instinct or animal affection, but the light of love; it is the intelligent potentiality of the spiritual light, which more than causes you to do good to your own. The beast of the field or of the wilderness protects its own; the panther in the forest, the tiger in the jungle care for their own; the bird shelters the nestling; there is no need to refer to the mother's and father's love to illustrate the type of natural affection. This is not what we mean; to care for your own is the attribute of the instinct of nature. But to love humanity; to do good to the weak because they are weak; to uplift the powerless because they are powerless; to minister to those who are in suffering; to use the sacred knowledge which Prometheus stole from heaven with his fiery flame to do good unto man instead of to forge chains of bondage upon him; to have the power of kings and to use that power for the uplifting of others; to dwell in the midst of human shadows and bear the light; if one has the strength to give that to the world. This is what we mean: to love the hateful whom other people despise. You are often enjoined to minister to the poor; you are often requested to bestow Christian charity upon those who are worthy, and it is considered a most exalted example when, throughout all Christendom, you give alms to those whom you know are deserving; to bestow endowments upon institutions that will be carried forward to promote the interests of the deserving poor. Whose poor are the undeserving? Whose outcasts are those who are not worthy? Whose are those whom men despise? Who is to care for them?

If Christianity fails in interpreting the light of that perfect love which Jesus brought who is to interpret it, save those messengers appointed from age to age to bear the blessed tidings unto the world of its truth? If it is true, as it must be, that there are a great many poor who are also wicked; if it is true, as it must be, that there are a great many rich who are very wicked, who is to bestow love upon the wicked poor? The whole world will bestow it upon the wicked wealthy, and that worship of Mammon that shall come, which gold brings, wins its way to the hearts of mankind. The deserving poor may possibly be objects of charity; but no one questions about the wealthy, whether they are deserving or not. If they have petty vices, or if they are hardened criminals, the world overlooks it because of their gold, and carefully forgets that the gold of the spirit is more precious than that dress which serves as an outward covering and sanction to crime. But for those whom the world despises, for the criminals and outcasts in the lowest slums of degradation, for that life which must from a moral standpoint be leperous; whose life is it that like a steadfast flame, pierces through and through the shadows, claiming that life that is in the night, but not claiming it because it is outcast, nor claiming it because it is criminal, claiming it notwithstanding these?

That love is valueless that passes for and is called by that name a thousand times, though you burnish it with external glamour, with external affection, that love is valueless that does not burst from beneath and through the external barriers and find the soul that is hidden there. And this is why immortality is revealed to man: this is what brings the message from the spiritual realm; this is why the gates are often swung wide open, and the human world brought into conversation with the world of spirits; this is why from the portals of the grave the dead, who in body are buried, though that natural human physical affection is cast out, rely upon another and deeper tie. It is not simply the physical love of the spirit mother that brings her to your side; it is not simply the natural tie that links you to your spirit children that brings them here; it is not because of physical affection, strong in the household, or because the hereditary titles preserved through a long line of ancient ancestry in the halls of the old world. The spiritual realm bears its own precious awakenings; its own divine possessions; it comes to you not simply, as said before, upon the basis of what is called natural material affection, but the mother has discovered in her spirit a light of love

that does not belong to the body alone, but was from eternity, and because of that love that she bears you, she bends near to guide you as the child of her care upon the earth; but never believe that you are her only charge, that the children of her own household are the only ones to whom she turns to bless; those desolate lives who never knew love need the care and solace of the mother heart as they are strengthened and uplifted. No one can be a ministering spirit who is not more than a natural mother. The ministering spirit must have the soul of the mother, must have the spiritual light that is from love within, and must value your spiritual welfare more than all material things. Love is so much better than gold that if your spirit mother thought it would be a spiritual treasure for you to loose your gold, she could sit calmly by and see every earthly treasure depart; for such is the triumph of spiritual love that she would know that it would be better for you spiritually.

People often ask: "Do not our spirit friends take interest in our material welfare?" Oh, yes, so far as your material welfare is in keeping with the welfare of your spirit. But no spiritual guardian, no ministering spirit can be appointed who does not love you; and that love is so much greater than gold, so much more precious than the mere light of physical prosperity, that it beams in through adversity, and sees where the love of gold may eclipse the light of the spirit. Do you not suppose that a real friend in spirit can stand by and see you pass through the shadow of what is called material adversity and love you the same, and know that it is best?

The weakling in the outward form is the parent that gives the child every physical indulgences without any moral or spiritual training You say this yourselves; you see it every day, since the children of millionaires become debauchees. Those who see but the light of material prosperity stultify their spiritual natures oftentimes. The worse inheritance that a man can leave his children is gold without love, and truth, and wisdom, and knowledge. If you do not believe this observe the world around you. The honest man, the man who has labored for the welfare of his children, supporting and protecting them, and giving them strength and an education, will see to it that no false mantle of glittering gold seems to protect them from the outside world; will see to it that every vital energy of mind and body is brought into full possession and training, so that they may have an inward inheritance; he will see to it also that they praise him for more than that which he leaves behind as earthly possessions. Sad indeed is the household that has nothing to remember a father for excepting the gold that he left; sad indeed, is the child that has no better armor with which to go forth to meet the world than the glittering armor of external gold. The whole world knows this; and yet can you say that you are not toiling all day, and sometimes into the weary hours of night, not for daily bread, not always for the things which your household need, or the daily comfort, or the daily enjoyment, or the daily luxury even, but that you may lay up something which will be just so much shadow between your love and your children? Whatever the amount, from one thousand dollars to one million, it is rare that a household divides the gifts left behind without some quarreling, and the small piece of gold becomes the very blindness that separates them from the fatherly and motherly love and prevents them from knowing they are there in spirit.

Oh! if the inestimable treasure of love, the one rare, precious and divine gift were held always before their vision, if you were to them more than what you do for them, if in the mortal standard human lives were precious for their own sakes, how precious would that light grow, beaming in every household, shining forth from every countenance found in every place of human assemblage, greeting the whole world over. And see how the power of gold divides the household, brother from brother, sister from sister, and even parent from child; and see how as a mighty wall it stands between a man and all he really is, for that is not remembered; what he leaves behind him, his bequests to the church and to society, to some public place of benevolence, these constitute the measure of a man's life. And if the gold is gathered from the heart drops of the widow and the orphan; if the gold is forged in the fiery furnace of human trials, no matter; sounds of praise are on every tongue, that this man gives to public charities that which he stultified his heart for all the years of his life to obtain. Between such gifts and the real light of the spirit, you know what the Teacher said, and you know what humanity says, crying out forever and forever, not simply for gold to buy bread, but for that better and higher gold that shall be as the bread of life unto the spirit, that shall sustain mankind from day to day, and make it impossible for paupers and criminals to fructify and increase in human society.

Yes, it is the love of angels, such love light as shines in through every phase of human sorrow, understands every phase of human sin, every human obliquity and perversity; a love that includes all humanity, and finds its light more potent to declare itself where there are no superficial barriers of outward perfection, or outward sin. It is because spirits and angels love you with that degree of unselfishness that love only can express, that they thus minister, that they thus pierce through the shadows of your outward life. It is not to foster, not no encourage those shadows, but to rescue you from them, to encourage the light that shall lead the way out of them, to give strength to overcome them.

If man is kindred of the brute, it is because the love is not awakened in him; if man is kindred of humanity, it is because of this love, and every man can predict for the whole world a higher state of civilization, a better and more glorious era; a day in which mankind shall dwell together as brothers, a time when nations shall clasp hands across the seas, rivers, and gulfs of blood that have divided them. If this is the prediction and prophecy of the world, it is because of that love that man knows is unfailing; and that it shall one day redeem and set free from thralldom all the nations of the earth.

Look at yonder glorious orb, that shines to-day as if in thanksgiving for your glad and loving reunion: look at its full splendor of the thousand myriad golden days. As in ancient time ere yet through chaos, these flowers sprang forth, those potent rays pierced through the shadows, made one leap into the darkness and probed the atoms at the heart, and kindled the rays of light that have finally been set free, so, to-day, the buds, and blossoms, and harvests, and autumns must yield the fruitage of those thousand myriads of golden days; and this autumn crown which the world wears to-day, which is typified in the fruit, in purple grape of the vine, in the golden grain harvested for the use of man for food, but made the means of heart drops of agony wrung from thousands of lives who have no bread to eat; this golden harvest crown is the crown of all ages; earth adds unto itself one more victory. So from the heart of the Infinite Love, from the primal love of angels, who saw the earth fashioned, and the planets awakened into life, the sun of that surpassing love shone into the depths of the planets where human lives are found, and to-day crowns your lives and sets its golden seal upon your brows and hearts, and fills you with the surpassing glory, with the love light of the ages. From Olivet, and from the Buddha Tree, beneath which Buddha saw the light of God's wondrous Love, and from where Zardhurst springing forth to sudden light beheld the flame of God; and from that ancient splendid sun, whose symbol was Osiris, whose earthly symbol was gold, the light of that world crowns the world to-day, and with added splendor sets its seal and sanction upon your hearts, fills your lips with prophecy, fills your hands with gracious deeds, and molds your lives unto its bidding. If you deny its presence and fail to heed its voice, like the cloud that passes before the sun it will not destroy its rays, but you will be chilled in the shadow. But, oh, how gracious is the light of eyes, how lovely this rejoicing of hearts, how more than blessed is this fruitage that we bring to you to-day and crown you with; not external sheaves, not the result of any outward sowing, nor yet the coinage of any mint, but from pure hearts, from lives, that like these, are attuned to the voices of paradise, from the sweeping tides of angel's songs floating earthward and drowning the sighs and groans, and sorrows in the songs of paradise; with such perfect love crowning all this golden autumn time, so that in your meetings and in your greetings there will be but one voice, one spirit, one light, and that is the light of God's Love forever!—*The Weekly Discourse.*

Original Contributions.

The Growth of Spiritualism.

BY "LUPA."

Webster defines "spirit" as "breath" hence, sometimes, life itself; a disembodied soul; pertaining to the intellectual and higher endowment of the mind; pertaining to the moral feelings or states of the soul."

"Spiritualism, the state of being spiritual. The doctrine, in opposition to the materialists, that all which exists is spirit or soul—that what is called the external world is either a succession of notions impressed on the mind by the Deity, as maintained by Berkeley or else the mere educt of the mind itself, as taught by Fichte. A belief in the frequent communication of intelligences from the world of spirits, by means of physical phenomena, commonly manifested through a person of susceptibility, called a "medium."

We can see, in following these definitions, that they are not quite consistent, for the first would lead us directly into the most solid materialism. If the spirit is the soul, consisting of both intellectual and moral qualities as well as the mere principle of life, and that spirit is but breath which is a combination of gasses passing into and out of our lungs during every minute of our life, then it follows that when breathing ceases we cease also and there can be no spirit world.

Shall we not be nearer correct if we say that spirit is the eternal life, eternal in its elements but not in all of its combinations, (call it the body of God if you like) existing in and around all things, in the densest bit of flinty rock as well as the most human form, yet varying according to the body which it temporarily inhabits, so that the spirit of the rock is not like that of the tree, bird or animal; therefore not merely breath but substance, the individuality of which can be perceived and recognized; then "spiritual" must mean pertaining to this substance which is the connection between the inert material and the Central Soul, the unchanging as well as eternal, acting by and through the other two as instruments; and "Spiritualism" must be the science of this spirit, the laws which regulate the impressions produced on it by soul and which it transfers to the external body; therefore can be no side issues to Spiritualism, for, like the atmosphere surrounding and including all the processes within the earth, it includes and infills all things, from the geologic to the human formation; yet at times, some one branch of the subject becomes of more present importance to us than others.

If these premises are correct, whatever helps to a better understanding of the action of soul on spirit, of spirit on spirit and spirit on matter, promotes the cause of Spiritualism, including all institutions, organizations, and single efforts which have for their motive benevolence towards our fellow beings.

