

THE CARRIER DOVE, A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.

THE SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

# THE CARRIER DOVE

BEHOLD I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY

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Vol. VI. No. 15.

APRIL 13th.

1889.

Single Numbers, 10 cts.

Annual Subscription, \$2.50

OFFICE 841 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



# The Carrier Dove.

"Behold! I Bring You Glad Tidings of Great Joy!"

VOLUME VI.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., APRIL 13, 1880.

NUMBER 15.

## The Platform.

### The Dwellings of the Dead.

BY THE GUIDES OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

"How are the dead raised up? In what body do they come?"

"If a man die shall he live again?"

"There is no sight, nor sound, nor any life in the grave."

"In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you."

"Where are the dwelling places of the dead?"

The ancient scripture, or the compilation which appears in connection with the Christian Bible, affords very little clue to what the Jews really thought concerning the future life, for the dead are referred to as being utterly dead; and the grave is referred to as the habitation of the dead; those who have passed from mortal sight are spoken of as not knowing anything, that it would seem at a casual glance from the interpretation offered you that there was no belief in a future state at all. It would seem that angels appeared among men as men, in their talk of a future life, and salvation, and of the soul in its highest estate, and those who were inspired, always referred in such a way to the future state as though it were certainly a thing that was understood. So we have arrived at this conclusion: that the Rabbinical Jewish Bible differs essentially from the Christian interpreting, that the teachings of the Jews has been translated by Christian authorities and compilers rather than with the view of offering what they supposed to be prophecy concerning Christ than to correctly interpret the views of the Hebraic religion. We think there were three distinct classes: the initiated, or priests, who understood the Kabalistic lore, and who preserved from the ancient records and Oriental Bibles the inner meaning of inspiration, they believed in immortality, believed in a future state, believe in all that you understand as the recognition of the immortal life. The second class understood but dimly those mysterious things, and accepted salvation and everlasting life more as a physical fact than a spiritual thought, and this physical fact became more and more material, was

transferred more from heaven to earth. The majority of the people believed that the dead were dead; that the wicked would never rise again, but continue to be dead, while the good would be resurrected and inherit the physical earth, since their idea of the New Jerusalem and of the kingdom which was to be their's was purely physical. Such is our interpretation of the three lines of history that are found in the Jewish record; that which is prophecy and inspired as spiritual; and that reaches far forward into Christianity.

But there certainly can be no doubt, when one turns to the pages that give the history of Jesus, as to what kind of heaven or future state awaits mankind, all the teaching therein contained, which is very little in point of language, but very much in meaning, refers distinctly to a spiritual state, refers distinctly to a kingdom that is not of earth. He refers to the "Father's House" or the mansions in heaven as being a spiritual not a material condition; but the Jews who heard Him did not understand Him, did not know whom He meant by the word "Father," did not understand to what He referred when He spoke of His "Kingdom," supposed that His "Father" and His "Kingdom" were physical facts, which would be demonstrated to them by the arrival in some grand or wonderful manner of this King or Father. Such was the tenacity with which the Jews cling to material life, Christ being their King, that when the death blow came, when the fact really appeared that He had physically perished as other men do, it was also a death blow to their spiritual faith, no wonder they felt the blow so keenly; no wonder that the people who believed in some sort of way that He was to lead them to the New Jerusalem, to be their ruler, that they felt such utter barrenness and desolation when the physical fact of the crucifixion of Jesus was known to them.

Among the still more ancient nations, especially in Egypt, the dwelling places of the dead were set apart from all the residences of mankind; those who had ought to do with the physical dissolution, or prepared the bodies for interment, were Pariahs, were set apart from all contact with all other people, no human being could touch their hands under penalty of violating the law, none indeed, could even come in contact with them, (except through especially appointed ways) although they were possessed of human loves and human interests they were literally in-

habitants of the city of the dead. Across the river from where Egypt's splendid cities arose, these dwelt in absolute isolation, never coming in contact with the daily lives of their kind, having for companionship only the thoughts of the dead.

But a still more subtle idea pervaded the minds of the Egyptians and Arabians; that far in the desert where no man had penetrated was the dwelling place of the dead. For some time in Africa, afterward in Egypt, it was customary to bear their dead into the desert, where the elements would destroy the bodies, where birds of the air and wild beasts would feed upon them. Where naught would be near any habitation of aught that remained of the dead forms. It was even thought that souls, imprisoned for sin and selfishness were wandering in those distant wastes; that the arid desert held the wandering wraiths of those who had been wicked upon earth; and such souls as had been faithful and true, passed through the shadows and by the hand of Horus into the upper heavens, and were admitted into the kingdom of celestial light. Still another theory prevails in the Orient among the worshippers of Ormuzd and Ahremines; Ormuzd the god of light, Ahremines the god of darkness or shadow. The former was the sun, not the literal sun, but the sun of splendor dwelling in the upper heaven. Ahremines was the winter, the night, the satan of mythology, not endowed with such revengeful fury as the Satan of Christendom, but whatever shadows were upon the earth when winter or darkness came Ahremines prevailed. He also was the god of Death, and into his kingdom which was the lower world, or world of shadows, passed the souls of those whose bodies were dead; there they either passed to Ormuzd in his temple of light, or through other forms of re-incarnation wrought out their destinies on earth to win the kingdom of Ormuzd.

Under the Brahminical and Buddhist religion there is also a subtle theory about souls; all souls come from Deity, from the state of Deity which is Nirvana, beyond the state of time and sense, but when they once enter the realm of time and sense they must pass through all its changes of planetary conditions, all physical conditions upon each planet, and they even teach that they must pass through all stages of animal life—we think, however, that this is an interpolation,

Then, according to Buddha, such souls as have conquered, as have ceased to desire to have any contact with matter, as their desires have become so exalted that the material life no longer enchains them, pass again into Nirvana. But such others as are in the shadow still, pass through the various stages of earthly life enchained by the "Karma, or conditions of their previous incarnations, until, finally, they are lost in the shadows utterly or are restored into Nirvana.

Among the Jews it is undoubtedly true that some portion of these Oriental teachings prevailed. They believed that the dead only occupied a spirit state, an intermediate state, for a certain length of time and then were incarnated again upon earth. But there also was another theory among the Jews; that is the dead were sleeping, and that they would reappear as possessors of the earth, or they would slumber forever. Christianity on the other hand makes a distinct digression, almost in the opposite direction, and the teaching, coming as it did, in the midst of that kind of materialism that prevailed in Judea, is as much a stamp of its genuineness as any proof that could be revealed. Everything taught in the Christian Bible is spiritual, that which is taught in the Jewish Bible is literal. Everything taught by Christ concerning man as a spirit is so distinct that he makes a man's desire to do wrong as sinful as the wrong doing itself. He makes the thought of anger as palpable a murder as the slaying by the hand; He makes the thought of robbing one's neighbor as real as the act itself, so that there was an entire transference or the sinfulness of man from the mere violation of the law to a lack of spiritual perception. So, also, was there a change with reference to the dead. This is why it is so impossible to gather from that which was comparatively a Jewish record, or rather Jewish tradition, (which is, after all, history) exact data concerning the birth, life and death of Christ, for they did not expect Him to die physically at all, and if He did physically they expected Him to be restored physically, to live in a literal form in a literal kingdom.

It is only by reading between the lines and behind the record, by understanding that the spirit of Christ's teachings referred to himself as a spirit as well as to others, to know that he taught a distinct life separate from the senses, a distinct spirit in man separate from his body, and a distinct existence beyond this life separated from the physical form by the change called death, the distinct inheritance of an immortal nature as separated from the physical nature. That he did not teach many of the doctrines of the Orient taught by Buddha is no evidence that he did not recognize them, for it is certain that he intimated that he believed that John the Baptist was Elias, in fact, he states it in so many words, so it is accepted as a portion of his teachings recorded in the New Testament

that he believed that the prophets and others could appear again on earth.

When we take this in connection with all the other things that he taught, we find he was here more to teach the triumph of the moral nature over the physical form, the spiritual nature of man as distinct from his physical nature, and an immortality that was spiritual. But he taught no literal heaven; he taught no physical paradise; he taught nothing that could be construed into an acceptance of the state of the hereafter as being a literal state in any sense. Since he made the moral realities of life spiritual when here, it is utterly impossible that he would make the spiritual realities of a future life material when there. So when he says to his disciples, his wondering and bewildered disciples, who did not know whom he referred to when he referred to his Father; who did not know of what he spoke when he spoke of his kingdom, or, "In my father's house there are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." They took it in a literal sense; they supposed he would send for them, or that a messenger would arrive from that great kingdom of the Fathers and bear them materially hence. When he died and gave no sign; when he was crucified and did not climb them, it was a death blow. But after all the ministration came; the appearance in their midst was a revelation; it led them step by step to the doorway of spiritual truth. When he finally went away and came no more, in personal form, or it is not recorded that he came again, there still was a consciousness of that presence, of that light that had led them before.

Of course into Christianity, strange as it must appear to the impartial mind, there has crept the material, revolting, and impossible interpretation of death, that the Jews entertained. The body, holding in thrall the sleeping soul, and the narrow house of clay, as the habitation of the dead, and even the literal resurrection of those who are to be saved is typified spiritually in the vision of John. This is accepted literally as the truth and these theological dogmas are claimed to be predicated upon the life, death and resurrection of Christ. If there is any resemblance between the teachings of Christ and those who teach the sleeping of the spirit until the resurrection of the body, we have not found it; if there is any resemblance in Christ's picture of the future state and his preparation for his disciples, and that which has been woven into these theological dogmas many centuries after, we have not discovered it; and if that which follows the supposed resurrection unto life, and the supposed resurrection unto eternal torment can be tortured by any misrepresentation from the teachings of Jesus we cannot possibly discover it. It is Jewish, and not Christian; it is the ignorant Jewish faith, not even the faith of the Hebrew prophet; it is the commonly accepted idea of the literal multitude who do not know the

meaning of the resurrection or spirit life at all.

And yet, into that house of clay, as taught in Christendom, and especially in Protestant Christendom, has been crowded the hope, the love, and the life of humanity; into that house of clay, as pictured under Calvinistic doctrines, as revealed even by the ritual of the Church of England, must be thrust all hopes and fears of a pleading, longing humanity to wait that dim, dismal sounding of the final trumpet. No one is spiritual enough to know that the judgment day, and the judgment seat is in the soul, no one is spiritual enough to know that the recording angel is also there, and no one seems to be endowed with perception enough to discover that the summons that comes to you, and comes to each, to rise up from the grave, is not to those who are physically dead, but to those in human life who are morally dead.

If it were true that the spirit and body could slumber together for any length of time in the resting place of the house of clay, prepared for the forms alone, then would annihilation be true; then would materialism be true; then it would be true that man could lay down his treasures at the grave with the certainty of never beholding them again, but because Jesus taught of another life, that which was divine, and because the heart of the whole world, by common consent, turned to something better; even Protestantism has been rescued from that dismal thralldom; a broader, fairer religion has swept across the theology of the past; imperfectly it is true; but human thoughts are greater than human creeds; poets have sung better songs than ministers have preached sermons, and the world has hung upon visions of hope more than upon pictures of despair. The people have forgotten Milton since Tennyson, Longfellow, Wordsworth, and Shelly's song of spiritual themes; Dante's pictures of Hades are blotted out in the light of that spiritual truth; and to day the heaven which is pictured by even those who worship at the outward shrine of Christian theology, is no such heaven as that which was painted by Calvin, or which Milton wove into his song.

Gradually the dwellings of the dead have been opened to your vision; gradually the habitations of the spirit world have been revealed to your comprehension; gradually that realm has been drawing nearer, and no man nor woman who has any intelligent faith to-day looks to the narrow house of clay in the dust for the loved ones; not even those who say in the ritual, "I believe in the resurrection of the body," dream of what they say. They believe their friends live somewhere, and they do not understand what horror they are repeating when they say, "I believe in the resurrection of the body." That spiritual life has all been pictured by their friends, even as Christ did before them, and their loved ones are there.



Who could comfort a mother who believed that her babe was sleeping in the tomb until the judgment day? What voice could reach the father or friend who contemplated the fearfulness of that sleep? Nay, there is a faith in mankind stronger than the walls of the strongest creed; even Calvinism has yielded up its babes, that were lost because not baptised, and placed them at the feet of Christ in heaven. Even those babes that it was said hell was paved with, have been restored by the light of an inward faith, to the mother in paradise, by the better nature of an inspired humanity that will not bend to a creed that stultifies the name of Christ.

Now by a steadily moving impulse that picture of the new Jerusalem, that heaven with its alabaster throne, and literal streets of gold, with its walls of precious stones, and gates of pearl must be understood to mean a spiritual state, those glittering terms are symbols of the light and love divine; such attributes as only could abide in the innermost heaven within the souls of the blest.

Spiritualism has swept into the world to save mankind from the thought of annihilation and the night time of Theology; and to spread the mantle of its beauty over this horrible picture of the past by a certainty, a divine certainty, of a future life. But Spiritualism has found mankind just as theology left it; has found mankind in theology; and when a spirit has come knocking at the doors of your hearts by sometimes making signs, and sounds, and tokens, in your dwellings, it has been with various conflicting emotions that people have received the message. Sometimes they have thought of it as people returning from the grave. You would hear in the first years of Spiritualism the phraseology of "calling up the spirits," as though they were called up literally, from their slumbering bodies; as you would hear the thought of spirits as in a world beneath; as though they thought the dead came up out of their graves. No one believed them dead, nor anything of the kind, no one believed that people called up spirits, in point of altitude, no doubt they thought they came from what you would call above instead of below unless they came from Hades, and none thought their friends came from that place; yet into the theology which formed the individual state of each mind, the messenger from the spirit world had to enter; the Calvinist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, and Roman Catholic, each had to be approached according to their state; and the great surprise of those who expected only to meet their friends at the resurrection can well be understood.

