

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V.

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California Scenery.

Mirror Lake.

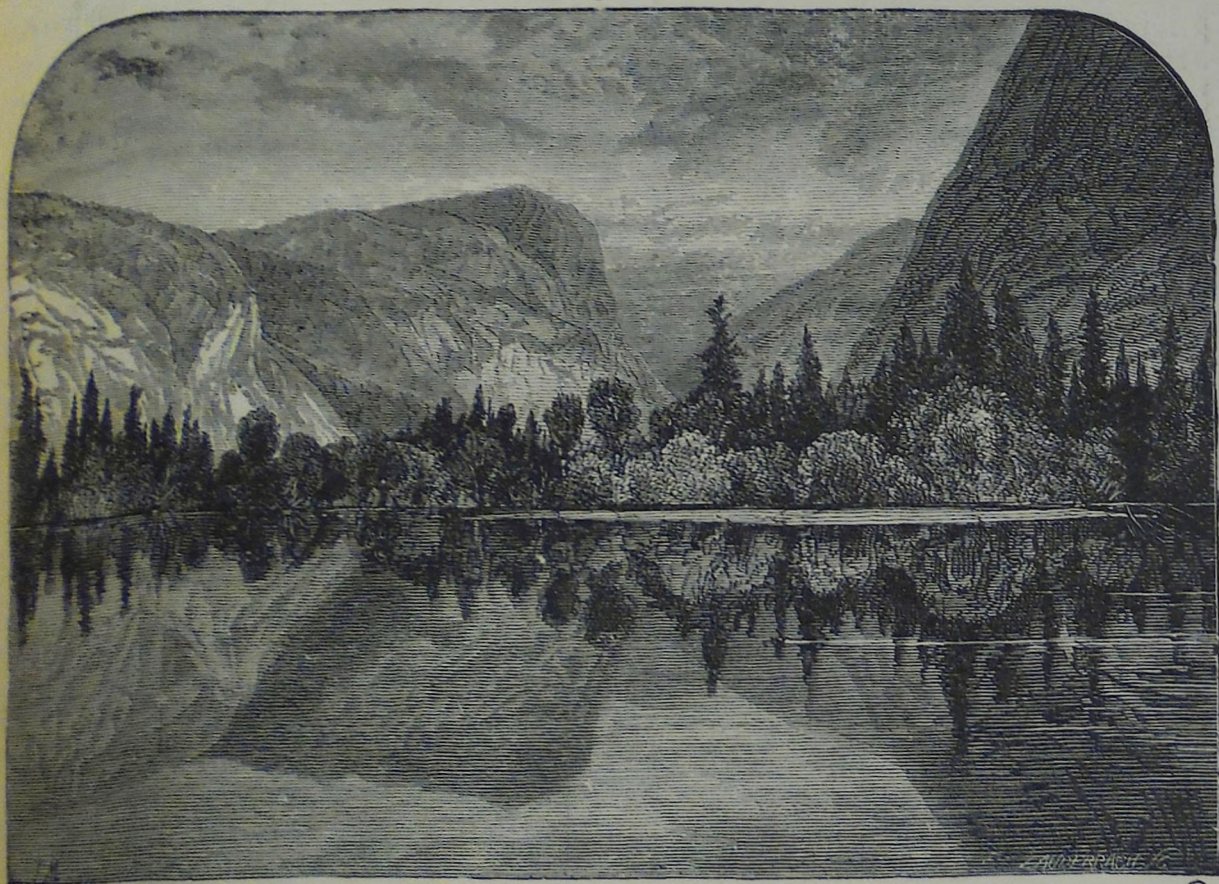
No. 5.

The next day we followed up another cañon between the domes and Mirror Lake, a small sheet of water locked in between high surrounding peaks. Through the morning hours, and until the sun has climbed above the edge of the mountains, the lake is

sun steal slowly over the height, and slide along the edge and drop into the water the fullness of his face.

The lake that lay there a moment before, still and glassy, shimmered into a smile and kissed with a ripple the coming of its lord—the mountains and trees, the rocks and shore wavered, and shook, and broke into a myriad of fragments, and the charm was all dissolved.

Another day we rambled round among the rocks of the Bridal Veil basin, and one day we passed at the foot of the Yosemite.



MIRROR LAKE.

smooth as glass, giving back with such distinctness of outline and perfecting of color the reflection of all the surroundings, that in a photograph of the view you can hardly tell where the water ends and the shore begins. Here we watched for an hour or more the reflection of the mountains and the scattered drifts of cloud that sailed across the sky, until about ten o'clock, as we stood looking into its clear, beautiful depths, a wandering drift of cloud gilded with the glory of the coming sun, came over the edge and saw its double in the lake. For a moment we watched its changing colors, its gold and crimson and glittering emerald and royal purple and pearly gray, and then, still looking down, we saw the

So passed our five days in the valley, and at the end of them we mounted our horses, and, taking the trail out at the opposite side, climbed the rugged paths that led us sometimes where a step out of the way would have plunged us a thousand feet and more into the depths, and left the Valley of Wonders behind us; and yet not behind us, for we shall carry it in memory while memory lasts.

(To be continued.)

The Mormon church is in the hands of a receiver, and its affairs are now practically administered by the government. This is the first time in the history of the country that we have had a state church.—*Freethought.*

Literary Dept.

CROOKED PATHS; OR, THE WAGES OF SIN.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER

AUTHOR OF "AFTER MANY DAYS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

RESTITUTION.

A new sensation stirred the large and influential town of Burton, reviving recollections of the great bank defalcation in the minds of its residents, and creating a breeze of excitement in counting-house and home. The gist of the affair may be gathered from the following account which appeared in the columns of the *Burton Daily Herald*.

"AN ABSCONDED DEFAULTER HEARD FROM!
HENRY LYMAN, EX-CASHIER OF THE
BURTON BANK, MAKES AN EFFORT
TO REDEEM HIMSELF!"

"It will be remembered by our readers—many of whom suffered financially at the time—that nearly eight years ago the town of Burton was moved to its centre by the discovery that one of its most trusted and respected citizens, a man holding the important position of cashier in the town bank, and moving in the very highest social circles, had betrayed his trust in the embezzlement of certain large sums of money from that institution, the whole amounting to almost twenty six thousand dollars. The discovery of this appalling fact was speedily followed by another—that the defaulter had absconded, leaving his lovely young wife to battle alone with the evils he had brought upon her.

"It will also be remembered that the wife of Henry Lyman possessed in her own right, as a dower from her father, the handsome house in which the couple had lived. When the discovery of her husband's speculations was made known, Mrs. Lyman sent for the officials of the bank, insisting on making over into their hands the property which was exclusively her own. This property was disposed of at a private sale for about eighteen thousand dollars, thus leaving a balance of about eight thousand dollars as lost by the bank through its

dishonest employé. Immediately after the transfer of her property, Mrs. Lyman, with her four-year-old child, disappeared from Burton and has never been heard from since. It was surmised by a good many that the lady had been aware of her husband's whereabouts and that she had gone to join him either in Canada, or some other place outside the jurisdiction of the United States. Be that as it may, nothing has been heard from either the husband or wife during all these years until very recently.

"And now comes the astounding part of our story. Two days ago the president of the Burton bank received a large, official looking packet from Washington, which, on inspection, proved to contain United States securities to the amount of ten thousand dollars, payable to the trustees of that institution from Henry Lyman, its former cashier and defaulting servant.

"A letter from Lyman himself accompanied the funds, stating that the writer had, through years of honest application to important clerical labor both in Canada and in Europe, and by frugality of living, succeeded in saving the amount inclosed, which money, he desired applied to the clearing up of his long indebtedness to the bank, making mention of his knowledge of the fact that Mrs. Lyman had sacrificed her estate to the liquidation of the larger part of his obligations.

"This whole affair has created a stir in Burton; it proves that Henry Lyman was not bad at heart nor full of that iniquity that has been ascribed to him. Indeed the whole history of his downfall seems to show that the desire to shine in society, the unhealthy love of social recognition and favor, that rock upon which the lives of so many of our young, ambitious, half-wealthy people are apt to founder, occasioned the disaster in this instance that wrecked a once happy family and brought ruin to a most lovely home.

"However, results prove that there is yet something of manhood in the breast of the man who once held a high position of respectability in this town, and we would be among the first to hold out a helping and a forgiving hand to that man who repents of his sin and endeavors to make atonement."

The report that spread like wild-fire through the town was well founded. On his arrival in this country, "Mons. Henri," as we must still call him who was once Henry Lyman, made a journey to Washington to settle certain business matters. While there he purchased the securities mentioned above, and with the letter referred to by the *Herald*, forwarded them to the trustees of the Burton bank. The accounts of this affair were copied into the various papers of the country with sundry comments and words of praise of what their writers were pleased

to call the "straight-forward conduct" of the ex-cashier, and Mons. Henri was not held in ignorance of the light in which his course was viewed by the public.

About this time a letter post-marked "Washington, D. C." was received by the Rev. George Fergusson, of Cloverdale, making inquiries concerning the fate of Alice Lyman and her child, and signed "Henry Lyman." Time had dealt gently with the minister and his family. He was now, in what seemed to be the prime of life, hale and vigorous and full of his best power. He had grown in thought with the lapse of years, and his sermons to the progressive and increasing congregation of his parish were remarkable for their stamp of religious tolerance and Christian benevolence. Little Mrs. Nellie, the clergyman's help-meet and companion, still held firmly her position as chief adviser and friend to the society, and as with her husband, years only seemed to bring an added grace to her spirit and a deeper conviction of God's goodness to her soul.

Their daughter, a second edition of her mother, was now a sprightly young lady, full of zeal in the promotion of literary tastes among her companions and always ready for any innocent bit of fun that might arise in her social gatherings.

The little family at Cloverdale parsonage had never forgotten the unfortunate friends who had gone astray. The minister yearned with a brother's tenderness over the sinning Henry Lyman, whom he had known in other days, and he would have given much to have the power of reaching out a hand of helpfulness to that erring one. As for Nellie, she sighed over the misfortunes of her friend Alice, and could not quite forgive Henry nor cease to condemn him in her heart. Even the little daughter, who had been kept in ignorance of the nature of the Lyman disgrace, cried because she could not see "pretty little May Lyman and her sweet mamma any more," and grew up with a pleasant remembrance of the friends of her childish days.

The little property belonging to "Mary Alicia Lyman" had prospered in the hands of the minister, and the pretty house and grounds of the old doctor were kept in as good condition as though they yielded their manager a handsome profit instead of adding not one penny to his income, but rather taxed his attention and care.

The minister and his wife had been electrified at the newspaper accounts of the honorable restitution made to the Burton bank by the absent Henry. They were rejoiced too, and felt that he had redeemed the promise of his earlier life of being able to resist temptation and to flee from it. Mrs. Fergusson felt a little remorseful that she had been so hard upon him, and urged her husband, in replying to the letter of inquiry received at this time from Henry him-

self, to warmly invite that gentleman to come to them at once.

But the letter bearing that cordial brotherly invitation to the isolated man without a country or a home, held out no allurements, for its writer could give absolutely no information concerning the existence of the object of his quest. Alice had disappeared completely out of the lives of all who had ever known her, and no one could tell whether she were living or dead. "Meanwhile"—the letter ran—"I wait with patience, believing the time will come when I shall learn something of her fate, or at least of that of your child. For I remember that I hold in my hands a certain little piece of property that must some day be made over to her care."