As the objects dealt with are, on one side, material, material aid, or money, can be of immense advantage in promoting the growth of Spiritualism, and this result must be secured by the means which approach perfection in the most direct line; and what can that line be but knowledge, scientific knowledge obtained by observation, classified by reason and applied by wisdom; knowledge of soul, spirit and body, and their influence on each other?

To promote this knowledge lecturers should be hired who would call special attention to this branch of education; books for free distribution should be obtained pertaining to these vital questions, and free lectures for the young, delivered in connection with the Progressive Lyceum where they will be taught the duties, responsibilities and dangers before them, not in a mere, technical, contracted manner, but in connection with all past, present and future, that grand future which is within the reach of all if they will but make the necessary effort; where they will be encouraged to think for themselves, taking no one's conclusions for absolute, infallible authority but respectfully considering all.

There are many divisions of this subject that would demand careful thought, not the least important of which would be, perhaps, forcible restraint of the vicious classes, both learned and unlearned; this would awaken the ever-ready resentful cry "It is an interference with personal liberty!" So are imprisonment and execution; and after the harm has been done we are told that prevention is better than cure.

When the people are thoroughly convinced that in no course of action, and especially in the reproduction of their kind, is there forgiveness of sin, that retribution will follow their transgressions, be they ever so secret, they will learn to hesitate before they place their baser selves on permanent record. If they realize that no mysterious God is responsible for the birth of a child into earth life, but themselves must bear the blame and suffer the penalty of bad results, we shall hear very little of "dispensations of Providence." If no criminal, no idiots, no insane temperaments, no lascivious natures, no systems of nerves calling for stimulants and narcotics are made, we shall have none with which to fill our prisons and asylums, to make prosperous our vicious resorts of all kinds, nor to render the gallows hideous.

The thoughtful mind perceives no chance result in all the universe; it knows that every effect must have its corresponding cause and works accordingly for the progression of the human race toward the realisation of the best which the eternally unfolding life within has to give.

Seek to Learn.

MRS. J. L. YORK.

In all the realms of space there is nowhere to be found that terrible locality so often referred to in the Bible as the home of lost souls: for there are no lost souls in all the economy of nature; for nature is not confined to the here and now, but extends and governs through all eternity—there is nothing lost.

True, there are billions of souls who have left earth conditions undeveloped, uneducated, wholly unfit for the society of the pure and good; but they are not lost, they are placed in schools, they are cared for and educated, and gradually raised out of the low, debased conditions into which earth's conditions had placed them; and sometimes from these conditions eminate minds of the highest order of intellect,—gems dug from the darkness of earth, proving that conditions govern. But, asks one, what is done with the murderers and criminals of deepest dye, which are sent from earth because unfit to remain on it? Nature's laws and human laws are different and distinct in their aims and operations. Nature always tries to heal and restore. Many of your so-called murderers and criminals are looked upon in a different light; as before said, conditions govern; and the eye of our police can only discern outward conditions, while nature can discover the underlying causes for what the world calls crime, and instead of seeking to punish, she seeks to heal and remove the evil. The true elevation of man is found in education, it is the bed rock and stepping stone to progression. A large majority of humanity are but one remove from the brute creation,—with instincts more brutish than human; and from that class come the criminal element. Development, education, is the only cure, and the sooner the world learns that lesson, and legislates to raise the degraded, instead of making laws to punish, so much sooner will humanity rise to a nobler plane of life and action.

SAN JOSE, Dec.. 9th, 1888.

Death of Prof. Proctor.

The recent death of Prof. R. A. Proctor at at New York removes one of our most interesting scientific writers. He was educated a Catholic, but became a thorough skeptic in religious matters, like Ingersoll. His death was quite discreditable to the medical profession. He came from Florida with a severe *intermittent fever*. In a paroxysm of the disease, the physicians *assumed that it was yellow fever*, and had him taken from the hotel to the hospital where he died—a grave mistake.—*Journal of Man.*

Worth creates enemies but it is above them.

Selected Articles.

Snatched from the Brink.

(*Continued from page* 806.)

"A letter for you, Aunt Cathie," she said, with the Southampton post-mark. "It—why—good heavens!"—

The words died on her lips; she stood looking blankly at the letter in her hand.

"What is it?" I asked. "What is the matter?"

"It is papa's handwriting!" she answered, in a whisper of amazement.

"And the Southampton post-mark!" I exclaimed, and hastily tore it opon, Sidney looking over my shoulder as I read.

RADLEY'S HOTEL, SOUTHAMPTON, Sept. 6.

MY DEAR CATHERINE: You will see, from the heading of this, that I am already in England. I landed from the *Cheetah* last night, and I should have been with you today, (Tuesday,) but my old wound in the shoul ier has broken out afresh, and will keep me pris oner here, the doctor says, for the next forty-eight hours at least, if not for several days. I have just learned that the Lightwoods are living in Leamington, and that Mrs. L's brother, that scamp, Fred. Forrester, is with them. Sidney has never mentioned their names in her letters to me; but I have no doubt that in spite of my express prohibitions, she has renewed the acquaintance which was broken off before she left India. I have now a still stronger reason to object to the intimacy; and I trust to you, Catherine, to see that she does not set foot in their house, or hold any sort of communication with them till I come. I reserve explanation until I see you. In the meantime, believe me your affectionate brother.

FRANCIS DANE.

I folded the letter in silence, and looked at Sidney, who stood motionless, gazing straight before her.

"So, for the last three months you have been deceiving both your father and me!" I said in a tone I had never used to her before. "You have concealed from him that these people were here, and from me that he had forbidden the acquaintance. I am disappointed in you Sidney."

"Most people are when they know me well," she replied, with a faltering attempt at a laugh; and leaning her elbow on the chimney-piece, she let her forehead fall on her hand. Her back was toward me, but I could see her face in the glass, and there was a look of anxious trouble upon it that smote me with sudden pity.

"My child," I said impulsively, putting my arm about her waist, "why will you not confide in me! You have some secret trouble; let me share it; you would surely find it a relief. Will you not trust me, Sidney?"

"She glanced into my face, then looked down. Her lips trembled.

"I do trust you, AuntCatherine," she answered after a pause. "But—but I cannot tell you; it is impossible; you would not understand."

Before I could speak again, she disengaged herself from my arm, and continued, in her usual tone; "I suppose I may write a note of excuse to Mrs. Lightwood? that does not come under the head of forbidden communications?"

"If you will allow me to read it before it goes."

"Oh, certainly," She seated herself at the desk, and took up the pen, but instead of beginning to write, she sat for full five minutes with her chin propped on her upturned palm, looking out before her with a face of intent and anxious thought.

"It is getting late, my dear," I reminded her at length; "you had better write at once." She started and pushed back her hair.

"Yes, I will do it at once," she said, and dipping the pen in the ink hastily wrote a few lines which she handed to me for inspection. I glanced over them and saw that she had excused herself on the plea of a headache.

"Have you an envelope?" she asked, as I gave her back the note. "I can not find one." I left the room to fetch my letter-case, which was in the dining-room. When I returned Sidney said hurriedly: "Oh, I am sorry to have troubled you, Aunt Catherine; I found one after all. There is the note," and she handed it to me sealed and addressed.

"For once the stereotyped excuse is not a flb, for my head does really ache distractingly," she added, passing her hands over her forehead. "I think there is thunder in the air. I will go and lie down for a time: I shall not care for any dinner so please don't let me be disturbed. If I am better toward seven o'clock I shall go and spend an hour at the 'Cottage.' "

The "Cottage" which was the residence of my cousin, Lady Hillyard, was the next house to mine, and the two gardens communicated by means of a door in an ivy-covered wall.

"Do so, my dear. Lady Hillyard is always glad to see you," I answered.

She paused a moment at the door, turning the knob in her hand; then coming suddenly back to my side she put her hands on my shoulders and looked into my face with an unwonted softness in her handsome dark eyes.

"Dearest, kindest, best of aunties, forgive your graceless niece," she said, with a tremulous smile; "forgive me, not only for deceiving you, but for all my caprice and ingratitude. Tell me that"—her head dropped on my shoulder—"tell me that you love me a little in spite of it."

"My poor child, can you doubt it." I exclaimed, much touched, stroking the braids of her glossy dark hair.

She lifted her face and kissed me once—twice, and I felt a tear on my cheek; the next moment she was gone, and I was left to my own meditations.

That they were not altogether pleasant ones may be imagined. The more I reflected on what had passed, and the oftener I read my brother's letter, the more anxious I grew.

He could have but one reason for objecting to her intercourse with the Lightwoods, and when I remembered that she had been in constant communication with them for the past three months, with almost daily opportunities of meeting "that scamp, Fred. Forrester," I felt anything but comfortable.

I longed for my brother's arrival, and yet half dreaded it; fearing some outbreak of his fiery temper.

It was not wonderful that I had but little appetite for dinner that day.

My solitary meal was soon over, and I returned to the drawing-room and tried to occupy myself as usual, but found that I was too restless to settle to anything.

The heat, instead of diminishing, seemed to increase as the evening advanced. There was a curious hush and stillness, like the stillness of dread, in the sultry air, broken only by the distant muttering of thunder, and the frightenLd twitter of the bird, hiding beneath the leaves from the coming storm.

Night "came down with a rush" (as in the tropics) an hour before its time; at seven o'clock it was dark; so dark that, looking out through the open window as I sat alone in the drawing-room, I could not even trace the outline of the shrubbery trees; all was a vague, black void.

"Do, for goodness' sake ma'am, shut the window," cried my old servant, Carter, when she came in with a cup of coffee; "the storm'll be upon us in another minute, and if I am not mistaken, it'll be the worst we've had this many a year."

The words were hardly out of her mouth, when the outer darkness was suddenly rent by an awful, blinding flash of lightning which literally seemed to set the sky on fire, and, barely a moment after, the thunder crashed close above the roof, so close that I involuntarily crouched and put my hands to my head.

Carter screamed, and clung to me. "Lor' a' mercy! it's like the day o' judgment!" she panted.

"See that all the doors and windows are closed," I said hastily. "I will go up stairs to Miss Dane."

"Better leave Miss Sidney to herself, ma'am, if you'll excuse me," Carter, replied in her way. "I went up stairs a minute ago to see if she was frightened, and would like me to sit with her, and she answered very short that she had seen much worse storms than this would be and didn't want my company."

"Was she lying down?"

"I don't know, ma'am; I spoke to her through the door."

The storm proved indeed the worst we had known for years. The sky was lit up almost incessantly by the red glare of the lightning, though none of the succeeding flashes were so awfully vivid as the first; the thunder pealed as if all heaven's artillery had opened fire on the earth, and the rain

came down like a cataract, "sheer, and strong, and loud." In little more than half an hour, however, it had spent its force.

The thunder died away in the distance, and the rain abated. I threw the window open again, and admitted a stream of cool, delicious air; then, turning up the lamp, which I had lowered during the storm, I took up my work, and sat down on the sofa.

I had set the door open, so that I could see across the hall and half way up the stairs, and I kept glancing up from my work in the expectation of seeing Sidney descend, for it was now nearly eight o'clock.

Within and without, the house is profoundly still, and the measured "tick-tack" of the old-fashioned clock on the stairs sounded unnaturally loud in the silence.

I felt lonely and unaccountably depressed, and began to wish impatiently that Sidney would come down and keep me company.

"It is too late now for her to go to Lady Hillyard's, "I reflected as the clock struck eight.

Even as the thought crossed my mind, looking toward the stairs, I saw her descending. She had changed her dress for a darker one, and wore a long black cashmere mantle, the hood of which was drawn over her head. Her face, in its dark frame, looked startlingly white.

She came noiselessly down stairs and across the hall; opposite the drawing-room door she paused, and looked in at me, but did not speak.

Surely you are not going to the cottage to-night, Sidney?" I exclaimed. She made no reply, but passed out of sight.

Something in her looks and manner made me uneasy. Suddenly a thought struck me that caused me to start to my feet. "Suppose she was not going to Lady Hillyard's after all?" Suppose—" I stayed for no more suppositions, but threw down my work and followed her. She had already quitted the house, leaving the front door partly open.

