

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, FEBRUARY 11, 1888.

NUMBER 6.

California Scenery.

Mammoth Trees, Timber, etc.

No. 6.

The flora of California is remarkable for containing the largest and most beautiful coniferous trees in the world, including the mammoth redwood, sugar pine, red fir, yellow fir, and arbor vitæ, which attain to unparalleled sizes. A great part of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, the Colorado desert, the eastern slope of the Coast mountains, and the Coast Range south of lat. 35°, are treeless. Fine forests exist on the Sierra Nevada and the western slope of the Coast Range, north of 35°.

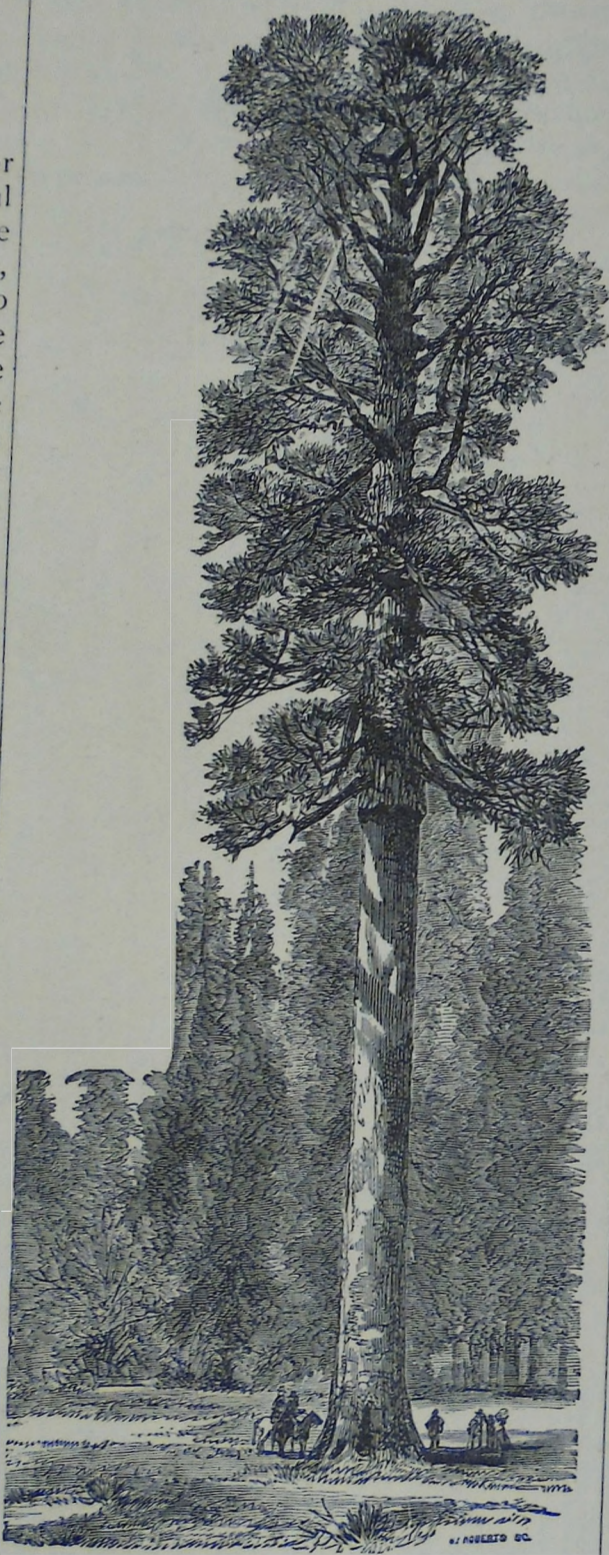
The timber of the Sierra is chiefly spruce, pine, and fir; that of the Coast north of 37°, redwood, and south of that latitude, spruce and pine. There are fine groves of oak on the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada and the coast valleys. The most remarkable of these trees is the mammoth tree (*sequoia gigantea*, Endl.), found only in California, and the redwood (*sequoia sempervirens*, Endl.). The former has been found only in small groves on the Sierra Nevada at a height of about 4,500 feet above the sea level. The first known specimens were a cluster of ninety-two within a space of fifty acres, in Calaveras county, since become a resort of tourists, and named Big Tree Grove. Five or six other collections of them have been found; three in Mariposa county, containing 134 trees over fifteen feet in diameter, and nearly 300 smaller ones; one in Tuolumne, and one or two in Tulare county. In all these groves there are many trees from 275 to 276 feet high, from twenty-five to thirty-four feet in diameter, and of exceedingly graceful proportions; and some of the largest that have been felled indicate an age, by the ordinary mode of reckoning, of from 2,000 to 2,500 years.

The dimensions of one tree in the Tulare group were, according to measurements made by members of the State Geological Survey, 276 feet high, 106 feet in circumference at base, and seventy-six at a point twelve feet above the ground.

The redwood, which bears a strong resemblance to the mammoth tree and is sometimes mistaken for it, frequently grows to a height of 300 feet, and a diameter of fifteen

feet. It is found on the plains or mountains near the ocean, and grows in large dense groves.

partly because of our fatigue from the long ride, and partly from the fact that we had come upon the Big Trees by such easy stages, through forests of pine trees of immense height and girth. It was not until

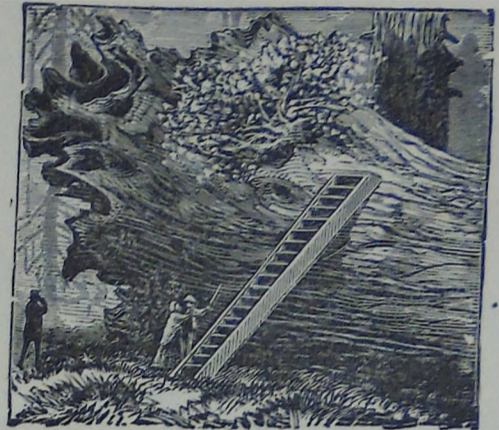


A MONSTER.

The following description of a visit to the Big Trees will be found interesting in this connection.

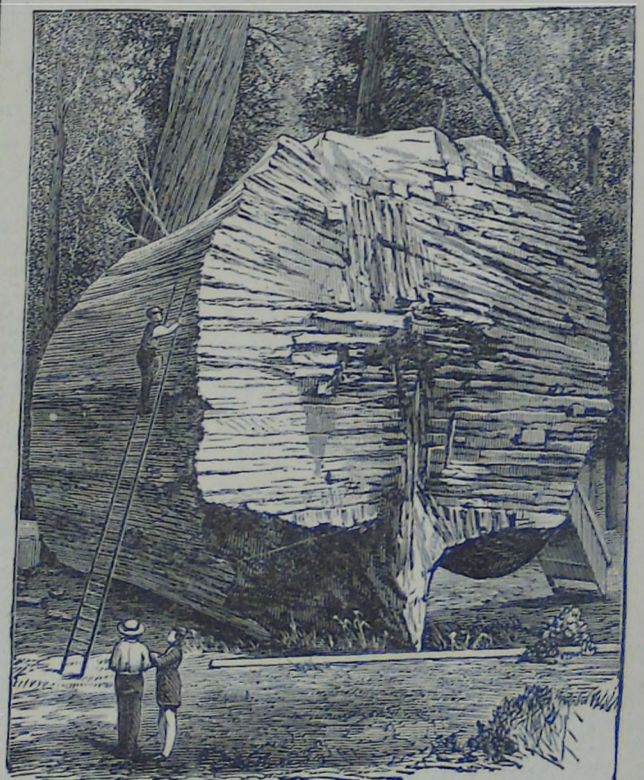
THE BIG TREES.

None of us were profoundly impressed at first with the great size of the trees, as we had expected to be, and that I presume was



THE FALLEN MONARCH.

we had ridden round several of the largest, and sitting upright on our horses had ridden through the hollow burnt-out trunk of one, a section of which lay lengthwise in the trail, and had come down by the side of the "Fallen Monarch," which lay on



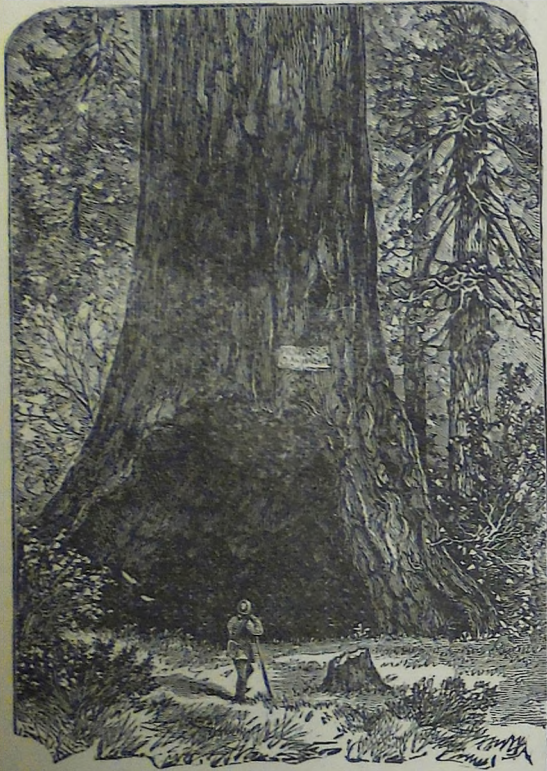
AUGER-HOLES THROUGH THE ORIGINAL BIG TREE.

(Showing how it was felled.)

the ground where it fell, that their full meaning dawned upon us, and we realized their tremendous size.

By the side of the Fallen Monarch we took lunch and baited our horses.

Sitting there by the side of this prone monarch, and measuring its diameter in my eye, or climbing up twenty-five or thirty feet upon its side—comparing it in my mind with the largest trees I had ever seen elsewhere—imagining it stretched out in some city street, filling all the carriage way and reaching up to the second story windows—the idea of its vastness took full possession of me, and for the first time I grasped its greatness. And even then I do not think the idea of size and measurement so overwhelmed me as did the thought of its



THE PIONEER'S CABIN:
"Room for Twelve Inside."

vast age and the centuries it had looked down upon. The great space it had filled was nothing to the ages it had bridged over.

No inanimate monument of man's work was here—no unwrapping of dead Pharaohs from the mummy-cloths of the embalmers; but here had been life and growth and increase, and running out of roots and spreading forth of branches, and budding leaves and flowing sap, and all the processes of nature with poise and swing from winter's sleep to summer's waking, and the noiseless registering of the years and centuries in figures that could not be mistaken from the heart of the sapling out to the last rind of bark that hugged its age.

And though one looks with profoundest wonder at the vast size of these monsters it is, after all, the suggestion they give of their far reach backward into time that most impresses the beholder.

The rings in the trunks indicate ages varying from a few years to upwards of two thousand. Those of about ten feet in

diameter are in the neighborhood of 600 years old. Most of the larger trees have been damaged more or less by fire. One of them, of which a view is given herewith, has been entirely hollowed out, so that our whole party of twelve rode in upon our horses and stood together in the cavity. The tree grows on, and is as green at the top as any of them, notwithstanding the hollowness of its trunk.