Mons. Henri determined not to appear either in Cloverdale or at Burton, and after writing a brief little note of appreciation and thanks to his friend, he again changed his stopping place from Washington to one of our large southern cities. His means were limited, for since the transfer of all his savings to the Burton bank he was possessed of but a very few hundred dollars; yet his accomplishments as well as his mercantile abilities, added to the weight of his credentials from former employers would, he well knew, secure him some remunerative and congenial employment.

Nor was he mistaken; and soon we find the elegant and refined Monsieur Henri who was taken for a Frenchman by so many—established as foreign correspondent in a large dry goods house in the city of New Orleans.

In the grave countenance and erect figure of the silent stranger, no one who accompanied him would have dreamed of the fire of remorse and of bitter anguish that smouldered beneath that elegant exterior. Yet it was true, that day and night, sleeping and waking, he was haunted by the thought of his once happy home, and a vision of a fair haired woman, beautiful as a dream, and possessed of a voice of marvelous sweetness, haunted him with unceasing persistency.

Once the vision seemed so real as to startle him to such an extent that his frame did not cease its trembling, nor his mind regain its composure for hours. He had been sitting alone in his quiet room after the care and duties of the day; the soft, balmy glow of the southern twilight had faded sufficiently to prevent him from reading the article in the *Picayune* that had attracted his attention, but not enough to render his room really dark. As he lay the pillow down and raised his eyes to the opposite corner of the apartment, they met a shadow that chilled the blood in his veins and stilled the beating of his heart. Midway between the floor and the ceiling he discerned a white shape, clearly outlined, his sharpened senses in the surround-

grayness of the dim light. A vibrating, scintillating, moving shape, soft and beautiful and fair as a mass of condensed moonlight might be. As he continued to gaze unable to move or speak, the form became surmounted by a human head, and there smiling upon him with surpassing loveliness gleamed the face of Alice, his long-lost, deserted wife. It glowed and radiated like a pearl of light yet he could not approach it, and as he gazed with his soul in his eyes, there came to him, borne upon his hearing he knew not how, sweet and low and thrilling, the words, "I love and trust you. Do right. Help the needy. I wait your coming."

The vision faded, and in a moment more the startled man, trembling in every limb, seized his hat and rushed from the house. What did it mean? Was he going mad? Of course it was all a delusion, but heavens, how real it seemed! He paced the street for hours, and when he regained his room he could not sleep, but paced the floor until the early morning light stole into his open window. He had reasoned himself into calmness now. Of course it had all been a phantom of his brain, but, somehow the comforting thought that Alice was waiting for him somewhere stole into his heart, and he determined that as soon as he could earn the means to prosecute such a search he should devote his entire energies to the discovery of her hiding-place.

About a week after this, lured by the brilliancy of the night, Mons. Henri made a little trip just outside the city to Lake Ponchartrain, to listen to the melting strains of the band stationed at that popular evening resort. But the crush, the chattering, laughing voices of the gay pleasure-seekers, the glare and glitter of the lights wearied him, and it was still an early hour when he returned to the city. As he was quietly wending his way along Camp street, his ears were saluted by the cry of "Here's your daily *Pitayune*, latest news; going, going!" and a little form darted across the street just in time to be knocked down by a heavy carriage drawn by two prancing horses that were flying down the street. The driver, paying no attention to the accident, dashed on, but Monsieur Henri paused, lifted the little form, and conveyed it to his lodging house, which was close by. The landlady, a kind-hearted woman, received the little lad, and placed him upon the couch in her own room. A hasty examination showed that the blood covering head and face of the unconscious boy trickled from a ghastly wound in the skull, and, leaving the woman to bathe away the blood, Henri hastened for a physician.

Results proved that the accident to the little newsboy was a serious one. The brain seemed to be affected, and it was considered advisable to remove the sufferer to the hospital. Two days elapsed before the identity

of the child, for he was little more than eleven years old, could be disclosed, and then he regained consciousness sufficiently to ask for his mother, and to tell where she could be found.

Monsieur Henri, who had been unremitting in his attentions to the poor little fellow, volunteered to bring the mother. He found her in an obscure quarter of the city. An intelligent, hard-working woman, whose face, lined with marks of care, revealed traces of former beauty and refinement. The poor woman was now in an agony of excitement over the absence of her boy, and when the news of the accident had been gently broken by her visitor, she determined to go at once to his side.

For ten days little Pierre struggled with the fate surely closing upon him, and then yielded with the quiet fortitude that would have graced many a more mature heart. When he knew that all the skill of the doctors could not save his life, he only sighed, and said to Mons. Henri, to whom he had taken an especial liking, in excellent French: "My poor mother, what will she do without me? Do not leave her entirely alone."

"I will be her friend, Pierre. You are a brave little fellow and deserve a better fate than this."

"The good God will take care of me; I do not fear." And a beautiful light shone on the face of the humble newsboy, as the words fluttered from his lips. He fell into a stupor toward the last, from which nothing could arouse him, and out of which his white soul passed from its prison house to the arms of waiting angels.

The grief of the poor French woman was terrible to witness. At first she prayed for death, but at length she stilled her sobs and moved around with a quiet stoicism born of her despair. Monsieur Henri assumed all expenses connected with the burial of the child, nor did his kind offices end here. True to his promise, he sought to befriend the mother in many little ways. She was a most excellent laundress, and her manner of repairing and cleansing old laces ought to have secured her plenty of remunerative employment. But she had not been in the city long and was comparatively unknown. Disquieted by the dejected air of his mother, because of her unsuccessful efforts to find much work, Pierre had begged her permission to sell papers on the street, which, after much persuasion on the little fellow's part, she granted. Only two weeks had the child followed his calling when the accident occurred that ended so fatally to the little life.

All efforts to ascertain the ownership of the carriage that had caused the catastrophe, on the part of Henri, proved unavailing, but his efforts to find employment for the poor French laundress met with better success. Through the agency of his landlady, and a

few lady friends of hers, the ability of the woman became known, and very soon she received so many applications from fine ladies to attend to their laces, that under the advice of Monsieur Henri, Madame Laplace decided to take a small house in a better part of the city, and to establish her business there.

(To be continued.)

Original Contributions.

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

California Rain and Sunshine.

(An Extract.)

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

The ominous clouds,
That long have threatened with their midnight hues,
Their flood-gates dire have burst; a spirit clad
In all the dread habiliments of war
Doth seem from out the howling winds to leap,
And pour its wrathful vials on the town.
The battle rages; loud and louder roar,
Until our ears are deafened by the sound,
These armed warriors of the wintry storms.

A newly-wakened Bedlam, fierce and wild,
Above our flood-washed city reigns supreme;
All Nature seems convulsed; not mighty Thor,
Who through the ice-fields of the frosty North,
And glaciers vast, his famous chariot drove,
Didst ever reign with more tempestuous force.

On, on, above the main the Storm-King rides!
And like a host of demons bent on prey,
Surcharged with wrath, the maddening winds leap
forth—
The hill-tops quake and tremble, and the waves
Whirl, dance and revel, 'mid the wild sea-foam.

From war comes peace; and from the boisterous
rains
Come newly-springing flowers: days, sublime and
bright—
The winter time to summer most serene
An hour doth change—the sun, the gorgeous sun,
In all its fair effulgence, glory, life,
Is out at last; and laden are the airs
With odors, incense, and aromas sweet;
And California in her golden days
May boast of beauties, luxuries as fair
As those that have their birth and hold their sway
More near the Rising Sun. The Grecian Isles,
With all their gorgeous and Cerulean charms,
Where Summer lives eternal as the light,
Are not more bright, more beauteous than thou,
Sweet land of wealth, with skies of golden bloom!

Not e'en Italia, that famed Eden clime,
The birthplace of sweet music, art and song,
And all for which the poet yearns, or sighs
The raptured lover in his twilight dreams,
Thy splendors may outvie! But thou art young;
Art lingering near thy childhood's roseate verge;
Yet from thy bud of promise will unfold
A bloom of wondrous beauty; and ere long,
Like Venus from the sea-foam, will arise
The Goddess to her throne; when distant lands,
With glittering coronets and laurel wreaths,
Shall hail thee, Regal Empress of the world!

As thy fair skies, thy golden fruits and grains,
Thy evergreens, thy vines and gorgeous flowers,
Thy trees and mountains, waterfalls and vales,
And all that tends to make thee what thou art,
A Cybelé of glory, wealth and bloom,

So shall those gifts, the graces of the mind,
The more mature adornments of the soul,
Their reign assert; and to perfection great
Will yet unfold, and teach thee what thou art!
*And for thy models will not longer search
In other lands, but find them in thine own!*
SAN FRANCISCO, Jan., 1888.

The Dangers Now Threatening Spiritualism.

SENSUOUS ULTRA-PHENOMENALISM AND
HINDU THEOSOPHY.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

[*Editor CARRIER DOVE*:—I herewith send you a copy of an article that I have written for insertion in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of Chicago, in reply to two articles that have been published in that paper. As, in my opinion, this article contains matters of import to Spiritualists everywhere, and as the evils and dangers threatening Spiritualism, to which it refers, have assumed no small proportions on the Pacific Coast, I should be much obliged if you would publish it in the *DOVE*, in lieu of an article written exclusively for your valuable journal. The article was written with a view to publication in both papers, but being in replication of matters that have appeared in the *Journal*, its primary insertion in that paper is, of course, demanded.—*W. E. Coleman.*]

Two grave dangers, among others, now beset Modern Spiritualism; and much harm is being done to the cause of a rational, common-sense, scientific Spiritualism by the progress and growth in our midst of two widely-variant systems of thought. These two represent, in some respects, antipodal elements in the constitution of the spiritual movement of to-day. Two elements have ever inhered in the spiritual movement,—the phenomenal and the philosophical. Both of these are equally valuable, and neither should be ignored for the exclusive upbuilding of the other. The two great sources of danger now threatening Spiritualism arise from the extreme manifestation of each of these elements, the phenomenal and the intellectual. On the one hand we have sensuous phenomenalism carried to a ridiculous extreme, as evidenced more particularly in the recent articles of Dr. N. B. Wolfe. On the other hand, we have intellectuality run to seed in the prevalent phases of mysticism, more especially as manifested in theosophy. The irrational, credulous phenomenalism rampant, in many spiritual circles, and the equally as irrational and credulous theosophy, alike pandering to a depraved and demoralizing marvelousness, one from a sensuous point of view, the other from an intellectual standpoint,—these twin forms of error, similar in their origin and root, namely, an overweening love of the marvelous and the mystic, are the prolific sources of

direful consequences to the good and true in Spiritualism.

Recognizing the danger arising from these two elements, I am moved to submit some plain, homely truths concerning them, the second one of these two more especially. In the presence of such powerful foes to truth, sturdy measures of antagonism and resistance are demanded.