Going out on the veranda, I saw her walking rapidly down the side path toward the door in the garden-wall. I called to her, but she kept on without heeding me. However I felt reassured now that she was really gone to the cottage, and only wondered anxiously whether she had been so imprudent as to rush out of doors in her thin house-shoes.

The rain had now entirely ceased, and the night was as calm as if no storm had ever troubled it, though the heavy clouds had not yet dispersed, and the moon was climbing her way wearily through their dark masses. The breeze blew fresh and cool, bringing with it the rich moist scent of damp earth and grass. It was all so pleasant that I was tempted to linger a little out of doors. I threw a shawl over my head, and began to pace up and down the veranda.

About a half an hour had passed thus, and I was just about to turn indoors when I heard wheels approaching along the road. They stopped at my gate, and presently a hired fly appeared in the drive, and drew up at the door; a tall figure muffled in travelling wraps, alighted, and the next moment I was in my brother's arms, pouring out ejaculations of surprise and broken words of welcome. After a hasty embrace he released me, paid and dismissed the cabman, then followed me into the drawing-room.

"Where is Sidney?" was his first question as he glaned round the room.

"She is spending the evening with Lady Hillyard; we did not expect you till to-morrow. I will send and fetch her.

"Wait a moment," he interposed laying his hand on mine as I was about to ring the bell.

"I want to have a little talk with you first. Sit down, Catherine."

He tossed his wraps on the sofa, and sank into a chair, running his fingers through his hair. "Handsome Dane," as he had been called was handsome still, I thought as I looked at him; but his face was worn and pale, and there was a look of haggard anxiety in his dark eyes.

"Francis why did you come to-night, you were not fit to travel!" I said involuntarily. He gave a short sigh.

"That is true enough, but I was in such a fever of anxiety that I could not wait until to-morrow. After what I had heard, I felt that Sidney would not be safe till I was at her side. About those Lightwoods," he went on abruptly; "how long have they been in Leamington?"

"They took a house here about three months ago," I replied.

"Three months!—And he—that"—he seemed to have a difficulty in pronouncing the name—"that Forrester is with them? And Sidney has been visiting them? Good heavens!" He started up and began to pace the room.

"How much do you know? what has she told you?" he said suddenly.

"She has told me nothing. I only know from your letter that you object to the acquaintance—I conclude because you disapprove of Captain Forrester's attentions."

"Judge whether I have reason to disapprove of them," he returned, coming to a stop opposite me. "The scoundrel is a married man."

For a moment I was too startled to speak.

"Does Sidney know?" I asked. He shook his head.

"He has kept it so secret that his own sister does not know, I believe. I only learned it myself by chance a month ago. He has been married six years."

"When did Sidney first meet him?"

"About a year back, at his sister's house in Madras. He was in a regiment of Native Foot, and was over head and ears in debt, thanks to high play and fast living. Every one knew that he was on the look-out for 'a pretty fool with money,' to retrieve his fortune—and the fool he selected was my daughter. He must have bewitched the girl, I think, for she has sense enough in other matters. Before I even suspected what was going on, he had induced her to engage herself to him, and had almost succeeded in persuading her into a clandestine marriage, knowing well that I should never give my consent."

"But he was married already!"

"Just so; but as I have told you, very few persons knew of that former marriage, and I presume he intended to purchase the silence of those who did with Sidney's money. He was aware that her mother's fortune was under her own control. Well, on discovering what was going on I was indignant, as you may think, and I resolved to send Sidney at once to you. I breathed more freely when I knew that the width of the Atlantic lay between her and Forrester. My security was of short duration, however, for a couple of months afterward I learned that he had sold out, and gone, with his sister, to England. At first I thought of writing to warn you against him, but on reflection, I resolved to come instead. I got my leave at once, and sailed by the next ship—the *Cheetah*. On board, acting as valet to General Fenwick, was Forrester's old servant, a Frenchman, named Delplanque, who had been his "ame damnee," for years, and was in all his secrets. Forrester had borrowed money from him, it seemed, not a large sum, but the poor fellow's savings, and had given him the slip, and had gone off with it to England. Out of revenge, Delplanque came to me and told me something that startled me—namely, thas his late master was a married man. He had deserted his wife—a Frenchwoman—long before, and she was living with her own people. Delplanque had himself witnessed the marriage, but had agreed to hold his tongue 'for a consideration.' He added that 'M. le Capitaine' had boasted he should outwit me, and introduce my daughter to me on my return as Mrs. Forrester. Imagine if you can what I felt on hearing that, and how my anxiety was increased when I accidentally learned at Southampton that the Lightwoods were living at Leamington. Well, thank heaven, I have arrived in time. And now, Kate, send for Sidney—or stay," he added, rising, let us go and fetch her."

I threw on my shawl again, and we went out into the quiet night.

"Oh, the sweet English air!" exclaimed my brother, lifting his forehead to the breeze. "How it takes me back into the long past, when we were all together in the dear old home. I had looked forward to having one like it some day, Kate."

"And so you will have, I hope, Frank."

"Who knows? I have learned the folly of making plans for the future."

We passed through the gate in the wall, and crossed the lawn and garden of the cot-

tage, where the flowers were pouring out their fragrance into the night.

The servant who answered our summons at the bell, and who was too well-trained to betray any surprise at our untimely visit, ushered us at once into the room where Lady Hillyard was sitting, her favorite little sanctum on the ground floor, looking out on the garden.

A shaded lamp stood on the table, which cast a circle of soft but brilliant light on the books and papers, leaving in half obscurity the silvered hair and delicate, high-bred features of the mistress of the house, who was writing. One glance round the room showed me that she was alone.

She looked up as we entered, rose, and after peering doubtfully for a moment at my companion, came forward to him with both hands outstretched.

"Francis, my dear cousin, welcome home!"

He took her hands, but his reply was uttered mechanically, and as his eyes wandered round the room I saw in them the same misgiving that had just struck a chill to my own heart.

"Where is Sidney?" he asked, hoarsely. She withdrew her hands, and looked in surprise from his face to mine.

"I do not know," she answered; "she is not her here; I have not seen her to-day."

"Lucy, Lucy," I cried, hardly knowing in my agitation what I said; "she must be here—she came here; I saw her go—"

"My dear," she answered gently, "Sidney is not here; she has not been here to-night. Compose yourself and tell me what has happened."

"She said she should spend the evening with you. I saw her pass through the garden door at about 8 o'clock, and she has not returned."

"Is the gate of your drive locked?" demanded Francis, turning to my cousin.

"No, not yet."

"That explains it; she came into your garden by one entrance, and left by the other," he said, in a tone so unnaturally calm that I looked at him in wonder.

His face was white to the lips, and there was an expression upon the features that made them seem unfamiliar to me.

"Lucy," he continued, "you have a carriage, I think? Will you have it brought round at once without a moment's delay?"

She glanced at him uneasily, but immediately assented, and left the room to give the order.

He stood with folded arms, looking down. I touched his shoulder.

"Frank, if we find them, you—you will not be harsh with Sidney?—promise me," I pleaded. "Poor child! her fault brings its own punishment."

He looked at me gravely.

"I will not be harsh with Sidney, I promise you," he replied, "but I have a reckoning to settle elsewhere." He walked away from me to the hearth, and said not another word.

In ten minutes the carriage was ready. I sent a message to Carter that we should probably return late, and that she was to sit up for us herself; then my brother gave the coachman Mrs. Lightwood's address, and we were soon whirling rapidly toward the town.

A quarter of an hour afterwards we drew up at the Lightwood's door.

"The "little dance" had already commenced; the rooms were brilliantly lighted, and when we were admitted, the widow, in an elaborate demi-toilette of "feuille-morte" silk and amber lace; was just sweeping across the hall, followed by her eldest daughter, Carrie. She was a tall, showy looking woman of forty or thereabouts, with fine teeth, a made-up complexion, and a false smile.

Expecting to see another of her guests, she was coming forward to greet us with some stereotyped phase of welcome, when, seeing who it was, she stopped short, her bland expression changing, with ludicrous abruptness, to one of very genuine consternation. Recovering herself, however, she extended her hand to my brother, saying sweetly as she ushered us into a sitting room: "Colonel Dane in England! what a delightful surprise, and how good of you to drop in upon us directly you arrived! You have brought Sidney, I hope. Where is she?"

"Where is she?" he repeated sternly; "that is the question I am come to ask you." She drew back a step, her false smile fading, and, like myself, my brother evidently read in her conscious face the confirmation of his worst fears.

"It is as I thought," he muttered; "they are gone," and his head dropped upon his breast.

"They? who do you mean?" she questioned hurriedly.

"Oh, Mrs. Lightwood," I exclaimed, "you know well that Francis means my niece, Sidney. and your brother."

"What—they have eloped? is it possible?" she said, cooly; "but, pray, Miss Dane, why should you take it for granted that I knew it? I assure you it is news to me. I am not in my brother's secrets."

"Not in all of them, I believe," interposed Francis; "you did not know, for instance, that he had been a married man for the last six years."

The change in her face was something to remember.

"Married!" she gasped. "Fred married! Nonsense, I don't believe it."

He took from his pocket-book, and handed to her, a folded paper, a copy of the marriage certificate. She glanced over it, then sank into a chair, her cheeks blanched to the color of the paper.

"Colonel Dane," she faltered, in a changed voice, "I solemnly swear that I was ignorant of this. Fred took care not to let me know it. And think that I have helped and encouraged him to—good heavens!"

The blood rushed over her face, dyeing it crimson to the temples, and she broke off abruptly, biting her lip.

"Undo, if you can, the mischief your help and encouragement has brought about, and tell me where I shall find my daughter," he returned.

"I will tell you all I know. In the note I received from Sidney this afternoon there was an inclosure for Fred—just a few hurried lines—telling him that you, Colonel Dane, were in England, and would be at Leamington to-morrow, and that she had made up her mind, at last, to consent to a runaway marriage. He was to take the next train to Birmingham, and wait for her at the station there; she would follow by the one that leaves here at half past eight, and they could go on to London by the express."

Francis glanced at his watch—a quarter to nine.

"Too late," he muttered, with a sound like a groan; "they are on their way to London by this time, and once there—but I will follow them; if there is no train, I will have a 'special.'"

And without bestowing another word or glance on Mrs. Lightwood, he left the house. When we reached the station we found it silent and deserted. A porter who was lounging against the door of the booking-office informed us, in answer to our inquiries respecting the Birmingham trains, that the last "regular" had gone at 6:30, but that a "scursion" would pass through in half an hour, and we could go on by that if we chose. It seemed to our impatience much more than half an hour before the lamps of the excursion train gleamed in the distance. Every compartment was crammed with noisy "Black country" folks, and it was with some difficulty we found seats in a second-class carriage—first-class there was none.

"It is odd," my companion whispered, bending toward me across the carriage; "when I took the tickets just now I made some inquiries of the clerk, and he declared most positively that no young lady answering to Sidney's description booked to Birmingham by the last train. It is possible that Mrs. Lightwood has deceived us?"

I did not know what to think; it was all dark to me; dark as the wide, vague scene through which we were rushing.

As I sat looking out into the gloom, Sidney's face, as I had seen it last, pale and grave and calm, rose before me with strange vividness, and would not be dismissed.

We did not exchange another word till, on emerging from a long tunnel, we found ourselves suddenly in the light and noise and bustle of the Birmingham station.

"Stay here while I make inquiries," Francis said. as the train slackened speed and glided down the platform. "If they have—

what do you say?" he broke off, as I caught his arm with a sudden exclamation.

"Francis, look! there is Captain Forrester."

He stood alone, on the edge of the platform; his valise in his hand, his traveling rug over his arm, looking eagerly into every carriage as it passed. My brother did not wait for the train to stop before he leaped out, and as the other came hurrying up, still searching the carriages with a look of disappointment and perplexity, they met each other face to face. I saw Forrester start and recoil, but I saw no more then, for the train bore me on past them several yards.

