



HERMAN SNOW

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The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME IV.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER 31, 1887.

NUMBER 30.

Biography.

Herman Snow.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

He was born in Pomfret, Vt., April 9th, 1812. His parents were intelligent, respected, healthy and long-lived. There were ten of the children, four daughters and six sons, all of whom were married and settled in life, and with one or two doubtful exceptions, all of them, and also the parents, became Spiritualists. There was no death among these children until an average age of about sixty years had been reached, or until an aggregate of nearly six hundred years had been lived by the ten. Herman is the oldest of the seven who are still in the earth-life.

His early years were spent upon the home farm, with rather imperfect district school privileges; until on his sixteenth birthday he met with a severe accident which was supposed to disqualify him for all future severe bodily labor. Hence he turned his attention in other directions, and first served an apprenticeship of about three years in the mercantile, line partly in Boston and partly in a country village store. The business did not suit him; his yearnings were strong for a more intellectual kind of life, and broader fields of action. He broke loose from business entanglements and entered a leading academy of preparatory instruction at Meriden, N. H., but his hopes of a thorough collegiate course at Dartmouth were blighted by the wants of necessary pecuniary means.

Now the allurements of the great west open up before him; he resolves to seek his fortune in that broad and still largely unexplored and unappreciated region. In September, 1831, at the age of about nineteen, he goes off leisurely and alone; takes a ride between Albany and Schenectady in the first steam R. R. passenger train that was put in action in the United States, and within a week of the formal opening of the road by the State Officials. At Schenectady a line boat on the Grand canal is taken to Buffalo; then a schooner passage to Portland harbor, enduring a severe lake storm for three days. Now pedestrianism is resorted to and kept up as far as Meadville, Pennsylvania, next, in company with two others French

creek and the Alleghany river are navigated in a three dollar pine skiff to Pittsburgh, a four days' trip through much wild country and some rough adventure.

There he gets employment for a while and then pushes on farther west and south. This was but the beginning of an unsettled, wandering life, extending west to the extremes of white settlement at the time, and which did not come to a full end for nearly eight years, when our adventurer finds himself living at Meadville, Pennsylvania, from which point a new and important change in his condition and career takes place. Through all this unsettled life, no real deep-seated happiness had been reached; only the changing ripples of a surface life had been his. A deeply felt yearning of his inner and better nature remained unanswered; his spiritual, religious life was in embryotic repose. But what could be done? He could not be religious in the popular sense of the term, and yet without some kind of exercise of his religious nature life seemed sadly insufficient, often desolate to him. But orthodox revivalism could not move him; its hell could not frighten him into stereotyped church creeds and confessions. His own intuitions taught him that there must be an overruling power of wisdom and love pervading this wonderful universe, but the God of the ruling systems of theology was seen to be one whom he could not love if he would, and would not if he could. He firmly believed in a life beyond this, but the orthodox Heaven was one for which he had no affinity; and a verbally inspired Bible was a perpetual stumbling block to his intuitive perceptions; he could never endure its study beyond the creation story in Genesis.

Until this time no opportunity had been offered him of becoming acquainted with liberal and rational views of Christianity; but now, at Meadville, he found a small and intelligent Unitarian Society, with a good minister, through whose instruction and guidance, especially in a rightly ordered course of reading, he at length gained a somewhat satisfactory view of the Bible and its doctrines. His inward, religious self began to expand into a peaceful, happy activity, and soon with the aid and friendly advice of the minister and others, on the occurrence of his twenty-seventh birthday, with a joyful solemnity, he dedicated himself to the work of a liberal and rational Christian minister. Now follows a return

to the East and a course of theological studies, lasting nearly five years, the last three of which embraced the regular course of the divinity school of Harvard University.

He was graduated in July, 1843, but with a constitution much broken by excessive study and the want of a wise regard to the laws of physical health. The change from an active, external life at so late a period, taken in connection with a certain degree of zeal without knowledge, was too much for his physical stability, especially his eye sight. This failure began early in the course and continued not only through his preparatory studies, but also in all his future labors, crippling and discouraging him in many of his higher purposes, especially in all attempts to become a thorough student of theology and of general literature.

It was mainly on this account that, after his graduation, he decided not to seek for a permanent parish settlement, but resolved to devote himself to something like an itinerant ministry, with but little attention to a student's life. On the first day of June, 1845, he was therefore ordained as "an Evangelist" in one of the Boston churches. His engagements were now by the year, the first one being over and old and interesting parish at Brooklyn, Conn., (once a part of Pomfret,) preaching in the very church which Gen. Israel Putnam was accustomed to attend during his life-time.

Here was our friend's first experience in the joys of married and home-life, and also a heavy weight of its sorrows, for, within the space of about twenty months, were removed by the death-angel, the wife and two young children, leaving him homeless and sad. It was, doubtless, these severe bereavements that prepared the way for a final, faithful attention to the claims of the new Spiritualism in spite of the repulsive dislike which attended the first approach toward an investigation. It was simply as a disagreeable duty that the first efforts were made, and the state of mind was one almost sure to result in, at least, a temporary failure as, indeed, they did, but what came of subsequent efforts was of such a decisive nature as absolutely to compel belief. When a full conviction was at length reached it was with a joy unspeakable, both to visible and invisible friends and loved ones. It was now—the "Pearl of great price" to this zealous believer, which having found, he was ready to give up all else to its wide-spread knowl-

edge and support. Being soon after invited to the regular charge of a parish, he accepted only with a full understanding of his present state of mind in regard to Spiritualism, and that at all times he stood ready to aid those who wished to investigate. Several families availed themselves of the opportunity, circles being held with them, and mediums developed. His own medial tendencies also made rapid progress, until there was a happy culmination in clairaudience, or internal hearing. He was now in direct and free communication with his spirit helpers, who were zealous in their efforts to push him forward in the good work which lay before him, and under the strong inspirational impulse thus received, he was induced to prepare for circulation a pamphlet entitled, "Incidents of personal experience while investigating the new phenomena of spirit thought and action." This he had printed at his own expense, wholly for a free distribution, largely among his brother ministers, of whom not one was willingly omitted. Of about six hundred copies printed, all were soon disposed of, not a single copy being sold. This was while under a six months' engagement at Montague, Mass., (in which town are now located the well-known Spiritualist camp-grounds). By the time this engagement came to a close he had come to the resolve to give himself wholly up to the new work. He, therefore, declined a re-engagement and, as a first move, made a visit to his native Vermont home, being then much in need of a season of quiet repose. But he was not allowed to rest long; the pressure from visible and invisible surroundings was such that he soon found himself engaged in holding circles and developing mediums among the neighbors, until not less than one-half of the families were more or less interested or decided believers in the new faith. While here he became acquainted with the author, E. Simmons, a recently developed trance medium of great promise; and, on the return trip to Massachusetts, with the consent and advice of the spirit guides, the medium speaker was taken as a Spiritualist evangelist down the Connecticut valley, speaking at the leading towns along the route, until at length the two separated, the medium continuing on to Boston, while the thus far managing helper took refuge in the pleasant Socialistic community of Adin Ballen, at Hopedale, where Spiritualism had already taken a deep root-hold.

There our earnest worker spent the summer, his mental occupation being the preparation for the press of a small volume entitled "Spirit Intercourse," and his bodily exercise being in the box-making shop of the co-operative companies. Early in autumn he went to Boston, got his book published, and then, still under strong spirit impulse and direction, he established a Spiritualist

headquarters, at his own personal expense, and under his exclusive control.