But now that these barriers are broken away; now that Methodism, Presbyterianism, Episcopalianism, and even Roman Catholicism, have melted as creeds before the dawning of spiritual light; now that the spiritual realm is opened to your investigation, and you converse daily with your

friends, resolve admonition and advice from them, you ask them concerning their states, it is no longer excusable that you are ignorant of their dwellings, they are not the dwellings of the dead. The bodies are dead, save as they have been regenerated into the life of trees, grass and blooming flowers, save that the great and small, proud and lowly, have revivified the earth and made the daisies and violets to bloom more brightly, save that even on the battlefields, scarred, sown and furrowed with human carnage, nature has kindly spread her mantle of brighter green above the graves. In the South, where the conflict of the late war waged fiercest, the bluest of the forget-me-nots bloom; where the battles waged fiercest, nature has incorporated the lesson of her spirit into physical life.

So has Spiritualism incorporated the lesson of her resurrection into man's spiritual life: you do not look for any part, or portion, or smallest thimsy fragment of your friends in their graves. Then if you do not look for them in the grave where do you look for them? What is the state of those whom you heretofore, before you had any knowledge of the life immortal, called in the state of the dead? Then people say: "we do not know, we are not able to gather from the teachings where they are, we are unable to decide concerning the realities of spirit life, the statements are so conflicting and contradictory. Not at all; you mean that you are not able to make those statements conform to what you wish them to. People think the future life is not palpable as it is, but as they wish to have it, or as they philosophize that it must be from a spirit giving a message concerning his or her state in spirit life; the statement is given correctly, the lack is in the ability of people to understand. When Jesus said to His disciples, my Father's kingdom, they thought He meant a literal kingdom; when He said the kingdom of heaven is not of earth, they still did not know what kind of a kingdom He meant; when he said the kingdom of heaven is within you, they were utterly unable to even form a conjecture as to what it might mean. So when spirits declare their states, their conditions, their surroundings, when they speak to you of their habitations, their pursuits, of all that they do, you wish to make some general application to something literal, to make it a literal kingdom, a physical land like this earth, and divide it off into quarter sections which can be inhabited, and, if needs be, to conform to your understanding, be divided up by railways, and each alternate section be owned by the railways.

The spirit's dwelling is wherever the spirit's attractions are, and that one state, first and last, you can sincerely understand. If it be in the habitation that you call your mortal home; if it be the chair the spirit occupied in the material form; if it be beside the loved one, who longs for the physical pres-

ence more and more, if it be in the pursuits that fill your daily life, it is not because the spirit loves you; and if it be in a larger sense in the companionship of those who are also in spirit life, who associate with your loved ones, forming a loving company that dwell together, you still would fasten your dwelling to some particular star or point in space, and make it a certain number of miles from the surface of the earth, and have it made of boards, stone or brick in order to understand it. Never mind; spirits teach according to your state; as you build block houses for babes, you teach them A while you are building a house, and B while you are making a miniature earth, and C while you are unmaking something else, and while they are growing gradually the terms and knowledge of the alphabet enter their minds, take possession and become a language, then they know all their block houses were only stepping stones to the language, after a time when they are grown up children in the very large human sense they understand that language is only a term, the expression of an idea, that in the building of block houses, the using of letters, and the learning of words, the construction was simply a process to arrive at that which would convey an idea. All these states have been passed through in Spiritualism, they are being experienced every day; some are in the block-house stage, yet others have passed a little beyond it and are learning some of the letters and terms; but the great language of the skies is to convey the one thought that spirit lives are according to spiritual states not according to material states; and there is no measure of any material thing that will measure the state of the spirit world. But the measure of your spirits here and now, what you think and feel are the pulsations of your real lives; these are already your spiritual dwellings, these are those dwellings that are eternal and not made with hands.

Over, and over, and over, made the lesson be told, while children grow up to understand its meaning; while formerly block-house letters took their place in their minds, the thought at last expands to fuller meaning. Teach the Rule of Three, it is not understood, bye-and-bye the mind grasps it, hears it along on its mathematical journey, solves problems with it, but does not make it the real life of the mind, so in these spiritual dwellings; oh, how airy, how spacious, how roomy, how wonderful they are! The construction of the human form, the dwellings which you call your habitations, have no substance to these, unless the mind in that state fashions them for itself. But all that dreams are made of, all subtle processes that the thought can conceive of, the passing to and fro without the intervention of solid substance, all the divine and wondrous powers that fasten the spirit by laws of love and attraction to some soul these are unknown.

If the spirit world were material it could easily be described; all travellers journeying thither would give somewhat of the same outlines, you would have maps and charts, as you have maps of South America and India; you know where the Alps and Andes are; you know the courses of the rivers, whether they are as long as the Mississippi or as wide as the wondrous Amazon. You have nothing of this kind of the heaven, the celestial charts of the clairvoyants do not suffice to fix and fasten the spiritual geography in the human mind.

There is no spiritual geography; there is no spiritual geology, no spiritual chemistry; there is no astronomy, all these things are material, they are known in spirit life to have their uses in time and sense, they are great and fill the measure of human knowledge while here. But the realm of the spirit is a realm of its own, its powers and possessions are its own, what it resembles you may only know by measuring it by itself, and if you measure it by the standard of the senses you will fail utterly; but if sometimes material forms are used to illustrate spiritual meanings; if sometimes to reach your small spiritual stature or perception the spirits descend to the consciousness of matter as they once possessed it, it is only as a stepping stone that leads you onward.

The dwelling place of the spirit is not the dwelling place of the dead at all, for the spirit is life, the spirit is love, the spirit is truth, the spirit is knowledge; in proportion as these are unfolded the spirit has its dwelling; in proportion as these are not unfolded the spirit is in the shadow of the death of the senses. You are living in the dwelling places of the dead just in that degree that your spiritual knowledge is not unfolded. Yonder palace in which there may be gleanings of lights that rival the stars, sounds of music enrapturing as the sounds of the spheres, forms of loveliness that seem to rival the forms of angels, may be a dwelling place of the dead; but in the light of the soul in that heaven which is all perception of the enraptured presence of the loved ones whom you thought dead, there is neither touch, nor sight, nor any physical sense, but the pervading heart recognition of my loved one who lives and abides with me; within me.

All that there is of you is your love; take that human love, and all that renders it divine away, and there is nothing in life but a mere glitter, a pasteboard existence, a miniature, it is like the painted dolls that you offer your children compared to living forms.

The dwelling places of the spirits are within the innermost that you love; around, above, beneath, wherever you may be, or, in groups, or families they are come to minister to you with words of love and kindness. Into your states they may enter, finding the spirits that are imprisoned (mortals in the

bondage of death). Why should they be limited? Why should any atmosphere or state in space hold them, when their raiment is woven of the fine thoughts of the spirit, when their habitations are unbuild around them by their own lives? Foolish and vain is every ladder with which man attempts, materially, to climb to heaven. That which Jacob saw in the vision, was a ladder led down from heaven by the angels to lead him to their condition; but no man ever built a pyramid, dome, spire, or any building, so high that it was any nearer to heaven than the lowliest cot on earth; nor does the loftiest mountain peak gleaming, glowing, and shining in perpetual sunlight have any more of the celestial light than you may have in a garret, or in a dungeon, or in a cellar, where the pure heart is uplifted in prayer.

Dwelling places your spirit friends have not, but they dwell within the hearts they love, in the lives that they lead, and govern in the lofty themes that possess them, not only is the Infinite, Eternal Life that beams upon them greater than suns and worlds, greater than all the enrapturing visions depicted in the city of the New Jerusalem; but one thought of an angel ministering unto a soul in bondage is more full of splendor than all the pictured heavens of the paradise of Mohammed, the Nirvana of the Buddhist, the literal heaven of the Christian; or the material spirit world of many Spiritualists.

#### A VICTIM OF TRANCES IN BALTIMORE.

##### Assuming the Appearance of the Dead Whom She Represents.

Psychologists and believers in Spiritualism have become interested in Annie Stidham, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Richard Stidham, of Baltimore, who has developed remarkable powers. The family are Roman Catholics. A private exhibition was given the other evening in a brilliantly lighted room, and this afternoon the girl, in the presence of half-a-dozen persons, went into a trance and was said to have communed with the spirits of relatives long since dead. She is a pleasant, hearty looking girl; but this afternoon, when said to be under the influence of the spirit of an old woman who had died of paralysis, the horrible change that came over her countenance was as startling as the transition in the play of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Her cheeks and temples became pinched and sharp, her lower jaw relaxed. Her chin and nose became pinched and sharp, and with her left hand she slowly stroked the back of her right, with that peculiar motion seen in persons partially paralyzed. Toward the close of the trance she looked like dead. Her father laid her upon the floor. The reporters tried to change the position of her head, feet and hands, but they were immovable in death. If it was acting, it surpassed the ability of any great actor in feigning death.—*New York Tribune*.

## Original Contributions.

### What the Life of Benjamin Franklin Tells Us.

BY F. K. BUCK.

The following article was read at the Children's Lyceum on Benjamin Franklin's Day, March 3, 1889.

The one idea that strikes me as the most prominent in a broad generalization of the life and character of Benjamin Franklin is that of economy. Though it would be folly for any of us to think of aspiring to the greatness of a character as that of Dr. Franklin we can develop our natural capabilities to a much greater extent if we consider the lives of great men and try to determine some of the principles of attaining such greatness.

Then let us in the discussion of the character before us consider what economy has to do with the making of great men. Now economy does not by any means signify that we should go without things we wish to have, but is simply the habit of making the most of everything we use.

Look around you in the school-room and you can soon see who has formed this habit of economy. Two little boys or girls get each a nice new tablet to work examples on.

One carefully commences in one corner and calculating his space works perhaps a dozen examples on the sheet.

The other commences at random and perhaps gets four or five on her sheet. One is economical and if her other habits correspond will certainly rise above the mediocrity of attainment while the other betrays a random habit and will be much less likely to ever reach any great proficiency.

To be sure a sheet of paper is of but very little account, but the habit is worth, perhaps half a person's life. Now, this is an illustration of economy in consuming things that we have, but its importance is far greater as a habit to be formed than in the mere value of the things that may be used, for the consumption of things is only a part of what we must understand as economy. Time, we must learn is far more precious than material thing, because it implies the consumption of so much physical energy, but perhaps the most important of all will be to form the habit of economy in thought.

Economy of time may consist in always having something to fill in every odd moment we may have and never doing anything without a well defined reason or object to be gained. Franklin's shows how he economized time; I doubt if time ever hung heavily on his hands in whatever circumstance he might find himself. His trips across the ocean show that where most people would buy in a stock of novels to kill time, he never found any that needed killing, that every

moment could easily be made of the greatest possible account, so he used these few days in making experiments and observing the nature of the broad ocean around him. Not many would see anything in a monotonous expanse of water, but Franklin saw enough to enable him to determine the course of the great ocean currents. So, if we wish to form the habit of using every moment to the greatest advantage we may have some subject that we deem of importance to think and study about at all such odd moments when we are going across the ferry alone, walking back and forth from school, or waiting for anything. And it matters little whether such subjects are really of much importance; provided we are led to form this habit of economy and definite thought, for none of us would, probably, for many years to come be able to bring forth any ideas that have not been thought by someone long before, and preserved in written records of the past. But if we have the aspiration which we all should have of being able some time to peer a little farther ahead into the vast sternnesses of the unknown than those who have just gone before us, we must strive early to form habits which, alone, can ever enable us to realize any of our aspirations. Now, if we have formed a clear idea of economy in matter, and economy in time, perhaps we can form some comprehension of the most important, the economy of thought, which consists in the same manner of using what mind we have to the greatest possible advantage. All thought is a process of making and solving problems just as you do in arithmetic, and in the same way it has great many methods. Just as in arithmetic you can shorten a long process of multiplication by cancellation; so, in every domain of thought you can form habits of using short economical methods of thinking or spend a great deal of thought rambling about to accomplish the same results. But, there are two typical methods, one of memory, the other of reason. One of our little school-boys studies everything as he studies a declamation, simply committing it to memory that he may be able to recite it.

When he reads he selects nothing but novels and history. Thus, he may be able to remember thousands and thousands of things other people have said and done, but he was utterly unable to make enough use of it to say or do a thing himself. Perhaps, when he grows older he may wish to discuss some question of political economy or of philosophy or religion. What method will he be able to use? I cannot better illustrate how he would be apt to discuss it than by showing how a problem in arithmetic might be solved in the same way. Suppose you wished to find how many are  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 8 apples. Most of you would say that 8 apples divided into four divisions would give two in each portion and three of these would make 6 apples, but if you solved it as we discuss political economy or religion, you might first give me

a history of numbers, then give an account of what various writers had said about  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 8. Finally, after searching several volumes of history you find where some great person has said that  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 8 are 2 and you bring up the quotation as incontestable evidence that you are so far right. Then you remember where one else has said that 3  $\frac{2}{3}$ 's are 6. So you have finally solved the problem by history and memory, not in an economical way by any means, but precisely as you will solve problems in other domains of thought, if you do not while at school form the habit of learning everything as you should learn arithmetic instead of learning everything like a recitation. Now, we see in the lives of all great men that they can be truly great only in so much as they can in some field of thought think beyond those who have thought; before them and that to do so they must early form the habit of economy in thought, so that they can think everything the shortest way and make the best use of the thoughts of others. We must then in our school-days early form the habit of reasoning carefully about everything we study, and be sure that we thoroughly understand everything that we go over, whether we remember it or not. It is very easy to go back and pick up something we have understood when we wish to use it, but if we only remember the words it is as utterly useless as a chest of tools to a man without hands. We must remember that teachers are only a matter of convenience to our study; simply to be made the best use of as we do our books, and only more valuable because more economical than books. Why? Because, if we are reading a book and come to something we do not understand, we may have to think a long time or look through several other books, before we can learn what we wish, whereas, if we only had a teacher who thoroughly understood the subject we could very readily learn what we wished from one who, having been all over the ground, knows in a moment just what we need to do to solve our problem and can tell us just which way to start out to get there by the shortest road, that is in the most economical way.