We spent three or four hours in the two groves, upper and lower—and just in the edge of twilight, passed out from among the unhewn columns and sturdy pillars, the groined arches and leafy aisles, the heights and depths, and vistas and recesses, the grandeur and solitude of these noblest of "God's first temples."

The Platform.

There is no Death.

A memorial discourse delivered in honor of Dr. Francis H. Terrill, by the controls of Mr. J. J. Morse, of England, at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal., on Sunday evening, January 29, 1883.

Commonly viewed, the experience called death is direful in its coming and results; an experience that the majority of mankind shrink from with a feeling something akin to abject terror; an event to be deferred as long as possible. No matter what preparation has been made to encounter it; no matter what hope may inspire the mind concerning the results of death, when that crucial moment comes and has to be faced, there is, in the great majority of cases, a nameless fear lest death end all.

To those, however, who have tasted of the bread of spiritual truth, as dispensed by the evidences of modern spiritual communication, this abject dread and fear ceases to influence their minds to anything like the extent of former years. There is, to such natures, a confidence born of knowledge; resting upon the rock of truth, rooted in the very principles of being, and anchored in the heart of God, that death is not the end of life. In claiming (as we do claim) that this sublime assurance—we will not call it faith—is the prerogative of the Modern Spiritualist, we are only preferring a claim that every Spiritualist in this assembly to-night will say amen to. Hence, then, it follows that such solemn occasions as the one we are now participating in does not have that altogether gloomy and sorrowful character pertaining to them that are associated with like occasions when the knowledge and assurance we have just referred to are conspicuous by their absence.

Death, in the light of the Spiritual philosophy, is but a change of state for the person who experiences it; is but another step on the line of progress; is but a re-

moval from one to another of the many Mansions in the universe built by God; is but the removal from the bright and beautiful world in which you now live into one brighter and more beautiful still. Though the sympathies of the human heart, and the eloquent emotions of human affection, will stir the breast and start the sympathetic tear and impart, perchance, a tremor to the loving hand, and a warm esteem will continue to be manifest by those left behind, yet the Spiritualist knows that in that brighter country they will meet those who have gone before, clasp them by the hand again, hear the old familiar tones, and receive a wealth of love added to all the affection that blessed and beautified their intercourse while each were living here on earth.

Then, to-night, we can not ask you to mourn the departure of our good friend and brother, Dr. Francis H. Terrill; we cannot ask you, dear friends, to think that he is dead.

"There is no death in God's wide world,
'Tis one eternal scene of change,
The flag of life is never furled,
It only taketh wider range."

Not dead, not even sleeping, but gone before! True, we know how hard it is for those who love to be thus parted by the cold hand of death; true, we know how bitter it is to know that the outward shall no longer ring with the echo of the old familiar voice, but, in the great proportions of life, by God's wisdom, there are other powers and other qualities of nature than those which pertain to man's outward being, and in that Soul World, where he has arisen and to which you are all related, being also spiritual beings, there lives those whom you have called dead, with not one attribute of mind or consciousness lost or limited, with every element of nature and being still intact, and in a fairer clime blossoming there more beautiful than they could have blossomed in the cooler climate of earth.

The good and faithful brother's physical face may no longer be seen, his mortal footsteps may no longer echo down these aisles, his mortal form may no longer press the accustomed seat, you may never again materially clasp his hand, but the living soul, the immortal consciousness and enduring intelligence continues on, as will the consciousness and soul and intelligence of each one of you live on when you pass through the mystic shade. Fair flowers and tokens of the beauties that God has retained in the souls of those who love them now cover the seat he was accustomed to use, and in gazing thereon to-night see how lovely and beautiful things mother Nature gives her children so that she may in some way compensate them for their grief and cares. In gazing upon these fair emblems

you may also remember that father God has equally beautiful things, equally lovely emblems over there, whose fragrance shall fill their souls with delight, and whose beauty shall inspire their consciousness with loftier thought.

Our brother, your brother and co-worker, was, in many respects, a model man, and when such a life is finally quenched, it does indeed seem painful and sad that so sudden a termination should come to such rich promise; hard and painful does it seem to many that the promising buds upon the tree of life could be nipped by an untimely and killing frost, and fall to the ground.

But in the very sadness of this ending, in the very sorrowfulness of it—ay, in the very bitterness of it, there is a sweetness and a lesson that you will pardon us, we are sure, for placing before you. It was not a life suddenly and untimely quenched, as the phrase runs, through careless misuse, but it was a noble life untimely quenched by the doing of unselfish duty. Thus always is it that those who serve their fellows earnestly and nobly, who forget self in their efforts for others, quite unmindful of their own requirements,—only remembering the duty of the hour,—are apparently the very first to pay the penalty of the very greatness of their own hearts. What is rest to them? Nothing, so that duty be done. What is weakness to them? Nothing, while there are those who need succor. What is creed or caste to one of such? All nothing, so long as there are sick, and weary, and suffering bodies and minds to be ministered to; their own discomfort, inconvenience and exhaustion are cheerfully and uncomplainingly endured, so that the duty may be done. But human flesh and blood can only bear so much; the energies of man's life are only capable in each case of accomplishing so much, and when the great soul, regardless of the wealth of life, squanders it for others' good, exhausts the treasure house of its own means, then, seemingly, untimely end comes, and the nipping frost kills the promise of the bud, and it dies, and men say, in their grief and unwisdom, "Oh, what strange providence it is that takes out from life the best of our kind." It is because they are the best that they are frequently eclipsed; it is because they are so unselfish, because they forget themselves in the desire to be of service to their fellows, that they lay their all upon the altar of human good, and become a sacrifice for the world's well being.

Such an end as that which we have just described was our beloved brother's. Loyal heart and earnest soul, an indefatigable worker, he never halted when the call of duty sounded in his ears, he never held back his own efforts when the need of their expenditure seemed necessary. If there be aught in this memorial service that we would like to impress deepest upon your minds, it is that deep sincerity, noble phil-

anthropy, and almost divine unselfishness which belonged to this good brother's life.

As a friend, too, one more loyal or true could not be asked, no truer heart could beat beneath the human breast; and in the world's life how valuable is a loyal, honest man who is a sincere and faithful friend? As a friend, let the memory and influence of his life and character be also treasured in your minds.

And if we might venture one farther commendation we would also like to impress upon you how much more than is commonly considered do you owe to that profession in which he was a distinguished worker and a brilliant man—the medical profession. In your time of trial, when diseases afflict you, when the Shadow Angel hovers over you, and loved ones are hanging by a thread betwixt two worlds, how breathless you hang upon the advice and words of such men as the good brother whose memory we revere to-night. How, when disease stalks through the community, and some strange power seems to wither up the juices of man's soul as they faint and fear because a plague is near them; in such a time as has been here in this city in your midst these men with a devotion and a heroism equal to the soldier upon the field of battle—aye, greater than his, with a self-sacrifice and devotion that is the glory of humanity, they brave all consequences, dare all dangers, and at the stern call of duty move among the sick, the dying and the dead veritably as angels of mercy. This was true of our risen brother; you know the result of his self sacrifice how it brought the penalty of death, and how he lay down his life in his attempt to minister to the needs of others who were even then in the valley of the dark shadow. You can not give the profession to which our good brother belonged too much honor; and we are sure, beyond all doubt, that this esteemed brother of ours appreciates and endorses every word we are saying in regard to the honor and singleness of purpose belonging to the nobler practice of the useful profession in which he lived and labored.

Can we then, friends, say that this life was wasted by its sudden taking off? Must it not be, as we put it to you a little since, that instead of being wasted it could not have been better utilized, for the sad circumstances of its departure serve only to throw into brighter relief the glory and the beauty of the life itself, and the best thing we could wish would be that each one and all of you here to-night might have so glorious a taking off. For of all the sweet and noble paths that man may pass through, that which arises from his self-sacrifice in saving the lives of others will ever stand the foremost and the brightest.

Our brother, too, had that consoling knowledge within him that many of you have; the reality of a future life was beyond

dispute to him. He knew it because those who lived in that life had told him of their lives, informed him of the world itself, and death was swallowed up in knowledge to him. Truly could he say, from the knowledge he had, that life stretches on towards heaven. He was a Spiritualist, and that movement, though now some forty years old, has scarcely yet been long enough in the world to be considered respectable; many people in the social and professional position of our brother would have concealed the fact of their acceptance of its truths from the public sight, and if interrogated concerning their opinion would have given evasive answers. Not so this honest man. A truth was a truth, and he was not to be made afraid or ashamed of a truth when once he knew it to be a truth, merely because it was unpopular. It requires courage, and a courage that is least often manifested. It is easy enough for the brute or bully to stand up and engage in a battle with his fists, easy enough for the soldier upon the field of battle to screw himself up to the sticking place, but it takes a brave man, and a more courageous, to calmly maintain an unpopular and unpalatable truth, to utter it openly and live it plainly. The souls that can do this are few in numbers. We give, then, our meed of praise, even in these times, to the brave and honest men who are not ashamed of that which has illumined their minds and inspired their souls.

Then remember that this dear brother sets you examples in the character of his life in almost every department; presents examples for your emulation, and bequeathes to you, so to speak, a memory of righteous living and honorable doing, and kindly nature, that if you will but take it to your hearts shall bless and enrich your lives.

There are those who also knew him in a fraternal sense, who grasped his hand, who pressed him to their breast, who placed their foot side by side with his, whispering the sweet words of counsel that bound them in fraternal union, they knew him as one whom they could trust, having passed through the experiences that bound men by common kinship into one sweet brotherhood. He was beloved even there. And when in common fealty he united heart and purpose with those who were desirous of maintaining the realm of universal brotherhood, he became one with them in that Temple of human life wherein every man shall ultimately become. Sweet are the memories of those who met him under the circumstances we are detailing, and now that he has passed through the valley, stands upon the mountain top and is vested with the robes of the Master in the realms of immortality, and they know it is well with him there, even as it was well with him while here below.

Over there, too, he may find a purer Masonry than he found while here on earth; a truer fraternity may unite the Brothers there than bound them here. And while he may there rise to grander heights, he shall find all promises, all he loved beneath the mystic arch while here, fulfilled and realized. He shall be a more diligent apprentice there, a nobler fellow there; he shall be a worthier Master there. His apprenticeship has been served while here below, and over there in that fairer country he shall find a deeper Brotherhood still, and all the noble character of the man shall there expand, and as it expands he shall realize the beauty and divinity of the life that you are all tending towards. And what he is to-day you shall all become by and by. The tender ties that seemed to be sundered by death in past times shall there be united, the people whom you have lost shall come back to you again, and the old voices that you thought were quenched forever when the form was laid beneath the ground, shall make music in your souls again. This is no fancy picture, for the deep humanity working within your natures is urging you forwards and onwards to that better place where in more fullness and completeness it shall yet be made manifest to you and shall learn that death is but the gateway between two estates, an entrance into a better land where more of man's nature and God's purposes shall be revealed.