To the full enjoyment of this central office of inquiry and investigation, all sincere seekers after truth, by advertisement, were cordially welcomed, it being understood that only such free contributions be handed in from time to time as might be prompted in aid of the expenses incurred in keeping up the establishment. Most of the actual expenses of the hall were thus paid. Many important ends were answered at this Harmony Hall headquarters, and our worker would have gladly continued its occupation for a much longer period, but the drain upon his mental and spiritual forces, from a constant attention to his steady influx of visitors, that in about a year, being greatly exhausted in his nervous and general condition, he was obliged to give up his work into the hands of another earnest and faithful worker. Now, for about a year, the strength still at his command was given to aid in the establishing of the New England Spiritualist Association, of which he became the special business agent. But finally, in the spring of 1855, under wise medical and spirit advice, he was compelled to give up, as far as possible, *all* mental and spiritual effort, and to follow out-door physical labors. Now, therefore, with a second faithful wife to whom he had recently been united, he departed again for the west, and upon the outskirts of the City of Rockford, Ill.—where once, in his preaching days he had aided in establishing a Unitarian Society—he purchased a few acres of land and gave himself up to the cares and labors of mundane life, holding on still; however, to some degree of active interest in the spiritual and religious affairs closely around him. At the close of about eight years of this kind of life, he found himself the creative owner of a beautiful cottage and garden home, with abundance of fruits and flowers, hedges and shrubbery, just at the highest point of loveliness. All this he had gained, but at the expense of a further breaking down of his general condition, resulting from an excess of zeal in his gardening. He had become extravagantly devoted to this, and as he could do nothing in moderation, the natural penalty of over work with his hands now came to him. In July, 1863, this kind of work also had to be given up, so he let his pleasant home to a stranger and departed on a long-contemplated journey as passenger of a Mormon ox-train team, over the plains and mountains of Utah—a ten weeks' solitary trip this. He spent the winter among "the Saints," watching their mode of life and studying into their professions of faith and practice. During the winter he accumulated the material for a good-sized volume, but was prevented from eventually publishing the same, by a forestalment of another writer, who published much the same kind of

work, a little in advance of his own intentions. He however published some of his material in the public prints, as a series headed "Mormonism by the light of Spiritualism," in the *R. P. Journal*; also an article on "Plurality of Wives," in Vol. 7, No. 6 of the *Overland Monthly* (Dec. 1871).

The time of the Utah sojourn was in the midst of the war, and the "Saints" were full of disloyalty and rebellion; there was a lively time also among the Indians of the plains, but in spite of all, our friend made a safe return in the next spring. But no restored health came back with him; so, on rejoining his wife, who had remained at her old Boston home, it was decided to sell the place in Rockford, as something that could be no longer cared for by its owner, though to someone else it might still be a happy home. Now followed about three years of a crippled desultory life in Massachusetts, in which there was a partial return to the regular pulpit preaching, though always with a distinct understanding of the independent and conscientious views of the preacher in regard to the heresy of Spiritualism. His closing engagement of this kind was at Marshfield, immediately after the close of which, on the first of Oct. 1867, he departed on a long-contemplated voyage to California, connected with which was an enterprise regarded by him as of great moment, the particulars of which it is unnecessary to state in detail, as "Snow's Liberal and Reform Book Store" on Kearny street, San Francisco, will still be remembered by the readers of the CARRIER DOVE. A few items of information may be added, however, for the benefit of those especially who were not then familiar with the Spiritualism of the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Snow had, while still engaged in his regular ministerial life, manifested great interest in the use and spread of the printed page as the best means of promoting the growth of a liberal and rational Christian faith. The works of William Ellery Channing were regarded by him as the most important instrument for this kind of work, so at one point of his experience—having first taken means to have the price of these books reduced to a very low rate—he for a time gave himself almost wholly to the work of their extended circulation, with the result that not far from four thousand volumes were thus widely disseminated through his personal effort. This was doubtless the most important work accomplished by him while in the active Christian ministry. Having now a like deep interest in the spread of the new gospel or Spiritualism, he had long entertained the hope of being able to accomplish a similar good work for this cause, or, if not solely for this, yet for the general advancement of freedom and activity of thought in matters of deep human interest. Hence it was that he established at the central point of the great and growing

Pacific slope, a small book store, where all such books could be found—of a radical and reformatory character—as were not usually kept at the regular popular book establishments, including especially and mainly a full supply of the works on Spiritualism.

The enterprise proved to be a success so far as an extended spread of liberal thought was concerned. In a few years connections had been made with independent thinkers in almost all parts of the regions of the Pacific, including the principal islands as far as New Zealand and Australia, and a regular supply of reading matter was thus sent over a vast extent of continent and island territory.

It is believed that no small proportion of the present activity in the cause of Spiritualism in this region may be traced in its origin to the seeds of thought scattered abroad from Snow's Liberal and Reform Book Store. But although a success in this, the more important respect, yet in another direction the undertaking was not a success. It is true that, for a few years before the opening of the overland R. R. and the largely improved mail and express connections with the coast, and also the equalization of the gold and currency circulation, a comfortable financial support was realized. But later, when conditions thus became less favorable, there followed a decided loss, and that, too, with the exercise of the closest economy, the wife being the sole business assistant. So, after about twelve years of the regular book store method, there was a change into a kind of book agency, carried on mainly through post office and express channels; and after about three years of this kind of effort, the fragment of the business still remaining was passed over into the hands of Albert Morton at his already well established position, 210 Stockton street, where it was eventually entirely given up.

In these different methods of action, as also in various public meetings of a Spiritualist and reform character, the faithful and efficient wife was a most important helper; indeed without her aid, especially in the close confinement of the book store, the business could not have been long kept up, as the health of the chief owner and manager, though greatly improved by the California climate, did not become adequate to a steady and close confinement to the city.

It was needful for him to spend many hours of the last part of the day in an open air garden life, which he had secured for himself in Oakland and Berkeley. It was only in this way that he was enabled to enjoy those seasons of quiet, intuitive thought, so necessary to the advancement and usefulness of his higher spiritual capacities, which were, from time to time, called into activity. The most important work of this kind in which he became engaged at this time, was a series of seances of a highly beneficial

character, extending through a period of about eight years, of which that devoted and self-sacrificing medium, Anna D. Loucks, was the instrument employed by a board of beneficent spirits in a work of a somewhat peculiar and highly important character. Of these seances, Mrs. Snow was the appointed assistant and scribe, keeping a minute and regular record of all that took place. From this record there was published a small volume, "Visions of the Beyond by a Seer of to-day." Also, afterwards, in the various Spiritualist papers, enough to fill another volume of about the same size. From these seances the more interested in such matters may have been able to understand, to some extent, the especial and very marked character of work thus engaged in, wholly as a labor of love for unfortunate ones on the border land between the two worlds. Mrs. Loucks has given the best part of her life to this kind of work, often amid much privation, weakness and suffering. She is still lingering upon the borders of this world, for whose unfortunate ones she has been the instrument of so much good, and is a worthy object of sympathy and honorable support for able and kindly-disposed Spiritualists of San Francisco.

The final return to the East of the subject of our sketch was not accomplished until the spring of 1884. Since then he has been living a quiet and rather inactive life in Boston and vicinity, though still able occasionally to furnish a thoughtful word for the papers. And after seventy-five years, largely of invalidism, we find him frail, his noble, intellectual face only veiling in part the pure spirit, waiting with fond, joyous, expectant, yearning vision the opening of those gates beyond which the pangs of partings and old age are known nevermore.

"SUNNY BRAE."

October 30, 1887.

To remove spots from carpets and make them look fresh and new, add a tablespoonful of ammonia and the same amount of beef-gall to every pint of water used. After rubbing well with this, wash in warm water.

A teacher in one of the Indian schools relates the following incident of an Indian boy's quick thought. He had asked the meaning of the word "miss." "To miss," I told him, "is the same as to fail. You shoot at a bird or at a mark, and do not hit it—you miss it. You go to your tailor for a coat, and your coat fits badly—it is a misfit. You hope to enter the middle class next year, but you cannot pass the examinations, and so you miss the promotion." His face wore a puzzled air, and he shook his head. "Then," said I, "there is another meaning for miss. We call a married woman madam, but an unmarried woman, miss." His face brightened, he smiled and nodded. "Ah, I see!" said he. "She miss the man."

Literary Dept.

TWO LIVES AND THEIR WORK.