When I alighted it was some moments before I could find them in the crowd. At length I saw them standing under a lamp, the light of which fell upon their faces—my brother's white and stern, Forrester's excited and perplexed.

"But I assure you, Colonel Dane, that I have told you the truth," the latter was saying as I approached. "Your daughter is not with me, nor do I know where she is. She appointed to meet me by the 8:30 train; as she did not, I concluded she had been prevented, and I waited, hoping she would arrive by this one."

"You had a note from her this evening; show it me," said Francis, abruptly, after a pause.

"It will confirm what I have told you," the other returned, as he produced and handed to him a half-sheet of paper covered with hastily-scrawled lines, which I read over my brother's shoulder:

Papa is in England, and will be in Leamington to-morrow. He is more than ever determined to part us, it seems. I have made up my mind at last to consent to what you proposed--a clandestine marriage. Take the next train to Birmingham; I will follow by the one that leaves here at 8:30. We can go to London, or where you will. I trust the rest to you. I gave you my heart long ago; I now place my honor in your hands.

Yours forever,
SIDNEY.

"God knows I would not have betrayed her," said Forrester, who had watched our faces as we read. "Before noon to-morrow she would have been my wife, and—"

"Who would have been witness to this marriage?" questioned my brother, looking him full in the face. Deplanque's successor?"

He started, and reddened to the roots of his hair, more, as it seemed, with the sudden surprise than any other emotion.

"Deplanque is an infernal traitor," he muttered, looking down.

"Like master like man," was the bitter retort.

"But if Sidney is not with you, where can she be?" I exclaimed anxiously; "she is not at home."

A vague dread of I knew not what was beginning to creep over me.

"Francis, let us go back at once; ask when the next train leaves," I urged.

"Allow me to ascertain for you," said Forrester. He hurried away and returned in a few moments, with the information that the next train was the midnight express. After a slight hesitation, he returned to Francis and added: "I shall hold myself at your disposition, Colonel Dane, for the next week, should you require satisfaction. That is my London address." He handed my brother a card, which the latter tore in two, and threw away without glancing at it.

"Gentlemen do not fight now, and if they did, no gentleman would fight you," he replied, with an emphasis which brought the blood to Forrester's cheeks. "If you had succeeded in your villainous scheme, I would have given you a villain's chastisement; as it is, I only require you to keep out of my path for the future. Come Kate," and drawing my arm through his, he moved away.

The tender, luminous rose-color of dawn was creeping over the eastern sky when we reached home once more.

In the pale, mysterious twilight, the house, with its closed shutters, and drawn blinds, had a ghostly look—a look that made me shudder, reminding me of death. The door was opened by Carter.

"Where is Miss Sidney? Has she returned?" was my hurried question.

"Miss Sidney, ma'am? I thought she was with you. No, she has not returned."

My brother and I looked at each other blankly.

"Perhaps she has left a letter," I suggested. "let us go up stairs and look." I led the way to her bedroom. At the door I paused, and obeying an instinct I have never been able to account for, motioned to him to wait, and let me go in first. I entered, but had hardly crossed the threshold when I drew back, with an inarticulate cry. The window was wide open, admitting the chill air and cold gray light of dawn; a small writing-table stood near it, on which still burned a shaded lamp, and there, with her back to me, sat—Sidney. She was dressed as I had seen her the night before; her hat and a small traveling-valise lay on a chair near her. Her letter-case was open before her, and she appeared to have fallen asleep in the act of writing, for her cheek rested on a half-finished letter, and the pen was still in her fingers. All this I saw at a glance as I stood on the threshold; a dreadful fear clutched at my heart and seemed to turn me to stone.

"Sidney!"

There was no answer. I hurried to her side. The hand I touched was marble cold. On the fair face I turned to the light was the deep, mysterious calm which is never seen on the features of the living. She was dead. Hours before, God's messenger had come to her, in fire from heaven, and without a moment's pain, a moment's warning, she had been snatched out of life into eternity; snatched from the brink of ruin, from dishonor worse than death, from long heartbreak and bitter shame and misery. Even to us who loved her, it was not difficult to say, "Heaven's will be done."

The unfinished letter was to her father, a few tear-stained lines, entreating his forgiveness for the step she was about to take. We ascertained to a moment the time of her death, for the works of her watch had been stopped by the fatal flash, and the hands pointed to half-past seven. And now occurs the question which has haunted me ever since. If Sidney died at half-past seven, who, or rather, what was the figure bearing her likeness which I beheld at eight o'clock? I leave the answer to my reader.—*The Argosy.*

"Christianity," says Robert Elsmere, seems to me to be something small and local. Behind it, around it—including it—I see the great drama of the world sweeping on—led by God—from change to change, from act to act. It is not that Christianity is false, but that it is only an imperfect human reflection of a part of the truth. Truth has never been, can never be contained in any one creed or system. To this the Andover *Review* refers, and declares, that "the ultimate religious question of our time is here most exactly phrased. Is Christianity one of many religions, or the final and absolute religion?" The editor affirms that while orthodox churches and schools "plot and strive" to defeat the advance of unfettered scholarship, "a woman writes a novel which carries the central question within their lines and to their firesides." Possibly, however, it is not wholly "confusion" in the minds of thoughtful people, which is forcing them in our times to think of Christianity as "one of many" religions. It is quite as likely to be a clearing up of their conceptions. The definitions of Christianity which the churches still offer are not to be mistaken. They are not freed from a dogmatism which more and more convicts the faith defined of transiency and provincialism as knowledge increases. Moreover it is to the interest of orthodoxy as such, to make Christianity special instead of universal. Just so far, then, as orthodoxy softens down its peculiar distinctions, or enlarges its borders to include within its definition the virtues and truths of other faiths, its occupation is gone—it dies by its own hand. Undoubtedly, the theologians are largely responsible for whatever rejection of Christianity there is. It never has been defined so that men could accept it. In most communities it has taken to itself a fixed traditional meaning, which will always lead many to reject it. Nor will merely defining it so as to include those who neglect the sacraments and question the creeds, help the matter. This process has already gone too far. A Christianity which at this late day undertakes to identify itself indiscriminately with all the learning and science, with all the inventions and heroism, with all the wisdom and worth that are now, or have ever been, in the world, overshoots the mark. This makes a corner and a panic in the India-rubber market. Truth is better. Doubtless this will give us an "absolute religion," but whenever it is established throughout the earth, "Christianity', will have disappeared. Its cult will no more exist than that of Islamism, or Buddhism, or Judaism. What the world will call that mixture, made up of "toe white of science and the black of dogmatism," is not yet quite certain.—*Unity.*

Our Exchanges.

Spiritualism the only Reformer.

It was said with profound truth by Mrs. Richmond, in one of her inspired discourses of the current year, that the basis of all trials and tribulations is within the individual. The source of selfishness and tyranny must be in the individual, or it could not express itself in the collective form of institutions and laws. Hence the only way to remove the evils that exist in the world is to overcome the evils or ills of life from within, instead of from without.

There is an external attempt to alleviate poverty, hunger and material suffering by the subterfuge of outward gifts called charity, whereas there ought really to be no poverty for charity to bestow its gifts upon. The civilization that can afford to expend untold millions in institutions of charity, ought to afford the expenditure involved in applying those millions to the root of the tree of which poverty is the fruit. Where there is the largest number of charitable institutions there is also the deepest degradation of poverty. The wealthiest nations have the poorest people. These contradictory conditions seem to go hand in hand.

But if those who have accumulated all this wealth from the labor, bone, sinew, life-blood, moral weakness and spiritual stagnation of generations, would see to it that this wealth, before it becomes accumulated tyranny, before it becomes oppressive, before society at its foundation gradually weaves human lives themselves into its thralldom, is so applied as to gradually unravel this tangled thread, leading humanity to a higher level, and, while making them participants in their own production, gradually unfolding to them the knowledge of mental and spiritual things, and aiding them in gradual growth to the stature of men and women in the increased light of that prosperity which should be for all the people, then the right would be attained. From labor comes the fruition of labor; a strong iron wall separates man from his fellowman fortified by the line of prosperity.

Charity itself differs from endowed institutions as pure spring water differs from the stagnant pool or the polluted stream. Charity differs from that which pays the privilege of elegant ease and thoughtless pleasure as distinctly as the spirit of Christ differs from that ceremony which is but the verbal pronunciation of his name. The spirit of true charity prevents, goes before, prepares the way for the tender feet, anticipates the want, provides in advance for the hungry, and wisely sees to it that, while people are not made weak by this provision for them, they are made happy and full of intelligence to bear it, receive it, and enjoy it. We must not only feed and clothe the poor, but we must gradually provide that there shall be no poor, and that this poverty shall not be the one canker that gnaws at the roots of civilization. Therefore that must be destroyed which produces poverty, inordinate selfishness, the concentration of enormous wealth in few hands, and setting up wealth as the standard of power in all civilized nations.

Christendom has been trying to bring about the kingdom of heaven by violence. The Christian religion has been popularized as Christian mammon. The Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule, the Lord's Prayer, the ministration of spiritual gifts, have all been overlooked and forgotten as the only light and guide to the world. The Church has taught that these are the standards, and then turned in the other direction and bade men to follow. It is well, and it is profitable to have societies formed of earnest men and women who do active work in some direction against the existing evils; but spiritual truth solves the problem in another way. And Spiritualism in its present form is the spiritual truth that is in the world. People, however, seek it by other avenue than its own name.

Spiritualism meets the existing needs by showing men their mutual duties and obligations under the quickened impulses of human life, and that the ties of humanity bind to those intricate relationships that belong to the soul instead of the body, and by making man stronger to bear the ills that seem inevitably to come. In both these ways it meets the needs of the world. All these pressing questions that are harrowing the minds of philanthropists are met by the knowledge that the circumstances and conditions of mortal life do not constitute the real status of the spirit, many who are freely condemned as criminal on earth having less of the spirit of darkness than many who are praised as virtuous and exalted. And while there is condemnation for none, in the light of the angels, those who are condemned of men are dealt with even more tenderly, since they have not only their own infirmaties to bear, but the assaults, censures, condemnation and frequently the persecution of their fellowmen.

Beginning at the foundation, Spiritualism would root out of their lives the thought that this world is everything—would take away the present incentive to toil and put a better one in its place. There is really but one incentive that should come to the moral and spiritual enlightenment of this age, to stimulate it to toil and build up anything; that is the preservation of humanity—the preservation of others. People assert that self-preservation is the first law of life, but it is not true; the first law of human life is the unfoldment and preservation of man's moral and spiritual nature. Life is a barren, desolate and destitute thing without it. Of what value can human existence be if it is only to eat one's bread and take one's meat as a dog, and keep off all who come near to share it? The spiritual truth of the world meets the sorrows and the crime, the bitterness and the warfare of nations, and all contentions and complications of commerce, at the very root of the evils; meets them right where they spring up in the selfishness of human life, and declares that our treasures in spirit are so much more important than the material treasures that we really cannot afford the sacrifice, day after day, and year after year, the labor, toil and happiness of any human being for our own prosperity, no matter what we may propose to do with the wealth thus created.

The world is in need chiefly of spiritual light. It needs that faith, and strength, and hope, and love to feed upon until it shall grow large in the wisdom of the angels, until the eyes are cured of their blindness, the ears of their deafness, the understanding is quickened, the lame and feeble in purpose are strengthened. Happy are they who in paths of humility, with few wants, with no worldly aspirations, with no sordid ambitions, with no heart-burnings for the great, unsatisfactory, uncertain world, turn steadily unto paths of peace; who do their duty openly yet quietly every day, and, knowing that the ministering powers are above and within, build their houses for eternity instead of time, and look out of the windows placed heavenward.—*Banner of Light.*

Anecdote of Mr. Spurgeon.