For those, then, who honored him, who stood with him side by side, with whom he interchanged fraternal compliments, we give for them to-night a word of grateful memory, feeling quite sure they will appreciate every word that we have uttered, and that they now know that in the hour of his extremity when he might well have indeed asked "Who will help, who will help?" there were loving hearts that would have helped him if they could. Their loving memories float around him now, there are earnest souls that revere him for his honesty, there are noble hearts that will treasure him so long as mortal life remains, and grasp his hand with a strong grip when they meet him on the tessellated floors of the mansions of the world beyond.

Death, then, friends, teaches, as we see, innumerable lessons, inspires infinite varieties of emotions and brings you face to face with the subtlest problems of human life and development. Do not mourn, then, that he has gone; do not grieve that you shall never see him again, nor complain against that mysterious providence that seems to have deprived the world of so valuable a man to society. The purposes of God are not expended in the career of mortal life; three score years and ten are all too short for the infinite capacities of the human soul to be unfolded in, and though the soil may fall upon the casket and the green grass may grow above it in the spring-

time, and the summer flowers may blossom fair and sweet, there, beneath, is not the man, it is but the vesture; but the man you knew, the immortal soul that lived within that vesture, that inspired and moved it, is living still; that mortality has been put aside that immortality might take its place; that corruption has been left that an incorruptible might be enjoyed. There is the natural body and there is the spiritual body, and in that sublimer vesture our good brother and yours, with all the countless hosts of human dead, stands clothed upon to-day.

Death, then, is a manifestation of God's love and wisdom; hard to bear when you do not understand its nature; easier fitting to the neck, so to speak, when you comprehend its character. Though it seems sad under these circumstances to part with our brother, though you mourn that he should be thus taken from you, yet the lesson of his taking off, is a lesson of infinite value to each and all your hearts.

We have spoken quite at length as to what our brother was; may we not ask what he is, as well? In the answer to that simple question may there not come something of the fragrance of a better country, something of the sunlight from a fairer realm than this? May there not be something of the echo of diviner voices than those making music in the mortal realm?

What is he? A man still, a conscious man still, an immortal soul still, with all the graces of divinity shining through his nature, with all the aspirations of a lofty mind still moving and directing, thinking and acting; with all the loving, yearning impulses of a tender, sympathetic nature inspiring to kindly deeds and loving services. A man! A conscious, rational man, with all the graces of humanity improved and beautified and illumined; all the graces of the spiritual nature developed. He has not gone to a land where smiles are unknown nor friendships debarred; he has not gone to a land where there is no intelligence among its peoples, nor is he resting in eternal ease with naught to occupy his thought or compel his action. Over there you will find him, even as you found him here, still active, zealous, and earnest in the prosecution of those purposes dearest to his heart. And in that better country it may be he shall perchance find opportunity to heal the mind and purge it of its errors, even as while here he cured the bodies of men, and do his best to win them to healthy and happy conditions. And a physician who heals the mind, develops a moral sense and builds up a pure character, indeed fulfills a noble life, let him live and labor in whatsoever world he may.

But one other thing ere we close. In thinking of those whom you call dead, in honoring the memories of loved ones gone, do not forget that honor and greatness still

reside in the world amongst you. Do not forget the kindly words that you should speak to those who need them while they are living. Do not forget the honorable examples of noble lives that you should emulate while those lives are moving in your midst. Do not put off the giving of honor and the offering of loving services to noble examples until those whom you honor and revere have laid aside the mortal coil. Those who now look down upon you with beaming faces filled with divine affection would plead with you to ever remember the sorrowful, the sick, the suffering, and the weary that are among you; to remember the good, the true, and faithful workers who labor in your midst, and would urge you to sustain and strengthen all who need it; urge you not to waste words in giving praises to those who have experienced the change called death, but rather urge you to render fraternal service and honorable work to those who are struggling among you to make the world happier and better than it is to-day.

Then let our last words be these: Honor the so-called dead by doing good to the living. Apply the example of the lives of those who have gone out from you to your disposition, and let them impel you to emulate that nobility, goodness and unselfishness in your own life. And if the departure of this beloved brother brings bright deeds, go out and do likewise, thus showing the love you bear him. Then the lesson of the present hour will not have been without its value.

Behold them coming to you, the sweet and true from the immortal land. See now their glory discloses itself to the eyes of your souls. Come with us and meet them, meet these radiant messengers from the better country beyond. Behold as we journey onwards how the shining glory grows brighter; on the air there falls the sweet strains of music; step by step we go forward and the music grows grander and stronger, the light grows more brilliant and radiant, the fair country itself begins to disclose its magnitude and harmony before us; the trees wave their graceful branches and the emerald grasses glisten in the glory of the eternal home; the radiant sons and daughters of immortality, blue eyed and fair faced, gaze upon us in divinest affection, fair white hands stretch out to greet us, the rippling of the waters are heard like music beating on the celestial shore, the divine harmonies grow more thrilling and deeply powerful, and as we approach the shores of the immortal world and at last hold fellowship with the immortals themselves there we shall meet him whose memory we are commemorating to-night, smiling and serene, in the immortal vesture that ever adorns the undying soul. And as we thus march forwards and onwards with him, behold the

great army of human life, of past and present and the future, join in one glad and universal praise to God for that eternal home wherein mankind shall learn more of the depths of human nature and the divine wisdom of the overruling power.

Go forwards, then, dear friends, in the sweetest love and trust. Know that death is but an incident in the career of human life, and that through the grave man passes into the regions of eternal life, and, "over there," he who greets you to-night, whose memory you are honoring, whose life you have admired, whose character has left its impress on your nature, will meet you, clasp your hand and express in his own familiar hearty manner how deeply he loved you for all your sympathy and esteem that clusters around you to-night.

May the blessed light of spiritual truth, as we have all too faintly and imperfectly endeavored to present it to you, illumine your souls and minds, inspire your life, and whether it be as a human worker, as brother, as husband, remember that those who pass out of this life, or who go before, you will greet them all.

One word only to those who are nearest and dearest. We have endeavored to give you the truth, as the best of all consolations, as we see it and know it in harmony with the highest and purest estimates of the spiritual philosophy. And, to the good brother who mourns the physical absence of one who was so dear and tender to him, to the wife, lonely, without the companionship of former days, let us say in the sacred name of truth that the form that is laid beneath the sod was not the man you loved, the brother whom you cherished, 'tis but the outer garment, the immortal soul has gone forwards into another house, another home made ready for him, and by and by, most surely, you shall meet again and enjoy the sweet fraternal union and sympathy with him where he is gone.

May this blessed assurance fill your hearts with light and trust and hope in the coming of that future time; trust in the providence of that overruling God whose wisdom triumphs over all the mysteries and sorrows of this world. And with this spiritual trust and assurance in your hearts wait in patience the arrival of that hour when you shall answer the roll-call to join the armies over there, and, with heart and hand and soul united go forwards in the language and spirit of the beautiful song we have heard this evening, "Nearer my God to Thee."

In memory, then, of the good brother who has parted from you physically, we express our heartfelt sympathy and love, and respect and reverence for the noble qualities of an honorable life. As "an honest man is the noblest work of God," we commend one of God's noblest works to our memory to-night, and say that as he lived and labored honestly and nobly, he is entitled to in-

initely more than we have said of him. Let your remembrance be one of love and gratefulness to him for the memory he has bequeathed to you, so when you, living righteously and truly while here on earth, are called to join the hosts beyond, there may be even better and sweeter things said of you, than we have essayed to say of the good brother in whose memory we are gathered here to-night.

Charity.

By the Controls of J. J. Morse, at Metropolitan Temple, in Answer to a Question.

Q. Will the controls please tell us what constitutes true charity, and how individually attained?

A. We are afraid that you have put us the most difficult question you could offer. Our conception of charity is very peculiar, and we run grave risks in offending some who appreciate charity in one way, but which appreciation, we regret to say, is entirely different from the way in which we appreciate it. We have the poorest kind of an opinion concerning charity. If we were to put it in the plainest possible terms, we should say that we do not believe in charity at all.

"Well," you say, "that is very cold-hearted, very unspiritual, and I regret very much that I should ever hear such a statement made in a spiritual gathering, and inspired by a spirit."

Do us the kindness to be patient for a moment, and we will try to convert you to our opinion. If you look upon charity in its financial aspect, you must admit of course that the opposite of charity implies the corresponding need for charity, and that means poverty. Now your philosophers and politicians understand that poverty is the outcome of the great evils that affect human society commercially, socially, and educationally; and therefore poverty is the outward and visible manifestation of interior and invisible corruptions and wrongs. Charity, to alleviate poverty, financially considered, only perpetuates the disease, as it renders possible the continuance of the source. There is nothing in charity to remove the cause of suffering. Therefore, we say, no charity; justice first.

But wait a moment, and look at charity in its moral aspects. Somebody has fallen. If the lids were lifted from every life, how many people would be found to have stumbled while going through the mortal career? Why not be charitable, then, to the weaknesses, to the evils, to the wrongdoing? It is said to be kind and loving, and that it shows a good heart. But is it kind and loving to hug the clothes of a smallpox patient to your breast? Is it kind and loving to keep under your roof any sort of infliction and injury? Certainly not! Is

it kind to ignore the weaknesses of your fellows? Is it kind to cover up their wrongdoing and to forget that there are moral lepers and weak-minded people morally?

"O, yes! it is kind and it is charitable."

Nothing of the sort! Every wrong-doer that you cover with the whitewash of charity becomes a whited sepulchre; and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, those whose evils you condone will only use the mantle you have given as a screen to commit further wrong.

If in the financial aspect of charity we plead for justice, so we plead again on the moral side for justice. Not only for justice, but for something else as well. Every man has a right to the benefits accruing from whatever he does, whether it be good or bad. If you are honest and virtuous and truthful, then you have an inalienable right to all the happiness that such a life can bring you. But if you are untruthful, immoral, lacking virtue, and are generally speaking, bad, then, by the same law—the law of justice—you must expect to reap the bitter consequences of that evil doing which is inalienably yours, and not another's.

We will now consider the quality of mercy rather than of justice. Justice says, "If you are mean enough to sin, be man enough to take the consequences." But if you are sorry for the evil you have done; if you are willing to turn your back upon the past, and your face to the future; if you are willing to make amends for all the wrong that you have done by hereafter pursuing a virtuous, honest, and truthful life; if, out of the depths of your sincerity and the deep earnestness of your desire, you are willing to renounce error and strive to learn to do well,—then let mercy season justice, and let the hand of help, which by and by shall become the hand of fellowship, go out to those who are willing to cease to do evil and strive to do right. But justice first; mercy afterwards.

Help to make the pathway pleasanter and smoother as you go on; then let love enfold the struggling and striving in its sweet embrace.