There is much that I agree with in the remarks of Mr. Jesse Shepard on Spiritism, Black Magic, etc., in the *Journal* of November 19th; but to portions of his article I must express my decided dissent. So far as he protests against the extremes of phenomenal test-hunting, of Spiritism as against Spiritualism; so far as he urges the importance of culture and intellectual improvement alike on the part of mediums and of Spiritualists generally; and so far as he antagonizes the prevalent delusion among certain classes of Spiritualists, that the learned and the great among the world's workers are mediums, deriving their powers and gifts unconsciously from the spirits, and that whatever of merit is done or written on our planet is of spiritual origin,—so far as these points are involved I am heartily in sympathy with Mr. Shepard.

There are serious dangers affecting the cause of rational Spiritualism in the several directions outlined by Mr. Shepard, and it is well that the note of warning be sounded long and sharp. Ultra-phenomenal Spiritualism is tending largely to ruin the cause. A potent illustration of this is seen in the recent articles of Dr. N. B. Wolfe, in the *Journal*. The laudation as a genuine medium, possessing most extraordinary medial gifts, of one of the most unprincipled adventuresses and frauds that California, the land of spiritual "dead beats" and cheats, has produced, followed by the apotheosis of phenomenal work in Spiritualism to the total exclusion of the philosophical,—the ridicule and denunciation of the platform and the rostrum as useless,—these things "must give us pause." They indicate an alarming state of affairs in American Spiritualism,—a condition largely brought about by the prevalence of so-called materialization in our land, nearly all of which is rank fraud, destitute of the least particle of genuine mediumistic manifestation.

And now the climax seems to have been reached, in the demand of Dr. Wolfe that the platform work be abandoned, that the work of intellectual and moral culture in our ranks be given up, and that the field of Spiritualism be left entirely in the hands of those masking in the guise of mediums and their credulous dupes; for it virtually amounts to this, as the great influx of pretended mediums has steadily crowded to the wall the genuine mediums; and if Spiritualism, as a whole, were given over to mediumistic wonder-seeking, as recommended, the genuine mediums would be

almost wholly crowded out of sight. It is safe to say that no such action as that demanded by Dr. Wolfe will ever be generally taken. Such "Spiritism" as this should be sharply segregated from "Spiritualism"; and the sooner the unclean thing is separated from Spiritualism pure and simple, the better will it be for the latter.

The mass of deviltry that is being constantly practiced in the name of Spiritualism, and upheld and sustained by leading journals, both on the Atlantic and Pacific coast, is disheartening, nay, sickening. Here in California we have fraudulent materializing, spirit photographers, trance mediums, and slate-writers galore, flourishing in their iniquity. I am glad to be able to state that the *CARRIER DOVE*, an illustrated weekly spiritual journal in San Francisco, lends neither countenance nor support to the numerous predatory sharks in this vicinity claiming to be mediums, and systematically robbing the people by bogus spiritual communications, pictures, etc. For journalistic support and encouragement, these knavish gentry have to go elsewhere; and they usually find no difficulty in obtaining it, particularly if their efforts in that direction are backed with a little California gold.

I cordially agreed with Mr. Shepard as regards the primary importance of intellectual and moral culture, in contrast to the demoralizing wonder-hunting mediomania so prevalent now-a-days. The foundation stone of the spiritual philosophy is progression,—progression in love and wisdom, advancement and improvement in knowledge and in virtue. The spiritual philosophy ever urges us to growth in intelligence and in goodness; and those Spiritualists who linger year after year upon the purely sensuous phenomenal plane, ignoring all the avenues of culture and mental improvement, are scarcely worthy of the name of Spiritualists. They may more appropriately be called Spiritists. The true Spiritualist, in my judgment, is one who, while carefully accepting and giving due heed to all well-attested or reliable phenomena, at the same time does not make that "the be-all and the end-all" of spiritual truth. He ever strives to embody in his life-walk the divine, uplifting principles of the philosophy of Spiritualism, to his own betterment and that of the world in which he lives; and continually seeks to improve himself in all directions according to his needs and opportunities, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, never neglecting an opportunity to do good and to grow good, wise and strong in spirit and in soul. True spiritual development, legitimate soul-culture, should be the *desideratum* of the genuine Spiritualist; not the spurious soul-culture, falsely so-called, vaunted by the theosophists, and the other variant classes of the nineteenth-century mystics. The rational Spiritualist will have nothing to do

with any of these conflicting forms of untruth, save to refute their extravagant pretensions, and to warn the unwary.

The central thought of Mr. Shepard in his article adverted to above is the superiority of theosophy to current Spiritualism. To this erroneous conclusion I most unqualifiedly dissent. Mr. Shepard is convinced that both theosophy and "metaphysics" have come to stay. For a time, yes. There are still a number of people in the world of mystical, dreamy tendencies, fond of the recondite, of the queer and uncanny, with no comprehension of the truly scientific spirit; and such people readily become victims to the novel speculations of mystical charlatans, and occulto-metaphysical pretenders, such as Madame Blavatsky, Eliphas Levi, Mrs. Eddy, and the rest. For a time, therefore, these delusions may flourish among a limited number of such adherents; but as true light and knowledge advance, as the truths of science prevail and the scientific spirit becomes paramount, every form or variety of speculative mysticism will inevitably perish. The essential teachings of theosophy and metaphysical science (?) are in opposition to established facts of modern science, and hence they are necessarily doomed. No truly sensible or scientific person could possibly believe in the rubbish taught in those pretended systems of philosophy.

Whence was derived the teachings of theosophy? Is their source of such a character as to inspire confidence in their truth? By no means; their very origin is demonstrative of their untruth. They are, as a whole, the ingenious fabrication of one mind, concocted to deceive those weak enough and silly enough to be led astray by them. They emanated from the fertile, subtle brain of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, whom the London Society for Psychical Research has truthfully declared to be "one of the most accomplished, ingenious, and interesting impostors in history." She is really the impostor and fraud *par excellence* of this century. Even her best friends, the officers of the Theosophical Society in India, have in an official publication acknowledged her habit of systematic lying. For years this designing woman has lived in an atmosphere of deceit and falsehood, her life during that period being one constant succession of hypocrisy and deception. From her inner consciousness she has evolved from time to time, during the last dozen years, some four or five different conflicting theosophical systems of philosophy, culminating in the current system often called "Esoteric Buddhism,"—a formulated statement of which latter phase of this gigantic fabrication is contained in Mr. Sinnett's publications, and which is lyingly palmed off upon the world as the production of certain mythical mahatmas, falsely alleged as dwelling in the Himalaya Mountains. It has been satisfac-

torily proven that these mahatmas or adepts exist but in Madame Blavatsky's vivid imagination, and that the communications purporting to come from them are written by Blavatsky herself and her Hindu confederate.

As illustrative of the ever-changing character of Blavatsky's systems of philosophy, the positive and radical contradiction, in many essential particulars, between the teachings in her "Isis Unveiled" and the tenets of "Esoteric Buddhism," her latest fabrication, are worthy of note. It is impossible to reconcile the two; if one is true, the other is a falsehood; the fact is, both are destitute alike of truth or good sense, both being manufactured by Madame Blavatsky. The discrepancies between the two have been found so great, that for some years the Madame has been writing a new edition of "Isis Unveiled," to be called "The Secret Doctrine," in which the contradictions referred to will be expunged, and the entire work made to harmonize with her latter-day theories.

The so-called "Esoteric Buddhism" is a mongrel mixture of Brahmanism, Buddhism, Christianity, Rosicrucianism, Kabbalism, European mediæval magic, the hermetic philosophy, Kardecian re-incarnation, astrology, modern Spiritualism, and Eliphas Levi's Parisian system of magic, with a little morsel of modern science and philosophy thrown in to give it a slight coloring in conformity to 19th-century modes of thought. And this hotch-potch of rubbish fabricated by Madame Blavatsky, the product of the mind of one old woman, has been and is being accepted by a number of other old women of both sexes, some of them being those who were formerly Spiritualists.

It is pitiable that otherwise worthy people allow themselves to be led away by any novel or strange theory that presents itself. No matter how preposterous a system of thought may be, how opposed to the plainest inculcations of common sense, followers and advocates will flock to its embrace; and certainly, when taken in its entirety, it would be exceedingly difficult to find in the civilized world to-day a so-called philosophical system, or a system of thought of any kind, more absurd and irrational or more opposed to the trend of modern thought than the theosophy of Blavatsky, Sinnett, & Co. The doctrines concerning elemental and elementary spirits, the crude unscientific speculations of the mystagogues of ancient, mediæval, and modern times, of Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, Eliphas Levi, Allan Kardec, and Madame Blavatsky, are called the "Wisdom of God!" Is this not blasphemy, if such a thing as blasphemy there be,—blasphemy most ludicrous in its littleness and triviality. The assumption that the deliberately-fabricated balderdash of such a woman as Madame Blavatsky,—a woman addicted to tobacco-smoking and

to the use of alcoholic beverages in intoxicating quantities, and whose conversation, plentifully interlarded with sonorous oaths and slang, in French, Russian and English, is remindful of the *demi-monde* rather than of the inspired instrument of Divine Revelation,—the assumption that the fabrications of such a brain as this constitute and embody the Wisdom of God himself, would be only a fitting subject for laughter and derision, were it not that a more serious side is presented in the matter.

From the inception of the theosophic movement it has found favor with a portion of those calling themselves Spiritualists; and of late, owing to the prevalent abuses of what has been called "machine mediumship," to the frauds and follies so conspicuous in much that passes for Spiritualism, to the extremes of ultra phenomenals in the Spiritualist ranks, and to other imperfections and abuses in the distinctively Spiritualist movement, many good Spiritualists have become disgusted with the Spiritualism of the day, and have taken up with some form of theosophy as a substitute. Now it is very natural that dissatisfaction and disgust should arise with much that calls itself Spiritualism at this time, and I do not blame any one for thus feeling. I am myself as much disgusted with these aspects of Spiritualism as any incipient or full-fledged theosophist can be. But I do blame these dissatisfied Spiritualists for forsaking the partially-disabled ship of Spiritualism for the piratical craft of theosophy. To avoid Scylla they have plunged into Charybdis,—a Charybdis, in this instance, a thousand-fold worse than the Scylla. Instead of valiantly sticking to the gallant old vessel, and helping the true hearts and strong hands still found in portions of its crew and passengers to repair its damages and land it safely in port, these deserters have elected to sail under the black flag of theosophy,—that theosophy which has been and is exerting its utmost, with its piratical bombardment, to seriously disable and sink the good old ship of Rational Spiritualism. For it is a truth, that theosophy to-day is one of the worst enemies of Spiritualism, and can only hope to survive as an organized movement of any moment through the death of Modern Spiritualism. From the beginning of its action, some dozen years ago, to the present time, its leaders and representative workers have bitterly assailed and ridiculed Spiritualism and its fundamental principles. Mediumship is constantly denounced as degrading and demoniacal, and all are warned against allowing themselves to be used in any manner as instruments for spiritual communication. Mediumship is classed with black magic, and it is denied that good and elevated spirits can communicate with earth. Spiritual manifestations are the work of elemental and elementary spirits, of non-human spirits and of undeveloped, non-

immortal human spirits,—fragments of humanity, wandering “shells,” destined to annihilation, human spirits who have lost their higher soul-principles and such-like mythical beings,—none of whom really have an objective existence, they being one and all the fabrication of Madame Blavatsky’s brain, teeming as it is with fanciful conceits and *bizarre* speculations. And yet Spiritualists forsake their rational common-sense philosophy to embrace with fervor such rubbish as this, and lend their aid to a system of thought which is the bitterest foe of rational spiritual truth. To avoid affiliation with the mountebanks and *gobemouches*, they prostrate themselves at the feet of the high-priestess of Humbug, and humbly accept as the Wisdom of God the nonsense that Madame Blavatsky has given to the world under the name of theosophy.