The celebration of Mr. Spurgeon's fiftieth birth-day anniversary recalls the following well-authenticated anecdote, which has been told already in the Manchester *Examiner*, but is worth repeating again. In the early part of his ministry Spurgeon was asked to preach in a neighboring village, and when he came on the Sunday morning, Mr. Brown, the pastor, said to him: "I did not know you were such a boy, or I would not have asked you to preach for me." "Well," he said, "I can go back." "But," said Mr. Brown, "the people have come from all parts in all kinds of vehicles;" and then he put his hands under his coat-tails and asked what the world was coming to when the boys who had not got rid of the taste of their mother's milk went about preaching. However, he did preach, and Mr. Brown planted himself on the pulpit stairs. Spurgeon read a lesson from the Proverbs, and upon coming to the passage, "Gray hairs are a crown of glory to a man," he said he doubted that, for he knew a man with a gray head that could hardly be civil. But the passage went on to say; "If it be found in the way of righteousness," and that, he said, was a different thing. When he came down from the pulpit Mr. Brown said to him: "Bless your heart, I have been thirty years a minister, and I was never better pleased with a sermon; but you are the sauciest dog that ever barked in a pulpit," and they were always good friends afterward.

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THE THREE ANGELS—LOVE, FAITH AND HOPE.

Dear, tempest-tossed readers, whoever and wherever you are, we feel like saying a few words to you to-day in the hope that some of them may bring gladness into your sorrow, light into your darkness, and set the stars of hope beaming into and brightening your night of despair. We want to speak of Love, Faith, and Hope, and tell you they are not idle words without meaning, but that each bears a sweet and blessed significance. They are fraught with the divinest of all possibilities, and embody all there is of virtue, honor and goodness in humanity. Without love life were a drear and cheerless existence; no flowers would bloom along its dusty highways; no sweet songsters would carol in grove or bower; no laughing, gay-hearted, bright-eyed children would go trooping through the pleasant fields and flower-decked meadows; the gloom and hush of the grave would rest upon the face of nature and life itself would soon be swallowed up of death. But love lives; it beats and throbs with every pulsation of the heart of humanity; it blushes in the heart of the rose; it rolls in waves of matchless melody from thousands of feathered throats; it is painted in rainbow tints of glory upon ocean, sky, and and blooming fields. Everywhere the light of love is shining upon the darkened wastes of material life, and shedding its sweetness upon every breeze that kisses the lowliest child of earth. And Faith, starry-eyed daughter of Love, brings a blessing and benediction wherever the rustle of her snowy garments is heard. She whispers words of comfort and assurance into doubting and despairing hearts, and points them to heights of glory almost undreamed of. She speaks of the "yet to be" in words of such glowing tenderness and earnestness, that the weak and faint-hearted are incited to deeds of valor and daring, to efforts of self-improvement and noble endeavor in the attainment of the highest and best. And Hope, sweet sister of Faith, sets her stars shining in the darkest skies, and sings her sweet songs above the din and discord of the fierce battle-fields of life; she paints the blackest clouds with a tinge of glory and throws a radiant halo over the face of death. She walks beside the humblest as well as the proudest of earth's children, and into the ears of each she pours her siren tales of the beautiful future. She bends over the couch of pain and whispers of buoyant health, life and vigor; into the fiery hearts of youth she whispers of fame, honor and glory; before the weary eyes of toil she holds fair pictures of ease and plenty; and when the death angel visits one of her children she stands beside him and sings to the departing one of a brighter home where never-fading flowers bloom, where all tears shall be wiped away, and where sickness, sorrow, pain and death enter not. She speaks of sweet reunions with the loved and lost; and when the end has come she touches lightly the face of the dying and leaves the seal of peace upon the marble brow and the sweet, closed lips.

Dear Angels, how they bless and uplift us! How many times we turn from them coldly, and wrap the mantle of selfishness, distrust, envy, and hatred more closely about us, turning deaf ears to their gentle pleadings, veiling our faces from the light of love, crushing the beautiful blossoms with which faith and hope would fain entwine the hideous forms of pain, disease, and death, and scatter profusely over the gaunt forms of human woe and misery. Dear friends, let us come out of the shadows and dwell in the sunshine; let us gather the blooms of life around us, and turn our faces steadily toward the light, that its life-giving rays may warm, infill and fructify the germs of goodness until the sweet angels—Love, Faith and Hope—may enter into our hearts and homes and abide with us forever.

OUR NEW YEAR NUMBER.

We have a feast of good things in store for the New Year number of the DOVE, and trust that our readers will enjoy the treat we have endeavored to prepare for them. Among the excellent contributions already sent in are articles from the pens of such writers as Mr. Charles Dawbarn, Wm. Emmette Coleman, J. J. Morse, John Slater, Leon Bowdoin; and others in course of preparation from able contributors. To present this variety we shall have eight additional pages of reading matter, making a handsome book of thirty-two pages. Send in your subscriptions at once so that you may receive the first, or New Year issue.

A FEARFUL MISCONCEPTION.

A little San Francisco girl of five summers lately attended Sunday-school for the first time. Upon her return home her father, who is a strict church-member, asked her what she had learned in school that day. She answered that she had not exactly learned anything, but the children had been singing about Jesus, and she joined in with them. "That's right," said her papa, delighted. "Leave off that ugly Yankee Doodle, you used to be so fond of, and sing about Jesus. That's much nicer." The child promised to do so.

A few days after she was sitting on the stool of the back stair playing with her doll, and singing. Her father, who happened to be in the vicinity, stepped near to listen to her. Imagine the horror of the pious parent when he heard the little one sing with great devotion:

"Holy Jesus went to town, riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat, and called it maccaroni.
Holy Jesus, keep it up! Jesus is a dandy,
Mind the music and the dance, and with the girls be handy."

The child obeyed her father's order. She left Yankee Doodle out, and replaced him with Jesus.—*Freethought*.

THE CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE JESSIE-STREET KINDERGARTEN.

Despite the miserable weather, a large number of visitors were present at the closing exercises of the Jessie-street Kindergarten on Saturday afternoon last. There was also quite a full attendance of the children of the school, and a most enjoyable programme was successfully carried out. The marching, singing, games, and other exercises were very creditably gone through with by the little tots, all of whom seemed to be cheerful, happy, and merry. The efficiency of the children, and the good order and discipline observed, reflected much credit upon the principal, Miss Josie Hill, and her able assistant, Miss Libbie Hill. At the conclusion of the exercises, presents from the Christmas tree were distributed, consisting of tops, wagons, books, candy, cakes, popcorn, etc. The two teacher, Misses Josie and Libbie, received a number of handsome presents from their pupils. Choice specimens of the work done by the children in weaving, sewing, etc., were sold for the benefit of the Kindergarten,—a nice little sum being realized thereby.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Board of Directors of the California State Campmeeting Association have decided to make an effort to pay off the indebtedness of the Association by private subscriptions, and would solicit the aid of friends of the cause to successfully carry out this plan. Any subscriptions, either great or small, will be thankfully received.

Communications can be addressed to C. E. Eliot, Treasurer, Henry House, Oakland, or to G. H. Hawes, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE BARTLETT-STREET KINDERGARTEN.

The holiday exercises of the Pacific Kindergarten, No. 1, situated on the corner of Bartlett and Twenty-Sixth streets, and commonly known as the Bartlett-street Kindergarten, occurred on the morning of Wednesday, the 12th instant. The rooms ware packed and jammed with the friends and relatives of the pupils, and others interested in the school. The exercises were conducted by the principal, Miss Mina Robinson, and her equally efficient assistants. An excellent programme was successfully presented, the children entering into the varied exercises with great zest, evidently *con amore*.

At the proper time during the exercises the overcrowded Christmas tree was denuded of its treasures for the benefit of the expectant little folk. And not alone for the benefit of the little ones either, since the teachers were the grateful recipients of numerous testimonials of appreciation and aflection from the children and from their friends,—Miss Mina alone receiving over a dozen, including quite a substantial amount in gold currency. A bazaar for the sale of the handiwork of the children was liberally patronized, and a snug sum realized therefrom.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

"LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE."

Take courage, brave men, the storm is almost over, and through the darkness faintly gleam the lights along the shore, indicating the land just ahead. The voyage has been rough and stormy, and at times it has seemed that the good ship would founder in the mad billows that swept over it, but bravely it withstood the tempest. and is now safely gaining the port.

Spiritualism may well be compared to the staunch ship, for it has outridden the storms of adversity, of persecution, of foes without and within, of false prophets, of the Judases, who would have betrayed it, and all manner of evil that has combined against it, and from under the cloud which has overshadowed it, the beautiful, white sails of truth, love, and purity have been spread to the breeze, and it has emerged, through storms and darkness, to behold the lights gleaming along the shore indicating the safe and sure harbor.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM ENTERTAINMENT.

The entertainment for the benefit of the Children's Progressive Lyceum on last Saturday evening was a decided social and financial success. The attendance was large notwithstanding the stormy evening; and the children, old and young, enjoyed themselves immensely. The Soap Bubble contest was heartily entered into, and created considerable excitement among the young folks. The proceeds of the entertainment are to be devoted to the purchase of Christmas gifts for the Lyceum children. The Christmas festival will be held on Saturday evening, the 29th inst., at the same place, Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, 909 Market street. All who are interested in the children should be present on that occasion. The rear, or banquet hall, wil' be devoted to the little ones, where they will enjoy their games, and the large hall will be devoted to dancing. All go and have a good time.

PERSONALS.

John Slater has left the Baldwin Hotel and taken rooms at 336 O'Farrel street, where he will give sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Dr. J. L. York, the well-known Spiritualist and Liberal lecturer has been speaking to crowded houses in Leadville during the last month. He commences another course of lectures in Seattle, the second Sunday in January.

Mr. John Slater held a very interesting meeting last Sunday at Metropolitan Temple before a large audience. The tests were remarkable and gave general satisfaction. His return to San Francisco has been very opportune for the cause of Spiritualism, as there is always need of the genuine and true to lead in such great movements.

Our esteemed contributor, Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman, took a vacation last week and visited friends in Sacramento in response to an urgent invitation from a bright-eyed neice to attend her wedding. He returned in time to attend the closing exercises of the Jessie-street Kindergarten and the Children's Progressive Lyceum Social on the 15th inst. A report of his visit will be found in this issue.

We received a very pleasant visit last week from Mr. and Mrs. Foss, of whom mention was made in our last issue as having just arrived from New York in company with Mr. Charles Dawbarn. Mrs. Foss is a fine trance medium, whom we most cordially welcome to her new home among us. She impressed us as a very superior woman, sincere, affable, cultured and refined. Mr. Foss is also a genial gentleman whom it is a pleasure to meet. They are at present stopping in Oakland, but we hope they may conclude to try the climate of San Francisco before locating elsewhere.

A dime social, for the benefit of the Jessie-street Kindergarten, will be held, under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, on Saturday evening, December 29, at the residence of Mrs. C. A. Rogers, No. 317 Mason St. Mrs. E. L. Watson has signified her intention to be present; and it is probable that the friends will have an opportunity also, on this occasion, of taking by the hand that sturdy champion of rational Spiritualism, Mr. Charles Dawbarn. The members of the Society and of the congregation recently assembling in the Temple, and all others interested in the work of the Society, or of the Kindergarten, are cordially invited.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Mrs. E. L. Watson will pay a short visit to San Francisco the latter part of this month. reaching here in time to attend the social for the benefit of the Jessie-street Kindergarten at Mrs. Rogers's, 317 Mason street, on the 29th instant. She will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Robinson while here, and will be with them, at No. 308 Seventeenth street, on New Year's Day,—at which time she will be pleased to see such of her friends as may desire to call.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee made us a call during the present week and while sitting quietly conversing in our *sanctum* she became controlled and gave us the most inspiring communication we have been privileged to receive for some time. The language was chaste and eloquent and indicated a superior intelligence. The room seemed filled with spiritual beings whose heavenly inspirations were voiced through the lips of the medium. We felt like saying, "it is good for us to be here;" and in our hearts we erected tabernacles sacred to the spirits of love and wisdom who had appeared unto us. Before taking her departure, Mrs. Hendee related a test she had given Mr. Painter, of Humboldt County, a few days previous. While sitting talking with him the spirit of his mother appeared before her, whom she described accurately. She also saw the old home where Mr. Painter's childhood was passed and described his father and the great old-fashioned kitchen with its stone fire-place. Mr. Painter said that all the details were as perfect as he could have given them.