Charity that condones the offense, refuses to recognize the responsibility; and says of the individual, "Oh! we are all poor, weak mortals, you know, and we must all be charitable together; I have been a sinner, and if I say anything about this man's sin he will retort about mine. Let us have charity, let us cover it up, and let us put our arms about one another's necks and swear everlasting brotherhood."

If charity financially considered is the recognition of poverty without an effort to eradicate the causes of poverty; so charity in its moral aspect is the recognition of the existence of immoralities without any attempt to root them out and render them impossible hereafter. Justice first between man and man; and if there is strict and ex-

act justice one toward the other, charity will never be needed. Justice is the foundation; mercy seasons justice, and assists you whenever you strive to overcome the wrong; and surely eternity is long enough to right every wrong into which you are plunged. Stand squarely and erect upon the central point of justice; then mercy and love will shed their benign rays upon the journey of human life; and when the individual is willing, anxious, and desirous to come out of the darkness into the light, take him by the hand, help him all you can; and so long as he desires and proves himself worthy, never forsake him until you have planted him firm and true upon the highway of progress.

You will find the three divine principles of the greatest help to you; they are Justice, Mercy, and Love; and may they inspire your hearts, rule your conduct, and enable you to live so wisely and happily here on earth, that you will never have to ask for charity, financially or morally, from any other human being.

Literary Dept.

CROOKED PATHS; OR, THE WAGES OF SIN.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER

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

CHAPTER IX.

SIN AND TEMPTATION IN A GREAT CITY.

Many clerks were employed in the establishment where Monsieur Henri served. Among their number was one whose very reserve and air of hauteur, so unlike that of his associates, attracted rather than repelled the quiet, observant man. Henri was a good judge of human nature; his own bitter experience had quickened his sympathies and expanded his judgment. He was not slow to feel the presence of pain or misery in the lives of those who came about him, and in this man Johnson, he believed he saw one who had known the stings of suffering.

The man was always quiet at his post, and faithful to duty, but to one who watched him it was plain that all was not right with him. Sometimes he appeared in the morning with heavy eyes and pallid countenance, as though sleep had been a stranger to his frame, and occasionally he was absent from his place in the store for a day or two.

A strange interest in the silent man who held aloof from his fellows, filled the breast of Monsieur Henri. He felt impelled to

at least make an effort to gain his confidence as an advisor and friend. Johnson was young, not more than five and twenty, and it seemed pitiful that he should live such a cold and pent-up existence as was evidently his. As yet, the good efforts of our friend had not been very successful. A word or two of recognition, or perhaps a feeble smile, had been all he could draw from the object of his interest, in response to his own salutations, and yet he felt that the man liked him and that he would sometime confide in him.

One day Johnson was absent, and on the one following did not make his appearance. His absence was noted and commented upon in the counting room, and Monsieur Henri volunteered to call upon him that evening, to ascertain the cause of his strange conduct.

Accordingly, an early hour found him at the lodging house of Mr. Johnson. At first he could gain no satisfaction concerning the man. He had been in his room all day, having arrived home at daybreak, but had gone out toward the close of the afternoon.

"Is it Ben Johnson you are talking about?" inquired a youth who was passing through the hall of the house, just in time to catch the name falling from his landlady's lips. "I saw him an hour ago going into No. 19 M—— street. I reckon the gentleman will find him there."

No. 19 was well known as a gambling house and fashionable resort for men of perverted habits and questionable reputations, and the inquirer sighed as he turned away from the lodging house. Nothing daunted, however, he continued his way, mounting the steps of the disreputable edifice, and making such a bold demand for admission, that the negro in attendance at the door supposed him to be some expected guest, and bowed him in.

The apartment into which Henri entered was large and sumptuously furnished. The yielding carpet gave back no echo to the tread of footsteps. The walls were lined with pictures hung in gilded frames, and the drapings were of silken stuff, rich and showy.

A number of men occupied the apartment, some of them were lounging indolently in their capacious chairs, others were seated at tables playing cards and drinking wine, and still others were standing about watching the progress of the games.

The quick eye of the intruder recognized the form he sought in one of these latter, and crossing over to his side, he touched his sleeve and whispered, "Johnson, I am sorry to find you in such a place as this."

The young man flushed to the temples on seeing who addressed him, as he replied:

"I know I ought not to be here, but I can't help it. A fascination draws me here night after night. But *you* are the last man I would look for here."

"I came in search of you, my friend. I want to help you if I can. You have been playing?"

"Not to night. I lost all my savings last night. I went to my room this morning, cursing myself and wishing I was dead. I could not go to the store in my wretched condition, and so I lounged in bed all day. But here I am again; though I have no money to lose, I find a certain pleasure watching the fate of others."

"This is no place for either of us. Come with me to my room. I wish to talk with you," and Henri linked his hand in the arm of his companion to draw him away.

"Not yet. Let us watch that game a little while. Do you see that dark, shrewd man at the table stripping his opponent of every dollar he has in the world? Well, that is one of the most noted gamblers and *roués* in the city. He has served me in the same way he is now using that poor helpless boy who fondly imagines himself a match for his adversary. I have time and time scraped together a little money and have been fool enough to bring it here, thinking that at last the luck would change and I should retrieve my former losses. But no, he will not let me win a dollar from his hoard."

While attentively listening to his companion's words Henri was as closely watching the movements of the couple at the board before him. A large, heavily built man of sallow countenance and stolid aspect sat matching himself against a young and slender boy, not more than eighteen years of age. The paling cheek and staring expression of the lad revealed the nervous excitement under which he labored; an excitement of which his cool and calculating antagonist was quick to take advantage. The youth was a novice in the art of gambling, and it did not take any great degree of skill on his opponent's part to sweep the stake over to himself and to claim the game.

The boy with a frightened look arose and staggered against the wall. Somebody offered him a glass of brandy from which he slowly sipped. His opponent glanced around upon the men who stood by and said: "Is there any other gentleman who would like to try his hand with me?"

To the astonishment of his companion the silent, elegant French accountant stepped forward and said: "I would. It is a shame to have that boy robbed of all his means. I will try to win them back for him." And he seated himself at the table in the place vacated by the wretched boy.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that I did not play a fair game just now?" demanded the heavy man in a voice of thunder.

"By no means. And I only ask that you play as fairly with me. But I call it robbery to the boy, none the less."

"Oh! very well; choose your

And now, shall we play? and what terms are the stakes?"

Henri replied by laying a bill of a large denomination upon the table which was quickly covered by another on the part of his opponent. And now commenced a game that drew the attention of every man in the room. It was evident that the stranger not only understood the kind of man he was dealing with but that he was also familiar with all the points of the game, a proper knowledge of which must be assured to him who expects success in its pursuit. It was an intricate game the two men played, one that to a novice seemed easily mastered,—it was *this* that led so many inexperienced hands to stake their all upon it—but which in reality required great skill and farseeing judgment on the part of its players.

For a time it seemed uncertain to the lookers on which man had the best of the board, but after awhile it was clear that the scales were turned just a little in favor of the professional gamester. But his adversary sat as cool as an iceberg and as calm, warily watching the moves of his opponent, paying no attention to the excited faces gathering around, whose owners had never before seen Bart Vantor meet with a foe as worthy of his skill as this stranger.

The stakes doubled, and the excitement ran high. A little private betting on the chances of the game, among the bystanders—some of whom bet on "old Bart," others taking their risk on the stranger—was started, but the players paid no attention to these surroundings.

One hour passed thus, when rising from his seat and sweeping the bank notes and gold before him into his pocket the stranger said, "I think you will acknowledge I have beaten you fairly, and that I —"

"By — No!" shouted the enraged Bart Vantor, springing up with an oath—"You have cheated most—! No man in this country can play such a game, and do it with fair dealing!"

"No man *might* have done so before I came, but I understand this game so new in this country most thoroughly.

"Gentlemen,"—turning to the bystanders—"you will bear witness that my playing was perfectly honorable—if *such* work is worthy the name. Come, my friend, and you, too, my boy, it is time we left this house." And bowing courteously to the company, taking Johnson by one arm, and motioning the boy who had stood transfixed with surprise during the progress of the game, to precede them, Monsieur Henri turned from the place. There was no opposition to their movement, but a confused murmur of many voices, and above them the harsh tones of the discomfited gambler—Bart Vantor, shouting, "It was all a trick. I'll be even with him yet," fell upon their ears as they passed from the hallway to the vestibule beyond.

Once in the street, Henri said to his companions, "Now, I wish to have a serious talk with you both. Come to my own room, where we may be unmolested," and he led the way to his lodgings.

It was a long and serious interview that followed. From the younger of the two Henri learned that he had only been in the city a short time. That the death of his mother, and the consequent breaking up of his home had set him adrift. With about thirty dollars in his pocket, he had reached New Orleans, only to fall into the hands of a sharper who had lured him into the gambling house where we met him. Attracted by the visions of wealth to be obtained without effort, the ignorant boy had staked his little hoard upon the board and lost, and now penniless and without friends he was left stranded in the heart of a strange city.

"You shall remain in this house to-night," said his host, as the boy, with tears in his eyes, concluded his simple story, "and to-morrow we will see what is to be done. I have your lost money in my pocket, and if you will promise me never to gamble again, I will restore it to you."

The boy promised with unaffected earnestness. The sensation of hopeless, sickening despair that had swept over the soul of the youth as, realizing his loss, he had staggered back from the gaming table, had left its impress on him. He shuddered at the thought of again entering such an atmosphere, and his benefactor knew that the lesson of the night had been a valuable one to him. Summoning his landlady, Mons. Henri made arrangements with her to lodge the boy for the night, and after bidding his new friends good night, that young person followed the woman to the room prepared for him. And then the elder man turned to Johnson and said: "Now my friend, will you not open your heart to me? Believe me, I *am* your friend and do not seek your confidence from idle motives. I hope to help you. I *long to save you to your true* manhood."

The earnest manner, the persuasive voice, and the subtle, yet uplifting personal magnetism of the speaker won their way to the heart of the man who listened, and almost in spite of himself he commenced to tell the story of his life. As he proceeded he warmed to the task. His hesitancy vanished and he did not cease until all had been revealed. Way up in the parish of Pointe Coupee he had passed his early life. The son of a worthy couple, he had possessed the advantages of a fair education, and had learned habits of industry. For a year or two he had taught the parish school and had come in contact with some of the wealthiest people of the district. At the age of twenty-two he met and learned to love a bright and prepossessing young lady.

The parents of this girl were of wealthier station than were his, and although their daughter returned the attachment of the school teacher, they frowned upon all signs of growing interest between the young couple.

The lovers did not mind this until the girl's father forbade the young man speaking to his daughter, and informed that young lady that he had other plans for her, mentioning as a suitor for her hand the wealthy owner of a sugar plantation upon the banks of the Mississippi. The girl rebelled, and was sent by her obdurate parent into the heart of the country to stay in a convent until she should be willing to yield to his wishes. In a few weeks news came that the girl was dead. In attempting to escape from her confinement she had fallen into a deep well, and when taken out life was found to be extinct. In the meanwhile Ben Johnson, her lover, had been biding his time, and was only waiting a favorable opportunity to start for the rescue of his beloved. The night before he had intended to start on his mission, the terrible news of her death came to him.