So, we must learn to practice economy in thought, to learn everything in the best way, to feel a very great dissatisfaction with ourselves until we have thoroughly mastered everything as far as we go, to know always just how far we have gone and just what we don't know.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults.  
And, for the most become much more the better  
For being a little bad. — *Macaulay's Essay on Milton*, l. 8. 1.

Young men soon give, and soon forget,  
 affronts; old age is slow in both. — *Attilius*.

The most reasoning characters are often the easiest abashed. — *Milton In State; Curious*, bk. 1; Ch. iii.

## Correspondence.

All Hail, Etc.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Should we in our meetings take to singing.

All hail the power of John Brown's name,  
Let angels prostrate fall,

what a protest would be called out from hundreds in our ranks, and yet it would be as consistent with the teachings of Spiritualism as it is to use the name of Jesus in the same way.

When reading the report of the meeting in which Spiritualists under the influence of the emotions sang the hymn which makes Jesus "Lord of all." I attributed it to the force of habit, and spoke of it in the DOVE as such, not for a moment believing that Sister Logan could seriously defend the use of words so utterly at variance in their meaning with our belief; judge, then, of my surprise when I find her justifying the use of that old hymn in her meetings, because "The good old tune was sung by our fathers and mothers," etc.

Cannot Sister Frances see that it was not the tune that was objected to, but the words? Words recognizing all that the church claims for Jesus. And if the fact that our fathers and mothers used a thing is a sufficient reason for our doing the same, why come out of the church at all? Are the facts of spirit communion the all of Spiritualism? If they are, there is certainly no need of going outside of the church, for they are now quite generally accepted inside. It is not the facts but the teachings of Spiritualism to which the churches object.

Jesus is their leader, master, ruler; we accept neither. Jesus our ruler, master? Never!

If Sister Logan is really sincere in accepting Jesus as "Lord of all," why not join the "God-in-the-Constitution" party at once, as that is precisely what they are working for, and their leading men declare that with Jesus as king of our, and all nations, infidels and atheists will have no rights.

We will not believe it. Our sister, in her loving complaisance, has not looked at the other side of this question. She does not see that the spirit of those words, not the tune, but the words, would, if carried out, make us the subjects of a religious despotism which would destroy all freedom, all progress; and as to the "laughing," I should laugh myself, were not the sight too pitiable, to see even Sister Logan prostrate at the feet of any man, or humbling herself thus at the name of any being, in this or in the spirit world.

And yet the idea that Jesus is master has a strong hold on the minds of too many among us. Brother Watson said in a public address some five years since:

"I regard myself and every true Spiritualist teacher as just as much the disciples of

Jesus as were Peter, John or James; and I regard the terms of our commissions to-day as precisely the same as when he commissioned the seventy."

There you have it: "All true teachers commissioned by Jesus." I am free to say, I hold no such commission, neither do I wish so to do, and the truth or falsity of what I may teach depends upon no outside authority, but upon the nature of the principles involved.

Again, I find in the DOVE of March 23d, an article headed "Why the Seybert Commission failed," in which the same idea prevails. Jesus is there credited as causing the failure of that commission. He is there represented as sending out word to the guides of the mediums to withdraw their aid, because of the pride of the commissioners. Ah! and what better way to humble their pride than to demonstrate the genuineness of the phenomena? Jesus, while being thus credited as the leader of Modern Spiritualism, is in effect accused of acting like a whimsical tyrant. The commission were not sufficiently humble, eh? Not loving and tractable enough? Indeed, and has Jesus the monopoly of all the egotism of the universe? Ont upon the arrogance that would (even had it the power) withhold the evidence because of such a reason!

No, no; if the mediums could not do their best under the critical eye of that commission, it was because of some natural law, and not because Jesus sat upon a throne and sent out his orders to that effect.

It is not that I question the motives of such that I write this, but because of the danger of our being so drawn back to the old that there will be little change except in name.

"Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all."

It is not difficult to understand how a church spirit could take advantage of the force of habit, and under the sway of the emotions bring about the singing of the above words in a Spiritualist meeting, but how an intelligent Spiritualist, who is as radical in many respects as I know our sister to be, can, when attention is called to it, defend the use of such words, is more than I can comprehend.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

### The Old Songs.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: While reading a recent criticism on the hymns sometimes sung at our meetings I thought it is only natural that ex-church-members should express a sudden impulse in the manner habitual when belonging to an organization which considered feeling, emotion, of a certain kind, necessary to salvation; and anything which helped to bring that feeling wise and good; yet, should we always yield to impulse? As one correspondent writes, there are many tender memories connected with hymns,

that, without them, might not seem so attractive; here, again, emotion comes uppermost, though we cannot say it is a wrong one in itself.

In place of harmony of ideas, harmony of feeling is sometimes sought at the partial sacrifice of common sense, yet it is a fault not very hard to forgive while living in such a contentious age.

Certainly not better are those who seem to consider the words mere framework on which their voice may trail up and down, and destined to be entirely hidden. Perhaps that is just as well if we *will* sing words so out of character with their belief, even if they are joined to such glorious tones. Tones represent instincts, instincts crystallized into ideas which are expressed by words; so, if the words are false-misunderstandings result.

If you pour fused metal into a faulty mould the resulting vessel is inferior. If you persist in using that mould after the defect has been found are you wise? Is it any more advisable to use words whose meaning we cannot endorse? Language is the mould into which our thought is poured and will serve its purpose best when nearest perfection, when giving the most exact expression of our ideas; so, let us say nothing, sing nothing which would make us appear false to our convictions. What can we want of "royal diadems" in a republican land, and what use have we for "crowns" and "scepters"? But the "grand old times" are hard to equal and should not be forgotten, *will* not, while we can mentally hear voices, now silent to other ears, floating out from the inner sanctuary of soul life and joining in the old familiar strain; yet we cannot help believing that only for our gratification would they thus join us, for long ago they must have learned a new and grander song.

L. P. A.

### Portland Oregon.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: The great event of the forty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism was celebrated for the first time in Portland, Or., by the First Spiritual Society in G. A. R. Hall, corner of First and Taylor streets with a success unequalled in the history of Spiritualism in Oregon. Preparations had been made by a committee of ladies consisting of Mrs. F. A. Brown as chairman, Mrs. M. J. Newell, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Miner, Mrs. Capt. McMillen, and Mrs. Hendee, who are the wives of the board of officers who are conducting the First Spiritual Society of Portland; many other ladies gave good services throughout the day. The exercises of the day commenced at 11 A. M. and lasted with intermissions until 10 P. M. From 2 to 4 P. M. was taken up with social chat and an excellently served-up cold dinner with best hot coffee.

The programme of exercises was carried out in a very pleasing and interesting manner; first, music by the audience under the

direction of Mrs. Anderson, who is our regular organist and leader in all of our Sunday meetings. Then an invocation and music. Then short speeches by a large number of old and experienced Spiritualists giving some of the most convincing facts that they have been fortunate enough to be eye witnesses of. The exercises from 4 to 7 P. M. were conducted by Mrs. F. M. Brown in the form of a public circle with clairvoyant tests, spirit rappings, independent slate writing, and musical selections. The large hall was well filled with very attentive listeners. The tests in rappings were very satisfactory. The independent slate writing by Mrs. Brown is one of the most convincing tests of spirit power that has ever been given in Portland; more skeptics have been convinced of the power of our friends to return and manifest their presence by this phenomenon than any other ever in Portland. The evening meeting was attended by a very large and appreciative audience. Fine music by Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Brown. Many tests were given in the audience by Prof. Ewing and others, some very fine recitations by Messrs. Haight and Hendee and Mrs. Pollock. Short trance address by Mrs. Minor with the music, and independent slate writing the forty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism in Portland was brought to a close.

D. H. HENDER.

### The Anniversary in Portland, Oregon.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: The day was beautiful beyond description. All three of the societies held meetings at their respective halls, all the meetings were well attended and good feeling prevailed everywhere.

Grand Army Hall, under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists, was well filled and the picnic held there gave a zest to the occasion; thus made all feel happy and glad that they were Spiritualists and thankful that their lines fell in such pleasant places.

The East Portland Society gave evidence of earnest work, and many a one will remember the day as a bright oasis in the death of years yet to come; may their numbers increase and may love and harmony continue.

The Philosophical Spiritual Society, who hold their meetings at Central Hall, had a grand, good time and was also well attended. The afternoon and evening meetings were especially interesting; among the speakers were Thos. Buckman, President of the State Association, and Mrs. Dr. Thompson of the First Unitarian Church of this city. The lady was very eloquent in her remarks and gave unanswerable arguments in favor of Spiritualism. Prof. Owens and Mrs. Carman described spirits that were recognized by those who received them and thus the day passed off pleasant and profitable to all.

C. A. REM.

April 1, 1889.



## Anniversary Notes.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: As so many will want your space for reports, I will say but little. The Southern Oregon Spiritualist Association met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pain, in the suburbs of Ashland, and had a general good time, physically and spiritually. Friends were present from Medford, Talent and other points, and in the joy of knowing that friends from the spirit side of life are with us, those here who are suffering for the truth's sake were not forgotten.

The noticeable feature of the meeting was a resolution of sympathy with, and a pledge to assist as far as possible the editors of *Liberator*, Valley Falls, Kan., in their struggle against Constockism, to wit, the freedom of the press against Christian censorship. The case of these men was presented by Wm. H. Breese of Talent, and heartily responded to by others. Mrs. Breese pointing out the fact that they were indicted and must be tried under the charge of sending obscene literature through the mails, because they had defended the rights of women against the claims of legal brutes called husbands, brutish men whose treatment of wives was slow murder.

These men published an account of a crime against a wife; the man being the legal owner the law cannot punish him, but the advocates of said law are trying to put these men in prison for telling of and condemning such crimes against women. We are glad to see this one protest of a Spiritualist society against this kind of encroachment upon our liberties. These men, one a Spiritualist, the other a materialist, have incurred the hate of a few bigots in Valley Falls for their bold arraignment of clurcheism and this is the real animus of the persecution. These imprisoned, and some other editor who dares to think will be next arraigned. If Spiritualists and Liberals everywhere would send out a united protest against all such attempts to muzzle the press, it might help to check the onslaught of those who are determined to rule or ruin.

These men used only the necessary language to point out the crime. Is this a crime worthy of imprisonment?

LOUIS WASHBROOKER.

## Spiritualism in San Jose.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: During my stay in this city I went to hear Mr. X. F. Ravlin speak in his church which he has christened "The Church of Humanity." This is simply a name given to distinguish true Spiritualism from much that is so-called. Mr. Ravlin's eecture was an able reply to a sermon by Mr.ewel against dancing. This gentleman alaming that it was of the devil, while Mr. Ravlin claimed that it was an innocent pas-me.

Last Sunday morning Mrs. Elizabeth J. Watson gave an interesting and instructive address which was listened to with great attention and interest by her audience. Mrs. Watson and her daughter attended the meeting as listeners, but owing to illness Mr. Ravlin did not appear and Mrs. Watson was requested to speak which she did to the great gratification of all present. Most of the Spiritualists of this city have united with the "Church of Humanity" and the attendance numbers from twelve to fourteen hundred people each Sunday. Their prospect seems good for future usefulness.

LOUIS SCHLESINGER  
SAN JOSE, April 3, 1884.

## 'The Spiritual World

Lies all about us, and its avowals  
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms.  
That come and go, and we perceive them not  
Save by their influence, or when at times  
A most mysterious Providence permits them  
To manifest themselves to mortal eyes."

LONGFELLOW.

The above words from our much beloved American poet, Longfellow, shows clearly and definitely that through the opening of his own spiritual sight he understood the "Spiritual Philosophy" way ahead of his time, and yet our good people and the church rave over him, pay his memory honors while he was no more no less than a medimistic seer of his day. Let the people read some of his poetry, with the scales picked from their eyes and they will see in its lines the doctrine of Modern Spiritualism taught in all the highest, noblest, grandest expressions of the human language. In his most truthfully depicted "Hawatha" Spiritualists have demonstrated to their satisfaction that Longfellow received his inspirational impressions from a beautiful spirit Indian maiden. Underwood (Longfellow's biographer) stated as follows: "His first conceptions came like inspiration, and his draughts of poems were done with exceeding rapidity." This corresponds to the "fine frenzy" attributed to numerous other poets and novel writers, philosophers, inventors and to all men who have succeeded in bringing into the world new and wonderful things. Longfellow's poems abounding recognitions of spirit-presence, showing a consciousness on his part more or less clear, of intimate relations to the realm of spiritual being, as in the following lines he distinctly indicates a perception of the immediate source of suddenly injected thoughts:

17 MAY 1867

The thoughts that visit us  
We know not whence.  
Sudden as inspiration,  
Are the whispers of disembodied spirits.  
Speaking to us, as friends,  
Who wait outside prison walls  
Through the barred windows  
To those within.