The usual fate has overtaken Mr. Fred Evans on his arrival at Brisbane. He has been "exposed." And there is, almost of course, the usual conflict of opinion. The *Brisbane Courier* sent to report on his performance a person obviously prejudiced and possibly not versed in the intricacies of psychical investigation. "Our own medium," as he is called, occupies two columns and a quarter in detailing what took place. If his account is at all near correctness, Mr. Evans must have behaved in a way calculated to excite suspicion. He may, with advantage, revise his methods, for, in the presentation of obscure phenomena such as this, no pains can be too great "to shun the very appearance of evil" in the form of possible conjuring or imposture. Mr. Evans' letter of reply does not improve matters. It is ungrammatical, ill-spelt, and bad in taste; but those accidents would not matter much if the points of attack were clearly met. The editorial comments on the letter are severe, and Mr. Evans is roundly charged, on the evidence of his handwriting as compared with that on the slates, with writing all the messages himself either before or during the seance. —*Light*, London, Eng.

An editor, in reply to a young writer who wished to know which magazine would give him the highest position quickest, advised "a powder-magazine, especially if you contribute a fiery article."

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

NEW SPIRITUAL MEETING.

There will be Spiritual Meetings every Thursday evening commencing Dec. 27th in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle, 909½ Market street, conducted by the Liberal Spiritualists' Association. These meetings are for the promulgation of Spiritualism. Good speakers will be always present, and platform tests will be given by good mediums. Music by Mrs. Stout. Single admission 10 cents, or monthly tickets for 25 cents.

The Progressive Spiritualists had an interesting meeting Sunday afternoon, the subject under discussion was Spiritual Experiences and they were unusually interesting, being given by Mr. Blackman, E. Fair, U. Thomas, and others; singing by Mrs. Rutter and fine instrumental music by Mrs. E. Clark. One of the most pleasing phases of the meeting was the introduction to the audience of Miss Alice Henshall, a young lady who, while under total entrancement, performed the most difficult music under the inspiration of some of the old masters. The audience greatly appreciated the rare treat and we hope to hear the young lady again at some future time. Meetings are free and all are invited.

MRS. S. B WHITEHEAD.

MRS. PERKINS' MEETINGS.

For several weeks past Mrs. Perkins has been conducting meetings in Crusader Hall, 909 Market street, over Curtin's store, every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock and evening at 8.

Considering the obstacles to overcome, one of which being the illness of Mr. Perkins, which prevents him from rendering his assistance, the meetings have been a success. Last Sunday speeches were given by Prof. Bouton, Dr. Poulson, Mr. Stayner and others, at each session, Mrs. Perkins also giving short addresses under control, and many remarkable tests which were acknowledged by the audience.

All wishing genuine spirit communications and instruction, will be interested by attending these gatherings. Mrs. Perkins has all the sittings at present that her health will permit, as she is not as strong as usual, owing to over work.

G. F. PERKINS.

The Spiritual Conference meeting in Pythian Castle building, 909 Market street, last Sunday, at 11 o'clock, was very harmonious and interesting. Rev. I. Henshall gave his reasons for becoming a Spiritualist. Mr. Painter, from Humboldt County, a veteran in the cause, Mr. Day, of this city, and W. Hyde, of Alameda, gave very many valuable ideas. Mrs. Cline, of Salem, Or., related a very interesting and prophetic experience. Mrs. Barret, of Dutch Flat, had entertained the press ten years ago in her tour as a missionary, and was happy to be present at so pleasant a gathering. Mrs. Ludley, of Nevada, acknowledged the many tests as did others, given by Mrs. N. D. Place from the platform, who, with her characteristic sweetness of disposition, charmed the audience. John Slater, the celebrated medium, sung "Beulah Land," with piano accompaniment, very sweetly. Miss Alice Maud Henshall seemed to call a benediction upon the audience at the commencement of the meeting by performing, what to us seemed, heavenly music on the piano.

At 7:30, in the same building, similar exercises were held with the addition of several songs by the renowned vocalist, Mrs. Rutter, with piano accompaniment by Mrs. Cook.

Mrs. C. J. Meyer and her guides were equal to the task assigned to them, and gave very many names and incidents that were not only recognized by Rev. Henshall, but by others who were total strangers to the medium.

The meeting closed by sublime, grand Spiritual music on the organ by Miss Henshall.

Similar meetings will be held in the same building to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

The usual large attendance greeted the *Peoples' Spiritual Meeting* at Washington Hall, last Sunday evening, which was of more than usual interest.

Dr. J. G. MacLennan, who was advertised to speak, but was unable to do so in consequence of a sudden illness, but the audience was highly sustained by quite a lengthy address by Hon. J.P.Damaron, which for an impromptu talk was very remarkable, and the points made were decidedly strong. He showed his extensive knowledge and familiarity with spiritism of the past ages, that kings of different nations in all times past, sought the council and advice of the spirits and were controlled and governed in their action by the council given. Generals, who held command of vast armies, upon whose action or success depended the destinies of nations, are found consulting spirits through mediums, and always followed the instructious given, and no ignorant priest was found to denounce it as demoniacal in those days. Mr. Damaron gave Ingersolism a side cut by asserting that while it demolished the whole system of church theology and their hope and belief in a future life, with nothing left from which to build even a hope or belief, Spiritualism came in and took the place of the demolished hope and belief. and demonstrated the great truth of a future individual intelligent existence, as fully as that of our present existence.

The platform tests which followed the music and speaking, by Mrs. Ladd Finnican, which was continued for an hour, was of the most interesting. Though almost new on the public platform, Mrs. Finnican excels remarkably in her agreeable and pleasing manner, so easy an instrument is she for spirits to communicate through that it makes one almost feel as though they were themselves communing with the departed. About thirty tests were given and all recognized and acknowledged as correct. These meetings are becoming of so much interest, that it is advisable on next Sunday evening to engage the services of some of our best platform mediums and spend an evening with the spirits, if not then, in the immediate future.

REPORTER.

A TRIP TO SACRAMENTO.—MARRIAGE OF MR. W. E. COLEMAN'S NIECE.

At 9 o'clock Thursday morning, the 13th inst., the writer left San Francisco on a trip to Sacramento, in order to attend the wedding of his niece, Miss Lulu Duvall, and Mr. John R. Morrill, of that city. The perusal of Rider Haggard's last work, "Colonel Quaritch, V. C.," sufficed to while away the three and a half hours required for the journey, via the fast eastern mail train, upon which the trip was made. Arriving promptly on time at the Capital City, at 12:35, I was met at the depot by the groom-expectant, Mr. Morrill, his sister Carrie, young, ingenuous, and well-favored, and my youngest niece, Nettie,—to which latter I had written that if she failed to meet me at the station there would be a dead Nettie before I left Sacramento. This mischievous child of nature amused herself by hiding behind Mr. Morrill, and dodging my observation and greeting, until she was brought to the front and compelled to face her uncle.

Speedily entering a convenient street-car, we found that we were far from being speedily conveyed to our destination. The car, I was informed, was running on "slow time," and, in sooth, it was slow time; for, in the matter of snail-like tardiness of movement, this line of cars—in the classic vernacular of the street *gamin*—"takes the cake." I had hoped to find the meteorological phenomena of Sacramento of a less humid and a more sunny character that those with which the denizens of San Franciso have been favored of late; in other words, I had hoped to escape temporarily from the dull, cloudy, rainy weather of this neighborhood, and while there enjoy once more the luxury of sunshine and a clear sky. But it appears that our sister city has been more hardly dealt with, in this regard, than 'Frisco; since, as I was told, it has been raining there for three weeks, with no more indications of a surcease than when Jupiter Pluvius first began to offer his present almost —continuous libation to thirsty mother earth. As may be imagined, the streets there are in a miserable condition, the mud rendering them, if possible, worse than the disgraceful state of the San Francisco streets in rainy weather.

The leisurely-creeping car at last reached our destination,—the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John B. Duvall, on O street, between 18th and 19th streets,—in which I was hospitably domiciled during my all-too-brief sojourn in that city. Entering the house we were warmly greeted by Lulu, the bride-elect, her beautiful sister Adelaide, and their father. After luncheon, we adjourned to the residence of the brides' elder sister, Mrs. Etta Morrill, wife of Mr. G. W. Morrill, a brother of the present groom,—No. 1915 N St.,—at which place the wedding ceremony and attendant festivities would eventuate. The usual greetings were received from Etta and her two engaging children, Clara and Bertie, all of whom were very glad to see their "Uncle Emmette." Here we found extensive

preparations making for the happy event of that evening; and after a short stay we left the busy workers to finish their pleasurable task. During the afternoon there were some heavy showers, but they ceased before nightfall; and during the evening, to our great delight, not a drop of rain fell.

Carriages being provided to convey the invited guests and the bridal party to and from the place of ceremony, at about 9 P. M. the bridal party left Mr. Duvall's residence for 1915 N St. It fell to the writer's lot to accompany the winsome Nettie, her father, and a young lady resident with them. We found the house beautifully adorned with exquisite floral decorations, and with the large concourse of happy, smiling friends crowding the parlors, it seemed like a veritable garden of beauty and sweetness. Shortly after our arrival the ceremony was performed in an impressive manner by Rev. A. C. Bane, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, of which church the bride's father has been a consistent member since his youth. I was sorry to hear that relic of barbarism, the word "obey" in the bride's promise, retained in this service. For years it has been the custom for the minister to omit this word in performing the marriage ceremony, in the Methodist Church as in others; and I supposed that in this instance it would also be left out. Mr. Bane is quite a young man, and now follows the printed service literally; it is to be hoped that with advancing years and maturer experience he may drop forever this lingering remnant of old time injustice and meanness. That such a thing should be allowed to remain in the marriage services of the 19th century is a disgrace to the churches retaining it. Perhaps so long as churches continue to enunciate as heavenly verities such detestable and morally-disgraceful doctrines as the existence of an eternal hell and of a personal devil, and predicate our salvation therefrom as dependent on a so-called faith in sundry unreasonable and self-evidently false dogmas,—doctrines that put to shame the fabled devil himself, much less the God of love, wisdom, and justice,—so long as there can be found churches so saturated with the ancient superstitions of barbarians and savages, as to proclaim such damnable doctrines as these to be the truths of God, it may be too much to expect that they will entirely eliminate from their rituals and disciplines the words which require the free and independent women of America to promise to be the slaves of their husbands,—these latter in many cases being inferior in most cases in morals and in general worth to their wives. It is no more the duty of the wife to obey the husband than it is that of the husband to obey the wife. There should be no obedience or submission in either case. In the true marriage relation, there will be mutual deference to the opinions and wishes of the other. It being a union of two equal partners, each one will consult the other's weal and happiness. Each one will at times give way to the desires and inclinations of the other; but there should be no servile obedience or slavish subjection on the part of either; neither should there be any domination or exercise of authority of the one over the other, except in certain extreme cases, where, in order to prevent the life-partner from the commission of undeniably injurious or evil practices, a judiciously-exercised manifestation of force or authority may be required,—just as similar exercises of force or authority are requisite in the other relations of life. In the conjugal estate, love not force should be the guide, the dominator, the sole authoritative ruler.