BY J. J. MORSE

AUTHOR OF "WILBRAMS WEALTH," "RIGHTED BY THE DEAD," "CURSED BY THE ANGELS," "O'ER LAND AND SEA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

WE RETURN TO ENGLAND TO ENCOUNTER ERNEST COURTENAY UNDER VERY INTERESTING CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH LEAD TO THE READER AND THE AUTHOR PARTING COMPANY AT LAST.

Bright and fair broke the dawn this day over the cosy hamlet of Berkstone-cum-Blindale; sweet sang the birds as the sun sailed slowly from out the mists of night, as will sing our souls hereafter when we arise from the clouds of life; deepest blue seemed the over-arching sky, like unto a purple mantle over all below. The very rooks, with whom the Courteney family had become a sort of private possession, rose earlier than usual circling and flying about up in their eyrie, cawing away for dear life as if the work and doings of this unfolding day must surely be announced by these dusky heralds or no one would arise in time.

Early as it is there are those who are already astir in the parsonage, for, as if in answer to the summons of the feathered choristers, a window, facing the rising sun, swings open and a fair sweet face greets the coming of the day. Calm, happy, full of hopes inspiring dreams is that face; the parted lips tremble as if their owner offered silent orisons to the Lord of Life, whose darting lights touched her shining hair with a dainty lance-point turning it to a mass of shimmering gold. With one hand resting lightly on the window-sill and the other raised near to her shapely head, which rested on the hand thus raised against the window's side, what thoughts fill Lilian Eversleigh's mind this fair and sunny morning? Thought she of the pleasant days of childhood in the years gone by, of maidenhood and happy school-girl life? Did her mind dwell upon a loving mother's care and a father's tender love? Did her thought run backwards and picture to her again the time when a tender love put out its tiny blossom in her life and claimed a place in the garden of her love? Perhaps her thought was of the past that was gone with all its sweet and innocent delights, of the past wherein earnest thoughts had taken rise within her nature—moulding and directing her character, as they had, into the earnest woman she had become? But she must have thought of the change about to be experienced, that would in a few hours hence make the maid a wife? Did she gaze across the vista of years to come, and see herself the happy wife, the true mother, the faithful helper in good

works of the man by whose side she was soon to stand as wife before the world? It may not be said that these thoughts filled her mind, but as her murmured prayer was "may my strength be equal to my needs," the author feels assured that thoughts like unto these must surely have been within her mind as dreamily she gazed out into the rising day.

Constance was astir too, while there was also a glad look in her dear face that spoke clearly how she rejoiced in her brother's happiness, as indeed she did most truly. Soon the two sweet sister friends were together at first with hearts too full for utterance, finding the sweet relief of mutual tears. Then for a time they talked over the past and planned the future. Ever, though, was it that Constance was self-forgotten, thinking only of her brother and his bride, nor even thinking it hard that no Knight appeared to offer battle for her own fair hand.

As the sun rose higher the rest of the inmates of the parsonage appeared, Dr. Eversleigh and his comfort-loving but true-hearted wife, the Reverend Humphrey Courteney, and Clara, the sweet-souled sharer of his earthly joys and labors, and Ernest looking so brave and manly now with the ruddy hue of health upon his cheeks, while Mary Pilkins was also there as hereafter she was to be the maid-companion to the future bride. There they sat at the early morning meal, quietly happy, though all felt that tinge of sadness great joys ever carry with them.

Up higher still mounts the golden king of day, flooding Berkstone with warmth and light; casting approving looks upon the tent upon the village green wherein the children would by-and-by enjoy "a treat" because of the marriage of the Vicar's son, looking lovingly down upon the old church whose ivy covering glittered, like an emerald hued shield, on wall and gable, porch and roof. It was a gala day in Berkstone so the sun did right to enter into the spirit of the event and shine his very best upon all the innocent festivities arranged in honor of the union of two truly loving hearts.

It is ten by the clock, a full hour before the ceremony will be performed, yet the open church doors have already admitted an eager throng of old and young, while more are still coming in, until, at last, all free seats are filled. Then come the quality—for even God's house must needs, it seems, be ruled by man's customs—and they find their pews aided by the elderly pew opener. The Bank is represented, the two medicos of Berkstone are there, as is the Magistrate from the Hall, and the chief of Berkstone's only legal firm—thus Finance, Medicine, Authority and Law are duly represented. Then came Commerce in the person of the grocer, the baker, the tailor, the printer and others,

with their wives of course, so, that by the time fixed for the service the dear old church is better filled than had been the case at any time before within the knowledge of that veracious individual known as the oldest inhabitant, as indeed it deserved to be, for never had there been of late years a function so important celebrated within its ancient walls.

An organ prelude gives intimation of the service about to commence, so the hum of talk is hushed and all are intent upon watching the great door whereat presently there appears the bridal procession,—groomsmen, bride's-maids, relatives, bride and bridegroom; white satin, lace, orange blossoms are there for Lillian, but her expressive features so full of happiness are fairer and brighter than all her maids had dressed her in, but all who loved the good Vicar—and who did not?—would have felt sorely disappointed if but one customary detail of all such ceremonies had been omitted. As they stood there at the altar rail, before the good man who had for many years done his best to speak the simple truths of his faith as he felt and understood them, the twain who were soon "to be made of one flesh," represented most that was true in woman and noble in man; and as the benediction, which closed the service, sounded firm and clear in the chancel, behold a ray of sunlight streamed through a window falling full and bright upon the faces of the newly wed, as if there came a ray of promise for the future from the upper lands of eternal light. It is over now, they are gone from the venerable pile and silence prevails within the church, the last of those who viewed the scene have gone, even the sexton, who, leaving last, closes the great door behind him. Thou hast seen many marriages in thy time, thou hoary fane,—of knights and ladies, and nobles, too, of high degree,—while simpler folk, but with hearts as true and loves as deep as those belonging to their so-called betters—have also plighted troth and joined hands beneath thy aged roof; but the joined as well as those who joined them are all long since gone,—ah where? No, not out there beneath the sod in the little sea of silence under thy walls, but up, aye, even into that land of light and love that those have spoke of whose voices have rung out their message within thine ancient walls. So too in the end shall it be for thee, the present Vicar, earnest as thou art, when, hereafter, thy last sermon preached thy mortal parts shall rest in undisturbed quiet besides the ivy clad tower thou lovest so well, but as good works live when their doers are passed on, so, fear thee not, Reverend Humphrey Courteney, for thou hast been a doer as well as a preacher of thy word and thy works do follow thee. For a few years more thy voice shall echo in the church you love, but, for us,

its doors are closed and the patient reader will not be called upon to open them again.

The autumn time of life crept on apace for the Vicar and his good and sweet-souled wife, but ever and always Constance was there with tender love and patient care. Happy was this gentle heart in ministering to those she loved so well. While in the progress of years another Constance and another Ernest filled the parsonage with childish laughter, gladdening the hearts of all, even the dear old rooks, who, at first viewed the little strangers suspiciously, but finally accepted them as heartily as did the rooks of years ago their prototypes. God bless thee, happy family, for thy lives have been a blessing to all around thee. If all priests were as good men as thee, Humphrey Courteney, His ministers would add greater credit to the church that they and you give service to.

For a little month in the quiet hamlet of Vesinet, on the right bank of the stately Seine, just under the opposite hill whereon stands venerable Saint Germain, a little ways from Paris, the ever youthful, there we might have seen our hero and his bride. Happy, happy hours and days wherein dreams, plans, and purposes were arranged, discussed, and prepared for concerning the great work in Rivers Lane—where just now Caleb Halleck is in sole command. A little month indeed, for never were clocks so active and days so short it seemed as then. Then came the home-coming to Rivers Lane, Caleb arrayed in his best, the boys—bless them—clean, neat, and brimful of health and spirits, every room decorated with flowers, the evening meal set in the dining-room—for it was evening when the absentees returned, and nothing would do but that Ernest and Lillian must grace the table, sitting, too, right under a great shield of white roses, whereon, in violets, was the sentence "Our welcome to those we love." Such a cheer too greeted them, such shaking of hands, such eagerness by all to do the most trifling service, while Caleb fairly puffed and snorted and smiled so by turns, that he was in an imminent danger of apoplexy nearly half the time. Yes, Mary Pilkins was there, too, living with her generous patron for some three years during which her father died, then she, woman-like, fell in love, a most preposterous thing of course! She sailed away, too, from her own land and in the Australian colonies found with her husband happiness, prosperity, and all things that made amends for the sorrow of her early days.