Channing Ayres.

## Children's Department.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

## A Little Indian.

BY MRS. M. T. SHELHAMER-LONGLEY.

[Not long since, while visiting the beautiful spiritual Lyceum of Henry W. Smith, at Greenwich, Mass., the following little story was whispered to me by one of my spirit guides, with the request that I would repeat it to the Lyceum children, which I did. Thinking that the little folks who read the CARRIER DOVE might like to hear of the wee Indian maiden of the story, I have written it out for them as follows. M. T. L.]

Once on a time, on the open prairies of the far West, a little, wild slip of a girl lived and grew. She was a bright and fearless child who made friends with the untamed creatures that crossed her path, and whose heart was as light as the dancing sunbeam that sparkled upon the stream that wandered by her home. But she was a tawny girl, with red-brown skin and long black hair, a child of the Indian race, who dwelt in tents or wigwags of poles and skins, and was as unlike the fair little children of our own homes as a russet apple is unlike a ball of snow.

When this little one was about six years of age a change came to her life. The white men wanted the land where her people lived, and so they came from the far cities and drove away the Indians, killing some and taking others captive. Among those whom they carried away with them was little Tulula. She was taken East and finally placed in the care of a kind lady who lived just outside a big city, in a pretty little village. At first Tulula could not speak even the simplest words of our language, but could only express herself by signs and motions, but in a little while she began to learn the names of objects and things in daily sight and use.

The lady with whom she lived thought best to send the Indian girl to school, but as she knew nothing whatever of our schooling the child had to enter the lowest department where the alphabet is taught. The first day at school was a trying one; for an hour the little one sat motionless, gazing upon the children at their lessons in awe and surprise; her black eyes roving restlessly from one class to the other, and to the teacher at her desk.

By and bye, however, the restraint and monotony of her position galled the child; she could not bear the strain, and starting from her seat, she darted to and fro, up and down the aisles, and around the room like a veritable wild creature seeking to escape from its cage. The teacher, noting the situation, and supposing that the restless girl

would at once make for home, opened the door and allowed her uneasy pupil to rush out into the free air. But the child did not go home and toward night, a messenger from her benefactress was dispatched to the teacher to know why she did not appear. When it became known that the little Indian maid was missing, a search was instituted, men and women started to scour the neighborhood, and at last the missing child was found crouching down by a great rock in a strip of woods about a mile from the old school-house.

At first she trembled and refused to go home, but at last was led away by those who had found her hiding place. For some days she could not be persuaded to return to the school, but after the teacher had visited Tulula in her home, and become acquainted with her, she succeeded in inducing the child to come to school and be given a seat upon the platform by her own. Tulula was very fond of bright colors and pretty things. She admired the soft curls, and white hands and faces, the pretty dresses and shining ornaments of the little girls who attended the school. She had a fine taste of her own, which revealed itself in the graceful crowns and bracelets and necklaces and bells for her waist which she made from flowers and leaves and even from the feathers that she found in the barn yard. These adornments Tulula would wear to school, but when the other children laughed and made fun of her, because of them, the child hung her head, her sensitive heart was hurt and mortified, and she would have torn off the pretty garlands, had not one dear little girl, as pretty as a rosebud herself, stolen to her side, and whispered, "they are just lovely; I wish you would make me some just like 'em."

Tulula admired the white skin of the pale faces, and her own dark skin looked very coarse and unpleasant to her, now that she was away from her own people, she wanted to be white like the rest of the world, and her little head was filled with thoughts how to effect this change. One day the lady where she lived, found Tulula seated upon the floor, holding a large sharp pin in her right hand, with which she was scratching and tearing the skin of her left arm. She had torn off several strips of skin, and her arm was bleeding profusely when discovered, but there she sat, with pinched lips and determined countenance, bent on tearing away the objectionable Indian article, with the hope of finding the "pale face" skin beneath it.

There came a time, however, when Tulula sickened and passed away from earth, but the little girl was not forsaken in this eventful time. Kind friends attended and cared for her here until her spirit took its flight, when loving angels lifted her to the beautiful fields and sunny gardens of the summer land.

There she was placed in a lyceum where happy children sang and played, and studied, and marched, with banners made of bright and fragrant flowers. These little ones were not as the pale face children she had known, but they were of lighter skin than Tulula had been, as if some of the dark had been washed out of their faces; and one day, as our own little Indian stood looking down into the depths of a clear sweet stream of water she saw her own face gazing back upon her, she noticed that it had grown whiter, for much of the brown had left it, just as the "tan" which our children gain in summer when the hot sun kisses hands and arms and face, wears away when the winter comes, so the dusky hue had faded on Tulula's face in the fair summer land; and she was now more as she had wished to be in the past.

Tulula soon became a great favorite in the new life; she was an apt scholar and obedient and loving to those who loved and cared for her. Years have passed, and she is now a beautiful woman, giving her life and knowledge to the little ones who she gathers up from the earth and who have need of her instruction and care.

#### Boys. Remember

I was sitting in the office of a prominent manufacturer of Richmond not long since, when a boy about sixteen entered with a cigar in his mouth. He said to the gentleman:

"I would like to get situation in your shop to learn a trade, sir."

"I might give you a place, but you carry a very bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman.

"I don't think it any harm to smoke, sir; nearly everybody smokes now."

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, that I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars you will be above working as an apprentice, and if you have not money, your love for cigars might make you steal it. No boy who smokes cigars can get employment in my shop."

The daybreak of great truths is yet unrisen;

The intuition and the expectation

Of something which, when come, is not the same,

But only like its forecast in men's dreams;

The longing, the delay, and the delidit,

Sweeter for the delay. Youth, hope, love, death

And disappointment, which is also death;

All these make up the sum of human life.

—Longfellow.

A good laugh is sunshine in the house.—  
*Thackeray.*

Old hunters know that the flesh of deer run by dogs, or tormented just before death, becomes more indigestible and sometimes poisonous. The same is true of all animals that suffer in steel traps, slaughtering or otherwise just before death.

## Selected Articles.

### The Woman Question a Hundred Years Ago.

*The Weekly Magazine* of 1788 lies before me. Ninety years ago my ancestors were looking forward to this Saturday periodical; I wonder if they were sure to get it a day or two in advance, and thus be sure of their Sunday reading. It was published in Philadelphia, so the reports had a good opportunity to serve up national matters—the proceedings of congress, nominations by the President, etc., promptly and correctly to date. Did my grandfathers and grandmothers, my uncles and my aunts, get up any enthusiasm over these serials: "Arthur Myrvia; or, Memoirs of the year 1783," "A Series of Original Letters?" Did they enjoy the letters of young women to their lovers, complaining of members of the family? Perhaps these young women hoped thus to hasten the tardy movement of some prudent admirer, who thought to get a cage before he caught his bird. Course paper, yellow with nearly a century of age, soiled by children's hands which have long since mingled with dust, many unmarked passages, the antique long s—all these make the tattered old volume before me very interesting, if not somewhat pathetic. These pages do not much resemble the magazine of to-day lying beside them, with its elegant paper, and pictures and letter-press. Surely there is indicated a hundred years of progress, at least.

We are taught that there is nothing new under the sun, and that history repeats itself. Perhaps all things do move in cycles. I have looked carefully through this magazine to see what it might have to offer on the Woman Question: I was curious to know what thoughts were afloat concerning that question, eight or nine decades ago. The evidence evidence goes to show that men's minds were mildly exercised over the matter. I suppose the idea prevailed more widely than it does to-day that the highest career for woman was companionship for man. Why is this idea never turned about? Why do not women set the limit to men's culture, objecting to learned men, that they are not so agreeable as unscholarly ones; that they forget to post letters; that they order beef instead of fish, on Friday; that, as they grow scientific, they grow irreligious; that their soaring intellects unfit them for family cares? I have heard of one wife whose patience had been exhausted by the impertinence of her lordly husband; and when her daughter wished to marry a worthy young man whom her father did not approve, she asked her:

"Do you love him?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then," said the brave woman, "marry him. We have had smart men enough in the family; now we want a husband."

And, the amiable head of the family absents himself from the wedding, the mother rose to the emergency and gave away the bride. I wonder she did not do as certain other lady did on a similar occasion, insist on the clergyman omitting the word "obey" in the ceremony.

The first article I notice is "Female Learning." The writer excuses the lack of literary knowledge which has always marked the female character because of their hard fate. What he exactly means by "hard fate" is not-made clear; he may refer to the restricted career of woman in general, shut up to this one position of a "companion for man."

A hundred years ago, women were not entering upon almost all lines of activity as they are now. They were hindered by the universal sentiment that relegated women to home duties, whether they had a home or not; to the care of children, whether they were or were not mothers; that pronounced a woman masculine, indelicate, disagreeable, unladylike, who dared step from the beaten path, and blaze out a road, shorter and pleasanter, to a desired independence. While earnestly wishing that female education were an object of greater and wiser consideration by legislatures and parents and guardians, he continues: "We would not have it understood as our opinion, that women should pore out their fair eyes in becoming adepts in literature. Nature seems not to have intended them for the more intense and severe studies; besides, should they proceed so far as to rival or even equal us (that I'S should be, but is not, in largest capitals) in learning the gaining of their laurels would rob their brows of many of those charms which to them are more valuable, as they are by us more esteemed. We pretend not to chalk out the plan in which women should be educated; only, this we venture to affirm, that it should, if possible, be such as to avoid ignorance on the one hand, and pedantry on the other; ignorance makes a female companion contemptible, pedantry makes her ridiculous; nor is it easy to say which of the two is most disgusting."

The companion idea rules in the judgment, but we must remember this was in the last century, when there was no fearful surplus of women in so many of the older States. If the surplus of women could be reduced as easily and decently as the surplus of money, great would be the rejoicing thereat; and it would not be dreadfully improper to put the query, How do ignorance and pedantry affect man in his relation of companion?

The next paper to which we will give attention, is entitled, "The Plague of a Learned Wife." It purports to be a communication from a tradesman, "who is plagued with a reading wife," "a very great evil in a house." She reads constantly; is of no help to him in his business; he does not so much object to her reading, but she makes him listen when he would much rather be at his account-

books. She insists upon reading books full of hard words which he can make no sense of; if he looks them up in the dictionary, he gets no help, evidently finding the definitions as obscure as is the troublesome word.

Not only this but she nurses the same bookish taste in her daughter, a clever girl of nineteen years, who is bound to lose her opportunity to become a "companion," according to the usual custom, by her nice verbal criticism of a young-store-keeper, who commenced his "courting," but would not accept the school-boy treatment which she imposed upon him. He concludes by declaring that he is sick of all books but those belonging to his shop. The paper is evidently a bit of humor, but shows the presence of a condition of things similar to that which may be noticed to-day, in many, if not most communities. I refer to the fact, well known to the initiated, that larger numbers of girls than boys pass beyond the ordinary graded school, and receive the benefit of higher instruction; also, that the same principle works, after leaving all school—more women than men are doing something—some special reading, to keep themselves intellectually alive. Think of the clubs which are in your own town—they study Shakespeare, or Browning, or history, or art. And they are kept in life by women and girls; if it depended on boys and men, they would fall at once. This is not deplorable. It is well that the mind should be full of ideas of mental vigor; perhaps, in time, the race will average higher. Farewell, "Oladiah Olive!"; by marrying a reading wife, you have made possible a more intelligent line of Olive-branches than have heretofore graced your family tree. Keep up your courage. Polly may not marry your favorite young-store-keeper, but some worthy son will and her—some one who can, may be, school her—who is not afraid of a woman with brains.

Now comes forward "Theophilus," with a short treatise on "Female Education." Theophilus is generous; he inclines to question the correctness of the opinion that woman has not the moral strength of man, and says, "I am fully persuaded that were all circumstances of education equal, the fair sex might claim an equality, perhaps a superiority, in mental abilities." He would have them educated precisely as he would the male sex. He does not agree with the many who think that a knowledge of how to write their own names, and how to discourse on domestic affairs, is sufficient. He would make them "agreeable companions for well-informed men." He would furnish them with such training as should make life worth living and retirement of its tedium, console age, and save it from dishonor or insignificance. He rightly ascribes feminine devotion to dress and society to the absence of higher interests; the mind refuses to be vacant, and admits lower activities. He advocates, for various reasons, the frequent social intercourse of the sexes, and is altogether reasonable. No allusion is yet made to the fact that women are a non-voting class.

A fourth paper is the translation of a German edict, promulgated by Emperor Joseph II. regarding "Female Dress." All public places of education for young girls are enjoined not to permit the use of "stays;" and such institutions are forbidden to receive or countenance young women who are guilty in

this particular. It is also commanded that the college of physicians prepare an address setting forth the evils of such apparel—this dissertation to be freely distributed among the people. Evidently Emperor Joseph is looking forward to the proper supply of his army.

All these questions, which drew the attention of a few thinkers, a hundred years ago, are now receiving the fullest and freest discussion. Women are gradually gaining all the privileges and comforts of men, and worthily use. No person—man or woman—grugs and holds more than he or she can command. More attracts still more; a man will draw more than an amount; women, by finer and fuller growth, will throw off hindrances, and climb to higher levels of desert and reward. MARY A. RIDLEY, in *Woman's Tribune*.