What can these recalcitrant Spiritualists hope to gain from theosophy that cannot be found in Spiritualism? There is not a single truth in theosophy that is not in Spiritualism, and that was not stolen from Spiritualism to season theosophy with a little rational truth. Madame Blavatsky was a kind of Spiritualist before she determined to be the founder of a new *culte*, and the few grains of truth in theosophy were stolen by her from the Spiritualism which she denounces and ridicules. Theosophy prates loudly of soul-culture, of development of man’s higher nature, and of culture of the latent psychic powers inherent in man. All this has formed a component part of the Spiritual Philosophy from its inception in the world, with this distinction: The soul-culture of Spiritualism is rational, healthful, scientific, in its character, adapted to man’s needs and to his highest uses, while that of theosophy is largely impracticable, fanatical, nonsensical, leading the mind into wild extravagances, calculated to injure rather than benefit those indulging in this fantastic kind of “culture.” Theosophy prompts its devotees to the development and exercise of the occult psychic powers of the human being; so does Spiritualism, and in a more rational and sensible manner.

Be it understood that in here speaking of Spiritualism I am referring to the Spiritual philosophy in its higher phases, not to the phenomenology, divorced from rational philosophy, which is masking in the robes of Spiritualism to-day. The psychic culture of the theosophist consists in attempts to reach an impossible adeptship, to become master of the forces of nature and of the elemental spirits, so that various kinds of occult phenomena, in seeming variance with the laws of nature, may be performed, including the projection of the astral body into any locality desired, no matter how distant from the material body. Now, all the alleged phenomena of so-called adeptship have been known in Spiritualism for

many years. Madame Blavatsky stole them from Spiritualism, made a few modifications in them, and rechristened them occultism, theosophy, magic, only capable of accomplishment by the theosophic adept.

Who and where are these adepts? There is not a scrap of trustworthy evidence that any living theosophist ever saw an adept, ever saw a person in India or Tibet perform any of the marvelous feats ascribed to them, except in a few cases of well-established fraud and jugglery. These mythical adepts are conveniently located in an inaccessible region, amid the snows of the Himalaya Mountains; and in the few cases where it has been claimed that one of this mysterious brotherhood has been seen for a few moments, no evidence has been presented that the parties thus seen were in reality adepts, but instead we have conclusive evidence that they were confederates of the Blavatsky personating the adepts. I repeat, where are the adepts? There is no proof whatever that there ever was one in existence, but plenty of evidence that they are mythical concoctions of Blavatsky’s brain. It is a significant fact, that since the exposure of the imposture of Blavatsky in India, wherein it was proven that the pretended feats performed by the spurious adepts were all juggling tricks, and that the letters purporting to be written by them were the work of Blavatsky and Damodar, we have heard nothing more of the mahatmas, Koot Hoomi and Co., and the feats of magic erstwhile so plentiful in India have ceased. I repeat again, where now are the adepts? Are they dead? Did the Blavatsky exposé kill them? Since then, and since Blavatsky left India, they are as silent as the grave. In India now we hear nothing any more of the occult feats indicating the potent exercise of the psychic faculties of man while still in the body, with which we were wont to be periodically regaled; and which have since been proven to be frauds of as flagrant a character as the bogus materializations, etc., of American Spiritualism. I have been a careful student of theosophy in all its ramifications since it was first promulgated in America by Blavatsky, and have read the evidence relative to the alleged wonderful psychic facts, occultic and magical phenomena, said to have occurred in presence of Blavatsky, and by and through the adepts; and I unhesitatingly affirm that there is no reliable evidence of a solitary genuine occultic phenomenon having ever occurred in the entire history of theosophy. There is substantial evidence that everything of this character that has really taken place was due to fraud and jugglery. At one time I thought that there might be something genuine in some of the alleged phenomena, but a scientific examination thereof has shown that I was mistaken, and that it has invariably been fraud.

Even the alleged cases of projection of the so-called astral body, a phenomenon well known in Spiritualism as “the double,” were shown to be mythical,—exhibitions of trickery and falsehood.

Theosophy has been one continuous fraud from beginning to end. Note the contrast between the phenomena of theosophy and those of Spiritualism. The former are exclusively and entirely fraudulent; the latter are largely genuine manifestations of psychic powers, supplemented by an extensive addition of spurious phenomena. The one is all fraud, the other is partly genuine and partly fraudulent. Those Spiritualists who have left Spiritualism in disgust with the frauds and follies of many of its alleged adherents, and have betaken themselves to the embrace of the Blavatsky *culte*, in order to obtain a higher spiritual culture, have linked their fortunes with a much worse aggregation of knavery, imposture, nonsense and folly than is found in Spiritualism. In the latter there is, it is true, much fraudulence and folly, much rubbish and bosh; but there is in addition much that is true and healthful, sound and wholesome. Moreover, its philosophy in general, even that accompanying the fraudulent phenomena, has a large proportion of rational truth in it. On the other hand, in theosophy, the whole of its phenomena is fraudulent, and nearly the whole of its philosophy is as false and pernicious as are its alleged phenomena; the only truths contained in its philosophy being those stolen by Blavatsky from the spiritual philosophy.

What folly, then, for Spiritualists to connect themselves with such an iniquitous system of thought and fancy as theosophy. In every way it is inferior to Spiritualism with all the defects of the latter. No possible good can accrue to any one from connection therewith, but, rather, harm must inevitably ensue. I urge, then, all Spiritualists, who may have been seduced into the folds of this wily demon, to at once sever the bonds connecting them therewith. Be free men and woman once more; rid yourselves of the chains fettering your minds and understandings; emerge from the darkness of theosophic mysticism, false and delusive, into the full sunlight of God’s eternal truth. Have done once and forever with the jargon of elementals, elementaries, the seven principles of man, Kama-loka, Devachan, shells, astral bodies, adeptship, Esoteric Buddhism, black and white magic, and all the other tomfoolery conjured up by Madame Blavatsky to deceive and mystify the unwary and the mystically inclined. The world needs none of this fanfaronade of pretended mystical truth, and the sooner the whole of it is buried deep in the waters of eternal oblivion, the better for all humanity.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Growth of Spiritualism.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

American Spiritualism is the beginning of a new dispensation. It brings the spirit world nearer, and makes its presence felt and heard. It is no longer a vague, intangible fancy, but the reality of all our hopes and dreams. It has, in the place of an uncertain ferry, thrown a bridge across the river of death, over whose swaying arch the hosts of heaven, the great multitude of earth's departed, our relatives and friends return; and the ocean of eternity it has fathomed with a cable, through whose strands the messages of wisdom and of love, which laugh at the victory of the grave, are freely sent.

This Spiritualism is American. It was born on American soil, and has the tendencies of the American mind. The great religion, Jewish, directly related to us, is of Semitic origin, and it has been said that the Semitic race was ordained for the express purpose of giving true religious system to the world. So religion, however grand, and colored with the heat of the Orient, is foreign to us. It is of external growth, while Spiritualism is of internal development, and partakes of the cool, philosophical spirit of the west.

We have taught the world a lesson in government; it is ours to send back to Palestine a superior religion. Is it a graft on Christianity as Christianity was on Judaism? So far as the new always must be on the old, and no more. It is a perfectly Democratic religion, presenting a just view of man's duty, destiny and immortal relations; drawing its evidences from the physical world, and responded to by the highest intuitions of the soul.

You can find no passage in history advocating the divinity of man, and the right of each and every one to perfect that divinity until it becomes a law unto itself. Spiritualists were the first to place this fire on their altar, and thus, after two thousand years of waiting, carried into practice the conception of man's innate divinity, shadowed forth in Christ as the Divine Child. The Divine Child was an expression of the fact that all children are divine; that man as heir of immortal life is as a god, an incarnate god, but it has taken twenty centuries for mankind to grow to an understanding of this grandest of all truths, and to hope for its realization in this earthly life.

In contrast with this slow growth is the extension of the new Spiritualism. Forty years! From a tiny rap in an old house in an obscure hamlet, it has multiplied and increased until it has extended to the furthest islands of the seas, and the southern cross as well as the constellations of the north look

down on the host who accept the new doctrine of life, here and hereafter.

It has made more converts in little more than a single generation, and within the lives of many of its believers, than Christianity did in the first five centuries. It has made a greater mark in the religious and intellectual development of the age than all other forces combined.

And this it has accomplished without leadership. No one has stood at the head of the movement to direct or to proselyte. Its teachings on the contrary denounce leadership, hero worship, and demand of all to become leaders unto themselves. And those who, by pen or tongue, essay to instruct, expect and receive severe and honestly spoken criticism, for the difference between the laity and their instructors is not that of the old system, which wrapped the pulpit with a sacred mantle and made it an interpreter of the divine word. This doctrine necessitates the constant warfare of thought. It is no belief for the lazy, slothful or indolent. You must think—think without ceasing—for there are new fields opening, broadening, extending away to remote horizons; and of the old—well, of the old you are never sure that you have quite grasped the key which unlocks its mysterious corridors.

Do not then wonder, when recruits go over to the other side; when they grow weary with thinking and uncertainty and return to the old and receive from its hands the leathern cap which benumbs thought, and with the assurance of an infallible creed, and, "it is God's will," silences doubt and allays fear. What calm comfort for the struggling mind to fall into the arms of a faith which explains everything by the mystery of the Godhead, and to be rocked to sleep to the lullaby of crooning ignorance! No leader, no pope, no final appeal; everyone working out his own salvation! Everyone his own high priest, and if he has sins he must confess them to himself. It is of such material, of men and women who have come up from the Gethsemane, when they left the old, binding fetters of belief, with many doubting heartaches and tears, and, with fear and trembling, accepted the new freedom of belief, that the earlier ranks of Spiritualism was composed.

Every good act is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good that he does in this world to his fellow-men.—MAHOMET.

"There, how do you like that?" asked Miss Crochet, after finishing one of her best pieces on the piano.

"Oh, don't ask me," replied her Uncle John. "I thought I knew something about music; but I find I can't tell one tune from another."—*Boston Transcript*.

Selected Articles.

A Neighborly Talk.

"Why! surely you cannot think that?" exclaimed Aunt Faith to our neighbor, Mrs. Carter, who had run over for a few minutes' chat. She was a bright, cheery body, with good views on some subjects, but given to accepting popular ideas without taking the trouble to think for herself whether they were correct. "I know the change is greater when a woman falls into sin, but that she sinks to a lower depth cannot be true."

"But don't you think," inquired Mrs. Carter, "that it looks worse to see a woman intoxicated?"

"Most assuredly I do," answered Aunt Faith, as she applied the finishing touches to the hood for her little niece, which her nimble fingers were crocheting; "just as I should think this delicate white hood would be more completely spoiled by splashes of mud than a colored one, but mud would be no more mud, nor would it be blacker on this, than on the other one."