Now, Ernest lacked not for means. Caleb Halleck's example had not been without effect, while the good work already done at Rivers Lane House showed clearly that the law of duty and discipline, when applied in love, could transform the failures

of society into useful, working members of the social polity.

The years roll past and Ernest sees bright results arising from his self-denying labors. From time to time come letters to him bearing post marks from nearly all quarters of the globe. These letters tell of struggles and triumphs made the easier for their writers by the good done to them in ever-remembered Rivers Lane. They tell of new lives away from crime and vice; of honest lads marrying thrifty lasses; of little cottages and happy homes, of prattling babes, many a one of which bears the name of Ernest or Lilian, be it boy or girl. Sometimes bankers' drafts come to help on the good work, and once, one who had been most prosperous, crossed two oceans to see the old place once more, and when he left he gave a check for two thousand pounds, which greatly gladdened the faithful twain who did so much. Oh, is it not honor to thee, Ernest, and joy enough to thee, brave Lilian, to know that thou hast both made possible honest lives, happy homes, industrious families, for of such good things is made up the kingdom of happiness on earth?

Honored at last was the work done by both wife and husband. Respected and esteemed they carried on their self-appointed tasks for many years. Of Ernest it may be truly said, he labored diligently and without ceasing, strong in his faith that there is good in all. He made no pretensions, he boasted not, but ever faithfully pursued his course; let us leave him, then, at work, sustained and cheered by her who is the idol of his heart, the admiration of all who know her, her, who is adored by all the lads, to whom she stands as mother and sister both. Truly this life and its work is crowned with honor because it is founded upon truth. Shall it not, then, be taken as a lesson to all for trust in man and truth, as also it shall teach us how much for others' good even one true heart can do.

Farewell, then, faithful hearts, adieu to thy lads, the lads thou art training; farewell to thee quaint old New Northtown. Good bye to thee, honest Caleb Halleck, who in time gave all to the good work. Our story is told, and we must all part company now to take our several steps along the highways of our lives. Bless you all, we say at parting, and it seems as if the cawing of the Berkshire rooks mingle their hoarse refrain with our parting words of thanks to the patient reader who has journeyed with the author and his friends through this brief chronicle of Two Lives and Their Work, wherein there "is naught extenuated, or ought set down in malice," but all being read may be now dismissed, even as,

"A tale that is told."

THE END.

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Original Contributions.

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

Gates Ajar.

Air.—Rock of Ages.

BY LENA INGRAHAM GIFFORD.

Gates ajar! Oh! can it be
Light celestial beams for me?
Has some pitying love divine
Sought this wand'ring soul of mine,
Finding some faint jewel there
Worthy of an angel's care?

Father of the infinite!
Gleamings o'er my spirit flit
From the open door, where light
Evermore excludes the night,
And I hear a happy song
Filled with praises all day long.

Temper thou my blinded eyes
So to meet this glad surprise;
Give my waiting spirit strength
To receive it all at length,
That the gates ajar shall be
God's own truth revealed to me.

The Disastrous Effects of Prevalent Theories Regarding Evil Spirits.

A Plea for Genuine Mediumship as Against the False.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Part Second.

4. These untrue theories of evil spirits bring disgrace to the cause of Spiritualism, and greatly impair its value and injure its growth. Fraud being encouraged by such theories, their exposure becomes of more frequent occurrence, as at each exposure attempts to defend them, on the evil or "Jesuit" spirit plan, are publicly made by prominent Spiritualists. All this militates against the progress of true Spiritualism. First, the *exposé* is a disgrace to the cause, showing, as it does, to what an alarming extent credulity thrives among Spiritualists. Next, the theories advanced in defense of the palpable fraud disgust all sensible persons, Spiritualists or non-Spiritualists. It renders many honest Spiritualists ashamed almost of the name of Spiritualist, and causes them to seriously ponder whether they are justified in further connection with a movement so largely engineered by viciousness and folly. It deters sensible inquirers and investigators from further inquiry and investigation, and causes them to resolve to have nothing more to do with "the unclean thing." If they have to surrender their common sense in order to become Spiritualists, they will have none of it; and they are right. If there be no better Spiritualism in the world than that of the swallow-alls and fraud-promoters, the sooner it is cast into the lowest "gehenna" of fire the better for mankind. Against such systematic promotion of vice and crime all true Spiritualists should ever

war. No compromise with error, no palliation of systematic knavery,—such should be the watchword of all the friends of a genuine, sensible Spiritualism, in antagonism to the unreasonable system of thought and action now passing current with many as Spiritualism. The present combination of crime and folly thus has a tendency to drive out of our ranks the sensible Spiritualists, and at the same time it prevents sensible unbelievers from investigating our facts and philosophy,—it deters the better class of humanity from joining our ranks. Let these two causes of action continue unimpeded, and the result will be that, all level-headed, honest persons being driven out of Spiritualism and all sensible outsiders being debarred from recruiting its ranks, there will be none left inside the spiritualistic fold but the charlatans and their dupes. A movement composed of such elements cannot endure; it will inevitably pass out of existence in a short time, perishing as a necessary consequence of its innate corruption. The tactics of the believers in the absurd obsession theories leads to the ultimate overthrow and death of Spiritualism. If their policy is to continue, Spiritualism is doomed beyond peradventure, and it ought to die; and all lovers of truth and honesty should rejoice at its death. The pernicious theories concerning evil spirits, carried to their ultimate, mean the downfall, the complete demolition, of Spiritualism. Get rid of these theories, these dogmas, and Spiritualism will take a new lease of life,—will fulfill its mission as a potent instrument in the redemption of the world from theologic superstition on the one hand, and from materialistic nescience on the other.

5. These theories, by promoting the growth of fraud, militate against true mediumship. Genuine phenomena are neglected, true mediums are suffered to sink into obscurity, while the more exciting performances of the swindlers and jugglers attract the multitude. Anything that chokes the development of the genuine phenomena of Spiritualism is certainly an enemy to Spiritualism. Spiritualists assert that mediumship is the foundation of their philosophy, yet many of them are doing all they can to destroy all that is true in mediumship, by neglecting the true in favor of the spurious. All true mediums are interested in the overthrow of the false mediumship of the day. The latter constantly grows stronger and stronger, and unless checked will at no distant day almost, if not entirely, uproot the true. False mediumship is largely dependent on incorrect theories of evil spirits for its sustenance and growth. Incorrect ideas concerning obsession thus tend strongly to uproot and destroy true mediumship. Kill the noxious root, and genuine mediumship is thereby strengthened and encouraged. All genuine me-

diums, then, should do all they can to destroy this obsession-dogma, to the betterment of their own interests and those of true Spiritualism. As long as the belief in the constant presence and power of evil spirits on earth is cherished, so long will fraudulent mediumship flourish and true mediumship wither and decay. The actuality of evil influences from the spirit-world is the sheet-anchor of fraud in Spiritualism. Destroy that belief, and fraud will, in its turn, wither and decay.