#### The Dog a Temperance Orator.

"Good heavens, what does that dog mean?" was the ejaculatory expression of the writer on witnessing one of the most remarkable demonstrations of intelligence and affection ever displayed by a dumb animal. On Thursday night last, only a few minutes before midnight, when the avenues of the city were almost deserted, there might have been seen passing along Cambridge street, just below the Bevere House a well dressed, and evidently well-to-do gentleman, somewhat past the meridian of life, but who at that hour was certainly not himself. He had been drinking immoderately, and required all the latitude that the sidewalk afforded to direct his staggering steps. But he moved along slowly and carefully, and was followed by his faithful and most affectionate coach dog. Directly he came opposite the doorway and brilliantly lighted windows of a drinking saloon. Here he halted for a moment, when with stumbling footsteps he seeks to enter the saloon. Just as he reaches the doorway, his faithful dog seizes hold of the skirts of his overcoat, pulls him back, and with a determined air of opposition, endeavors to prevent his master from entering. With pleading whine, and demonstrations of great anxiety and attention he tried to stop his master. Still holding on to the skirts of his coat, the dumb but faithful creature said with all the eloquence he could command, "I don't go in, master, let us go home," and then he rubbed his head softly against his master's legs, raised his snuffing feet as if to seek the patting hand, and while thus pleading his cause he whined and trembled in such a manner that his mute-eloquence did not and could not escape the attention of his master. A sight such as the unaccustomed solitude of this loving dog presented, was perhaps never seen before. The anxiety he manifested—the unflinching perseverance with that devoted dog to accomplish his purpose, and the eloquence he then and there addressed to his intoxicated and unheeding master, can never be expressed in the speech of England. But it was all to no purpose. After speaking roughly to his more than faithful dog, he entered the saloon and called for drink, and even there his four-footed friend stood by him, and as he raised the glass to his lips, tried to push him away from the counter. After drinking, the poor dog used every art of affective mute persuasion in his power to call his master to the door, and when they were again upon the street, he bounded up and kissed his master's hand with all the eudæmic affection of the little child. Men with minds, what call you this? Is it instinct or reason?—*Boston Herald*.

# THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Address all communications, "CARRIER DOVE," 841  
Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 13, 1889.

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### "THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN."

The seeking after proof of the continued existence of conscious life after the change called death, has, in too many cases, blinded the eyes of men to their own powers and possibilities. Each has been so anxious for the demonstration of the power of the spirit of some intelligence unclothed in matter, that he has lost sight of the fact, that conscious existence of other intelligences, argues conscious intelligence within himself. Powers and capabilities, other than physical and intellectual, within his own being, that can and should be developed. The existence of a spiritual nature proclaims that such a nature has a place in the great plan, has rights that the physical and intellectual man should and must respect. A smile of contempt and pity greets the assertion on a purely physical basis, of living in the present and for the present, and letting the future take care of itself. It is called reckless, unwise, and indicative of a shallow nature. Yet well may your prodigal argue, "I am sure of to-day and may not have a to-morrow." And though this carelessness is treated as all but criminal in physical life, the flippant remark, "One world at a time," is applauded as not unwise philosophy by those whose knowledge should condemn its error. A parent whose child has a gift, desires to perfect that gift. The man who discovers himself possessed of some latent talent, gives thought and attention to its cultivation. But the average Spiritualist, having gained conclusive evidence of the continuity of

conscious existence, calmly folds his hands and sits idly down to contemplate the glories of the spirit world, or commune with some favored loved one; ignoring the fact that his spiritual state in the life beyond is dependent on his capacity to unfold his spiritual nature here as well as there. If Spiritualism has removed the hope of heaven and fear of hell from the minds of men and not planted in its stead the stronger desire of progression; the purpose of right living not for reward but because it is the right; the aspiration to grow the amplest stature of manhood and womanhood; then is its work incomplete, chaotic, and justifies the charge that it had better never been. Coming in to the knowledge of the spirit world without convinces every thoughtful mind of a spirit world within. Conscions of that is it not man's privilege, yea, his duty to explore, to develop the realm within. Use of the physical strengthens the body. Activity of the mentality develops the mind. Can one doubt that spiritual culture will strengthen the soul. Of old it was said, "The Kingdom is Within." Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all else shall be added unto you." How many have sought within for the kingdom that they might verify the second promise?

### ANNIE JENNESS MILLER ON DRESS REFORM.

Metropolitan Temple held a large and fashionable audience to hear what Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller had to say upon "Dress Reform." Mrs. Miller was introduced to the audience in a few pleasant words by Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Miller began by saying that she claimed that the story of Eve was the most beau ful in the Bible; it was through her neglect of natural law that disease has come. In speaking of reformers she spoke of an author who said, "God will bless the cranks," but he did not say crankness; she would object to being called that. Dress reform and physical culture is the only hope of future happiness in this life and the time is ripe for change. Her lecture which was full of wit and pithy sayings, she said, "If God was ashamed of legs he would have made some other form of locomotion;" so, she preferred to say legs instead of limbs. Her reform does not usurp men's garments, for they are unguinely enough to make the best of them look ugly. She had worn this reform dress for four years; not a corset or whalebone, and think for yourself what it would be to be absolutely comfortable for four years.

The first garment, worn next to the body, is called a union garment and is its exact shape; no tightening of the waist by corsets that make the flesh bulge out above and below; but some women would rather suffer than not be fashionable. She said she did not own a petticoat and she was just as sorry as she could be for those women who are tied up in petticoats; she wears a divided gown or leggings (she did not like the name, but said, "You have no idea how hard it

is to name a two-legged garment"); her dress was a dark velvet with an embossed velvet *directoire* coat, very stylish in appearance; she had one reed put in the skirts of street dresses to keep them from her feet, as she said American women walk so fast that they kick the bottom of their dresses; when they learn to walk more moderately they will not need reeds. She then retired to change her dress and reappeared in a simple dress for a young miss, giving room for every movement and for comfort and showing correct positions for standing and sitting, which cannot be done with tight dresses. It takes less than three minutes for Mrs. Miller to make the changes in her costumes, having been timed by gentlemen, saying they were more curious than women. She said she reversed the order of things; formerly, the husband said to the wife, "You get up first and get partially dressed, as I don't want to have to wait for you;" now, she tells Mr. Miller to get up first and shave and dress, for she don't want to have to wait for him.

Her next dress was a beautiful, plush teal-gown, old-gold in color and with a train which she thinks more graceful and artistic for the home than without it. The next exhibition was a dress made simple and pretty of summer silk. Another, a reception dress of green silk and lavender also very pretty. At this point a request was made for the gentlemen to retire, saying that by and by she was going to see what she could do in the way of reform in the dress of gentlemen, but she has so much on her hands now, trying to educate the women, that she hasn't had time to educate the men, yet. Four gentlemen retired.

Mrs. Miller came out enveloped in a large, plush wrap; after enquiring if they were sure the men were all gone she threw it off and appeared in divided garments. The ladies asked a great many questions pertaining to dress; one wanted to know how to get rid of the ugly neck-bone; another, how to get rid of fat, where to put pockets, what system to advise for physical culture? She advised anyway except the *Delzarte*, as there are so few that understand the system.

Mrs. Miller will lecture at Union-Square Hall on Wednesday evening at which her sister, a teacher of physical culture, will be present, and if meeting with encouragement will give a course of lessons.

Mrs. Miller wanted her audience to understand that it was not so much the dress she wished to impress upon the minds, but the importance of physical culture in every way, and dress was one of the means to attain it. She recommended the Turkish bath and gymnasium exercise also. She is a delightful and entertaining lecturer, and if the mode of dressing that she recommends is as becoming to others as it most certainly is to her, there is no question about its becoming popular.

An ass that kicketh against the wall receiveth the blow himself.



## THE SPIRITUAL DAWN.

MRS. LAVERNA MATHEWS

The following beautiful poem was read by Mrs. Mathews at the celebration of the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at Washington Hall, San Francisco, March 31, 1889.

I will relate a vision which I dreamed,  
Perchance, in sleep, for so it seemed.  
I saw upon a grassy, gentle slope,  
In spring, when leafy budslets ope,  
A cottage, where lively tongues and dancing feet  
Kept time to music, grand and sweet.  
The echo from the mountains,  
The joyous, bubbling fountains,  
Flowing musically along  
With their sweet and rhythmic song,  
The leathery songsters, thrilling notes,  
The linnkins on the sunny slopes,  
All earth's creatures seem to me,  
To join the heavenly jubilee.  
Within this cradle, by compassed  
The dawn of light, to be revealed,  
Like the light which shone in Bethlehem  
So, dawned this glorious light for men.  
To shine in palace, cottage, hall,  
Bringing life and joy to all,  
Like a milestone on life's journey  
Stands that cottage of old and hoary,  
Sending forth its will, weird somthing,  
Through the time-worn boards resounding  
Coming to our startled ears,  
Waking wonders, hopes and fears,  
Hear the rapping, clear and willing;  
What a strange electric thrilling,  
Causing cheeks to pale and glow  
One and forty years ago,  
How the rappings all victorious  
Have proclaimed a gospel glorious  
Proving that the soul for ages,  
Opens out its wondrous pages,  
That our dim and raptur'd vision,  
I can behold the fields ethereal,  
With their realms of angel-shining  
Who our feeble thoughts divine  
Soothe our sorrow's biting chalice,  
When found in hovel or in palace,  
That this life's wild, mocking fever,  
Is but a prelude to forever;  
Which shall follow as the dawning  
Of a bright and glorious morning.  
Oh, how sweetly I remember  
I came these messages so tender,  
Like a baby's cheerful laughter  
Telling me of the hereafter;  
And my heart in thankfulness  
Trem strong and glad with happiness,  
So natural it seemed to me,  
This proof of Immortality,  
I said, I'm so much desire  
To know about this wondrous wire  
This telegraphic wire to heaven;  
Which here to mortals has been given,  
I listened long and patiently,  
To catch the heavenly harmony,  
I listened, till my spirit ear,  
I caught the strain from Eden's sphere;  
I'd always hoped, but now I knew,  
This telegram from heaven was true,  
Like the wind's breath, sweet and cool,  
From the crowd's faintest whisper,  
I came so sweet the angel's whispering;  
With our ears attuned to listening,  
That all the world seems bright and glorious,  
For earth's trials all victorious,  
Death, itself, that King of Terrors,  
With its dark and blinding errors,  
All have vanished like the night time,  
Before the illuming rays of sunshine,  
And when the heart in sorrow sighs,  
Lift! to the carols from the skies,  
When darker seems the coming night,  
Behold the gleams of coming light;

Lore lifts her angel finger high,  
And a side-point, the brightening sky,  
With its heavenly panoply,  
Kindles with Immortality,  
Oh, angels! how often now we think,  
Of the precious, golden link,  
Which binds by feet of stars above,  
With our world forefathers,  
No more with noisy rone-slombs oppressed,  
Dare faith the holiest and the best,  
The hunger of the soul has stilled,  
Death, which for ages long had chilled  
The heart and soul with silent dread,  
No more has terrors, for itself is dead  
And while I gaze! I saw arise  
A spiral stairway to the skies;  
And, this winding stair of light  
Passed up into the infinite,  
The gates of heaven were open wide,  
While angels down the stairway glide  
I saw what seemed perennial flowers  
Borne to me from Eden's bowers  
Soft strains of music came to me,  
Thrilling my soul with melody,  
And underneath the immortal trees,  
Behold such lovely companies,  
Of bright-eyed children, man and woman,  
Who looked divine, angelic human,  
Saw them open the shining portal,  
Saying "You too are immortal,"  
'And when life's fulfil work is done,  
This is your brighter, better home,  
Come in, come in; glad angels wait  
To lead you through the pearl gate."

## THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or \$2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

## THE FAMOUS LICK OBSERVATORY INDICATES THE SPIRITUALISM.

Prof. Holden, in the *Universal Review*, says: "I have endeavored to find some trace of the very first impulse in Mr. Lick's mind towards founding an astronomical observatory. My own conclusion is that he was attracted to astronomy by reading the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, a Spiritualist. The writings of Davis were in Mr. Lick's library at the time of his death.

## SOCIAL OF THE LADIES' ELSMERE CLUB.

The regular monthly social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club was held on Saturday evening, April 6, at the residence of the President, Mrs. J. D. Wheelock, 331 Geary street. As usual at these gatherings the attendance was very large, the parlors and hall way, which were tastefully decorated, being densely crowded. Good-fellowship, mirth, and jollity reigned supreme during the entire evening, and all seemed to feel that it was good to be there. An excellent programme, literary and musical, was successfully carried out under the supervision of Mr. W. H. Mills, the master of ceremonies of the evening, whose humorous and quaint remarks in introducing the various participants elicited considerable merriment from time to time.

Miss Lina Crews led off with a fine piano solo, and later in the evening she sang the ballad "Last Night," with sweetness and expression. The humorous recitation, "Too Late for the Train" was rendered in good style by Miss Libbie Hill. Mrs. Amos Adams gave with fine effect a dialect recitation, "Barbara Freitchie," (not by Whittier). Professor T. K. Blue followed with a choice piano solo. Mrs. Laura Humphry Smith occasioned much laughter by her artistic rendition of the "Deacon's Confession" and "The Baby's Soliloquy." Little Laura Crews, eight years old, made the hit of the evening with her two recitations of "The Naughty Girl's Views of Life" and "The Boy at the Dime Museum," which were exquisitely rendered, evidencing her to be the fortunate possessor of mimetic talent of no mean order.