Wild with despair and loathing the sight of the neighborhood, young Johnson left Pointe Coupee and started for New Orleans. For awhile he wandered around that city like a man bereft of reason, falling in with bad company from whom he learned to gamble, and to drown his cares in the whirlpool of dissipation.

After awhile he determined to reform, and succeeding in obtaining employment as clerk in the establishment where he now served, he had settled down to a degree, save that occasionally the desire to run the chances of the gaming table led him to risk his little savings, and to inevitably meet with loss.

"My life has been a failure," he finished in a tone of depression. "It is of no value now to me nor to anyone."

"Do not say that. Life need never prove a failure to any man. Although you have gone astray yet you can retrace your steps, and make of yourself a noble specimen of true manhood. Come, promise me that you will never visit the gaming table again," and Mon. Henri laid his hand kindly upon his companion's arm.

"Of what use to promise, I cannot keep it. I—"

"You can; you will; I will help you. The pleasures of the gaming table lead to moral ruin and to death. I have never until this night played in a gambling house, nor used my knowledge of cards to win money, and yet I know that this passion leads to ruin. You look surprised; doubtless you thought my skill had been won at the gaming table. But no; I learned how to play that little game you saw me play to-night from a fellow-traveller in the mountains of Europe some years ago. He was a stranger to me,

but having been storm-bound on our journey for about a week we sought to wile away the time by telling stories and playing games. He was the best cardist I have ever seen and he taught me how to handle the cards with skill.

"We did not play for money only for our amusement. Afterward I learned that he was a professional gambler from the heart of Paris. Now I want you to promise me to make an effort at once to break off this terrible habit that is surely leading you downward. Your great sorrow has been in the loss of your betrothed, but a greater loss can come to a man than that caused by death. Suppose you had wed the object of your love, and had come with her to this city to reside. Suppose you had fallen into the temptations that now beset you, and she, learning herself to be a gambler's wife, should shrink from you with loathing, oh! I tell you, the loss of her respect for you would have been a heavier blow than her removal by death." Monsieur Henri spoke with concentrated energy and earnestness. "Do you ever think," he continued in a soft, gentle tone, "that she may be watching over you from her heavenly estate? How she must grieve at the downward path you are taking. How her pure spirit must shrink from the scenes of pollution you witness, and yet, longing to hold you back, and to turn your steps toward a holier life, she may follow you into those haunts, and over the pathways of sin."

His stricken companion had covered his face, as if to shut out the picture drawn by those words, but now he lifted a tear-stained face, and cried, "Not that, oh! not that. I could not bear to have her see me now."

Then, resolve to be a better man, to make yourself worthy her watchful guardianship. It may be she is permitted to attend you thus—we cannot tell."

Much more passed between the two men until, with a light of resolution upon his face, Ben Johnson promised his companion with "God's help never to visit his old scenes of wrong doing again."

"And now, how much do you count the aggregate extent of your losses in this way?"

"Well, if figured up, I suppose they would reach nearly \$600." And a flush of shame mantled the brow of the younger man as he replied.

"I have won to-night from that gambler \$2,000," pursued Henri. "The money is not mine, neither is it his, for he has wrung it from others. If you will keep your promise not to gamble again, I will turn over \$600 of this money to you that you may have a little capital to begin life anew upon."

(To be continued.)

Carve your names on hearts, and not on marble.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Original Contributions.

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

Hunger and Death.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Sometime will love rule by its gentle power
Above the realm where lustful passions lower,
And conscience hold its court with law supreme,
As prophesied by sage in heavenly dream.
But in the past from dark silurian sea,
That rolled its seething billows on the lea,
There is no break in this historic page.
When man, as man, appeared upon the stage,
More brute than man, he struggled in the coil
Of adverse fate, and gained by ceaseless toil.
To live. That was the problem over all—
To live! on fish or flesh, or fruit to fall;
Starving or feasting like the beasts of prey,
As chanced the chase or findings of the day.
For food is life's insatiate demand;
Food, food forever is its fierce command;
The mills of God find grinding for the maw—
The flinty teeth set in the working jaw,
Hunger the plaint and never-ceasing cry,
From sea and earth and over-arching sky.
There's not an atom of the world's thick crust,
Of earth or rock, or metal's hardened rust,
But has a myriad times been charged with life,
And mingled in the vortex of its strife;
And every grain has been a battle-field,
Where murder boldly rushed with sword and shield.
Turn back the rocky pages of earth's lore,
And ev'ry leaf is written o'er and o'er
With wanton waste. The weak are for the strong,
And Might is victor, whether right or wrong.
Enameled armor and tessellated scale,
With conic tooth that broke the flinty mail;
The shell protecting and the jaw which ground
The shell to dust, there side by side are found;
The fire that sped the weak from danger's path,
The stronger fire that sped the captor's wrath;
A charnel-house where once in endless strife,
Cycled the balanced forces, death and life.

The Spiritual Philosophy.

NEW SERIES, NUMBER TWO.

The Demolition of Superstition.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Superstition, dire and malign, fills the earth,—we find it everywhere, in every clime, among all people; we behold it in Paganism with its fetichism and idolatry; we see it in Islam with its Quran and Muhammad-worship, and its Meccan pilgrimages; we perceive it in Brahmanism and Buddhism in their trivial ceremonials and metempsychoses; we observe it in Catholicism with its infallible church and pope, its transubstantiated Eucharist, Mariolatry, and holy water; in Protestantism with its Bible, trinity, baptism, and revivals; in Swedenborgianism with its God-selected Swedenborg, its incarnate Jehovah, and its "Word;" in Universalism with its Bibliolatry and Redeeming Savior; in Unitarianism with its Master and Leader Christ, its Sabbath days, its lengthy prayers and hymns of adoration to the Israelitish Jah; in mankind generally through their silly belief in foolish signs and omens without number,—

death watches, unlucky days (Fridays), lucky numbers (thirteen at table), moon wishes, etc., etc.

In Spiritualism, too, we see certain followers deeply plunged into certain miry depths. From remotest ages the whole world has been one vast mass of superstition,—all prevalent religions filled with it and have cherished it usually. For nearly two thousand years Christianity, with all its deep-seated grained superstitions, has been impressed upon the people's minds and hearts. The anti-superstitious truths of Spiritualism coming to a people surcharged and teeming with its sinister and noxious influences, must, when received by them, be tinged colored therewith; and so we find it.

Christian sectarists embracing Spiritualism, though parting largely with their former superstitious notions, yet have, sometimes the virus still lingering in their veins, cropping out in word and deed. The glamour surrounding the Bible and its oftentimes measurably lingers in their minds and superstitious reverence therefore clings to them, with ready acceptance of all the miraculous and impossible narratives of supernatural power found in the Hebrew Scriptures,—they being deemed as authoritative to, and confirmatory of, modern spiritual phenomena; but, in most cases, let us be thankful, these ideas are gradually worn away and eventually dissipated. Thus we have superstitious Christian Spiritualists—perhaps not so superstitious as they were previous to their spiritual unfolding, yet, to a degree, superstitious still.

This inbred superstition, the product of centuries' growth in progenitorial veins, again, see revealing itself with other Spiritualists in their unreasoning reception of all "the spirits" say; ridding themselves of their master, the Bible or church, to take another,—the opinions and directions of indiscriminate spirits; following their or supposed instructions in insane hope after concealed treasures, in will-be-wisp speculations and wild-goose-chase exploits. Others consult spirits habitually on all the affairs of life, business, personal domestic, thereby betokening their feeble minds and feeble self-reliance.

This superstitious element we also find directed into credulous receipt, as if infallible truth, of everything purporting to come from the spirit world, no matter how absurd or irrational the doctrines or dogmas asserted, or how opposed to the plain teachings of common sense; giving down the utterances of entranced spiritualists as real or pseudo, full of historical and scientific blunders, foolish rhapsodies, and transcendental rubbish.

Another phase of Spiritualistic superstition vents itself in the receipt of suspicious and fraudulent physical phenomena, including many cases of materialization.

writing, photographic and other pictures, etc., as undoubtedly *bona fide* spiritual manifestations. No doubt there are many instances of genuine physical phenomena, and some cases—few and far between—of genuine materialization and spirit-picture making; but very much that is so-called is purely fraudulent,—trickery and jugglery palmed off upon the credulous as the work of the spirits."

This phase is also evidenced by the fact that, whenever any mediums (real or pretended) are discovered in the practice of imposition or fraud, vindicators in plenty, Spiritualists of note, including Spiritualistic editors, persecuted mediums," and loudly asseverate that, instead of being unprincipled swindlers, as they have been proven to be, they are honorable ladies and gentlemen, worthy, honest mediums; that the demonstrated fraudulent manifestations are genuine psychic phenomena, the work of disembodied spirits; and that when the mediums (?) are discovered in unmistakable fraud, the so-called fraud is wholly due to the agency of evil or "Jesuit" spirits, using the medium unconsciously to produce the seemingly-fraudulent phenomena. If the parties so asserting honestly believe in their absurd and crime-promoting theories, then superstition in America, among certain classes of Spiritualists, has reached a dangerous and demoralizing altitude,—one to be deeply deplored and earnestly antagonized at all times and under all circumstances.

We see this superstition in Spiritualism again exemplified in the avidity with which some of its adherents accept as heavenly truth, and ably and forcibly advocate, such evident puerilities and sophistical twaddle as re-incarnation, pre-existence as individualized entities, obsession, occultism, theosophy, the existence of elemental spirits,—sylphs, gnomes, undines, salamanders, kobolds, ghouls, elves, mermaids, and other "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire,"—non-human, non-immortal intelligences, with wisdom and skill greatly surpassing the human, infesting the bodies and souls of our media.

All these various phases of superstition among Spiritualists are in direct antagonism to the plain teachings of Spiritualism itself,—they form no part of plain, unadulterated Spiritual Philosophy, but are excrescences, fungus-growths, relics of old-time superstitions, and theological vagaries still permeating the mental atmosphere. A herculean task, truly, has rational Spiritualism undertaken,—the vanquishment of superstition, root and branch, whether found within or without the pale of its own professed followers.