Probably the strangest and wildest of the theories advanced in defense of fraud is the following: If we go to a seance anxious for the truth, and on the lookout to discover whether the phenomena be genuine or not, this exercise of our judgment and reason, this conscientious search for the truth, aids to overpower the good spirits, and assists the "devils" to come in and practice fraud. According to this theory, a love of truth and honesty banishes good spirits and assists evil spirits! A love and desire for the good attracts evil spirits, and gives them power to work deadly injury to man on earth!! The theory that honest doubt is evil in its effects, and aids malicious spirits to commit fraud, is purely a gratuitous hypothesis, manufactured simply as an excuse for fraud, with no well-attested facts to rest upon. Strong skepticism interferes with the production of phenomena, but it merely excludes the production of any phenomena, and does not cause spurious phenomena to be substituted. It destroys the conditions, sometimes, under which phenomena occur, and so none can occur, either good or bad. It estops the phenomena, instead of changing their character. If doubt and skepticism interfere with the production of phenomena, as we know they do sometimes, destroying the conditions, how is it, the conditions being destroyed, that evil spirits are able to produce such startling phenomena as it is claimed they do? If a good spirit cannot manifest, owing to the conditions being destroyed, how can an evil spirit manifest? The laws of spirit manifestation must be fixed and eternal; an evil spirit must manifest by the same law that a good one does. If the conditions are such that a good spirit, accustomed to control the medium, cannot so control her, most assuredly an undeveloped spirit, unaccustomed to the medium's atmosphere, cannot control her or manifest through her. Have low, evil spirits more power to control conditions than the wise and good? Has unwisdom more power than wisdom? Has ignorance more power than knowledge in the spirit-world? Is diabolism rampant in the spirit-land, the good and wise having no power to stay its ravages?

We have seen, in various ways, the injurious effects these false theories of evil spirits are producing on earth. What is the remedy? Let all lovers of right and

truth, of honesty and fair dealing, of true mediumship, and of the sublime principles of our philosophy, do all they can to overthrow this dogma of obsession,—the theory that evil spirits come to earth and molest humanity. So long as this falsehood passes current for truth, so long will fraud triumph, so long will true mediumship be discouraged, so long will genuine, rational Spiritualism be feeble and puny.

Before closing the subject of the alleged influence of evil spirits upon humanity, attention is invited to the appended extracts from Mrs. Maria M. King's "Principles of Nature," Vol. III., pp. 41-49.

"The following truth . . . cannot be too often stated, nor too urgently impressed upon mankind in the flesh, viz., that the demons, or more strictly speaking, the devils, who haunt circles, disturbing manifestations and obsessing sensitives, are the creations of the circles; that obsessed persons are the victims of disordered conditions of the brain, induced by unwise efforts on the part of spirits to get and keep control of them, or they are subjects of epilepsy, whom spirits control to the best of their ability while the spasms are imminent, to seek to prevent or mitigate them. *In no case* is this class of phenomena induced by malignant spirits, who are seeking to vent their spite against mankind or individuals through this channel of communication. The order of society in spirit-life forbids this.

"The order of the spirit-world is based on intelligence and enlightenment, as that of human society in the flesh is in civilized lands; and though devils as direful, in strength and malignity, as Milton's fallen angels, with his arch-fiend at their head, should marshal themselves for an onslaught on the world of poor mortals, they would be repelled back by a power as overmastering as that which hurled these into the abyss of despair. Government originates with the intelligence of the higher spheres of life, and is propagated downward with germs of intellectual life, that are infused into minds struggling on the upward pathway of development, as ideas on all things pertinent to human progress are. The germs of institutions are sown among men as the grain is scattered on the soil; and they vitalize the soil that is of the proper variety to bring forth the proper fruit. Order is so much the law with communities in spirit-life that they control the criminals that come to them in a way to effectually prevent their preying upon the morals of society at home and in earth-life, as well. Were it not so the pandemonium that earth and the sphere would be is utterly inconceivable by mortals. No language is adequate to depict the conditions that would be propagated broadcast, by the unnumbered multitudes of the depraved, who would delight in the miseries they could inflict, and revel in

the work of demoralization. The thought is injustice to the Wisdom that designed the order of Nature, and made it the prerogative of the higher sphere to elevate the lower by its influence, and not depress it.

"The work of development of mediumship would be an impossibility, were it permitted the demons to interpose their influence whenever an opportunity was offered, by the straying of the thoughts and imaginations of the subject. This must be apparent to all, on careful reflection. 'The psychological power of a bad spirit is superior to that of a good one.' This proposition has been stated as truth by a prominent teacher. Now, were it true, it would establish the inference that the power of developing mediums or hindering their development is in the hands of the former class. This being the case, what would be the character of the mediums so unfortunate as to be brought out? Evidently, that of some professed ones who go about alternately exposing the 'great fraud of Spiritualism' and being exposed as tricksters practicing the art. In all seriousness, there is no supposing a case so opposed to law and precedent, as that of a demoniacal spirit intervening his influence to disturb development or manifestations of any sort. The disturbances come from a class of spirits—people like those to be found in every class of society—who mistake their capabilities for certain kinds of labor, and hence their callings; or they are those who unwittingly interpose their influence where it does mischief. Obsessions by this grade of spirit are common among the lower class of investigators, who hold circles for amusement, and to gratify an idle curiosity. Examples are not wanting where obsessions in such circles have ended disastrously for sensitives, who have acted the part of mediums under an influence they were unable to resist, which was of combined magnetic forces of spirits and sitters, that formed a battery so strong and so distracting as to craze the poor victim. Females *en ciende* have been sent raving from such gatherings to their homes, and thence to mad-houses. Strong men have been smitten with a species of madness that has developed into insanity, and culminated, in some instances, in self-destruction by starvation or other means. The instances of this character that have occurred and are occurring among both sexes, in consequence of the misapplication of the law of development, are more numerous than is generally supposed by advocates of the harmful practices so much in vogue, although exaggerated greatly by some statisticians. The harm wrought does not all appear so plainly on the surface as this. Much of it is of the insidious character that secretly saps the intelligence of sitters as well as subjects; for all alike, in such circles, are affected, though in different degrees, by

the incongruous conditions. The law forbids the trespassing, on the domain of the brain and the nervous system, of all sorts of magnetic emanations that circles develop; and those most favorably constituted for withstanding such conditions are not safe in hazarding the experiment of exposing themselves to them. Weak, nervous females, and especially those in the state of pregnancy, which is one wherein the nervous system is particularly sensitive, should avoid such exposure under all circumstances. The good that might come to them from sitting for spiritual influences in circles of a few or many, and especially many, organized by contact of spheres or persons, will be very apt to be far overbalanced by the harm that will accrue in the ultimate result.

"The question is a very pertinent one, so often asked, as to why the great majority of spirits communicating convey the impression that evil spirits display their malignity through mediumistic subjects. 'Spirits ought to know, and facts speak for themselves,' is the common answer to all arguments against the theory that evil is propagated to mortal life from spirit-life. The facts are just these: Phenomena adapt themselves to this theory, which is as old as the race, and has as strong a hold upon the intelligence of a vast majority of religious minds, and others having any faith in a future life, as any theory ever had on the human mind, based on phenomena of an uncertain character. Hence, it follows, that to a great majority of investigators, the phenomena that are or seem of a diabolical character, have no other signification than as coming from spirits inflamed with passions, such as are excited in subjects under what is termed demoniacal control. The inference drawn irresistibly from 'facts' so in accordance with preconceived opinions, and this other notion so almost universally accepted, and seemingly so consistent, viz., that 'if one class of spirits can return and influence mortals, another can as well,' acquired, almost from the first, the character of a dogma among Spiritualists; from which to dissent was, and is regarded by the fraternity in general, with the same disapprobation as in an orthodox church it would be for an orthodox Christian to dissent from the doctrine of devils and an eternal hell. The fact that this delusion has taken such deep root in the body of believers is to be accounted for, in part, on the principles that *spirits are misrepresented persistently through sensitives, and media whose preconceived erroneous notions are not eradicated by spiritual development*; which means by a thorough making over of the mentality,—such a thorough educational and developing process as is rarely ventured upon with mediums for ordinary work, and which is efficient for overbearing all influences from earthly minds whose

opinions are projected from them upon sensitives with a psychological force that is overpowering.