The bride and groom, as they stood before the parson, were indeed a fine-looking, handsome couple. Both young, both comely and well-proportioned in face and figure, both buoyant and happy,—well suited did they seem to unite their life-work and sail together over the sea of matrimony. Right glad am I to realize the pleasing truth, that every prospect obtains for their union to be exceptionally blessed and happy. That such will be the case, all who know them seem assured. Good looks is a fine thing, but goodness of heart, a good and noble disposition, is much better; and in Lulu and John both these *desiderata* are conjoined. From my own knowledge of Lulu, and from the united testimony of her most intimate associates, I can truthfully state she is "one among ten thousand,"—"a gem of purest ray serene." There is no doubt of the fact that she is one of the best girls in Sacramento. In the face she is almost the image of her mother, my deceased sister, while the untiring industry and unceasing activity of the mother live again in the daughter. Though only nineteen years of age, she is an excellent housekeeper,—as a housewife she is a rare treasure. United with this are her sweetness and amiability of disposition, her large, warm-hearted, loving, tender girl-soul, pure, noble, and chaste. For goodness of heart, in conjunction with efficiency in practical life, I know no one her superior. Every one that knows her loves her, her sterling qualities commanding the admiration and esteem of all. This eulogium should not be taken as the natural exaggeration of a relative of Lulu's, but as an actual matter-of-fact statement, free from hyperbole or extravagance; and that it is true in every word her every acquaintance in Sacramento will testify, I am sure.

Such a girl as this should secure a good husband, a counterpart of herself as much as possible; and that she has done so seems to be the case, from all that I can learn and perceive. Mr. Morrill is industrious and energetic, and full of the milk of human kindness withal. Even-tempered, considerate, sympathetic, generous-hearted, gentle, his innate goodness commends him to all who know him; and he is universally liked, esteemed, or beloved for his sterling, gentlemanly qualities. The union of two such souls assuredly ought to result in lasting happiness, and the friends of each one rejoiced that so excellent a partner had been secured on either side. It would seem that if such a union does not prove successful, then the much-mooted question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" must be answered in the affirmative.

The wedding presents were many in number, and exceedingly handsome, rich, and tasty in character. Their loveliness and beauty excited general admiration. Nearly all of them combined utility and ornamentation, while duplication was scarcely seen. The character of the wedding gifts indicated in a striking manner the warmth of the love and esteem which their nobility of soul had secured from their many friends.

The spacious tables in the banqueting hall fairly groaned with the weight of the tempting viands overspreading them, all of which were generously partaken of during the evening. Not least toothsome among the savory comestibles may be named the delicious ice cream, made from pure cream, and about the best ice-cream it has ever been my lot to partake of. Although champagne—the best genuine French Roderer—flowed like water, no one partook thereof in unreasonable quantities, and no unpleasant effects, in any manner approaching inebriety, were observable in any case. Various toasts, of congratulation and good wishes, were drunk in honor of the bride and groom; and Uncle Emmette made a few remarks expressive of his pleasure at being present at a wedding that gave such rich promise of loved-crowned, enduring happiness. Merriment and mirth, gayety and glee, pervaded the entire assemblage during the whole evening, the festivities of which were continued until after one o'clock in the morning. Between one and two the immediate bridal party were returned to the parental mansion by the obliging Jehu,—on this occasion it being my good fortune to accompany the fair bride as well as the smiling Nettie.

At about two o'clock we retired to rest, but, in my case, not to slumber. Certain shrill-throated chanticleers, it seems, had their roost in the vicinity of my apartment; and the loud-voiced "trumpeters of the morn" began to sound their clarion notes immediately after I had retired, and this they kept up at brief intervals the remainder of the night. The before-time excitements of the evening, coupled with the incessant din and clatter of the feathered gentry, sufficed to banish sleep almost entirely from my eyes; and when I arose on the following morning at eleven o'clock,—at which late hour no one in the house had ventured out except *pater familias*, who had arisen several hours before,—the passages of slumber during those nine hours of my recumbency had been few and fitful. The remainder of the household soon emerged from their temporary places of retirement, and "Uncle Emmette" was favored with the first affectionate embrace given by the loving, warm-hearted bride after she had, by leaving the bridal chamber, once more "unmasked her beauty to the sun."

Before leaving in the afternoon, I had the pleasure of hearing Nettie's sweet voice upraised in merry song and tuneful ballad, with piano accompaniment by herself, and choral accompaniment from her sisters, Lulu, the bride, and the pretty Adelaide. Quite a large party went to the depot to see me safely aboard

the 3:15 San Francisco train, including Etta and her husband, G. W. Morrill; Adelaide and Lulu, the groom, and two of his friends whom I had met at the wedding party the night previous. The last regretful adieux being said, I boarded the train; and the cars sped away, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the salutations of the party left behind, and the answering waving of hat and handkerchief on my part from my station on the platform of the advancing railway carriage. Arriving in this city at 7:15, I found the weather even more disagreeable than it was in Sacramento,—a steady drizzling rain greeting me as I stepped from the ferry-boat, once more on San Francisco soil.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

CHIPS.

The changeless stillness of life's stagnation
Is worse than the wildest waves could be,
Rending the rocks eternally.

—*Lady Wilde.*

Throw away idle hopes; come to thine own aid, if thou carest at all for thyself, while it is in thy power.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken.—*Rochefoucauld.*

Let one of your principal rules be silence, and when you discourse confine yourself to such subjects as are necessary, and express your sense is as few words as you can.—*Epictetus.*

"Life, believe, is not a dream,
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day."

—*Charlotte Bronte*

The *Investigator* says that Mrs. Annie Besant, the Liberal lecturer and writer, has been elected to the London School Board, reciving the highest number of votes cast for any candidate.

Sydney Smith, one day observing Lord Brougham's one-horse carriage, on the panel of which appeared a "B" surmounted by a coronet, said to a friend, "There goes a carriage with a bee outside and a wasp within."

Some books are edifices to stand as they are built; some are hewn stones ready to form a part of future edifices; some are quarrier from which stones are to be split for shaping and after use.—*Crime and Automatism.*

Theodore Hook, on presenting himself for matriculation at Oxford, being asked, according to the form at that time *de rigueur*, if he were willing to subscribe to the 39 articles, replied with alacrity, "Certainly; 40, if you please."

An Englishman who was visiting the United States for the first time, got off at Falls View to look at Niagara. After examining it critically for a moment, he turned to a bystander and remarked, "Huge affair, ain't it? I s'pose it runs all night, too."

The finer the nature, the more flaws will it show through the clearness of it. The best things are seldomest seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly one year with another, but the wheat is, by reason of its greater nobleness, liable to a bitter blight. —*Ruskin.*

Our President elect, Mr. Harrison, has so much regard for Sunday that he will not open letters on that day. Such piety as his is not the sign of intellectual greatness, but then it does'nt need a great man for president. An annual message that means nothing, a Thanksgiving proclamation that means less, a veto or two, and an occasional message of congratulation to the Pope, are inside the scope of almost anybody's abilities, and they come cheap at $50,000 per annum!—*Freethought.*

Whether Vaccination be useful or injurious, the subject of contention between men of science has very little to do with the question of compulsion. This can only be determined by the convictions of the individual, which should be as inviolable in the domain of medicine as in that of religion or politics, and coercion in this direction, which amounts to producing an artificial disease by bodily injury, can, indeed, be called nothing less than tyranny.—*Count Adolf Zedtwitz.*

In a recent communication to the Academy of Medicine on "Alcoholism and Criminality," M. Maram has stated that in examining the history of 3,000 criminals undergoing sentences of various lengths, he found that of the vagabonds and beggars there were 79 per cent. who were confirmed drunkards; of assassins and incendiaries from 50 to 57 per cent.; and thieves and swindlers 71 per cent.; while of those convicted of violence to the person there were 88 per cent.; and 79 per cent. of those guilty of violence to property.

See a fond mother encircled by her children; with pious tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with maternal love. One she kisses on its cheeks, and clasps another to her bosom; one she sits upon her knee, and finds a seat upon her foot for another. And while, by their actions, by their lisping words, and asking eyes, she understands their numberless little wishes, to these she dispenses a look, and a word to those; and whether she grants or refuses, whether she smiles or frowns, it is all in tender love.—*Krummacher.*

"I have a poem," remarked the rhymester, gliding into the office and quietly approaching the editor's desk. "Well!" exclaimed the editor, with a look and tone intended to annihilate. "I have written a poem on 'My Father's Barn,' and—" "Oh!" interrupted the editor with extraordinary suavity, "you don't know how relieved I feel. A poem written on your father's barn, eh? I was afraid it was written on paper, and that you wanted me to publish it. If I should ever happen to drive past your father's barn I'll stop and read the poem. Good afternoon."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Correspondence.

A DAUGHTER'S TRIBUTE TO A DEVOTED MOTHER.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I know you will pardon my long silence when I tell you that my time the past summer has been devoted to my precious mother, Mrs. Marilla Gilbert, who passed to her spirit home the morning of Nov. 17, in the ninety-third year of her age. She passed on from the home of my only sister, Dr. H. Pettigrew, of Woodlawn Mineral Springs, where she had everything that willing hands could do to make her last days on earth bright and peaceful. She retained her faculties remarkably well; was a great reader, and always busy with some fancy needlework as long as she had strength to sit up, and seemed cheerful and young in spirit, while she remained with us. The morning of the 16th she seemed to lose the power of speech. The last she spoke was the name of our dear father, (who passed on in 1844) then reached out her hands, and soon passed into a deep sleep, to awaken in a brighter world. I am sure she saw my dear father, for he said to me, "Be quiet, my child, do not hold her; let her come, let her come."

She went so quietly, while loving arms received her beautiful spirit.

Methinks the circle of relatives on the other side would far outnumber those here. She was the last one of a large family, and herself, the beloved mother of nine children, all arriving at maturity; four children preceded her to spirit life. As we watched the feeble pulse, the following beautiful lines by Mrs. Stowe, came to me.

"And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see,
How lovely and how sweet a thing,
The hour of death may be."

After the funeral services were over, I returned to my home that had been closed for the past two months. The second evening as I was reading an intensely interesting lecture by J. J. Morse, in the CARRIER DOVE, I felt hands patting my face, I knew it was Dr. Rogers' signal, but I kept on reading until very soon I could not see. Laying down the DOVE, I said, "Dr., what is it?" Immediately I saw my beautiful mother arrayed like a bride, and clasped in the arms of my father. I shall never forget the vision, it was indescribably beautiful.

Their's was a love that knew no change, and thrice blest are we in the heritage of such parental affection.

Our Mother, dear, a tribute grand,
Of gratitude and praise,
We owe to thee our truest friend,
Through life's uneven ways;
With tender sympathy and love,
With helpful aid and cheer,
Our faithful friend in every need,
Was our loving Mother, dear.

And, through a long eventful life,
Of sunshine and of storm;
With peaceful closing of earth scenes,
You beheld a radiant morn;
In than immortal realm of love,
Beyond the twilight hills,
Beyond the darkness we call death,
Above life's seeming ills.

We see you clasped in loving arms,
Pressed to a faithful heart;
We hear the joyous "Welcome Home,"
From friends, "No more to part."

Rest, Mother, dear, on that faithful breast,
That has waited, and watched for thee,
Till the sands in life's hour glass all have run,
And the priceless work of your earth life done,
Ere you sailed o'er life's silent sea.

Your loving daughter,
MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

STERLING, Ills, Dec. 9th, 1888.

Children's Department.

LYCEUM WORK.

BY EMMA TRAIN.

If we'd make this old world better
And a higher good bestow,
If we'd break aside the fetter
Forged in blood of long ago,
We must sow the seeds of knowledge
In the soil of pure young hearts
E.er the blighting weed of falsehood
In that field of beauty starts.

If we'd conquer Superstition
With the living light of truth,
We must trust the sacred mission
To the eager hands of youth.
Better sow a seed of wisdom
In the soil both rich and strong,
Than to break a branch from error
Where its roots have flourished long.

If you *have a truth* worth knowing
Place it in the children's hands,
Better trust them for the sowing
Than to cast on worn out lands.
Here is where the hope is resting
For the future dawning uow,
And fair angel hands are pressing
Softly every childish brow.