The Spiritual Philosophy is, in reality, the death-blow to superstition, its fundamental principles being in deadly opposition thereto. The Spiritual Philosophy proclaims

law to be absolute, supreme, in all the universe, as much in spirit-land as on earth; that all laws are eternally inherent in matter and spirit, were never created, can never be annihilated, neither can they be set aside, overturned, or contravened, in the slightest particular, God being Law, and Law being God; that no such thing as supernaturalism or the miraculous has ever existed or can ever exist,—it being absolutely impossible to transcend or modify the most trivial or insignificant (so to speak) of the eternal principles indwelling in matter and mind; that all spiritual phenomena occur through laws as old as the universe itself; that evolution, progress, development, inhere in and adhere to every atom of matter, every equivalent of force, every ideation of feeling or mentality; that magical charms, amulets, signs, omens, wizard spells, incantations, fumigations, and all such mumery and nonsense, possess, in themselves, no value, their assumed powers and efficacies being all derived from the minds of those simple enough to have credence in them; that the *dicta* of spirits should never be received, no matter from whom purported to come, unless in accordance with the most enlightened reason and the evident teachings of nature; that spirits out of the flesh are no more infallible than when in the flesh, there being all manner of intelligences inhabiting the spirit-world, good, bad, indifferent, wise, foolish, truthful, deceptive; that we should always "try the spirits,"—test their presumed revelations in the crucible of common sense and the retort of natural intuition, rejecting at once all absurdities, inanities, trivialities, claiming a *post-mortem* origin.

Were these sublime principles actualized by all receiving them, hydra-headed superstition would one by one lose its many heads, dying of pure exhaustion and utter helplessness; such, indeed, will be its ultimate fate, but hard and fierce will be the struggle ere its annihilation will leave the world redeemed, disenthralled; and when accomplished, the victory will be due to the higher teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy, in concert with the other schools of rationalistic thought effectually working therefor, largely assisted by demonstrated Science and sound Philosophy.

Recompense.

EMMA TRAIN.

A thought of holy beauty bright
Was formed within a human brain—
A thought to aid the growth of right
And make life's clouded pathways plain.
It gained expression, and its power
Grew day by day and hour by hour,
Till many souls, o'er land and sea,
Bowed down before its majesty.

Wise spirits caught its wondrous worth
And built for it a sacred shrine
Until it echoed o'er the earth
In all its living power divine.

The one who gave the thought its place
Sank low in poverty's embrace.
The thought was loved in hall and cot,
But ah! the *thinker* was forgot.

An artist with his brush in hand
Before the rayless easel stood,—
Within his soul a vision grand—
A great conception fair and good;
And hour by hour with skill he wrought
Until the canvas dull had caught
The inspiration pure and wise—
The light that gleams and never dies.

Great minds beheld its beauty rare
And gave to it an honored part.
It hung in lofty halls so fair
And ruled in all the world of art.
The artist, through whose cultured brain
It only could expression gain,
While o'er the picture wealth bowed low,
Sank down and died in want and woe.

A sweet musician formed a lay
Within the chambers of his soul,—
A light as of some clearer day
Around his mental vision stole.
He wrote it down, its notes he sang
Till o'er the hills and valleys rang
The pulsing notes so grandly free
In all their blended melody.

Great singers caught its glad refrain
And echoed it from shore to shore,
Till hearts, bowed down by sin and pain,
Arose to peace and joy once more.
The sweet musician lost the light
And sin bent o'er him with its blight.
And while the song makes souls do well
He moulders in the prison cell.

And this is life; the work we do
The waiting world claims as its own,
Each germ that's worthy, pure and true,
No matter by what hand it's sown,
Will bear its harvest o'er the lands
Oft gathered in by stranger hands—
Unmindful of the thought or deed
Of him who sowed the precious seed.

But Oh! we feel within the light
Of heaven's purer, fairer spheres
Each soul will glean the fruitage bright
It's cultivated through the years.
Each worthy deed on earth's bleak shore
Will to its doer come once more
To beautify that home to be
With what seemed only mockery.

Like bread upon the waters cast
Borne outward by the restless tide
That surely shall return at last
From o'er the surging ocean wide.
Then never think thy labor vain
Though it may bring no worldly gain,
For when the gold has turned to dust
You still will hold its sacred trust.

Yet labor on, nor fear nor doubt
The justice that with power intense
Is ever waiting round about
And ever bears life's recompense.
The harvest field shall be forbid
To him who naught of labor did.
When right shall rule and wrong shall flee
The sower shall the reaper be.

Mr. J. J. Morse on Charity.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The attention of every reader of the CARRIER DOVE is especially invited to the answer given by Mr. J. J. Morse, under control, to a question concerning "Charity," published in this week's issue. No one

should fail to carefully and thoughtfully peruse it. A somewhat novel idea is presented concerning this much-abused term, and Mr. Morse's response will be found to contain substantial chunks of good, sound common sense. Probably among no other class of people has this word charity been so much abused and perverted as among a certain school of Spiritualists during the last few years. It has been made a convenient cloak to cover and condone the vilest enormities of human kind; and under its protecting folds some of the meanest and most despicable of men and women have been taken to the warm embrace and fostering patronage of well-disposed people whose feelings and sympathies have outrun their judgment. The sentimental cant often indulged in, in the name of charity, by which unrepentant criminals and the devotees of unrestrained viciousness are whitewashed into spurious respectability and virtue, is nauseating in the extreme to practical, well-balanced minds,—sensible humanitarians, who are anxious to redeem those addicted to evil from the degrading effects of their course of life.

The reformation of the erring and the vicious cannot be effected by the whitewashing of their evil practices, and the condoning or denial of their offenses against virtue and right. Such unwise, unjust action is almost sure to encourage the wrong-doer to continue in his evil ways. Instead of covering up the misdeeds with the pall of so-called charity, the principle of justice should be paramountly exemplified. By justice is not meant the retaliatory, vindictive spirit so often met with which passes current with many for true justice. By no means. Pseudo justice, the eye for an eye, tooth for tooth, principle, prevalent in barbarism, is as much to be shunned as the spurious sickly sentimentality that is called charity by many. As Mr. Morse has clearly shown, mercy and love should accompany justice and soften the otherwise hardness and harshness of its action. Justice to ourselves and to our fellowmen demands that no encouragement be given to the evil-doer in the shape of so-called charity. It is the duty of each one to do what he or she can to prevent the commission of wrong-doing and restrain the viciously-inclined; and he or she who, in the exercise of what is called charity, engages in conduct having a tendency to strengthen the criminal or the vicious in their violations of the laws of right, is guilty of a flagrant infringement of the fundamental principles of sound ethical action, and is, in a measure, responsible morally for the consequences of every evil act that his false charity has aided in accomplishing. Above all things, we should at all times be just. The familiar Latin maxim, *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*, embodies one of the most important truths contained in gnomic

wisdom. If universal justice and universal love prevail, the genuine charity that the world needs, using the word in its highest and best signification, will be fully realized; and the pernicious forms of charity constantly prated about by certain Spiritualists can be wisely cast aside to die the death. The only charity worthy of human reception is born of love and justice; all others, such as the bastard phase of this principle, not sired by justice, but the product of illegitimate, illicit, reckless love,—the especial phase of charity which has been ding-donged in our ears almost weekly for years by certain assumed extra-charitable Spiritualists, editors and others, berating us as most wicked offenders because we speak the truth and call a lie a lie and fraud fraud, and urging us to close our eyes to the villainy surrounding us, and, unsuspecting of anything evil, swallow down, as essentially good and pure, all the meannesses and deviltry with which we come in contact,—such forms of charity as these, radically wrong in basis, disastrously pernicious in effect, and meriting sternest reprobation from every truly philanthropic mind anxious to see the world freed from its present curse of ingrained immorality and strongly-entrenched vice, should be firmly combated on all occasions.

Let justice, mercy, and love then reign supreme, and having these we have true charity. It is love, not charity, that the apostle Paul enjoins so highly in the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians. The word "charity" is an erroneous translation. The Greek word is *agape*, the common word for "love" in that language. In the revised version of the New Testament it is translated correctly, "love" and not "charity." Paul in this sublime chapter, instead of extolling charity, as the common, erroneous translations indicate, posited love as the grand principle, in comparison with which charity was as nothing. Said he, "If I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned [the extremest exercises of charity], and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." Love, not charity, is the *de-sideratum*.

It is a noteworthy fact that those *soi-disant*, goody-goody people (people of this class are often the worst enemies of truth, justice, and common sense, particularly in Spiritualism), who prate eternally and unceasingly about the necessity for charity, are usually themselves radically deficient in charity, of any kind. For "pure cussedness," meanness, spitefulness, vindictiveness, slanderousness, and calumny-propagation, commend me to those who incessantly talk of and write about charity. Instead of being so much superior morally to us, poor uncharitable devils, as their hypocritical cant would have the world suppose, they can generally be counted on

as being of that character which in their own cases, a very large amount of charity to cover up, whitewash, and condone their own moral deformity. Feeling sadly they need, in their own persons, the exercise of charity, they incessantly about the duty of being charitable to the weak points in our brethren and sisters, as was the great teacher, the reformed reformer. As regards Jesus of Nazareth I doubt if any moral reformer in the history indulged in severer or more scathing invective against the evil-doers of his time; and he was especially severe in his denunciation of the canting hypocrites of that day,—those pretending to be better than their neighbors, just as the pretended extra-charitable people of to-day to make the world believe that they are on such a higher plane than that occupied by the rest of us. One of these pretended Pharisees has said that he pitied me for certain editorial friend of mine, on account of our uncharitableness,—that is because we tell the truth about scalawags and knaves. Probably my editorial friend pitied because he has not adopted the policy of refusing to commend any general medium editorially, unless the notice is paid for, while at the same time his editorial columns will weekly contain lengthy, highly-colored eulogiums of fraudulent mediums, some written by the editor, some by the frauds themselves, or by their friends, but all inserted in the editorial columns for a monetary consideration; the my editorial friend refuses to sell his editorial columns to any pretended medium who chooses to buy them, while genuine mediums are excluded from notice there because they do not feel warranted in asking for a just and honorable notice of their gifts. This mercenary policy may be deemed charitable to the mediumistic imposters by some of our pretended over-charitable brethren and sisters; but it is a flagrant infringement of the basic principles of justice.

Jesus, it is well known, characterized the knaves of his day as "serpents," "generation of vipers," "fools," "hypocrites," "blind guides," "whited sepulchres," and said they were worthy the damnation of hell. Where, then, was the "charity" of Jesus of which modern hypocrites prate? He also forcibly drove out of the temple those whom he regarded as defiling it. That is precisely what the present-day reformers desire to do,—we wish to purify the temple of Spiritualism of those who defile it by using it as a means of money-making at the expense of honesty and fair-dealing, and in our efforts to effect this desirable end we are continually harassed and impeded by the "charitable" "whited sepulchres" of to-day, who denounce our efforts to effect about moral reform, and advise us to take the example of the charitable Nazarene.

despite the fact that we are, in reality, endeavoring to do the same thing now that Jesus attempted in the first century.

Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites: you outwardly, indeed, appear to men as just; but inwardly you are full of hypocrisy and iniquity." And now abideth love, mercy, and justice, these three; but the greatest of these is justice.

A Remarkable Occurrence.

BY LIDA JOHNSON.