Mrs. Carter sat silent, evidently revolving a new thought, for she had so long accepted the time worn theory that a bad woman is the lowest of created beings, that to look at the subject in the light of the same sound sense she would apply to other subjects confused her.

"The only reason," continued Aunt Faith, "that it looks worse is because it is less common; custom sanctions all things."

"But," inquired Mr. Carter, "do you believe a wicked woman can reform, as we know bad men so often do?"

"Certainly, why not?" answered Aunt Faith, "what is there in the feminine nature to prevent reform any more than in the masculine?"

"Oh, I don't know; but don't you remember only last Sunday our minister said that a vile woman was the lowest object in creation?"

"Yes, I know," returned Aunt Faith, "I heard him say it, but that does not alter my opinion, nor place her beyond the pale of repentance. Christ died for her the same as for her companion in sin. But woman until lately has never been helped to rise from her degradation as man has. No helping hand has been held out to her. No word of encouragement given; instead, the cold shoulder, the look of disdain, the passing by on the other side. How many men, think you, would have reformed under such treatment? Don't you remember the gratitude of Gough to Joel Stratton for the helping hand so kindly extended? Had it been withheld what would his after life have

been? Just as likely as not it would have been a continuation of his evil course."

"Well," answered Mrs. Carter, "I never thought much about it before, but I believe it is so, for you remember how the minister and all our church took Tom Jones by the hand and vied with each other in making him welcome, finding him employment, and upholding him generally; and Tom himself says he could never have stood firm and become the staunch business man he is, had it not been for the help such sympathy gave him."

"Yes," returned Aunt Faith, "but a woman might have looked in vain for such sympathy or friendliness; but a new public sentiment is being evolved from the Christian mother-heart which will revolutionize a good many ideas the world has considered settled. And then, too, an immoral woman is not so bad as an immoral man, because she does not play the hypocrite, nor assume a virtue she does not possess. If she lures others into sin she does it in her own undisguised character, and not as a wolf in sheep's clothing, nor by assuming the garb of an angel of light to serve the devil in; she does not employ his Satanic majesty's arts to first engage the affections of her victim. Yet these things bad men will do, and have done since time began in innumerable instances the world over. And I think," she continued, warming with her subject, yet with a quiet air of dignified decision characteristic of all her movements, "that any woman who can listen in silence, and so seemingly acquiesce in so untruthful a saying as that an immoral woman is worse than an immoral man, stultifies her conscience and outrages her own better nature."

"But," interposed Mrs. Carter, "would it not create dissension in some families? Some men, you know, cling to an opinion once expressed, no matter what weight of evidence proves them wrong."

"Undoubtedly it would create dissension, for just that reason, but woman has a duty she owes to herself and to God, and peace for the sake of peace, when wrong is done, is a dear price to pay for it. Do you remember the saying of John Stuart Mill that 'There are some things worse than war; that low state of moral feeling which counts nothing worth a war is worse.' Besides, are we not commanded to be 'first pure, then peaceable'? A saying that is utterly and totally false cannot be pure. Persons who would not refute a slander, or resent a wrong against one of their own family, would be looked down upon in any community, and are not these poor women our sisters, however low they may have fallen? So I say 'Let the truth prevail though the heavens fall,'" said Aunt Faith, adjusting the completed hood over the sunny curls of her niece.

"Well," answered Mrs. Carter, as she

arose to go, "I believe you are right. I wish that every woman that thinks as you do had the courage of her convictions."

"Patience, dear friend, you must remember that the world has demanded self-repression and self-sacrifice of women for more than four thousand years, has dinned into her ears duty to others, with never a word of duty to womanhood, and she has only just awakened to the fact that that duty is paramount to all others, for it includes work for all humanity. May God hasten the awakening of every woman to this fact, is my prayer."

"Amen to that," answered Mrs. Carter.
—Dora Dean in the *Woman's Tribune*.

A Heavenly Visitor.

BY WILLIAM CODVILLE, D. D.

Has the age of visions passed away, and if so, why? Is it because the Lord wills it thus, or is it because of the materiality of our times? What does the prophet Joel mean when, in referring to the outpouring of the Lord's spirit in this our day, he declares, "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions?"

Without stopping to discuss these important questions, let me introduce the following incident, the particulars of which are thoroughly true:

Several years ago, the pastor of a prominent church in the city of Philadelphia became much depressed, owing to a want of success in his work. During the former years of his pastorate, large accessions were of common occurrence; but, through no fault of his own that he could discover, this delightful state of prosperity had given place to one of spiritual apathy, in which few were led to inquire the way of life. We will quote his own words:

"Where the secret of failure was, and how an improvement could be effected, were questions ever uppermost in my mind. These haunted my anxious and bewildered spirit night and day, depriving me of all comfort, rest and strength.

"One night I retired, as usual, amid tears and sighings, bitterly lamenting, in my accustomed phraseology, 'Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of Jehovah revealed?' when, without any premonition, I was suddenly startled by the dazzling form of a beautiful young lady appearing before me. For some moments we gazed in silence at each other, and, my fears now leaving me, I could mark with correctness her appearance. She was clad in a robe of the purest white studded with beautiful diamonds and jewels, each emitting its own peculiar color and brightness. Over her snow-white shoulders, in the most

graceful manner and in rich profusion hung her curls of gold; while upon her head was worn a light crown having the appearance of a sun-like circle. Her features were all radiant with brightness such as to illuminate the room; and as she looked upon me, her smile seemed that of heaven and love. She was the first to speak, and with an air of modesty and sweetness she thus began:

"My dear brother, yours is indeed an experience of disquietude and grief, and for this reason I am come to lighten your load and to disperse your gloom. Your sorrow is well known above. We all feel deeply for you; though we well understand how much, very much, of your mental suffering is self-inflicted and unnecessary. Do you act wisely," she continued, "in judging the secret and omnipotent operations of the Lord's spirit by the apparent success of your labors, thus forgetting that, while much that is seen is but superficial, much that is not seen by mortal eyes is Heaven's richest gain?"

"Here I felt the force of the rebuke, and was about to acknowledge my mistake and express my regret, when she continued, 'In proof of this, and at the request of the Lord, I now stand before you. Do you not see my form and beauty? Look well at me; do you not see this robe of white, this crown of brightness, these golden curls, these jewels—all this glory? This, my brother, is your work! I am one of your converts, yet wholly unknown to you, having been secretly brought to Christ and Heaven through your labors. Beloved, look upon the work of your own hands. Have you any cause for discouragement though you have saved but one such soul during all your ministry? and yet many such as I will greet you when you arrive at home.'

"After pausing a moment, she continued, 'I have but another word to say. You are praying for greater success in soul saving. Then witness more for the Lord; aim to be yourself a more perfect embodiment of the truths you preach. Many, many preach, but alas! too few can witness for the Lord, and yet herein lies the secret of your successful preaching.' With a sweet smile upon her lovely face, my heavenly visitor bowed her graceful form before me, and with a kind *au revoir*, vanished from my sight. I arose to ponder over my vision, and, being filled with heavenly delight, I wept as I sang the praises of my loving Lord. I there and then reconsecrated myself more fully to Him, and a tender glow of ineffable sweetness assured me that my offering was accepted. The influence of that happy night has never left me; and when the deep shades of gloom ever anon beset my pathway, they are always dispersed by the sweet smiles of my heavenly visitor."

Bread Making.

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, professor of Domestic Science at Purdue University, gives the following recipe for making bread:

"To each quart of lukewarm wetting, add an ounce cake of Fleischmann's compressed yeast, dissolved in a portion of the same, and a teaspoonful of salt, then stir in flour with a wooden spoon until a dough is formed sufficiently stiff to be readily lifted from the bowl in a mass. Put this dough on the molding board and work ten or fifteen minutes, adding flour as desired until it ceases to stick to the fingers or the molding board, then put it in a warm earthen bowl, well greased, cover with a bread towel and blanket, and set to rise till light, which, if kept at a temperature of seventy-five degrees, will be in about three hours. As soon as sufficiently light, form into loaves or rolls, put into greased pan, cover as before, and again set to rise for an hour, at the same temperature, and then bake. The surface of the dough should be lightly brushed with melted butter before it is set to rise, to keep it from becoming dry and hard, and the oven should be at the proper temperature—from 350 to 400 degrees—when the loaves are put in it, and should be kept so during the entire period of baking. If this recipe is followed, and the yeast and flour are of good quality, it will invariably produce sweet, delicious bread and rolls.

To the numerous dabblers in dough who persistently ply me with all sorts of absurd questions about using potatoes, lard, butter, sugar, and a dozen other things, in bread, I merely reply, I have given you the best method I am acquainted with for making the very best quality of bread.—*Emma P. Ewing in the Woman's Tribune.*

A Dream Realized—Forewarned Forearmed.

A few years ago a man named Bronson, who was an agent for a big seed house, was traveling through Tennessee making collections for his house. He had to visit many towns off the railroads, and in such cases, he secured a horse and buggy or rode horseback. One night, according to the *Mobile Register*, after he had finished his business in Chattanooga, he made ready for a horseback ride of fifteen or twenty miles the next day. Upon retiring to his room for the night he sat down to smoke a cigar.

He was neither overtired nor sleepy, but, after smoking a few minutes, he had what he termed, a vision. He was riding over the country on horseback, when, at the junction of two roads he was joined by a stranger. He saw this man as plainly as one man can see another in broad daylight, noting the color of his hair and eyes and taking particular notice of the fact that the horse, which was gray in color, had a "y"

branded on his left shoulder. The two rode along together for a mile or more, and then came to a spot where a tree had blown down and fallen across the narrow highway. They turned into the woods to pass the spot, he in advance, when he saw the stranger pull a pistol and fire at his back. He felt the bullet tear into him, reeled and fell from his horse, and was conscious when the assassin robbed him and drew his body further into the woods. He seemed to see all this, and yet, at the same time, knew that he was dead. His corpse was rolled into a hollow and covered with brush, and then the murderer went away and left him alone.

In making an effort to throw off the brush, the dead man came to life; that is, the agent threw off the spell and awoke himself. His cigar had gone out, and, as near as he could calculate, he had been unconscious, as you might call it, for about fifteen minutes. He was deeply agitated, and it was some time before he could convince himself that he had not suffered any injury. By-and-by he went to bed and slept soundly, and next morning the remembrance of what had happened in his vision had almost faded from his mind.

Luckily for Bronson, he made some inquiries at the livery stable as he went for his horse, and he was told that it was a lonely road, and that he would be prudent to go armed. But for this, he would have left his revolver in his trunk at the hotel. He set out on his journey in good spirits, and found the road so romantic and met horsemen going to town so often, that he reached the junction of the roads without having given a serious thought to his vision.

Then every circumstance was recalled in the most vivid manner. He was joined there by a stranger on a gray horse, and man and beast tallied exactly with those in the vision. The man did not, however, have the look or bearing of an evil minded person. On the contrary, he seemed to be in a jolly mood, and he saluted Bronson as frankly as an honest stranger would have done. He had no weapons in sight, and he soon explained that he was going to the village to which Bronson was bound, on business connected with the law.