After refreshments *ad libitum* had been partaken of, a collection for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten was taken up, realizing a tidy little sum, which was augmented by the sale twice over of a fine cake donated for the purpose by Mrs. Wallace. At a late hour the guests dispersed to their respective homes, the universal expression being that a most enjoyable evening had been spent by all.

## BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

THE CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 846 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is \$5 in cloth; or full-morocco, gilt-edges \$5.50. The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for \$5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

No woman can give her hand with dignity, or her heart with loyalty, until she has learned to stand alone. *Margaret Fuller.*

## EAST MONTEREY.

Three Hours From San Francisco, and Half a Mile From the Grounds of the "Hotel Del Monte," One of the Largest Summer Resorts in the World

We offer the public in the above tract some choice lots, \$35 for inside and \$50 for corners. These lots will be very much sought after owing to: first, their desirable and healthy location and second, their close proximity to one of the world renowned hotels.

The temperature varies but six degrees between summer and winter, making what is so much sought after, namely, "Indian Summer." This places it ahead of all other Summer Resorts inasmuch as it omits the extreme heat, and the extreme cold, "Del Monte" being visited both summer and winter by all who visit California, and also by our own residents would naturally give this Tract superiority over any other part of the State, in never being dull or quiet. Here everything is always life, and amusements of all kinds can be found, such as surf-bathing, warm salt water bathing, in the beautiful bath house of the hotel (the latter being open to the public), drives that cannot be excelled, for most all the points in the vicinity are historical, boating on a beautiful lake right on the Tract and yachting in the bay of Monterey, etc.

Everything conducive to both health and pleasure can be had here, leaving nothing to be desired, and surely placing the locality far ahead of any competitor. Here for a small outlay you can purchase a site on very advantageous terms, and build yourself a residence to your own taste, and what can be more beautiful than having your own home, and where your neighbor is your friend. There are several fine wells of water on the Tract, and water can be found anywhere on the grounds, at a depth of from twelve to twenty feet.

The distance from San Francisco by rail is one hundred and twenty-five miles and is reached by express trains in three hours. Those whose business interests keep them in the city during the busy season of their year will find this a most delightful place for a summer residence, and being so near the city the trip can be made at a trifling expense. For a beautiful, healthful home where children can be reared free from the moral and physical contagion incident to city life no more desirable place could be found on the Pacific Coast. Call and consult the agent, Mrs. Scott Briggs, CARRIER DOVE Office.

Cod liver fried with ham and eggs, is a very nourishing diet for persons predisposed to pulmonary disorders. It is not at all unpalatable, and should be tried by invalids who cannot take cod liver oil without nausea. This is a popular remedy at seaside resorts at Massachusetts.

It is not so much what comes to you, as what you come to, that determines whether you are a winner in the great race of life.—*Francis Willard.*

## DOVE NOTES.

J. J. Morse speaks in New York City during the present month.

Dr. Schlesinger left on the Steamer Humboldt, last Saturday, for a brief visit to Eureka.

*Modern Thought*, published at Kansas City, Mo., is a new paper devoted to "the spiritualization of humanity from an independent standpoint."

*Onward* is the title of a new spiritualistic journal published at Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Barney, the former editor of *The Better Way* is at the helm.

The forty-first anniversary was observed everywhere throughout the East by spiritual societies with appropriate services. The Eastern journals contain full reports of such meetings.

A subscriber writing to a friend says: "I feel proud to have my name enrolled among the subscribers of the CARRIER DOVE, for it is my favorite journal, and if I am judged by my selection I shall certainly get credit for being sensible."—A. J. C.

Mrs. E. B. Crossette draws large and attentive audiences every Wednesday night at St. Andrew's Hall to listen to her able and inspired lectures. Her replies to questions are apt, pointed, and withal so sensible and practical as to commend them at once to the intelligent consideration of her auditors. The meetings are closed with platform tests by Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Ladd-Finnican.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

*Light on the Way* is now published at Look-out Mountain, Tenn., and comes to us from its new home redolent with the spicy aromas of its mountain pines, and sweet perfumes of early spring violets and mayflowers. We almost imagine we can hear the trill of the merry bluebirds, and sniff the cool fragrance of its mountain breezes as we con its interesting pages.

From a letter just received from Mrs. J. L. York, we learn that her husband, the talented speaker, is doing a great work in Seattle. He speaks in the Opera House every Sunday evening and it is packed to its utmost capacity, with intelligent, interested listeners. Dr. York is a brave, outspoken advocate of free thought, and like Ingersoll, his arguments are invincible. "Seattle," writes Mrs. York, "is a very lively city and 'corner lots' are the most valuable things in the market." Next week we will give our readers a very interesting article from this lady's pen on "Emancipation."

Miss Beresford Joy, whose sweet songs have charmed the attendants at the Metropolitan Temple services so many times, has at last attained the one dear wish of her heart, and is going to Paris to study music. She leaves early in May, and will be absent several years. We congratulate the young lady on the fulfillment of her hopes, and feel confident that with the proper cultivation of her natural rare gift of song, she will be enabled to carve out for herself a name and fame unequalled by many, and excelled by few.

Mr. Charles Dawharn delivered a very interesting and instructive address upon the "Science of Spirit Return," at Scottish Hall, last Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies' Elsmere Club. A steady downpour of rain prevented as large an attendance as would otherwise have been seen. However, the audience was good, and deeply appreciative of the speaker's remarks, and the unanimous sentiment was that Mr. Dawharn should be prevailed upon to address them again at as early a date as possible.

The Ladies' Elsmere Club is rapidly becoming one of the most popular and flourishing institutions of the city, and is doing a grand work for the children through its free kindergarten. All who are at all interested in the practical exemplification of their professions of love for humanity and a desire to bless others, will here find a vast field of usefulness open before them—a field that is now barren and uncultivated, waiting the coming of willing laborers to till the soil, and sow the seeds of usefulness in the hearts and lives of the little ones, that in years to come will blossom into noble deeds and virtuous living. No grander, holier enterprise could be engaged in than rescuing from the streets the poor little "accidents," who have been cast upon life's tempestuous sea, whose rights—the inalienable right of every child—of being wanted here, and having provision made for its coming by wise, loving parents, having been violated and ignored before their birth. These are the ones who, later on, recruit the ranks of crime and swell the great army of criminals that overcrowd jails, penitentiaries, asylums and workhouses. Is it not wise to check this terrible evil by diminishing the supply through the only means—the education and careful training of the young while they are innocent and pliable? It is certainly a commendable humanitarian work and those engaged in it should receive the earnest, hearty support of every individual who delights in doing good.

In opinions look not always back;  
Your wake is nothing; mind the coming track;  
Leave what you've done for what you have to do;  
Don't be "existent," but be simply true.

—Holmes.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it. It proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker. —*Daniel Deronda—George Elliot.*

# Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

## THE INDEPENDENT SPIRITUALISTS.

The independent spiritual meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening was fairly attended, notwithstanding the pouring rain.

Judge Swift's remarks on the subject of the illegality of the "License System" are quite elaborate; he sustained his opinions quotations from the organic law of the State, Article XIII, Sec. 1, that for the purposes of revenue and taxation which declares "all property" only as the basis of taxation, which consists of things real and personal. Article XI, Sec. 12 of the Constitution provides that the Legislature may, by general laws authorize delegate corporate authorities, cities and counties power to assess and collect taxes. The subject matter of taxation is defined "property," profession, trade or business is not property, defined by the constitution, but a qualification the person has acquired or possesses, by which means he may accumulate property, is taxable, it partakes of the nature of double taxation which is prohibited by law.

To demand a tax by way of license, of a citizen to perform an act or exercise the privilege of a lawful profession is void. It is unlawful because it is not uniform and equal, while a license is demanded of a few trades and professions, many others of a similar class are omitted.

A license is a privilege. To constitute a privilege the grant must confer authority to do nothing which, without the grant would be legal. Astrology, seers, clairvoyance, are not licensed to be unlawful, therefore, no license lawfully be demanded for the privilege of exercising those professions. Many strong opinions were made, but space will not permit a report.

Mrs. Crossette, in trance, answered questions in a manner very pleasing and satisfactory to audience.

The platform tests by Clara Mayo Steers, were more than usually interesting and convincing. Mrs. Steers, by her guide "Kosa," is evidently able to stand the ordeal of all skeptical and investigators of the mystery of spiritism. Mr. Mansfield being called gave a brief and happy relation of his powers in the spiritual universe.

REPORTER.

## MRS. LOGAN'S MEETINGS.

Sunday morning at 11 o'clock the meeting was opened by Mrs. F. A. Logan, in giving a description of the People's Liberty Monument, seen in a vision by her sister, Mrs. L. L. Logan, several years ago, and wrought out in a building, which presents a magnificent idea of a structure 300 feet at the base and 1000 feet high with fifty floors, balconies, balustrades, elevators and long stairs, etc., to be honeycombed with

rooms in which to preserve the statues of representative men and women both ancient and modern, also the archives of the nation and inventions. In fact a reservoir for the grandest achievements of the present age. The wisest sayings of the wisest men and women to be chronicled within, and statues of noble representatives to be placed in groups around the column in the order their various talents would assign them.

The whole structure to be surmounted with the globe and on that the Goddess of Liberty, representatives of the position women will yet attain. We cannot ask for space in your paper to give any more than a synopsis of Mrs. Logan's description of the monument which should be built by government in the next quarter of a century.

Mrs. Logan then invited Miss Hare to play a march on the piano, when Mrs. Pruden with her band of sweet children marched and counter-marched to the delight of the audience. Mrs. Pruden made an inspirational speech, followed by Mrs. Stevens entranced; Mrs. Higgins under influence spoke grandly in commendatory terms of the management of the meetings, and proposed a benefit circle for the president of the same. Many responded by taking fifty-cent tickets in advance, which called forth the deepest gratitude and the expression that when moneyed men and women would come forward and pay fifty cents or \$1 per month to meet the expenses of the hall and advertising, the door should be thrown open free for all.

The exercises were interspersed with sweet music; the floral decorations brought in by appreciative friends were fine. Dr. Houbert gave an address in the evening, and announced that he was prepared to heal, and to teach the Egyptian and Hindoo science of healing in room 91 Murphy Building. Miss Colby gave several recitations followed by Mr. Humphreys; Mr. Mack made his first speech in public in a clear, concise manner, receiving much applause. Thus are mediumistic persons in our audience unfolding into usefulness. All mediums invited.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

841 Market street, San Francisco.

## THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

Notwithstanding the rain, Sunday evening, April 7th, there was the usual number at Fraternity Hall, to listen to the exercises as conducted by G. F. Perkins. The spirited manner of singing the grand spiritual hymns is a very effectual prelude to the songs and readings as rendered by Mr. Perkins, Mr. Fountain, Mr. Ely and others. Then followed Dr. J. Dooley of Philadelphia who delivered from manuscript an exceedingly interesting and masterly discourse upon "Creation." The Dr. writes under inspiration and delivers by manuscript.

It is to be regretted that a verbatim report could not be given of this lecture, for it should be read by everyone. We were sorry to learn that the Doctor would not be with us again as he was to leave for St. Louis on Monday evening. And so we have to part with many of our

grand teachers. They come "over to Macedonia to help us" just long enough to make us feel our dependence upon them, and, presto, change, they are gone.

Mrs. Tomson followed the address with a beautiful little instructive speech by a German control which filled us all with happy thoughts and higher aspirations. Then followed a gem of a poem, using a bouquet of flowers for a subject. We might read many poems of less spirituality and purer aspirations than this one which was delivered by the control so promptly and with no hesitation whatever. This noble lady and her husband, like the Doctor, are soon to leave us and we feel as though we had lost a good adviser and a true Spiritualist from our midst when each of them shall depart for their Eastern home.

Mrs. Perkins followed Mrs. Tomson with a large number of strikingly convincing tests, and the appreciation of the audience was shown by their strict attention, and the large number who crowded around her to thank her and acknowledge what had been given, as the meeting closed.

There will be a very interesting program next Sunday evening. Come out friends and encourage the managers. ONE OF 'EM.

## PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

Sunday afternoon we had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Dr. Nickless who gave the opening address which was full of the sweet religion of love and good will to all.

Mr. Peterson followed in the same thought. A stranger in our city, Mrs. Stevens, under control, gave a very able address, thoughts that Spiritualists would do well to profit by. W. H. Mills and Dr. Mead spoke acceptably. Mrs. Ritter sang a beautiful solo. Mrs. Nickless' little control, "Sunflower," after talking to the audience for awhile, gave several tests which were recognized.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD,  
Secretary.

## MEDIUMS' MEETING.

Fraternity Hall, 900 1/2 Market street, is getting to be a lively center for the spirit forces to congregate. A lyreum is held at 10:30 A. M., and last Sunday, April 7th, a mediums' meeting was held at 2:30 P. M., by the managers of the Young People's meeting, which is held in the evening. Contrary to the general expectations there were over ninety people by actual count who attended this new enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins conducted the exercises, which were opened by some rousing singing, and Mr. P. C. Tomson gave a most interesting and instructive address upon mediumship, relating some remarkable experiences that he had passed through.

Mr. Tomson is one of a few wealthy Spiritualists who is not afraid to let his light shine, and who is always ready to lend a hand to assist his fellow man in his endeavors to rise out of dark and troubled conditions. It is to be

hoped that the spirit world may bring out more of such noble workers to instruct us all in this beautiful philosophy. Mr. H. W. Abbot, late of Denver and Eastern cities, and who has been known as the "Boy Medium," also made some very interesting remarks and accepted an invitation to be present next Sunday to give platform tests; a treat is anticipated. Mrs. Davis, a new medium, also made some practical remarks, acknowledging some fine tests received from Mrs. Perkins, who also made a few remarks, following with many convincing tests. It is not the purpose of these reports to cover ourselves with gush and glory, or to form a mutual admiration society, but to give a modest and plain statement of the main features of our meetings; and when we say no better meetings where the truths of Spiritualism come unadulterated, are in this city, we feel it to be a fact.