Here is where the coming glory
Builds its purest, holiest shrines,
Here is where the sacred story
Shall be traced in deathless lines.
Blessed is the hand of kindness
That shall trace the words of truth
On the tablets pure and spotless
Of the loving heart of youth.

Friends;—the work lies here before us
Worthier than tongue can tell,
While the angels bending o'er us
Urge that we shall do it well.
Let, O let, us not be blinded
By the morning's dawning ray,
But build *wisely* for the future
The *Lyceum* is *its hope to-day.*

"DAISY."

A little band of Sunday school children, belonging to a mission church in this city, heard of the death of their teacher's little daughter and met together to talk about it. The little girl's name was Daisy. They had only known her by her good deeds and an occasional glimpse of her sweet face. The church which she attended was in a different part of the city and among a different sort of people. But she had often visited the "waifs," and given them presents at their school fetes. Now she was dead. She who had father and mother, home and friends, had gone away from them all, leaving a desolate blank in her beautiful home.

"We must beg some flowers to take her," said one of the waifs at last, voicing the wishes of the band.

"She wouldn't like that," said another waif, "that we beg for her that had so much."

"Mine brudder, he sells mid de wild flowers ver many," said a little kinder-maiden.

"So! We will gather the wild flowers then, that grow by the trees and grass," said another.

"I can make a daisy chain," said the smallest child there, "and my mother, she taught me how when I was leetle."

The other children laughed at the little woman's wisdom, then counseled together, and with hats and baskets went to gather the daisies.

They worked all the morning in the hot sun, and by afternoon they had woven yards and yards of daisy chain—they made lovely links with their star-like flowers.

But there was a sad time when the children reached the school building, and a waiting teacher showed the notice appended to their Daisy's death: "Please omit flowers," and explained its meaning. They had no argument to advance to prove their right to offer their memorial. The tears came into their eyes and stayed there, and no one said a word.

Presently up went a chubby hand, and a clear "please, teacher," compelled attention. It was the same little waif that had suggested the daisy chain.

The teacher listened to what she had to say with a thoughtful face. The children smiled again. That afternoon when the sunset bars were slanting their rays of light on the threshold from whose door the black flag of death drooped, a little band of children came noiselessly and rapped with timid fingers on the shrouded panel. They were the waifs bringing their offering of love. It was Daisy's father who opened the door, and without a word of welcome or greeting, said:

"We want no flowers here, children.

Because his flower lay blighted there, he could not abide the bloom and beauty of any floral messengers. Then a little voice piped up:

"We haven't bought any flowers, teacher. We geddered dem in de fields, and they are only common. We brought them for your Daisy cause—cause we love her."

But here the little one broke down, and the next moment was clasped sobbing in her teacher's arms.

Many who read these lines will know now why a lovely child but lately laid away was wound from head to foot in a coiling chain of daisies. Some said it was a new freak of fashion, but all admitted that it was wondrously fair, and that the starry-eyed marguerites put to shame all fairer flowers. Now they will know that within that golden chain was woven a love that made every strand a bright connecting link with heaven.

"Where the faded flowers freshen,
Freshen, never more to fade."

Woman's Public Opinion.

AN INFERENCE FROM THE FACTS.

Mr. and Mrs. W., of Minneapolis, have a little boy of six years noted for his odd, bright sayings. One communion Sabbath not long ago, he attended church with his parents. The service was new to him and he watched the proceedings with great interest, particularly when both parents partook of the sacrament. Afterwards when the usual collection was made and Mr. W. contributed, the little fellow whispered: "Say, papa, did you have to pay for your lunch?"

Who organized the first "Children's Progressive Lyceum?"

Andrew Jackson Davis.

Where?

In Dodsworth's Hall, New York, Jan. 25, 1863.

Who revealed it to him?

Disembodied minds, or those who had passed from the body.

What is the object of Lyceums?

To awaken a true interest in the true science of life, and to keep the mind free from religious bigotry, discarding all myths as the revealed word of God.

What are children?

Promises of intelligent men and women.

Where does the knowledge of truth place man?

Above the brute creation, and crowns him with the sceptre of power that wields the destiny of nations.

What should we do at all times?

Love and respect our friends and acquaintances as we would like them to love and respect us.

What is hurtful to the young and receptive minds of children?

The superstition which attributes horrible deeds to the direct agency of an angry, personal God.

What did Thomas Paine say?

"Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true religion. The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

THE STUDY OF CHILDREN.

Children live in the present, they do not look forward or backward—this is universally a characteristic of childhood. Try and realise this; it will help you much in your endeavors to understand children. Victor Hugo, who has depicted some of the most tragic scenes which have ever happened in this world, and painted the miseries that men and women suffer in powerful colors, says positively that there is no misery like the misery of children. And this is perfectly true, for the joys and sorrows of childhood fill their whole minds and hearts. They are as intense as they are transient.

A FLOW OF LANGUAGE.

Children sometimes hit upon a phrase which conveys more than pages in which their elders have striven to set forth things clearly, and an instance was afforded recently by a girl of six. She had been present while her mother received a call from a neighbor, one of those immeasurably voluable women who are the terror of their friends; and after the caller had departed she said to her mother with the utmost seriousness, "Mamma, I don't think I like Mrs. Blank. She leaks words all the time."—*Boston Courier.*

BOYHOOD.

I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a greybeard king.

—*The Old Man Dreams.*

Poetry.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

Epistle to a Friend.

BY E. G. ANDERSON.

Friend, I seat me with pleasure to-day,
To grant you a word, a kind, cheerful lay,
To add to your joy, to please you the while
We're trudging along life's rugged defile.
The pleasures of life are so few at the best,
For man is so fickle and in constant unrest,
That to seize on each joy ere it passes away,
Is commanded by Nature, and all should obey.
So turn from your ledger, receipt book and sale,
To chat with a friend through U. S.'s mail.
I will not go back to the scenes of our youth,
Nor treat you with visions mayhap wide of the truth.
For the mem'ries of youth are alloyed with a pain,
Since they bring to our minds as if present again,
So many shortcomings, so much mischief and woe,
That the picture, though bright, is marred to the view.
When we turn to the future, how beauteous the scene
Which the bright angel pictures—too brilliant I ween—
How often to fancy, by Hope we are given,
To revel in grandeur till we picture a heaven
Too gorgeous in splendor for reality's earth;
Too much of the fancy for sublunary worth.
Those castles in air, though bright they may seem,
Are too light in their structure, too frail for th'esteem
Of a human at present, a live, breathing man,
To be of much value in the present life's span;
To the present kind friend then let us return;
Leave the past with the dead and the sepulchral urn,
And the future unravelled in patience await,
And talk of the things decreed us by fate.
A live, breathing world, ever changing its phase,
Is food for our thought in manifold ways.
The students of science well skilled in the lore
Of the stars of the heavens and the sands of the shore,
How learnedly they talk to the unlettered mass,
Of earth's great convul-ions and of Venus' pass;
But simmer them down in the caldron of truth,
Their talk is the dream of chimerical youth.
But science, true science, is worthy of praise,
For mankind is guided by the light of her rays.
Her footsteps will lead us to liberty's bourne,
Tho' bigots oppress and tyrants may burn.
Nor fear we her fate, in her contest with Rome,
Whose thunders peal forth like devils at home,
Dealing death and destruction to all who deny
Their tenets of faith, or doctrines decry.
All sectaries yet, have striven in vain
Fair science to blight, bidding darkness to reign,
For Reason, God's image enshrined in the soul
Has burst from its bondage and is sighting the goal
Where Liberty's banner, unfurled to the breeze,
Brings the sum of its blessings, the conscience at ease.
But stoop we from science to gaze on this earth,
And gauge to each human the scale of his worth.
No fairy wand need we to strengthen our sight
To see in each human his own foulest blight.
'Tis self-love the motor—though good in itself,
Which prompts them to hoard up miserable pelf,
Regardless of cost to others of pain,
So are they bound up in the pursuit of gain.
What moves the grave statesman, the reverend priest,
To pour forth in volumes such an eloquent feast?
To issue their mandates enslaving our world,
Already in ignorance and misery hurled?
'Tis selfish ambition, love of comfort and fame,
That keeps them from joining in life's earnest game.
What prompted our brethren in the fair Southern fields
To o'erpower the blackman, compel him to yield
In humble submission a myriad throng,
Though equal in sight of heaven's high throne;
To blot our fair Union with Slavery's breath,
And defending such wrong deal destruction and death
What is our fair world but a history of crime?
What a record of misery the pages of time!
This earth, fairest garden of Heaven's high God,
Made desert and waste by oppression's stern rod;
Selfish ambition made this desolate track,
The tools were vast armies and the terrible rack—
And millions were victims to insatiate lust,
Who died on the field or in prison-house rust.
But is there no hope? Hath Gilead no balm?
Are we tossed on an ocean, no port nor no calm?
Has God in his wisdom created us thus,
To be ever ground down by avarice's lust?
Lo! forth breaks a light from intellect's sky,
And Reason, twin sister of Freedom is nigh.
The shackles are broken, the tyrant is dead;
"Unwept and unhonored" he sinks to his bed,
Ne'er again to arise to blight our fair earth,
For Freedom and Reason have proved us their worth.
Superstition and ignorance long held their sway,
But knowledge, unsullied, now governs the day.
Columbia grand leads in intellect's march,
Tho' her struggles were long and ardent her search,
Has discovered the secret, the acme of truth,
Education to the masses, the aged and the youth.
Self-love, once the tyrant, by Reason's now led,
And aids in the struggle towards man's greatest needs.

The Poet's Crown.

"The song of the Camp" is Bayard Taylor's best title to immortality as a poet. In none of the more ambitious excursions of his muse did he ever equal it. Here it is:

THE SONG OF THE CAMP—A CRIMEAN INCIDENT.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under,
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may—another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory—
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
Yet, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah, soldiers! to your honored rest
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

Out of the Shadow.

BY EMMA TRAIN.

Come out of the shadow, come out of the gloom,
The beautiful sunlight is gleaming;
The flowers of promise are sweetly abloom,
While you in the darkness are dreaming.
The glory of heaven is round us to-day,
The bright angel hosts have come over the way,
And wait at the door for a welcoming voice
To bid all the nations rejoice.

Come out of the shadow and mist of the past,
The bondage that ignorance's weaving;
The age of redemption its mantle has cast,
In knowledge more fair than believing.
The signs are so plain that the blindest may read,
The teachings so broad that they fill every need,
The light once so distant is coming more near;
We hail it to-day with its cheer.

Come out of the shadow, God speaks once again;
Come list' to the infinite teaching,
Resounding in accents so sacred and plain
That e'en to the lowlands is reaching—
That tells of life's laws that were not understood,
The work left undone by a world's womanhood
That should long ago have taught joy's living song
To sound from the discords of wrong.

Come out of the shadow, it is not a shame
For any to work in high places.
'Tis slander supreme to the Infinite Name
And bondage to all human races:
The unpardonable sin is the pure thought repressed
That shuts out the worthiest, noblest and best
And moves the glad reign of the sacred and true,
Yet farther and farther from view.

Come out of the shadow, there's work to be done,
Take note of the discord and wronging.
O, sluggard! to ask that the Infinite One
Shall do what to you is belonging!
Would you see the bright temperance banner in place
Then help to build broadly and strongly the base
From whence it can float in its beauty and worth,
To bless all the nations of earth.

Come out of the shadow, if peace you desire,
Believing that war with its terror
Is discord that springs from inharmony's lyre,
And comes from the darkness of error,
Arise to the work, it is ever your own;
Tha seeds in your hand are the ones to be sown;
Then scatter them widely o'er valley and plain
Till peace o'er the wide world shall reign.

Come out of the shadow, good works is the prayer
Acceptable ever to heaven.
When deeds are sent out on the pulse of the air
The answer is sure to be given.
Dare wisely to think, dare nobly to do,
Dare stand by the principle known to be true,
And God's word most holy will lead you alway
From the shadow out into the day.

Wanted.

God give us men! a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking:
For, while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

—*Dr. Holland.*