"Let the truth be taken home to the consciousness of every believer in spiritual manifestations, that mediums are, as it were, under ban, who teach contrary to the dogma of evil spirits, and one strong reason will be made plain why so large a majority of mediums adhere to this doctrine. It is not easy for any to face the prevailing sentiment, and teach a contrary doctrine, particularly those who are sensitive to the influence of surrounding minds. To be held up as a subject for public contempt for daring to teach as a spirit teacher prompts, or denied a fair hearing, and proper investigation of principles bearing upon the theory, daunts even the bravest, when the suggestion of the mind is listened to, that to teach such an unpopular doctrine will deter the majority of believers from examining into the merits of what may be said on other subjects.

"Here it may be further remarked, that diabolism, as taught to-day as a doctrine of the Spiritual Philosophy, misrepresents it most vitally; inasmuch as it is at variance with some of its most vital principles. It cannot be maintained that spirit-life is higher than the first state of existence, if demons have the power they are represented as having, but it must be conceded to be a going backward,—a losing of what has been gained by experience and the various lessons of earth-life,—to go where the restraints of civilization cannot be applied in society, where social forms are such as prevail among savages on earth, where each can work his evil will on his brother, with none to say him nay. The 'better land;' the 'higher life;' the 'home of the angels;' the 'saints' rest,' are worse than meaningless terms,—they are a delusion and a snare; a cruel imposition upon poor, hopeless humanity, struggling along towards the darksome land where await them such horrors as earth has not, save in the deep pit of hopeless savagism,—if this horrid dogma be true. It is time for a better doctrine to supplant this relic of the dark ages; time for Spiritualists to study the question from a different standpoint than that hitherto occupied, and learn if there is not a better hope for their future than to fall, at death, into the power of fiends omnipotent to torture and lead astray."

The Principles of Spiritualism.

BY A. F. MELCHERS.

To sum up the principles of this sublime philosophy in book form, would make an almost unlimited volume, with no end to blank leaves for additions; and to confine it to a set doctrine would be shutting out the beautiful truths that are constantly pour-

ing in upon us like heavenly rays from a divine or God-like sun centre. All light is truth, and all truth is fact, but none so sublime as that which comes to the soul unbidden, unfolding itself within like brilliant flashes, speaking to the inner self in terms unerring in their meaning, and which we know as intuition. 'Tis nature, God causation, speaking, whispering to the life within, the soul divine, and which to this God-centre is allied by virtue of being a living essence from the same. 'Tis here where Spiritualism as a science begins to build its universal structure—this being its highest, its most sublime of principles, and lends sweet comfort to the saddened soul. What better, more efficient support than this can man demand or find?

But such is the rock on which this truth is founded. As all life has a spiritual or divine origin, so has Spiritualism—the soul or life principle of which is its spirit communion. Knowing therefore that man exists after death of the material body, it cannot do otherwise than believe in the immortality of the human soul—the doctrine or teaching of which becomes its second great principle.

But a knowledge of this alone does not suffice to lead to its aim, the absolute or positive, *i. e.*, a condition which is freed from arbitrary changes, material influences and attractions, suffering, passion, etc. To reach this, man must combat his animal or maternal nature, his weaknesses and passions, and withal individualize himself through self-exertion, self-culture and self-knowledge; and self-development therefore becomes the third grand principle of this sublime philosophy.

What more religion does humanity want than this? First, a belief in God, or a universal soul-centre, from which all life emanates, and to which man is attached through an intelligent agency, intuition so-called, this warning him against an encroachment on the laws of nature through his so-called conscience. Secondly, a knowledge of spirit-return, and the soul's immortality, through this communion, and these in conscious harmony asserting that all existing facts have a spiritual or divine origin, and that causation is intelligent or conscious in itself; and further, that as an intelligently existing condition they cannot but revere it or love it, whatever it may be in fact. Knowing that it is a condition which constantly gives, imparts and bestows, they call it love or God, two terms analogous to harmony or law, and good—the latter being intuitively applied to human beings who are sympathetic, liberal, generous and benevolent, and substantiates the belief that man is an essence of this almost incomprehensible soul-centre or life-principle. The first term, love, applies to harmony, for in man either there's no love without harmony, nor harmony without love, and not only again

proves that man is a part of God, but that without love or harmony there is no happiness, *i. e.*, without a pure or moral state of being there's no harmony with divine nature, and consequently the lack of happiness that man experiences when delving in animalism, worldliness, or self. Self-love makes unhappy or discontent, doleful and despondent, while a love for others, through the agency of benevolence, charity or sympathy leads to joy, buoyancy, or cheerfulness.

Thus a belief in God, a knowledge and understanding of spirit-return, or a communion with the same, and self-development, constitute the basis of Spiritualism, and those who wish more religion than this, or that which is intended to give spiritual comfort, will never be content, for these three principles alone contain a lifetime of study, reflection and consideration, and while engaged in their interpretation, man's soul is stilled to the utmost with all that pertains to the future or the hereafter. Whatever else follows this may be either inculcated in the above, or applied as distinct teachings, doctrines or principles. Universal brotherhood is one which may be thus considered. As children of God, we are one family by natural law; but in its present state, the world does not acknowledge equality in social affairs, and we can only regard this principle as one which applies to the future, and for which we are now endeavoring to lay the foundation, *i. e.*, pioneering the way for a better and higher light, as those before us pioneered the way for Spiritualism. A universal brotherhood signifies a universal harmony of human souls—not discord, envy, jealousy, hatred, passion, infelicitous marriages, divorces, mutual criticism, cynicism, epithetical interchanges, etc. Man is naturally idealistic, or loves the utopian, thus always having something which might be, but is not in reality. Universal brotherhood might be, if there were not so many obstacles in the way at present, but man's intuitive aim is to reach it, and intuitions are God's admonitions, or absolute truth dawning in the soul from without. Thus a universal brotherhood must exist somewhere, and as we know of none on this planet, it must be existing in the beyond. But as all effects have a spiritual cause, it is quite natural that a universal spiritual brotherhood should be first established, and from which fact man obtains the inspiration to do likewise. So he is in personal affairs, man very often imagining himself to be already possessed of that virtue or qualification which he is really only developing, or trying to unfold in himself, and very often strenuously preaching to the public that which is really only applicable to himself—both undoubtedly being affects of intuition or admonitions from divine nature to better himself or behave himself.

Many divine precepts find their way to the souls of men, but in general they are individually meant, only that in expressing them, he often finds sympathetic souls, who either endorse them or find them excellent remedies for somebody else. Wherever they strike though, the truth is intended as if obtained through personal intuition or inspiration, for some persons are not intuitive enough to catch either advanced thoughts, nor those applicable to themselves, and thus have to rely on inspired writers or speakers for their light. Of course, the best of these are but mortal, and pupils themselves, for it is doubtful whether any perfected being can exist in this gross atmosphere, and especially as the aim of life is to overcome the material. Not only the spirits of to-day teach this doctrine, but it is inculcated in all past revelations or religious teachings, and proven by the fact, that as man unfolds in spirituality, he thinks less of the material, and as he overcomes the material, he unfolds in spiritual power, force, potency and discernment or judgment. Now, supposing he overcomes all the material, what would be the result? We may suppose that as long as material law can effect an appetite for something to eat, man should be able to exist in the body, even if he has no other physical cravings or desires, enjoyments or delights, and as this is sufficient to "keep body and soul together," he remains a mortal being. But if the aim of life is to overcome the material in toto, and he succeeds, transition must take place, for how can a purely intellectual being exist in harmony with matter, or how can a material body continue to exist if its *animus* has died out? May this not account for the peaceful slumbers which terminate the lives of many advanced in age? Is such not the most natural death so-called? What else can we understand by the "quickenings of the spirit," or "the ripening of the soul," except a superior, intelligent motion over the material, and one that can exist without material subsistence, or the so-called perfection of the inner life, blooming, as it were, into immortality, which means an entire release from the material, its influences, laws and attractions?