In September, 1887, a well-built man, thirty-five years of age, lately a conductor on a freight train, was admitted in a hospital at Omaha, suffering from softening of the brain. As nurse, I had charge of him. When in hospital but a few days, he called my attention one night by crying, "Fire! Fire! Boys, the cars are on fire." I hastened to him, found him very much excited. He said, "My train is wrecked, my engine smashed, and the cars are thrown off the track, and are burning. Can't you see them? The oil caught on fire."

It was after much talking and explaining to him that he was sick in bed and not on the road and was only dreaming, that I succeeded in quieting him. I supposed it was a dream, and thought no more about it until next morning, when a friend of the sick man called to see him and asked, "How is our friend, Mr. F——?" We being in the presence of the sick man, I laughingly said, "Oh! he is all right this morning, but he and I were in a horrible wreck last night, and it was as much as we could do to get out; for Mr. F—— claimed his train was wrecked by running into another freight train, that his engine was broken, and the cars thrown off the track, caught fire by oil exploding and burnt up." The friend, who was a conductor on another road, said, "Madam, what time of the night did this occur?" I said, "I don't know the exact time, but it was after one and before three o'clock." He replied, "Madam that very thing happened at 2 o'clock last night." The friend and others at the hospital thought it was a very remarkable coincidence. The strange or supernatural part of the circumstance is that the patient was dying of a disease that destroyed his intellect and power of comprehension; he was not capable of thought; could not put words enough together to form a sentence; could not answer a question intelligently; could not feed himself; could not remember his own name; he was idiotic, not delirious, and died in a few days afterwards. I saw his brain examined, a very large portion of which was in such a softened condition as to resemble pus, looking like thick cream, and flowing freely upon opening the membranes. Can spirit power manipulate a brain so diseased as

this was, and make an intelligent impression? We are told that mediums must be in good mental condition, if we receive reliable impressions. A person may be delirious and suddenly become sane, and in ten minutes be delirious again; but it seems impossible for the condition of this man's mind to have become any better if the "throne of reason" is located in the brain.

Will not some of our spiritual scientists explain this matter, as I confess I am in the dark regarding it?

Misunderstood.

The importance of distinct enunciation in singing was well illustrated in a Sunday school recently. The scholars frequently sing,—

"Pass along the watchword, shout it as you go,
Victory! victory! over every foe."

A little girl of five years, coming for the first time to Sunday school, was greatly pleased with the singing of this hymn. When she reached home, she said:

"Mamma, they sang such a funny song at Sunday school to-day!"

"What was it?" asked her mother.

"Oh, they sang, 'Pass along the wash-rag,' and they kept saying it over and over."

Hard to Please.

Two young girls were walking down Chestnut street in Philadelphia. One was a native of the Quaker town, the other a visitor from a large western city. They had been schoolmates and had both eagerly looked forward to this visit as a great pleasure in their lives. But they did not look now as if it was pleasure.

The hostess was naturally anxious that her friend should see her native city in the best light. But the friend was resolved not to be dazzled by anything these "eastern people" had to show.

"There, Jenny, are our public buildings," pointing to a huge pile of white marble.

Jenny gave them a hasty, indifferent glance. "Why they're not finished. Surely I heard they were begun years ago."

"You can't build palaces now by rubbing on an old lamp," said Hetty, rather crestfallen.

"We do it, almost in a night, without a lamp. The court-house in Blank City was built in three months, and it is magnificent. Some people think it is the most correct Grecian building in the country."

"This is the Mint," said the Philadelphian presently. "Shall we go in?"

"I don't care to. I've been in the one in San Francisco. This is only a branch of that, I believe."

"I don't know," said Hetty, with a de-

jected face. "How dim the electric lights make the gas seem! They're lighting the streets early to-day."

"We had electric lights in Blank City long before Philadelphia! Nobody with us uses gas now. Do you have it still in your house?"

"Yes, I'm afraid we do. How did you like that gentleman who called this afternoon, Jenny? He is a great favorite here."

"Ah!" with an amused, contemptuous smile. "Your Philadelphia young men are very stiff and dull, are they not? I don't know, I'm sure; but that is their reputation through the country."

Hetty made no reply. She stopped in a moment before a long, low, brick building. "Here is something, at least, which Blank City has not," she said, with a sharp tone in her usually sweet voice. "The Hall in which the Declaration was signed."

"Oh!" the stranger exclaimed, with interest, but recalling herself in a moment. "It's a battered old place," she remarked. "I should think Philadelphia might keep the steps scrubbed, any way." After going through the building, however, she complained that "the Philadelphians showed bad taste in restoring it and keeping it in such finical order."

Jenny's visit lasted for two weeks. She was not asked to extend it.

"She has become thoroughly disagreeable," wrote her friend to a classmate. "I never want her to come again."

The guest went home, disappointed. She had lost her anticipated pleasure and lost her friend. "But those city people could not show off to me!" she said, and that triumph probably paid her for her chagrin and distress.

Who has not struggled under the weight of such a visitor? Their fault is not so much lack of tact and good breeding, as that pure selfishness which nurses their own petty vanities, totally regardless of the feelings of others.—*Youth's Companion*.

Those are the most honorable who are the most useful.

The blessings of fortune are the lowest; the next are the bodily advantages of strength and health; but the superlative blessings are those of the mind.

Shall we repine at a little misplaced charity, we who could no way foresee the effect—when an all-knowing, all-wise Being showers down every day his benefits on the unthankful and undeserving?—*Atterbury*.

Don't waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duty will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.—*Emerson*.

THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editor

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

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

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical
Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual Workers of
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Messages, Editorial and Miscellaneous Items. All articles not
credited to other sources are written especially for the
CARRIER DOVE.

TERMS:

\$2.50 Per Year. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Address all communications to

THE CARRIER DOVE,
32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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THE CARRIER DOVE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FEB. 11, 1888.

Responsibilities of the Spiritual Press.

A great deal is said about "the responsibility of mediums," and their shortcomings and "tricks of trade" are severely criticized, both publicly and privately, by the truth-loving class of Spiritualists who consider the interests of the cause superior to individuals, and also by the critical public that is ever on the alert to discover flaws in our beautiful philosophy or its exponents. While we admit there is much to be criticized in this direction, we feel that a greater and more prolific source of evil to the cause is fostered and encouraged by Spiritualists who support and countenance unprincipled journalism. The responsibilities that attach to the Spiritual press are far greater than those of mediums. The responsibilities of an editor are far reaching and vitally important, and should only be assumed in a spirit of true devotion to the highest and best interests of the cause—never for the

purpose of notoriety or material gain. Pecuniary profit, however, is not likely to accrue; as the journal that boldly denounces wrong wherever manifest, and faithfully champions the cause of right and justice is certain to meet with opposition, denunciation, and meager support. It requires devotion to principle to enable any journalist to rise superior to these adverse influences, and persistently pursue a straightforward course regardless of material consequences or considerations. It will be a bright day for our cause when none but such faithful souls are numbered among its exponents.

The Spiritual press wields an influence for good or ill far surpassing that of any individual worker, no matter how prominently he or she may be brought before the public. The value and far-reaching influence of the press is ably set forth in an article by W. N. Slocum, in the DOVE of January 28th, and we commend it to the careful consideration of our readers. The spiritual journalist should be superior to bribery, and should avoid falsification and sensationalism. The people want plain, unvarnished facts concerning the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. The secular press furnishes sensational and highly colored articles on every topic, including spiritual phenomena; and it is the duty of the spiritual press to counteract such extravagancies by presenting plain, simple truths that all may understand, free from falsehood and absurdities. It is a fact deeply to be regretted that the reverse of this is sometimes true; and that some of our spiritual journals have fallen into the error of imitating the policy of the secular press in their general conduct and management. They also err in presenting extravagant accounts of phenomena and sentimental laudation of mediums. For instance, a homely, illiterate, flashily dressed woman is described as "a refined and cultured lady," a "Christ-like character," with a "grand, noble presence" and "flow of elegant language," when the exact truth is quite the reverse; and her acquaintances know that the elegant language bears the earmarks of said editor, whose composition it really is, the "gifted medium" having memorized it for the occasion. But the public at large does *not* know that those gushing editorial puffs are handsomely paid for, and consequently must appear, even though they mislead and deceive many

honest and unthinking people who, without question, "swallow it all."

So prevalent has become the practice of indiscriminately advertising and recommending all classes of mediums—the genuine and false alike—that the whole movement is honey-combed with fraud; and the best and most unprincipled flourish, while the genuine and honest mediums have to "take back seats."

Of course, there are exceptional cases where the phenomena is of such a striking and convincing character as to admit of imitation or counterfeiting; as in the case of Mr. John Slater and Mrs. Ada Foy, who are, without doubt, the best platform test mediums in the world.

It is a remarkable fact that Chicago is comparatively free from bogus materializations and other kinds of "wonderful" mediumistic sensations, while Boston, Cincinnati and San Francisco seem to be especially points wherein they congregate. Is there not something in this fact that it would be well for intelligent people to think about? Has the course pursued by the *Religious Philosophical Journal*, of Chicago, had such a beneficial effect that tricksters fear its denunciation, and steer clear of the local where it is published, while the contrary course of other spiritual journals has attracted to the above mentioned localities, most of the mediumistic frauds and spiritual deadbeats of the United States? And is it not time for those journals that have been instrumental in bringing about such an unfortunate condition, ignorantly or otherwise, should begin the sifting process, that the public may learn who are our reliable mediums and who are not?

Some people have very mistaken ideas of journalistic honesty, and think that whatever a criticism appears of the practice above referred to, that it has been published with malicious intent. This mistaken idea has created a great deal of trouble for it is much more painful to a peace-loving editor to say unpleasant truths than it would be to say only pleasant ones. A sense of duty impels them to speak when silence would suit them better. What spiritualists learn—as many who have spent years in patient investigation have—the startling and wonderful manifestations of spirit power, such as materialization, spirit photography, etc., are of rare occurrence and can not be obtained at the desire

the medium on every and all occasions, but are like "lights along the shore," indicating the way to the better country beyond, we shall have less counterfeit imitations and more genuine phenomena.

Benefit Seance.

John Slater will hold a public seance for the benefit of the Union Spiritual Society at Scottish Hall, 105 Larkin St., on Thursday evening, Feb. 16th. Admission 10 cents. We hope all the friends will make an effort to attend this meeting, as the Society is doing a good work and needs a little pecuniary aid. Mr. Slater has set an example worthy of imitation; and when genuine mediums will combine to aid each other and the cause by occasionally giving a benefit seance there will soon be a medium's fund sufficient to guarantee against emergencies which might arise through sickness or lack of business during a dull time.

Practical Occultism.

Under the general head of speculative occultism may be classed all the mysticisms of the present age, and in contradistinction thereto, the term "Practical Occultism" has been aptly chosen for a volume of inspirational lectures, delivered by Mr. J. J. Morse, dealing with subjects of "great pith and moment," in a sound, clear, and eminently sensible manner. For nearly twenty years Mr. Morse has been a leading trance exponent of a common-sense, non-mystical Spiritualism—free from the extravagances and perversions, the metaphysical idealisms, and the rhapsodical moonshine with which in some quarters the spiritual philosophy has been heavily burdened, to its sore detriment and disgrace.