The agent could not help but feel astonished and startled at the curious coincidence, but the stranger was so talkative and friendly that there was no possible excuse to suspect him. Indeed, as if to prove to his companion that he meditated no evil, he kept a little in advance for the next half hour. Bronson's distrust had entirely vanished, when a turn in the road brought an obstruction to view. There was a fallen tree across the highway! This proof that every point and circumstance in the vision was being unrolled before his eyes, gave the agent a great shock. He was behind the stranger, and he pulled his

revolver and dropped his hand beside the horse to conceal it.

"Well, well!" said the man, as he pulled up his horse. "The tree must have toppled over this morning. We'll have to pass around it to the right."

Bronson was on the right. The woods were clear of underbrush, and naturally enough, he should have been the first to leave the road, but he waited.

"Go ahead, friend," said the stranger, and as if the words had been addressed to the horse, the animal which the agent bestrode started up.

Bronson was scarcely out of the road before he turned in his saddle. The stranger had a pistol in his right hand. What followed could not be clearly related. Bronson slid from the saddle as a bullet whizzed past him, and a second later returned the fire. Three or four shots were rapidly exchanged, and then the would-be-murderer, uttering a yell to show that he had been hit, wheeled his horse to gallop off. He had not gone ten rods when the beast fell under him, and he kicked his feet from the stirrups and sprang into the woods and was out of sight in a moment. The horse had received a bullet in the throat and was dead in a few minutes.

As a matter of course, Bronson put the case in the hands of the proper officials, but the horse could neither be identified nor the man overhauled. It was agreed that he was an entire stranger in that locality, and that while he did not know Bronson nor the business he was engaged in, he was ready to commit a cold-blooded murder and take his chances of finding a fat wallet to repay him.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Among the cargo of the steamer *Belgic*, which arrived in this city last week, were thirty-seven women and girls, "valued at \$54,000." From the quotations we should judge there was a brisk demand for this product of the Celestial Empire, as they compare favorably with prices paid for a similar commodity south of the Mason & Dixon line in ante-bellum days. It transpires that there is an extensive traffic in human flesh being carried on here in San Francisco, and that the Federal Courts are unwittingly instrumental in aiding and abetting the infamy. We had thought that the Fourteenth Amendment had forever banished slavery from American soil, but right here in San Francisco we are brought face to face with a species of slavery so much more revolting than the African kind that decency blushes to draw the comparison. The importation of purchased women for purposes of prostitution is the blackest blot on the fair fame of this city that heathen depravity can disgrace it with. By all means let this infamous business be squelched forthwith and forever.—*Pacific States Illustrated Weekly.*

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SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editor

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

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual Workers of the Pacific Coast and elsewhere, and Spirit Pictures by our Artist Mediums. Also, Lectures, Essays, Poems, Spirit Messages, Editorial and Miscellaneous Items. All articles not credited to other sources are written especially for the CARRIER DOVE.

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THE CARRIER DOVE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FEB. 4, 1888.

John Slater.

So long as men doubt the immortality of the soul, so long will the phenomena of Spiritualism be a necessity. But the class of phenomena that will be most valuable in such case will be that which presents the evidence of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and the ability of those there living to return to this life and demonstrate that their personal identity continues. The demonstration of our individual, conscious, personal immortality is virtually the *ratio justifica* of our public mediumship. This journal has no prejudice against phenomena,—far from it. Without phenomena, Spiritualism would soon cease to be. All Spiritualists took their first lessons from the phenomena, and the object in view was to obtain proof of the immortality and continuous identity of departed friends.

At this time there is in the City of San

Francisco a medium for public tests of spirit return and identity, who, in many ways, has but few equals and no superiors. The editor of the DOVE attended his opening meeting on Sunday last, carefully noting all that transpired thereat. The resulting opinion was that the clairvoyance and clairaudience of John Slater are matters beyond dispute to the most critical observer. Personal descriptions of the spirits present, their peculiar idiosyncrasies during life, with names and dates sufficient to establish the identity of the unseen communicants, were presented in such profusion as at once forbade any supposition of their having been previously prepared; while, in addition, the various parties in the audience for whom the tests were intended were invariably indicated by the medium without other suggestion than that derived from the spirits assisting him. And still more, if further support to his claims be needed, the medium, in a great many cases, probably one-half, informed the recipients of the communications upon various matters they had done, thought, or said, during the day, prior to coming to the hall, and referred, in detail, to articles in their private apartments, naming their positions and contents.

That an audience containing friends and sceptics of our cause can be thus put into possession of such palpable evidences of spirit return, free from all claptrap pretentiousness either in the announcements convening the meeting, or in the claims preferred by the medium conducting it, is abundant proof that platform test mediumship can be presented under circumstances other than those which were commented upon in our last issue. The contrast is so conspicuous that it need not be further enforced.

The DOVE would have been gratified if it had been possible for one of our organized societies in this city to have retained Mr. Slater's services, as we understand he was quite willing such an arrangement should be made. This failing, Mr. Slater undertakes an independent movement upon his own responsibility, much to our regret, as we earnestly desire to see our organized societies strengthened by such workers being secured, when their integrity is above reproach. Our forces should not be divided by independent efforts, no matter how worthy they may be. But knowing of Mr. Slater's willingness in the above direc-

tion, and that circumstances alone compelled him to his present course, we can, and do, without any stultification, commend him to our readers and accord him the support of our pages. Every fact he, or others of our media, presents is a nail driven into the coffin lid of human doubt. Let us drive in the nails until, the last one sent home, we can finally inter the dead fears that still linger in the community at large.

Spiritual Meetings in San Francisco.

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

On Sunday morning last an excellent audience assembled in Metropolitan Temple to participate in the usual meeting devoted by Mr. Morse's controls to the answering of questions submitted by the audience. On the occasion in question the control prefaced his usual labors by a brief, but exceedingly apposite and eloquent reference to the life and labors of Thomas Paine, the day being the one hundred and fifty-first anniversary of his birth. The remarks made were warmly applauded and by their just discrimination won the commendation of every respector of justice and toleration.

In the evening a memorial service in honor of Dr. Francis H. Terrill was held, a very large audience being present as usual, among whom were many personal friends of the ascended gentleman, including his brother, Mr. George Terrill. The Doctor was one of the Board of Trustees of the Temple meetings, as well as a member and liberal supporter of the Society. The chair he formerly occupied was tastefully decorated with flowers, the seat being cut off from its fellows by bands of white satin ribbon. After congregational singing the following resolutions adopted by the Board of Trustees were read by Mr. J. J. Morse, amidst an appreciative and impressive silence:

Whereas, in the departure from our midst of our friend and brother, Dr. Francis H. Terrill, the society is deprived of the personal presence of a faithful member, an efficient officer of our Board, and a generous supporter of our work, and

Whereas, our arisen brother was alike as a man, a physician, an honor to society and an ornament to his profession, and

Whereas, he lived and passed away a firm and consistent Spiritualist, and

Whereas, he desired that the interment of his mortal remains should be accompanied by services suitable

to his convictions, and under the direction of this society, be it hereby

Resolved, that this memorial service, arranged by the trustees of this, the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, be the united and public expression of the respect, esteem and affection entertained for our ascended brother by the officers and members of this society. Also that we tender our respectful sympathies to Mrs. Terrill and to his brother Mr. George Terrill, and also be it

Resolved, that the before rehearsed preamble and resolution be recorded upon the authorized records of this society as embodying our testimony and esteem towards Dr. Francis H. Terrill as a man, a physician, and a brother Spiritualist.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Sunday, January 29th, 1888.

The spirit control of Mr. J. J. Morse then delivered the oration of the evening which was a deeply spiritual, eloquent and masterly effort, eulogistic of the many virtues of the departed one as a man, a physician, and a Spiritualist. The beautiful philosophy of life, death and immortality, as expressed in the higher teachings of Modern Spiritualism were also ably and eloquently presented.

The musical exercises were, as usual, under the direction of Signor Santiago Arrillaga, and they included a solo, "Nearer My God to Thee," Holden, by Miss E. Beresford Joy, also a solo. "Sleep Well," Abt, by Mr. W. H. Keith, closing with the beautiful overture to Rossini's "Semiramide," played in masterly style on the grand organ by Signor Arrillaga. It was one of the most impressive services held for many years by the Spiritualists of this city.

Meetings on Sunday next as usual. Evening lecture at 7:30, subject, "Religious Infidelity." Admission free. All are invited. Questions and answers at 11 A. M.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The regular meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists on Sunday, Jan. 29th, was opened by Mrs. Sarah A. Harris. The subject announced by the Chairman was one suited to the day which was being celebrated by the liberal minds of America—the one hundred and fifty-first anniversary of the birthday of Thos. Paine,—“The Benefits of Free Thought to Spiritualism.”

Mrs. Harris stated that she was not aware of the nature of the subject to be discussed until a few moments previous, and had chosen for the subject of her remarks “The Origin of Thought.” She was followed by several other speakers, among whom was Judge Collins, who made an

eloquent and stirring address. Mrs. Rutter sang “The Messenger Bird,” and Mrs. Eggert Aitken gave excellent platform tests, all of which were recognized.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The Union Spiritual Society held a conference and test meeting on Wednesday evening, Jan 26th. A large audience assembled, expecting to listen to Dr. C. C. Peet, but were disappointed, as the Doctor's health has not been the best since his return. Among the mediums present were Mrs. Ladd Finnican, Mrs. J. Hoffman, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Spaulding of Worcester, Mass. Music by Mrs. Eugenia Clark.

SCOTTISH HALL.

On Sunday last the eminent test medium, John Slater, made his reappearance before a San Francisco audience at the above-named hall, holding two seances therein, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening.

At the afternoon meeting a good audience was present and the proceedings were of the most intensely interesting nature. Mr. Slater was introduced to the audience by Mr. J. J. Morse, who spoke substantially as follows:

“Ladies and gentlemen, it affords me great pleasure to stand here this afternoon, for I am a firm believer in the necessity of that spiritual phenomena which indubitably demonstrates the existence and return of departed spirits. Our cause is made up of two parts, the phenomena and the philosophy. Take out the phenomena and our philosophy is reduced to a mass of more or less beautiful and interesting speculations; but being devoid of solid foundations they remain speculations only, largely devoid of practical value. While our philosophy, when resting upon the demonstration of spirit return, which is the sheet anchor of our ship, possesses a value no one can fully estimate, Spiritualism, without spirit communion or spirit return, would be a delusion and a failure. Among all those engaged in demonstrating upon the public platform the truth of spirit return, that I have met during my extended travels in the United States, I know none that for directness, clearness, and ability excel in this direction my friend and brother here to-day. I have, then, in a spirit of frater-

nal good-will, and as a proof of the fact that there is a common desire between us to do our best for the cause in our separate departments, the utmost pleasure in presenting our friend and my co-worker, John Slater, to you this afternoon.”

Mr. Slater then devoted an hour to the giving of tests in his inimitable manner, being successful in every case. He goes among his audience, picks out the persons for whom the communications are intended, and in nearly all cases supplements the actual communication with private details and incidents that transpired in the privacy of the home life of the party concerned. He does not impose silence upon his auditors, nor merely present a string of names for recognition. At night the hall was packed with a deeply interested audience, the tests being pronounced wonderful. Mr. Slater announced that his meetings for next Sunday would be held at Assembly Hall, New Odd Fellows' Building, cor. Seventh and Market streets, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and 8 o'clock in the evening.