If "over-coming" constitutes the aim of the human soul, it is not only a principle of Spiritualism, but of life itself, only that through this philosophy it is put in practical operation—having been but an ideal in the past and a precursor to the real, as Spiritualism is now laying the foundation for a universal brotherhood in the future. But even as a mere precursor, it is undoubtedly, in both instances, followed out to the extent that circumstances permitted. Abnegation in the past was well-meant, but obstacles prevented. Ignorance as to its full meaning was probably the main one, and which may be our trouble now in making universal brotherhood a fact. The past needed

pledges to conduce the practice of temperance; the present, through the aid of spirit-communion, makes it a necessity, for without it, there is suffering—the sensitiveness of the new dispensationists requiring this, for it is a well-known fact that spirit-intercourse quickens the mental-faculties and preceptive qualities, and makes man keenly alive to the feelings, intentions, emotions and finally the inmost thoughts of people in general, becoming, as it were, both psychometric and intuitive through its practice. Now this is being well repaid for a little forced abnegation, and if suffering instead of pledges must lead to a universal brotherhood, the dawn of the new era may be upon us now, when we begin to review the many calamities that are visiting old mother earth at present, for what leads to a better understanding between mortals than a little touch of nature's destroying power? May not this be an effect of a divine intelligence, or has man's own discord the effect of creating discord in nature, and thus produces or induces a neutralization of the same? In either event he brings wrath upon himself, and as the ancients thought, by an avenging God. If God is love, he cannot be avenging, and if he is the cause of calamities he does it for a good purpose. Thus, man need not fear God, but trust in him as a loving parent, or a brother—a friend who has the welfare of mankind at heart, and instead of singing praises to him, commune with him as with any kind-hearted, humane, charitable or sympathetic being. Why should God want praises sung to him? He is not a pettish, vain, self-righteous or vainglorious being, as those mortals must have thought him, who instituted this method of flattery. Man judges others too much by himself. He who resorts to flattery to obtain something demands the same for himself, or has this phase of self-love in him. The one who will not give or answer an appeal made openly, honestly and without a pretentious or unnecessary prelude, is narrow-minded, unspiritual and extremely mortal in nature; and as well as high-minded mortals neither expect nor demand such despotic servility from their fellow-men, a great and living God would not demand such nonsense from his loving children. And as becoming "one with God" means a condition of purity, humility and love, we find the greatest men to be the most familiar with God, proving that as man approaches him, he becomes intuitively aware of the fact, that God is a practical, honest, high-minded and a really powerful intelligence, for only such feel the influence of prayer or appeals made on high, while the others are only aided without being able to sense the effect. Purity makes psychometric, and according to this man senses the influences of both mortals and spirits, and morality makes intuitive, opening his soul to the influx of divine light, and

through which he can consciously note the effect of prayer or desires of a spiritual nature. The higher man aims or aspires, the more potent the effect on his soul, for spiritual or divine aid is only possible to the extent that man's mind ranges above the material or above self, *i. e.*, for personal aggrandizement, vain or selfish purposes.

As man descends in the scale of spiritual aspiration or requests, he comes in contact with lower conditions, and when he reaches the material, his prayer ceases to have potency—earth-bound spirits being unable to help him, and higher ones unable to operate for so material a purpose any more. Being above material influences, they dwell in the spiritual exclusively, as it is every mortal's destiny to attain likewise, and which is only accomplished in point of time, according to his dispensing with the material—self-denial so-called. Earth-bound spirits that are enabled to aid a mortal materially, must be allied to him in some way, and if one selfish end is reached through this agency, it opens the way for an influx of selfish spirits to such a mortal, who destroy his peace of mind and comfort until the act is neutralized by an opposite one. Thus material aid, through prayer is unprofitable when it is attained, and brings more regret than it is worth. Real suffering or an unselfish appeal made in time of distress, is answered on the same humanitarian principles that mortals answer it. But pretense, hypocrisy, trickery, or sordidness attract spirits whose very presence oppresses, causes melancholy and soul-suffering, and which constitutes the punishment that mortals would inflict in the way of shunning such or refusing aid when really in need of it.

But such is law. Like attracts like in all spiritualistic affairs, and mortals as well as spirits feel most congenial in the presence of those who have analogous virtues, or evils, either. Thus a universal brotherhood amongst mortals will require a more universal characterhood, but for a positive or good effect, not a negative or evil effect. The latter constituting discord in itself, will lead to discord (even if a few pals will harmonize for a certain length of time), but good or positivity constituting harmony, must lead to harmony. The only absolute condition of harmony which is known to exist, is love, and thus a universal brotherhood will have to be founded on universal love. Spiritualism claims this as one of its cardinal principles, but at present it is just as utopian as the brotherhood, and will probably remain so during the present decade. But as the past opened the way for us to enjoy the real, we should lay the foundation for the future, and not let our followers say that we were altogether idealistic, but that we left some bright monuments or way-marks, which tell of the good we have done despite the many obstacles that impede our

desire. Old newspapers will be the living monuments that carry our record to the future, and we will be judged accordingly. Charity and generosity will be revered, but the opposite may find a page in history to which every reader will cry "Shame!" and whomever it refers to, will be reminded of his past folly by the psychological influence, which this undoubtedly must have on the so-called dead. The intuitive impulse to think well of the departed only, is an admonition from above to spare their feelings, for thought to a spirit is like blows to a mortal—soothing or stinging according to circumstances. Many a great man of the past undoubtedly still suffers, even if but the remembrance, when denounced by school-boys in reading their history, and if we know how to avoid this, it is very foolish on our part, not to do so.

Spiritualism is the dawn of a better future, and as the pioneers of this great and glorious awakening, let us endeavor to leave a record of purity, morality and love; so that we may look back with delight on our labors and not have to return for the sole purpose of trying to undo our mistakes, as so many of the sainted ones are now doing. If return at all, let us do so as guides and not as penitents, and to do this, we must live, act and think accordingly. Love is the highest principle that man can inculcate in his life's mission. Let it be individual as well as universal, and when the outside world inquires what the principles of Spiritualism are, say that love embraces it all—not as a precept only, but as a fact, and to make it a fact, it must be enforced. Charity, benevolence, sympathy, humanity, modesty and purity are the agents, and with these held forth to view, the world will come to us. Love attracts and leads to harmony—this being the foundation on which the whole must rest, depend or advance, for harmony is the law which governs the universe, the absolute, and to be in accord with this, we must constitute harmony. Such is the divine impulse, and such only should govern Spiritualism. This leads to happiness, the innate desire of every soul, and to become happy, man must forget self. To think of others constitutes true love, and when this is attained we have no further use of principles. Love stands aloft as an emblem of divinity, for it is immutable, indestructible and immortal, and with love as its foundation, Spiritualism must progress. It upholds the universe, and will uphold all that which embraces it or partakes of it, and with love in our souls, our circles, and in our beacon lights (the publications), it will govern the intelligent world before many years have passed over us, or under us, as the case may be. But above all things, let us be practical.

By love we do not mean any sentimentality, but simplicity, honesty, earnestness,

and a true feeling of respect for ourselves, conscientiousness for our fellow beings, and deference for all that is sacred to others. Ridiculing others' beliefs, or criticising others' opinions, is not true Spiritualism in the sense that many are beginning to understand it. Sarcastic flings betray an opposite tendency to love, and disdainful criticisms the opposite of humility. We cannot understand the all of life, nor the unproven truths that some feel intuitively. That which does not exist cannot be imagined. Every thought expressed, every opinion uttered, every theory held, constitutes a truth, or part of an absolute existence, and universal in comparison to the number of advocates or believers it embraces. To negate a thing without offering a substitute is selfish, and to deny it is arrogant. A friendly criticism is often instructive, and leads to good results mutually, for it encourages a reply, and brings forth higher light on the subject, instead of the opposite. Uncharitableness or fault-finding ends in personalities, which are unprofitable to the reader, and as Spiritualism is not progressive without a constant flow of new light, it should be avoided. Love cannot act thus—its impetus is for a positive only, and as such it will never create discord. Harmony is the watchword, and where this is exercised, the results must be good. Good is God, and God is love; and where this prevails, all is light, truth, happiness. Happiness is peace, and such constitutes perfection. Let this be our aim, for perfection is the highest principle that any cause can adopt. To reach perfection is, therefore, the individual aim of Spiritualists, and the universal aim of Spiritualism. The latter will be what the former make of it, and as the universe constitutes perfection, let this be our highest principle!