"The truth and nothing but the truth," presented in a harmonious manner is the aim of the managers.

A similar meeting at the same place will be held every Sunday, unless the powers that shall interfere. Come out and see for yourselves. ONE OF 'EM.

#### ON THE WING.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I left San Francisco last Monday, and that evening I lectured to an appreciative audience at Navato. The next day I stopped at Petaluma at the house of Col. Hatch and his lady, as they had invited me while we were on the boat together on their return home from celebrating the forty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism. The Col. has been quite ill for some time but is nearly well through the magnetic treatment of Mrs. Hatch, who is a good healer. I also had the pleasure of meeting with Mrs. Maxwell of San Francisco who is, I understand, busy healing while here. I had the pleasure of seeing a fine lot of spirit pictures taken by Mumler.

As I did not lecture in Petaluma I went on to Santa Rosa, where I was heartily entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Lamont. After spending the early part of the evening pleasantly in conversation, Mrs. Lamont was controlled and gave me some very fine tests. Mr. and Mrs. Lamont are very fine people and greatly interested in Spiritualism. Wednesday evening I dispensed the gospel of labor at Guerneville, where I had a good hearing. The business part of the town having been destroyed by fire recently, it looks rather desolate. A seventeen-thousand-dollar block is being started; so, in time it will be the better for the cremation. I had a grand view of the town from a hill; it was pleasing to the eye to note the winding of the Russian river. I got acquainted with some very fine people, Mr. Ditz and others. I lectured at Fulton, Thursday. Friday I addressed an interested gathering in this place. I am the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jewell, both good Spiritualists; I have also made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Turner, and spent a pleasant afternoon and night with them.

Mr. T. was a classmate of Charles Dickens' and he regaled me with pleasing reminiscences of Dickens and other noted characters in England. Mr. T. has a fine garden, flowers in profusion; and so has Mr. Jewett. Their place is on a hill and I had a grand view of the town from it. Healdsburg is about captured by the Second Adventists; their great seeress, Mrs. White, lives here; she directs people by visions from God (which are nothing more than spiritualistic communications). She has lately received instructions to have her people emigrate from Battle Creek, Mich; 400 are expected to come and settle here. There has lately been quite a discussion between them and the Baptistists. It is claimed that instead of strengthening the cause of either Church, it has augmented the ranks of the liberalists. They have shown one another up so badly that thinking people have become disgusted. To-night I speak at Geyserville and to-morrow at Cloverdale. Please send me a few sample copies of the DOVE to Ukiah and I will do all I can for it. I should like to see the DOVE carried to every point I go, so I will work for it all I can.

Yours for the cause of truth,

J. H. WHITE.

#### THE LIFE OF MINERALS.

BY M. J. THOMPSON.

(Translated for *The Craftsman* from the *Revue Scientifique*.)

The definition given to-day to mineralogy places it among the exact sciences. Long continued study has shown that it possesses all the inflexibility of chemistry, of physics, of mathematics. The work of one-making: speciality of this subject is similar to that of a millwright who collects the different pieces, forged and cast and prepared in various ways by other workmen, and arranges them all in their proper relations to one another, joins them, and forms the mill with all its complication of machinery in good order, ready to run without friction, without jar. The mineralogist gathers up the facts and theories wrought out by workers in other fields of science, studies their variations, their agreements and connections, demonstrates their presence and their union in inorganic bodies, and sums up and announces all the results of his labor in the form of laws which shall be exact rules for events past, present, and future; for a science incapable of foreseeing and foretelling is not a true science. Mineralogy is not chemistry, nor physics, nor mathematics, any more than the millwright is the smith or the smelter. It is a distinct science pursuing a particular aim; and which, although borrowing from other sciences certain of their results, nevertheless possesses its own individuality. It might be said to be a direct application of these three sciences, together with geology, to the study of the life of minerals.

I have just used a very significant expression: The life of minerals. Others have used it be-

fore me. "Not only do stones live, but I suffer from sickness, from old age, and death wrote Cardan in the sixteenth century. And was right. Eternal matter performs an end cycle; the incessant variations which it experiences; the movement which is never arrested which from modification to modification, its transformation to transformation draws it on without a single moment of rest; the countless births and deaths and resurrections are! Every man, every animal, every plant, every stone obey without any power to resist and they are all borne along without relax or repose toward a vortex whose beginning ending are concealed within the shadows of eternity. There is no difference between mineral and vegetable, or animal. Inorganic life is identical with organic life, varying only in degree.

From the moment which we call birth, that is to say, at the commencement of one of the periods of transformation, our eyes see, hour by hour, moment by moment, the living being develop. The atoms entering into its construction seek like atoms to which they ally themselves and molecules combine with other molecules. What matters it about the form of being? Simple or complicated, the law is the same, and is obeyed. The individual appears with its chemical constitution, its own form and its own variations, all decided under its predetermined conditions. Among these conditions single one is variable, but the equilibrium is constantly preserved: the individual changes from time to time in its own appointed way, but never ceases to exist.

In the same manner as organic life bears the impress of its surroundings, so do minerals submit themselves to external influences. The perhaps is more frail, more delicate, less able to resist, more susceptible to impressions; natural forces of the other, more powerful cause they are simpler, yield less readily to circumstances. Both alike are forced to take their part in the great concert of forces in which they fare only infinitely feeble notes; both alike influenced by the majestic assembly of powers which act upon them, and upon which they, in turn, also act, conformably to one of the laws of matter, that of equality between action and reaction.

Let us take any mineral whatever and submit it to a constantly increasing temperature. Notice first that it undergoes a change of form. Cease the application of heat, and it will gradually resume its former shape. Let us heat again and more intensely. All the properties of the matter which constitutes it become changed, some quickly, some slowly, and incapable now of taking back its first appearance. Its crystalline form is different, its mechanical elasticity, its hardness, and its electric properties; even its color is changed. It will still increase the heat. The molecules perse, following certain directions, and, following others, gather themselves together. It is only a limit, varying according to the chemical composition, the crystalline type, or



sure, is broken; the solid, beginning to melt, becomes a liquid. Heat it still higher, and we shall see new phenomena appearing, volatilization and dissolution. Another limit is passed and the atom, becoming isolated, is free henceforward from the laws of chemistry, and just now they laws yet unknown, the task of discovering and formulating which is awaiting the worker in the realms of physics or mechanics.

The dissolution of a mineral, is it not death? Every abrupt limit of all the powers of a body, death, and all death precedes a resurrection.

As a child, which at the same moment when opens its eyes upon the light and utters its first cry, begins already to die, so with the mineral scarcely formed, death commences. Feldspar, which constitutes in great part the soil trodden by our feet, under the influence of air and of water, of drought by day and dews by night, of the heat of summer and the cold of winter, of all agents mechanical, chemical and physical acting upon it, is reduced to its elements by a series of almost insensible transitions. Its fragments are broken to still finer bits, and when they have become dust disintegration still goes on, and gradually the siliceous, the aluminum, the iron, the lime, the magnesia, and the potassium which composed its form clay. The iron oxidizes, the silicon separates itself, is dissolved by rain and carried by the streams. Each element then enters into a new combination; sometimes it becomes that of a stone; sometimes it helps to form the structure of a plant; sometimes that of a man. Here can be birth, signifying the beginning of a sentence, be placed, or where shall we find any death. I perceive only periods of life.

Old, naturalists made more frequent and stronger affirmations than they do to-day. Confidence in self is the property of youth; many learn to doubt, which is the beginning of wisdom, provided that it does not remain content, but rather compels man to seek with ceaseless ardor the truth which seems to fly from him. The ancients placed between the mineral and the vegetable limits, which in reality do not exist. Up to the present time limits of the same nature have been set between organic and inorganic life. But in proportion as we examine minerals we shall see the differences disappear and the resemblances increase. Man is the child of parents; the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms are perpetuated in obedience to the laws of reproduction, each after his own kind. It is this absolute identity between parent and offspring that separated distinctly the mineral kingdoms from the mineral; but recently chemists have discovered that the same fixed elements are established in this department of life also. Berzeliuss prepared a solution consisting of octahedral borax in five equivalents of water, and rhomboidal borax in ten equivalents of water. These two bodies, excepting their proportion of water, had the same chemical composition. The former, treated with suitable precaution, remained perfectly limpid, and he could place in

it fragments of all imaginable substances, without causing it to give rise to any remarkable phenomena. But when even an infinitely small crystal of octahedral borax was dropped into it, the temperature rose, and in a few minutes all the octahedral borax contained in the solution took the crystalline form. Meanwhile, the rhomboidal borax was held in solution, and in order to crystallize it in its turn, there was needed only the contact of a rhomboidal crystal.

The mineral was evidently born of a parent; it was identical with this parent; its symmetry was the same under the same circumstances. Similar results from numerous experiments with other substances were obtained.

Under the influence of agents whose masters were fire, molecules group themselves, following fixed laws, and arrange themselves in their relative positions. Just as soldiers off drill and scattered throughout the camp, when the order of the commander is given, obey and fall into line, so do molecules obey the forces in command ever them.

Stranger still, this crystal perfectly formed, seems sometimes to have a conception of an ideal of beauty, a perfect symmetry, the ellipsoid of the cubic system, which is a sphere; it seeks it, tries to reach it, and if it cannot be attained, it falls to acting a part. It disguises itself, just as is sometimes done among men, and strives to appear the being it is not. The crystal, no more than the man, will ever assume a place in a lower rank; each seeks to appear better than he is. To attain its object the crystal will unite itself with the other crystals of the same kind; then these will gather into groups. As they cannot modify their own angles they will crowd one against another. Let it cost what it may, if it is a possible thing they will have their imperfections removed, and will improve their individual appearance, and if any measure of success is attained, the little crystals will enjoy in silence their usurped glory.

If science, with the apparent rigidity of her measures, weights, and figures holds for the scholar oftentimes disagreeable surprises, she sometimes cheers him by rewards full of a strange grandeur. Azote, or nitrogen in its free state, constitutes more than three fourths of the volume of the atmosphere, and is in its appearance the type of inertia. Its presence seems to have no other role than to reduce the over-exciting action of the oxygen upon our organs of respiration. In order to cause it to enter into combination with other substances, it is necessary to have recourse to the most energetic forces. Among these in nature only one, electricity, lightning, is able to accomplish this result. But the union once effected, the gas is capable of undergoing a thousand variations. As passive as it was while free, so active does it become after entering into any combination. As it is found in the constitution of all animal and vegetable life, we find that without the storm-cloud no organic life could exist. The origin of all creatures is to be found in a clap of thunder.

Such examples as these show that imagina-

tion as well as science derives great profit from the intimate study of the phenomena presented by minerals. One commences their study by measuring, by weighing, by carefully analyzing; one gathers now and then slowly a little knowledge; then suddenly this apparently barren field disappears, to give place to large horizons, to vast generalizations of majestic simplicity, resting upon the solid foundation of experimentation. Let us not underestimate the role of the imagination in scientific researches. It gives to the scholar persistence in his daily toil; it is his hope at the moment he begins an undertaking, his guide during the work, and his recompense when he has finished. What a charm in the frequent discoveries of analogies between the highest orders of beings and those which occupy the lowest rounds in the ladder of perfection.

Similarity is to be observed also in the growth of individuals in the different kingdoms. One sees at first crystals developing into perfection. Neither the chemist with all his delicate tests, nor the physician armed with his accurate instruments can decipher the feeblest trace of heterogeneity; the child grown has become a man; the mineral fully developed has reached also its age of virility.

Minerals may be hindered in their development, may become irregular, imperfect, deformed; upon certain of their angles new facets may appear, in other parts facets may slowly become obliterated. As soon as the obstacle causing the trouble is removed, the wounds will heal over, perhaps leaving their scars, and the crystals will pursue their normal course. Some times an accidental circumstance, as that of too ardent a sun, or a season too wet, will cause a fissure, and a malady commences. Oxidation or hydration is produced, and the mineral begins to disintegrate; finally, as a result of the accident, the last particles are lost to sight. We think it has been destroyed. But it is dead; it has died just as a man dies. Its elements are just as imperishable as are those of man's body, which, when it is laid away in the grave are not annihilated, but, as they are resolved, enter again into new forms in the great torrent of life. Their atoms are innumerable, what they have been, they are, and will be to all eternity; eternally young, eternally the same, moving without rest; unmindful of time or of combinations. The ancient symbol of the serpent with his tail in his mouth well represents the cycle of life. Periods succeed periods.

The day ends in twilight, and the night is followed by a new dawn. All limits are effaced. The stone, the flower, the animal, intermingle their natures. With this thought in mind, all life seems like a great net-work, whose meshes interlace in countless ways, before which the seeker after truth stands with ardent soul. But at the moment he thinks to grasp the solution of the absorbing problem, he is only made more deeply aware of his own weakness. And looking forward over the great expanse stretching out before him to infinity, he experiences only one sentiment, that of admiration; and his desire ever increases to learn still, and to learn always.

## Poetry.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

## A SPIRIT MESSAGE TO MAN

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF THOMAS F. PAGE.