J. J. Morse's Spiritual Inquiry Classes.

Mr. Morse's fifth class of spiritual inquiry will commence on the evening of Wednesday, February 15th. The class will assemble at the DOVE office as heretofore. We have attended all Mr. Morse's classes in this city, and therefore can knowingly recommend them to our readers as a means of obtaining valuable information and instruction. Mr. Morse is entranced by his chief control, who delivers the lectures and replies to the questions. As this control is a long time resident of the higher life, those who attend can be sure of receiving sound advice couched in clear and understandable language. As the accommodation is limited to sixty persons, early application is requested, is, in fact, imperative.

The course is divided into nine sessions, the dates and topics of which are stated below. Vocal and instrumental music will be provided at each session throughout the course.

DATES AND SUBJECTS.

Wednesday evening, Feb. 15th.—“Telepathy, Thought-Transference and Hypnotism.”

Wednesday evening, Feb. 22d.—“The Dynamics of Man's Subjective Life.”

Wednesday evening, Feb. 29th.—“The Material Use of Spiritual Powers for Human Good.”

Wednesday evening, March 7th.—“The Homo-Socio Unit, or the Sexes in Relation and Unity.”

Wednesday evening, March 14th.—“The Dynamics of Disease.”

Wednesday evening, March 21st.—“The Science of Practical Metaphysics.”

Wednesday evening, March 28th.—“Racial and Individual Progress, as Viewed from Three Standpoints.”

Wednesday evening, April 4th.—“Our Brethren of Evil, Religiously, Materially and Spiritually Considered.”

Wednesday evening, April 11th.—“The Correct Place for the Missing Link in Nature's Chain.”

Each meeting commences at 8 o'clock sharp. Course tickets for nine meetings \$3. Three admissions for any three lectures \$1; single tickets fifty cents. Tickets can be had at this office or of Mr. Morse at 331 Turk street, City, or of Mr. M. B. Dodge, manager at the Temple meetings on Sunday.

Mrs. Ada Foye.

From a private letter just received from our absent sister, the wonderful test medium, Ada Foye, who is at present in Chicago, we learn that owing to the extreme cold weather, and her sensitive lungs, she has been unable to do any spiritual work since leaving California, and will probably return to this Coast at an early date. The demands for her services have been very great, and letters from all parts of the country have poured in requesting her to visit them. That poor health has rendered it impossible to respond to these calls, has been a great cross to that indefatigable worker, who is never so happy as when dispensing spiritual food to the hungering multitudes. We know her many, many friends in San Francisco would rejoice to welcome her among them once more. With two such thoroughly genuine mediums as Mrs. Foye and John Slater, to do platform work in San Francisco, in addition to the many honest, reliable private mediums, we see no reason why Spiritualism should not thrive and flourish, notwithstanding the attempts of its enemies to destroy it. May truth triumph be our earnest desire.

Spiritual Work in Oakland.

The interest in spiritual investigations in Oakland seems to be on the increase, and if the work of the first month of the year is any indication of what is to follow, a great work for 1888 may be anticipated.

The whole world communion of the twenty-seventh of each month is very generously observed, and many encouraging manifestations are obtained at the meetings. Beginning with next Sunday

there will be three regular meetings, one at Shattuck Hall, corner of Broadway and Eighth, another at Curtis' Hall, Sixth street near Market, and the third at Fraternity Hall, Seventh and Peralta streets.

There will also be a children's lyceum at 1:30 P. M., and at 2:30 P. M. a fact meeting. The interest in this new meeting-place is such as to prophesy good work.

“REPORTER.”

Premium Notice.

We will send the CARRIER DOVE for the year 1888, and an elegantly bound volume of the DOVE for 1887 to any person who will send us five dollars before March 1st, 1888. This is the very lowest terms at which such a large amount of valuable reading could be furnished. The bound volume will contain 626 pages of reading matter, besides about sixty full page engravings, among which are portraits of prominent Spiritualists, scenes in spirit life, spirit pictures, views of the City of Oakland, and fine illustrations for the children's department. It contains many valuable lectures, stories and essays of great importance.

Spread the Truth.

If any of our readers feel able, and desire to spread the truths of Spiritualism among the needy and unfortunate in alms-houses, jails and prisons, we will aid them to the best of our ability, by furnishing a larger amount of valuable reading matter for less money than can be obtained elsewhere. We have on hand a number of Doves, of various dates, that have accumulated during the last two or three years, which we will dispose of for the above mentioned purpose, at the exceedingly low price of five cents per copy. This will include the monthly magazines, which sold for twenty-five cents a copy, and also the weeklies of recent date. We think our friends could do a good work by this means, and aid us in extending the truths taught through the columns of the DOVE. To anyone sending us large orders, we will send them at the rate of twenty-five books for one dollar. This will include magazines of various dates since 1886, and all finely illustrated.

They would do an immense amount of good circulated among the classes referred to, and among the poor in every neighborhood.

Who will be the first to begin the good work?

Good Words.

The holiday number of the CARRIER DOVE was sent to our office to-day. It comes out in a bright pink dress, and is an elegant specimen of typographical and journalistic art. J. J. Morse, the celebrated inspirational speaker, contributes much that is able and interesting; and we notice a most eloquent poem entitled “San Francisco, the Ultima Thule,” written by our honored poetess, Eliza A. Pittsinger, with an exquisite illustration on its opposite page; all the other illustrations are appropriate and beautiful; indeed, everything in this gorgeous magazine sparkles with life and thought. The Spiritualists of the Coast are especially favored in having so able a journal to represent and champion their cause.

Dr. Schlesinger is a master in finance, besides being one of our very best test mediums; while his companion and co-laborer, Julia Schlesinger, has given much evidence of the ability, tact and skill that is necessary to place a journal of this kind on a popular and permanent basis. May they live long to disseminate the heavenly seed of the Spirit!—Oakland *Live Oak*.

Chips.

Portraits of J. J. Morse, price 25 cents can be had at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. It is a very fine picture—cabinet—by Bushby, of Boston, Mass.

Mr. John Slater, the wonderful test medium of whom we have spoken elsewhere, is a genial, social gentleman, quite unlike some very æsthetic creatures, who are too utterly utter for anything.

No matter how fiercely the winds of adversity may blow, or how bitterly enemies may assail, the soul that is firmly grounded in truth can calmly and patiently meet whatever comes without a single fear or pang.

Don't be afraid of letting woman muddle in your dirty, filthy politics, ye lovers of immaculate womanhood. A swan, you know, can dive into the blackest stream and come out the same pure, beautiful, white swan as before.—ANNA D. WEAVER.

A neat little pamphlet, published by Colby & Rich, and entitled “An Apostle

Spiritualism: a Biographical Monograph of J. J. Morse, Trance Medium," can be had at the Temple meetings every Sunday. Its price is only twenty cents.

The Queen of Madagascar shut up the saloons in her kingdom, and when the ex-saloon-keepers asked for compensation, she is said to have replied: "Compensate those you have wronged, and I will pay the balance."

It is sweet to know that however much you may be misunderstood and maligned here, "over there" all shall be known in their true light, and the many mists that now "veil us from the faces of our own" will be dispelled in the light of eternal day.

Vick's Floral Guide for January is a choice repository of valuable information in its respective line. Its illustrations are elegant and beautiful, all descriptive of flowers and vegetables. The three colored plates are worth much more than the cost of the book. Price ten cents. Address James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

"Spinsters are a very useful, happy, independent race, never more so, than now, when all professions are open to them, and honor, fame and fortune are bravely won by many gifted members of the sisterhood. Set your standard high, and live up to it, sure that the reward will come, here or hereafter, and in the form best suited to your real needs."

The daughter of Commodore Vanderbilt has given a Boston faith-cure healer a thousand dollars for treatment, and the transaction is denounced by the press as a swindle. Yet if the deluded woman had paid the same sum to a priest for the saying of mass, what difference would there have been in the degree of imposture? And what would the press have to say about it? —*Free thought.*

Mrs. Sue J. Finck, the slate-writing medium of whom we gave an account last week, has returned to her home in Galveston, Texas. Previous to her departure she called upon us and spent a pleasant, social hour which we shall never forget. We deeply regret that Mrs. Finck could not remain among us when there is so much

need of genuine mediums who can present the phenomena in such a satisfactory manner as given through her. It is gratifying to know that she expects to return at no very far distant day.

Sad heart, be comforted! Tearful eyes, look up! In that future which is every day drawing nearer and still nearer each one, thy reward will come. Then the masks will be removed, and every soul will stand revealed to every other. No more hypocrisy, no more deception, but truth,—pure and simple truth,—shall be engraved on every standard. Then will right prevail and the scheming knaves who now glory in their wickedness will find their disgraceful career terminated, and shame will be stamped upon their foreheads.

"The less you say about fraudulent mediums the better; let everybody find them out for themselves;" said a well-meaning gentleman to us a few days since. If some one in passing said gentleman's house should discover burglars attempting to break in, and did not give the alarm, but quietly passed on, saying, "Let them discover the thieves themselves," what would our friend think? Would he not consider silence as accessory to robbery? We think he would; and just in like manner do we look upon those who would cover up the fraud perpetrated in the name of mediumship. When a person or number of persons deliberately plan to deceive and rob others, whether the sum be ten cents or one dollar, they should be exposed, and the public warned against them.

Mr. Warren has found a little boy of two years, perfectly blind, who sings several hymns correctly and very sweetly, converses correctly on subjects suitable to such little fellows, and can say the multiplication table correctly backward and forward. The little fellow can crawl about, and is in many ways very interesting and engaging. He can tell where he was born, where he lives, give his parents' names correctly, answers a prodigious number of questions, and does many other wonderful things. Arrangements have been made to place him before the public. He is still a sucking babe. His mother is a bright mulatto, and regards him as a second Blind Tom. He sang "Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound,"

without a single mistake or pause, or any hesitation.—*Texas Correspondence.*

APPARITIONS OF THE DEAD.—Prof. Barrett, of the English Psychical Research Society, states that: "It has been demonstrated almost as certainly as has been the law of gravitation, that scores of cases have occurred where some persons in one town, have, at a certain hour or minute, seen the figure of a friend flit across the room, and have afterwards discovered that at that very hour and minute the friend breathed his last in a distant town, or, may be, in a foreign country. Now these cases are inexplicable by any formula of science, yet that they have happened is scientifically proved."

Notwithstanding the good intentions of some of the members of that society, its general conduct has been so unfair in its investigations that Stainton Moses, the vice-president, has felt it to be his duty to resign and withdraw. The truth is, the pioneers in philosophy can expect no cordial cooperation and no real justice from their old-time opponents. The American Psychic Research Society is far behind the English. —*Journal of Man.*

Imprisoned for Voting.

Mrs. Lucy Barber, of Alfred Centre, whose voting on a previous occasion caused much rejoicing among the suffragists of New York, repeated the experiment last fall, was tried for it, and sentenced to twenty-four hours imprisonment.

Shades of Abigail Adams! What a perversion of justice, that in a Republic a citizen should be imprisoned for voting simply because of sex!