The preceding paragraph—from the pen of Wm. Emmette Coleman—is an extract from the preface of a volume (just issued by the CARRIER DOVE Publishing Company) containing a phonographic report of a series of lectures recently delivered in this city by J. J. Morse. The extract gives, in brief language, a fair idea of the character of the work, which is intended to furnish practical information on subjects that have for some years past excited great interest in the minds of many people, including a large class of Spiritualists.

Spiritualism, in its purity, is the least abstruse of all systems which assume to teach the nature of man, his origin and destiny. Originally it was not only itself devoid of mysticism, but it was a most effective weapon for destroying the mysteries of older faiths. It succeeded beyond all human calculation, the result being not only to divest religion of many of its absurd-

ities, but to give impetus and new direction to scientific inquiry, and finally to establish on the basis of natural law and common sense, a system of philosophy concerning the nature of man which (allowing for future growth) bids fair to stand the test of time. The contest has been a severe one, but it is virtually finished,—all that remains to be done being the readjustment of existing religious institutions to the facts of nature already proven by Spiritualism.

A singular result of this triumph however has been the flocking to the spiritual temple of many of the mystics and dreamers whose old domiciles have been torn down over their heads. They come among us with their ancient notions modified by modern thought, and seek to engraft upon the vigorous stock of Spiritualism the scions of older faiths. The medial instruments of this work do not conceal the source of their inspiration, but boastingly proclaim themselves the exponents of ancient lore transmitted from spirits who have grown wise by repeated incarnations.

It would be futile to deny that such teachings have no effect; they cannot be ignored; they must be recognized and intelligently answered. A successful effort to do this has been made in the volume under consideration,—not in a controversial spirit, but in the style of one who exposes error by exemplifying the truth. When truth is made manifest, conflicting error must necessarily fall. There is no deunciation in this book, no attack on the persons who preach contrary doctrine, or on the positions assumed by them, but there is a clear exposition of the natural laws governing occult manifestations, and an elucidation of the practical uses which may be made by a study of Occultism in the light of common sense.

The various subjects treated are, The Trance as the doorway to the occult; Mediumship, its conditions, dangers, etc.; Magic, sorcery, witchcraft; The Soul-World; Life, development and death in spirit-land.

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?

J. J. Morse's Spiritual Inquiry Class.

Mr. Morse's fifth class of spiritual inquiry will commence on the evening of Wednesday next, 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, by Miss Florence Morse, 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.”

SPECIAL NOTICE.

This will probably be Mr. Morse's last class in this city. It is therefore necessary for all desiring to avail themselves of the present opportunity to be present on Wednesday evening next, as after all the available seats are sold no further tickets will be issued.

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.

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.

Spiritual Meetings in San Francisco.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Two very fine audiences assembled at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday morning and evening last, the 5th inst., to listen to the control of Mr. J. J. Morse, who, in the forenoon answered a wide variety of questions in his usual admirable and incisive manner.

At night the controls discoursed upon “Religious Infidelity” in a manner that won the closest attention and warmest sympathies of the large company present, which gave a tremendous outburst of approval as its endorsement of the liberal and progressive sentiments advanced.

Miss E. Beresford Joy sang with her excel-

lent taste “At the Eastern Gate,” by Tours, and Mr. W. H. Keith rendered Pensuete's “Immortality” in splendid form, each artiste being rewarded with most liberal applause. No better soloists can be heard in this city at this time.

On Sunday next the morning meeting will be devoted to a lecture upon a subject to be selected by the audience. At the evening meeting the time will be devoted to answering questions. Meetings commence at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Admission free.

ODD FELLOW'S HALL.

Mr. John Slater held two seances at this place on Sunday last. In the afternoon at three o'clock a goodly audience of about five hundred people assembled to listen to the wonderful tests given by this remarkable medium. In the evening the hall was filled to its utmost capacity; an audience of over seventeen hundred people being present. The tests were the most striking and satisfactory of any that have been given in this city for many months. Mr. Slater's tests do not consist in calling out a long string of names that may have been gleaned from many sources, and contain no especial evidence that the spirits themselves are present; but they consist in a correct recital of incidents in the lives of the living; what they said or did previous to coming, or while on the way to the place of meeting, details of business matters relating to the past and present, going into the private lives of individuals, describing mental states and physical conditions, which, in connection with names of spirit friends form a chain of evidence indisputable and convincing. He gives no “stock tests” that are the common property of every trickster in the country. We prophesy a good work both public and private, for this medium in our city.

WASHINGTON HALL.

Dr. W. W. McKaig addressed the progressive Spiritualists, at this hall, on Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. The subject, “Liberalism,” was handled in the usual able manner.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

On Wednesday evening, February 2d, Mr. J. J. Morse addressed the Union Spiritual Society at this hall. A large audience as-

sembled, and at the close of Mr. Morse's address, Mrs. M. J. Hendee made a few remarks, which were followed by a speech from John Slater, who announced that he would hold a public seance for the benefit of the Society.

Chips.

The pilgrims of earth in their homeward way,

Full often in danger and doubt must stand;

But out of the darkness shall come the day,

And strength and healing from God's right hand;

And the scales of life, as they rise and fall,

Full measures of justice shall meet to all.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

I believe in all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding the women.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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.

“Why do you women meddle in politics?” asked Napoleon of Madam De Staël. “Sire,” she answered, “so long as you hang us we must ask you the reason.”

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

A new European invention consists of a simple tube arrangement by which it is made possible for a person while remaining indoors to breathe the cool out-of-door air. It is intended for the use of patients with lung disease who need a constant supply of fresh and cool air.

In Victor Hugo's matchless romance, “Jean Valjean,” he writes: “Animals are but the forms of our virtues and vices wandering before our eyes, the visible phantoms of our souls. God shows them to us to make us reflect.” This simile is also shown in the vegetable kingdom. If the loathsome form of the serpent is the outward type of evil, then the roses and lilies are visible emblems of the beauty and goodness that exists in humanity, as the thorns and briars are proofs of its discords.

The holiday number of the CARRIER DOVE was immense. It was filled to overflowing with good things. In fact every number is a literary treat within itself. Its editor, Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, knows her business and always does her best to please her many patrons.—*Gatesville Star.*

A periodical entitled "In Health and Disease," relates an interesting story of a man who devoted every hour of his life to the improvement of Bantam fowls and curious pigeons, but who married a mad woman, kept her confined in a garret and produced children without stint through the co-operation of this unfortunate wife and mother!

The story is told of a clergyman that after preaching an interesting sermon on "The Recognition of friends in Heaven," he was accosted by a hearer who said: "I like that sermon, and I now wish you would preach another on the recognition of people in this world. I have been attending your church three years, and not five persons in the congregation have as much as bowed to me in all that time!"

Some touching and beautiful superstitions prevailed among the Indian tribes. The Seneca tribe entertained one of singular beauty. When a maiden died they imprisoned a young bird until it first began to sing, then loading it with messages and caresses they liberated it over her grave, with the belief that it would not cease its flight nor close its eyes until it had flown to the spirit-land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost.

THE NEMESIS OF THE PULPIT.—"You don't know what plague has fallen on the practitioners of theology? I will tell you, then. It is *Spiritualism*. Whilst some are crying out against it as a delusion of the devil, and some are laughing at it as an hysterical folly, and some are getting angry with it as a mere trick of interested or mischievous persons, *Spiritualism* is quietly undermining the traditional ideas of the future state which have been, and are still, accepted—not merely in those who believe in it, but in the general sentiment of the community—to a larger extent than most good people seem to be aware of" . . . "The Spiritualists have been roughly handled by the theologians at different times. And the Nemesis of the pulpit

comes with such a crack of old beliefs that the roar of it is heard in all the ministers' studies of Christendon! Sir, you cannot have people of cultivation, of pure character, sensible enough in common things, large-hearted women, grave judges, shrewd business men, men of science, professing to be in communication with the spiritual world, and keeping up constant intercourse with it, without its gradually reacting on the whole conception of that other life."—*O. W. Holmes, Prof. at the Breakfast Table.*

Children's Dept.

The Friends.

"Charlie," our horse, and "Minnie," our cat,
Have a friendship that's pleasant to see,
Whatever may come to the rest of the farm,
They're as happy, as happy can be.

Whenever our Charlie comes in from his work,
Our pussy is ready to purr,
To fondle caressingly over his head,
Until he takes notice of her.

When Charlie lies down on his nice bed of straw
Our pussy lies down by his side,
If she is away, he will not go to sleep,
But lie with his eyes open wide.

She therefore goes hunting quite seldom by night
But catches her rats in the day,
As these are the hours for the work on the farm,
When Charlie is always away.

And so they look out with a miserly care
For chances each other to please,
And teach us to lovingly bear and forbear,
And never each other to tease.

—*The Myrtle.*

School-boy Heroism.

Two boys were in school-room alone together, when some fireworks, contrary to the master's prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Bennie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again, "Why didn't you deny it?" asked the delinquent.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have told a falsehood," said Bennie.

"Then why did you not say that I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would share the falsehood."

The boy's heart melted; Bennie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When the school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk, and said, "Please sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squibs," then burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his school-mate smote his

conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if the two were paired in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud: "Bennie, Bennie lad, he and I both beg your pardon—we are both to blame!"

The school was hushed and still, as older scholars are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still that they might have heard Bennie's big boy tears drop proudly on his book as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself, as well as filled all the rest; and then, for want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master forever!"

The glorious shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he resumed the chair.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Pancakes.

It is said that two married people were once divorced, as a result of a quarrel which began in disputing over the origin of a hole in the carpet. The case is by no means a peculiar one. Two men tramping together in British Columbia, one of them the author of "The Western Avernus," stopped at night for supper, and, having lighted a fire and improvised cooking utensils, proceeded to fry pancakes. Says the narrator:

Now my notion of a pancake was that it should be large and thick and puffy, but Bill thought they should be small, thin and brown. Consequently when I had my first one well under way, Bill said, "What do you call *that*? I was nettled.

"Why, a pancake. What do you call it?"

"Oh, I call it a pudding. You wait till I get my pan fixed; I'll show you what a pancake is."

When he had his first one nearly done, I said, "Bill, what's that you're cooking?"

"Why, a pancake. Can't you see?"

"That's not a pancake; that's a miserable little hoecake. It's only a wafer. These are pancakes, Bill."

Bill nearly dropped his in the fire.

"Don't you think I know what a pancake is? I've made 'em all over America, and you—why, you're only an Englishman, what do you know, anyhow?"

"That's your ignorance," said I. "I've cooked them in England, in Australia, and the States. You're only an American. Why don't you travel and learn something?"

Bill got perfectly furious, and if I had chaffed him any more there would have been a fight over those miserable cakes.

"Well, well, Bill, call yours pancakes. They are pancakes, Bill; mine are only flapjacks."

Then there was peace in the camp.—*Youth's Companion.*

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