O, Earthly Eden! place where man doth dwell  
Be thine the thorns, the thistles, and the briars  
Which sting and lacerate the flesh of man.  
O, man of Eden! could'st thou know the way  
Of spirits pure, in sunshine roaming round  
The earthy ball, and viewing there the place  
Of pain and sorrow, thou'd'st feel a pang  
Which now to thee is naught, for by thy lot.  
Thy time is there awhile to live in flesh,  
Thy trouble and thy sorrow do prepare  
The way for paradise for which thou shalt  
Inherit here with us in peaceful bliss.  
Thy master here is known—here is no doubt;  
Doubts are of Eden growth; they sting the soul  
And bear it down in grief to wail and mourn.  
Up here 'tis bright and fair; the nether air  
Bears not on us, we know it from afar.  
We haste to leave the place of earth. We stay  
Not long, because our nature does demand  
That we return above into our place.  
But doubt it not, we do return and see  
Our friends below in anguish there where all  
Conform to earthly laws of flesh and blood.  
Would man believe it; earth's a horrid place,  
And man himself is but a grab of filth,  
His soul a seed which has to germinate  
In upper sunshine and develop as  
A lovely flower as neat as man can have  
A sort of comprehension down on earth.  
His speech on earth is but a blab, He casts  
It all aside for something which he gets  
In place of it. No words of man can give  
That song of spirits who have passed above.  
Now man believe that down on earth no word  
Which thou can'st speak will give thee any hint  
Of that which is to come in after life.

The arguments which thou dost use as pro  
Or con about a future life, all blab  
And go to naught, because the words of man  
Are for his use on earth while in the flesh,  
Dysphoradic condition—man, ye hate,  
And hate and kill each other by the words  
Ye use because of trying here to make  
Thy words do fitting to the life to come.  
The influence of the spirit causes man  
To give his mind in words of his own make  
Thus mediumship is sometimes harshly judged.  
Of earthly blab is envy, strife and hate;  
We know it not in heaven, there's no place here  
For such as they and what they generate,  
So man on earth should try to cast them off,  
And thus prepare the way to enter here,  
LACONIA, New Hampshire.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

## MY "GIRLIE."

LUCIA.

Hour after hour my "Girlie" lies  
With panting breath and staring eyes,  
While horrid shapes, in fearful scene,  
Flit through the fevered time between  
The evening and the longed-for rest.  
"O, sing me something soft and sweet,  
Some poem of your own repeat,  
To drive these mocking things away.  
It seems so long to wait for day!"  
The dry lips moan. At her request,

As o'er again I drune the song,  
That half-forgotten cradle song

Which soothed the babes of long ago,  
With hopes of all a child can know,  
Of silence, peace and restful sleep,  
Of holy angels round the bed,  
And blessings falling on the head,  
A youthful Mother and the One  
Whose earthly life had just begun.  
Whose name all future time should keep.

I search, in thought, adown the line,  
For something cleaving that is mine,  
And pause, amazed, at what I learn,  
For ever as the leaves I turn.

Some sorrow drives the gladness out;  
Some woe creeps in to shade the word;  
Well have they named me "Mourning Bird,"  
For, when the troubles came unsought,  
I sang the minor songs they taught  
Till faith and hope gave place to doubt.

Yet tones of grief and power to plead  
Against wrong fill not all human need;  
The many dread unwelcome truth,  
And sober wisdom frightens youth;  
They leave the real to chase a dream;  
They call for songs though sinners die;  
The wary crave a lullaby;  
They strew immortelles o'er a tomb  
And shout to scatter coming gloom.

What they would be, they try to seem.

So "Girlie" my "Girlie," we'll welcome the dusk  
A time for calm fancies, for dreams and for rest,  
When roughness, repulsive by daylight's rude glare,  
Draws nearer and softens, in night's silver dress.

We'll call to the phantoms and ask them to join,  
A "jolly old frolic" of "hide-and-go-seek."

We'll catch at their garments and force them to pause,  
Unna-k and disarm them and dare them to speak.

Who knows but we'll see just a shell of ourselves,  
That laughs when we laugh and drops tears when we cry.

An image thrown off from the overworked brain,  
Like mist from the sea or like clouds in the sky.

A strong, eery breeze drives the cloud and the mist,  
A breeze from the soul will dispel these alarms;  
A laugh shakes the air till they fade and dissolve,  
And leave us to rest in the night's loving arms.

See, "Girlie," my "Girlie," our "Angels" have come  
With music and flowers and soft, mellow light;  
They circle your pillow with coolness and peace,  
And whisper a loving, "Good-night, dear, good-night."

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

## CELESTIAL GUARDIANS.

BY LENA INDRUMAN GIFFORD.

Air "Ortynville."

Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. F. A. Logan.

Celestial guardians having regard

to God's purpose to fulfil.

Shall wake the earth with joyful sound,

As they make known his will.

As they make known his will.

From fields of light with radiance crowned,

Endowed with wisdom's power.

They search the broad earth round and round

To find an open door,

To find an open door.

They enter in, the trail fortell,

And speak with many a tongue.

That all the nations here who dwell,

Shall know the right from wrong.

Shall know the right from wrong.

Press on, oh, Messenger of Love!

Till tongues of striving cease;

Bring to each heart the storm-worn dove

With olive branch of peace,

With olive branch of peace.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

## HOLY DAYS.

EMMA TRAIN.

All days are holy days

On which God's service should be wrought.

And sacred songs of praise

Go out on each pulsing thought.

The earnest, kindly deed

That lifts some other's load of care

Is more than earthly creed

Or loud and oft-repeated prayer.

All days are Sabbath days,

Each hour is consecrated time,

And grand uplifting joys

Should echo with a power sublime.

Each minute is of gold—

A breath of vast infinitude

That somewhere will unfold

A sweet, majestic interlude.

All days are sacred days

And should be reverently set apart,

To smooth life's roughened ways,

And comfort over-stricken heart.

Each duty nobly done,

Is sweeter and grander the more divine;

Each kindly thought that's spent

Will round the heavenly arches twin.

All days are God's own days—

A breath for humanity,

To draw in truth's high ways

And chant the anthems of the free;

Some are for idle rest

Which to the soul is e'er a blight.

He uses God's service best

Who fills them all with deeds of right.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

## IMMORTALITY.

FREDERICK GERHARD.

From Death arises still more precious Life!"

So says the poet, and his lofty word,

Is true and strong as is the Word of God;

It finds an easy door to every heart,

And heralds of immortality to man.

With this conviction, man cannot believe,

That though his mortal frame to rain fall,

His spirit, too, will vanish into naught;

In dark annihilation lost and gone.

So man, nature and science, join to teach,

That nothing vanishes which once had birth;

The form may change; the inner being lives;

The germ, the living force, must still survive.

And, as man's mortal frames do change and pass

But never vanishes, so does his spirit

But pass, and not expire.

For, since nothing cannot perish in its germ,

Man's spirit cannot die, It still must live,

Eternal life or his. The sun may fade,

And lofty Time may totter with his years;

Still, fresh and fair, man's life of life remains

The stars will pass away, but on man's spirit.

The star of immortality will shine

From life to life a lustrous intelligence,

Forever and forever.

"Each for himself is still the rule—

We learn it when we go to school—

The devil take the hindmost, O!

And when the schoolboys grow to men,

In life they learn it o'er again—

The devil take the hindmost, O!

For in the Church, and at the bar,

On 'Change, at Court, wherever they are,

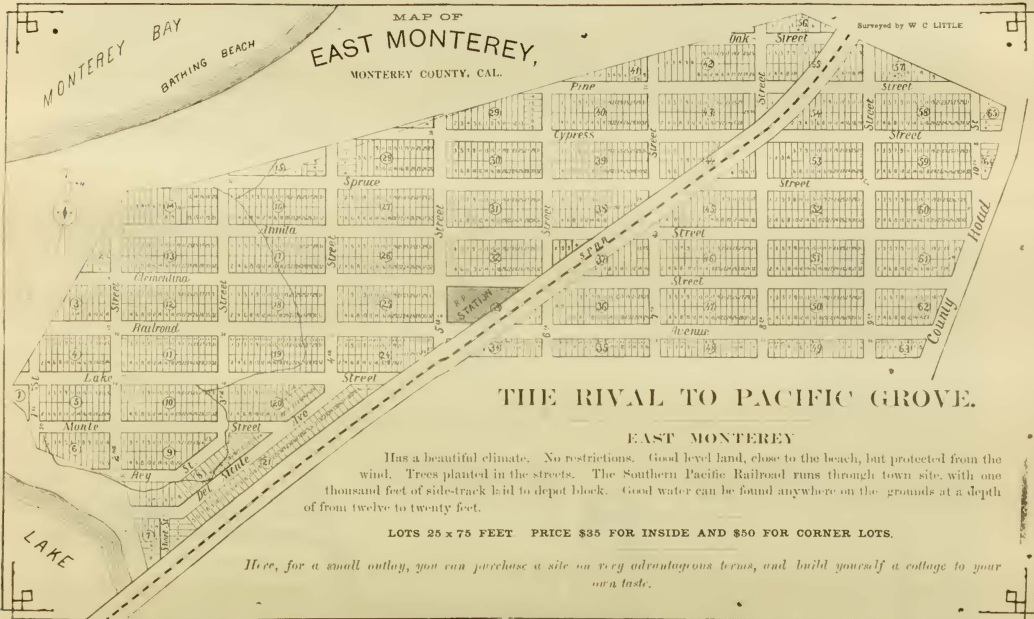
The devil take the hindmost, O!

From youth to age, what'er the game,

The unvarying practice is the same—

The devil take the hindmost, O!

—Arthur Hugh Clow.



MAP OF

# EAST MONTEREY,

MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

Surveyed by W. C. LITTLE

## THE RIVAL TO PACIFIC GROVE.

### EAST MONTEREY

Has a beautiful climate. No restrictions. Good level land, close to the beach, but protected from the wind. Trees planted in the streets. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs through town site, with one thousand feet of side-track laid to depot block. Good water can be found anywhere on the grounds at a depth of from twelve to twenty feet.

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**The Business He Was In.**

A countryman and his wife were in town the other day for the first time, and they were wandering around looking in the show windows and having a good time. Finally they came to a bank, and wondering what kind of a business it was that had no signs of display of any kind, the man stepped in to inquire. There was no one in at the time but a very nobby young clerk—who was also very smart—and as the rustic gazed around at everything, the clerk tackled him for some port.

"Very fine place we have here," he said. "Can we do anything for you to-day?"

"Well, darn me," said the visitor, ignoring the question; "this beats 'em all. What kind of a dog-gone business do you do here, anyhow? What do you sell?"

"Oh, we do a great business. We sell mules."

"No; you don't say? Well, darn me," he stepped to the door and called his wife:

"Sal, come here and look." She came in and he led her around. "Jist think my fit, Sal. Ain't it purty? An' Sal, they sell mules here. That's ther business. Trade's good, too, Sal. Jist look at him," he continued, jerking his thumb toward the clerk;

"he's the only one they've got left, an' I reckon they wouldn't have him if the collar n'd been workin' in hadn't skinned his neck n' shoulders."

As they passed out, the man remarked softly to his wife: "We may be from the head waters, Sal, but that's no sign we don't know mules."

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The following petition, addressed to the governments of the world, has been circulated by the W. C. T. U.:

We, your petitioners, although belonging to the physically weaker sex, are strong of heart to love our homes, our native land, and the world's family of nations.

We know that clear brains and pure hearts make honest lives and happy homes, and that by these the nations prosper, and the line is brought nearer when the world shall be at peace.

We know that indulgence in alcohol and opium, and in other vices which disgrace our social life, make misery for all the world, and most of all for us, and for our children.

We know that stimulants and opiates are sold under legal guarantees which make the governments partners in the traffic, by accepting as revenue a portion of the profits, and we know with shame that they are often freed by treaty upon populations, either ignorant or unwilling.

We know that the law might do much now if we unite, to raise the moral tone of society, and render vice difficult.

We have no power to prevent these great iniquities beneath which the whole world groans, but you have power to redeem the honor of the nations from an indefensible complicity.

We therefore come to you with the united voices of representative women of every land, beseeching you to raise the standard of the law to that of Christian morals, to strip away the safeguards and sanctions of the State from the drink traffic and the opium trade, and to protect our homes by the total prohibition of these curses of civilization throughout all the territory over which your government extends.

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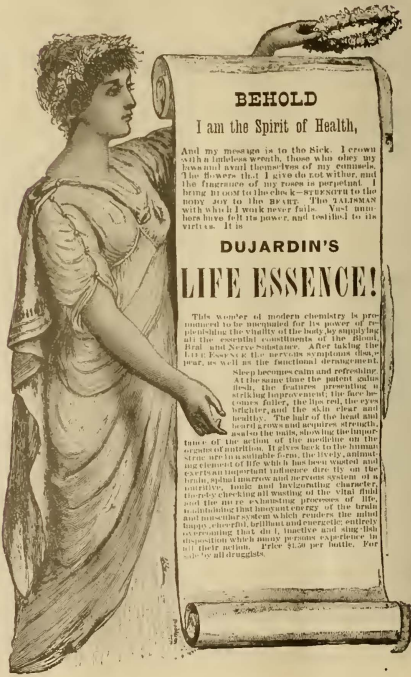
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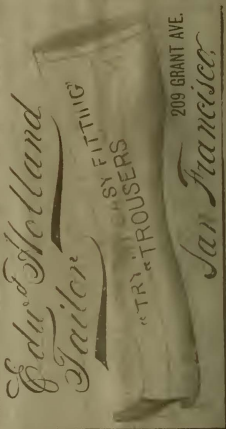
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