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Barber and the other ladies who voted, and who deem their claim valid under the laws of New York, will not show the white feather. It would give a mighty impulse to the cause of woman suffrage if the prisons of the land could be filled for twenty-four hours with woman citizens of this Republic who had exercised their God-given right of consent to government. Mrs. Saxon always claims that liberty comes only through a nation's agony, and if woman suffrage can come only through women caring enough for their freedom to be willing to bear imprisonment, then we say, give us women, strong, patriotic and courageous enough to dare to maintain their rights.—*The Woman's Tribune.*

Correspondence.

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

Good Words From Kansas Friends

Editor CARRIER DOVE:—Yes, I want the DOVE. I mean to take it as long as I remain on the mundane sphere, and can pay for it. I want Mr. Morse's book also. I am being developed to hear sounds like music and voice quite plain, and I shall be so glad when I can hear distinctly what the dear spirit-friends have to say. Yours as ever,
C. M. H.
Jan. 6th.

Editor CARRIER DOVE:—Please find enclosed \$2 60 for year 1888, for renewal of my subscription. I believe my time is out, and *we* don't wish to bid you "farewell." For the extra ten cents, please send your New Year's number. Wm. E. Coleman's articles are splendid, and I couldn't get the same amount of enjoyment for three times the money. Wishing you a glad New Year, I remain, the DOVE's friend,
J. G. D.
Jan. 6, 1888.

Must Have the Dove.

Editor CARRIER DOVE:—Please find enclosed postal order for \$2.00 to be used as follows: One dollar to apply on my account for DOVE, and one dollar for the DOVE to be sent to ———. Please commence with your holiday number, and I will send you the balance of the money in a short time to finish his year's subscription. He is a good friend of mine, and has been very kind to me, and I want to make him a New Year's present in this way. He likes the DOVE, but does not feel able to subscribe for it himself; neither am I, but I'd rather go without something to eat, and wear plain clothes, than deny myself the pleasure of taking the DOVE for myself, and him, too. I have given all my last year's DOVES, but one, to our lecturer, and told him to read them, and then distribute them among his audience, and solicit subscribers; and this evening I heard him ask them to subscribe, after telling them he thought it the very best spiritual journal published. I will also try to get you subscribers this year, as my health is better, and I can get out more. I shall look for the holiday number with great interest.

With kind regards, I am, sincerely your friend,
S. J. P.

Editor CARRIER DOVE:—I consider the DOVE the best Spiritualist publication with which I am acquainted, and I most earnestly desire that it may have a con-

stantly increasing circulation. I myself am not a Spiritualist, for want of sufficient evidence as to the cause of the phenomena, but if ever that evidence should come I am open to conviction. At present I can call myself a Freethinker, and as Spiritualism constantly advocates free thought I most heartily long for the extension of the Spiritualist movement.

Another thing which I wish to speak to you about is this: I have been a member of an orthodox church since November, 1876, and during that time I have regularly given one-tenth of my earnings to the church with the exception of the past year. Now I desire to do as much for Freethought as I have done for superstition, but I know of no way in which I can successfully aid the movement, unless it be by distributing secular and Spiritualist literature. But in that method the difficulty presents itself of finding readers, so I want to know if there is any such thing as a Spiritualist Orphan Asylum anywhere, and, if so, is it under conscientious and unselfish management. If there is such an institution already at work, I would be pleased to give it my mite of help annually. If there is not, would it not be well for you to offer the suggestion in your columns that one be started, and if Spiritualists will be a tithe as liberal as the orthodox in supporting the work it could be made a grand success. I know of no surer way of propagating truth than by getting control of homeless and destitute children, and, while giving to them the shelter of a loving, happy home, filling their hearts and minds with a knowledge of all demonstrated truth all real virtue. If offered, may this suggestion meet with the hearty approbation and support of all good Spiritualists and Freethinkers. Yours for truth and humanity.
M. L. B.

Children's Dept.

A Boy's Pocket.

Buckles, and buttons, and top,
And marbles and pieces of string,
A screw from a rusty old mop,
And scraps of a favorite sling.

Slate pencils and part of a lock,
Some matches and kernels of corn,
The wheels of a discarded clock,
And remains of a mitten all torn.

A jack-knife or two, never sharp,
Some pieces of bright-colored glass,
The rim of an ancient jew's-harp,
Pens, fish-hooks, and pieces of brass.

Old nails, "sweeties," chippings of tin,
With bits of a battered-up locket—
All these, and much more are within
The depths of a little boy's pocket.

—The Continent.

Old Sayings.

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail;
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale;
As brave as a lion,
As sly as a cat;
As bright as a sixpence,
As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox;
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox;
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air;
As rich as Croesus,
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin;
As smart as a steel-trap,
As ugly as sin;
As dead as a door-nail,
As white as a sheet;
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,
As black as your hat;
As brown as a berry,
As blind as a bat;
As mean as a miser,
As full as a tick;
As plump as a partridge,
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall;
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall;
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell;
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well.

As light as a feather,
As firm as a rock;
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock;
As green as a gosling,
As brisk as a bee;
And now let me stop,
Lest you weary of me.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Five.

Only a stray sunbeam? Yet, it cheered a wretched abode,—gladdened a stricken heart.

Only a gentle breeze? It fanned aching brows, cheered many hearts by its gentle touch.

Only a frown? But it left a sad void in the child's heart,—quivering lips and tearful eyes.

Only a smile? But how it cheered the broken heart, engendered hope, and cast a halo of light around that sick bed.

Only a word of encouragement, a single word? It gave the drooping spirit new life and led to victory.

Always remember a kind word can make not only human, but all dumb creatures happy.—EDITOR *Our Dumb Animals*.

Story of the Katydid.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

One sultry August night the repose of the insect world was disturbed by the contention of rival troupes of grasshoppers, katydids and crickets. Hot words came near to blows, when a gray old katydid said there was no use of quarreling, for it was easy to decide by trial, and the victor might then forever claim indisputably the championship.

Each troupe accordingly selected their best musicians, who took their places on the branches of a thistle, and awaited the signal from the gathering thousands of eager spectators to begin the contest. A multitude of fire-flies arranged themselves for foot lights, and clustered on the thistle heads for chandeliers.

The selection of a satisfactory judge gave them trouble, but a sleek mole, happening opportunely to show himself above ground, was at once chosen by acclamation, because 'he being blind,' as a sage grasshopper remarked, 'must be impartial,' not knowing that he was as deaf as a stone.

The mole proud of his honors, sat upright like a sober judge, and with becoming dignity, said:

"Let profound order reign during the contest. The katydid will first delight you."

Then the katydid sang divinely, and was encored by her admirers, and would have sung until morning had not the mole, who had not heard a sound, cried out, 'enough,' and called on the cricket.

That the latter sang well none could dispute. And the grasshopper had no equal, at least, that was the verdict of his friends. In fact, each performed as never katydid, cricket or grasshopper performed before, and each claimed the victory.

The mole was slow in giving his decision. He wanted time to determine so weighty a matter. He scratched his head, smoothed his hair, and stretched himself to his utmost height, as he at last slowly spoke.

"The victory, by all odds, belongs to the cricket, who displays the best taste, as I long ago found, preferring him, when fat, for a breakfast, to any other insect whatever!"

Thereupon there was great disgust. The mole at once sought safety under ground, where he has ever since remained. The cricket became hoarse, as a handsaw with anger; the grasshopper became so enraged he lost his voice and the katydid ever claims the victory, which her husband disputes. She repeats to her children the story of the contest, and thus from generation to generation, year after year, the sultry air of August evenings bears the never-ending monody: 'Katydid,' 'katydid,' 'didn't!' 'did,' 'didn't!' 'katydid,' 'didn't!'

The Little Shepherd Dog-Mother.

The best of these dogs are worth \$200, or even more. One herder, whom we met at Cold Spring Ranch, showed us a very pretty one that he said he would not sell for \$500. She had at that time four young puppies. The night we arrived, we visited his camp, and were greatly interested in the little mother and her nursing babies. Amid those wild, vast mountains, this little nest of motherly devotion and baby trust was very beautiful. While we were exclaiming, the assistant herder came to say that there were more than twenty sheep missing. Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about with their hands in their breeches, doing nothing. But the herder said neither Tom nor Dick would find them; Flora must go. It was urged by the assistant that her foot was sore, that she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out, and must feed her puppies. The boss insisted that she must go. The sun was setting. There was no time to lose. Flora was called, and told to hunt for lost sheep, while her master pointed to a great forest, through the edge of which they had passed on their way up. She raised her head, but seemed very loth to leave her babies. The boss called sharply to her. She rose, looking tired and low-spirited, with head and tail down, and trotted wearily off toward the forest. I said:

"That is too bad."

"Oh, she'll be right back. She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora found the strays. While we were speaking, the sheep were returning, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head nor wag her tail, even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them. She had been out all night, and while her hungry babies were tugging away, fell asleep. I have never seen anything so touching. So far as I was concerned, "there was not a dry eye in the house."

How often that scene comes back to me. The vast, gloomy forest, and that little creature with the sore foot, and her heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the wild cañons all through the long, dark hours, finding and gathering in the lost sheep.

There are other than dog-mothers who often have like fare. The dog stands for fidelity and sacrifice, and we have heard it said that the best part of a human being is the dog in him.—*Kindergarten*.

There is one thing which even a dairyman cannot adulterate, and that is the milk of human kindness.

Why Old People Grow Better.

BY REV. F. E. HEALEY.

The reason why many old people are better than they were when younger, is not only because the fires of life have burned out the fuel and grown cold, and the passions have died, but because, through disappointments, losses, failures, sorrow, a multitude of moulding experiences, they have been made, clearer sighted, more charitable, softened in feeling and brought into sympathetic relations with their fellow men; in a word by learning what the world claims and offers, they have learned how to live; they have learned that lives of selfishness, lives of indulgence are of necessity discordant and miserable.

Give me duration of time as a basis of hope and endeavor, let me have a fair assurance that I am going to live a hundred years or even fifty in full possession of all my powers, physically vigorous, mentally active; give me such a prospect to look forward to confidently to-day, and I shall begin to readjust my life. I shall place myself in some new positions. Some neglected studies I shall take up with the determination to thoroughly master them. If to the conditions given by ample time is added further the assurance that my friends are going to stay with me, a wonderful impulse to effort will be given. Now I am hindered by the consciousness that my time is limited and for this reason, uncertainty broods over all my plans. I may die to-morrow, and if I live, not many years will pass before I shall be bowed with old age, and placed at greater disadvantage, by constantly increasing infirmities.

If I live a few more years in full activity and power, "those I love most and best" at any moment may hear a voice calling them from over the river. Any day "across the land the thin wires talking dumbly" may tell me that some dear friend is no longer a bodily presence on earth, that one who has cheered my heart, lightened my burdens, and inspired me at my toil, has passed behind the veil of mortality. I remember these possibilities, they are factors in the problem of life on earth. If the way in which I am traveling is rough and thorny, and my feet are weary and bleeding, I say, "Time flies, friends are leaving me, the future is uncertain, I must go on, I cannot stop at this stage to choose another path."

However we ought to take life, we are often like wards and suitors in the Court of Chancery in Dickens' *Bleak House*, waiting like Miss Flight and Richard Carstone, for some event to transpire that will change the whole course of things. When I go to another country and can look forward to unnumbered ages, I am sure I shall do there what I would here, if I were sure of time, and strength, and friends.—*Alcyone*.

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