Selected Articles.

Dr. Joseph Simms at a Mexican Fair.

A tall, broad-shouldered man, with gray hair and whiskers and the general air of worldly innocence that characterizes the scientific person, visited the Aztec fair. The matador's swords and the caballero's spurs failed to attract his attention, and he was not interested in the frying of tortillas by buxom female descendants of the Montezumas. Adjusting his spectacles across his nose, and taking a brief survey of the hall with his beaming blue eyes, he rubbed his palms together in a gratified way, softly murmuring, "Oh! this saves me quite a journey," and drew a note book and small steel tape from his pocket. Marching up to the nearest *hombre*, who was industriously fashioning silver wire into delicate jewelry, the tall man gently but firmly drew the tape line around the astonished Greaser's head, carefully noted the measurement and made

an entry in his note book. Smiling blandly and reassuringly upon the exhibit, he proceeded to measure the Mexican's head in various ways and make notes. Before the bewildered fellow could collect his wits the tall man had moved on to the next booth and slipped the tape around another skull, serenely oblivious to the sensation he was creating among the puzzled Mexicans. At last he tackled a vaquero who could speak English, and wanted to know the purpose of the measurements. The investigator explained that he devoted his whole time to traveling over the world measuring people's heads, and some day he would write a book about it, showing what folks have the biggest heads of the lot, not counting promising young actors or newly-elected congressmen. The vaquero was disappointed to learn that the tall man was not an eccentric American philanthropist with an amiable desire to present new sombreros to the whole show!

The gentleman was Dr. Simms, who long ago retired from practice and took up theorizing and investigating. In reply to my questions the doctor said: "These chaps, I find, have very small heads and consequently small brains. They are not Aztecs, of course, but belong to the mixed Spanish and Indian race of Mexico. The fact that their heads are small is only another proof that my theory, or rather of my generalization from long observation, that the largest heads are in the cold countries and the size of skull and weight diminish as you approach the equator. I have measured heads from Lapland to Egypt and from India to New Zealand, and the result proves the truth of the general statement. The Laplanders have the largest heads, and the equatorial races the smallest. But the Laplander is by no means a prodigy of mental activity. In fact, he is inclined to be rather stupid. Now, I have discovered that the brain has nothing to do with the operation of thought. The mind, as it is called, is not located in the brain. The brain is a vital organ, like the heart, and supplies heat to the body through the nerves. Sever the nerves in a sheep's neck and the heat of the body diminishes in regular proportion, so many degrees a minute. The experience of Arctic explorers has shown that men with big heads endure the cold best. The brain is a life-giving organ. It is the dynamo that sends heat and electricity along the nerves to all parts of the body. In cold climates more heat is required and head and brains are bigger than in the warmer climates. People living near the equator require little body heat, and their heads are small. But the intellect is not affected by the size of the head. Big men have big heads, but the smart men are not all big by any means. The biggest brain that was ever weighed was that of a congenital idiot. The next heaviest

was Ivan Tourgenieff's. The latter was a Russian, and Russians have big heads because their country is cold. I could cite facts by the hour to prove my theory, and some day the anatomists will all agree with me that the old notion of brain power is entirely erroneous." The doctor sighted another foreign head across the hall, and whipping out his tape line he disappeared in the crowd, walking over small people without noticing their protests in his anxiety not to lose sight of the new specimen.—*Albany Journal*.

Women as Physicians.

Years ago there was a prejudice against women practicing medicine, but that has almost totally disappeared, and capable and excellent women physicians are now graduated, and their services are in demand.

Dr. Mary Jacobi, who is one of the best physicians in New York, and whose income is put as high as \$40,000 yearly, says that women physicians are in great demand, and are making rapid strides forward.

A great many women are to-day serving in the capacity of nurses who ought to be making money and fame, and best of all, alleviating distress, as physicians. They lack only the necessary collegiate training and hospital experience, and it is well worth while to put themselves to some trouble to acquire it.

A woman in taking hold of the practice of medicine, or rather her preliminary education, should study her ground carefully. She can in a short time make blunders which years will not undo. She ought to decide what particular branch of practice is best suited to her tastes and to the locality which she proposes to select for her home.

It is useless for a woman to attempt a general practice such as we see most men physicians engaged in. They are not physically able to endure, neither is it prudent for them to be abroad a night even with an attendant. Of course exceptionable cases will arise where her services will be needed at night, but in nearly every instance she can be prepared for it and use her own good judgment in planning her arrangements. A man physician is not expected to consult his own pleasure as to the class of people he is called to attend, the character of disease, or anything of that kind, but with a woman it is different. She cannot tear away from the customs of her sex and still command respect.

Therefore, it is best for her to select a specialty and conduct as far as possible an office practice. The diseases of women are especially to be recommended. In this direction lie the greatest possibilities, and if women physicians were to study this branch or practice devotedly and conscientiously, and crown their work with success, the day is not far distant when the

man physician would be the second choice of suffering womankind. This is but natural.

The diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat offer the most flattering pecuniary advantages and freedom from exposure.

For the woman who has sufficient bravery and energy, who will study with her whole heart, and win a diploma meritoriously, there seems to be a bright future just discernible in the distance all rosy with the prospects of success.—*Woman's Work*.

Investigating Dreams.

The American Society for Psychical Research, Boston, is about undertaking a new line of investigation. It proposes to test the stories which are so often told about dreams or waking impressions concerning persons at a distance, who it was afterward proved were at the moment passing through some great crisis or danger. These coincidences are often reported, and the society will endeavor to find out whether they are mere coincidences or something more. To do this they will endeavor to ascertain, first, the number of persons in a community who have not had any such experiences; second, the number of persons who have had such experience coinciding with events; third, the number of persons who have experiences which, though similar to the foregoing in other respects, did not coincide with real events.

A circular has just been issued by the society asking any reader of it in the course of the next six months to repeat the following questions verbatim to as many trustworthy persons as possible, from whom he does not know what answer to expect and who have not already been interrogated by some one else, and communicate the result:

Have you, within the past year, when in good health, had a dream of the death of some person known to you, about whom you were not anxious at the time, which dream you marked as an exceptionally vivid one, and of which the distressing impression lasted for at least as long as an hour after you rose in the morning?

Have you in the past year, when in good health and completely awake, had a distinct impression of seeing or being touched by a human being, or of hearing a voice or sound which suggested a human presence, when no one was there?—*Ex.*

Such as feel an interest in the work of the American Society for Psychical Research, and are willing to aid in securing data for it, can address Mr. Richard Hodgson, Secretary, 5. Boylston Place, Boston who will forward blanks upon which to record information obtained.

Subscribe for the CARRIER DOVE. See Premium Notice in another column.

Flamboyant Animalism.

In Boston, which sometimes calls itself our American Athens, the highest truths of psychic science are daily neglected by the more influential classes, while races, games, and pugilism occupy the largest space in the daily papers, and a leading daily boasts of its more perfect descriptive and statistical record of all base-ballism as a strong claim to public support.

The pugilistic Sullivan is the hero of Boston; he received a splendid ovation in the Boston Theatre, with the mayor and other dignitaries to honor him, and a belt covered with gold and diamonds, worth \$8,000, was presented, besides a large cash benefit. His departure for England was honored like that of a prince by accompanying boats, booming cannon, and tooting whistles, and he is said to swing a \$2,000 cane, presented by his admirers. How far have we risen in eighteen centuries above the barbarism of Rome? There is no heathen country to-day that worships pugilism. Perhaps when the saloon is abolished, we may take another step forward in civilization. London has rivalled Boston, giving Sullivan a popular reception by crowds which blocked up the principal streets.—*Journal of Man.*

Good Advice.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott, writing upon "Early Marriages" in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, concludes her excellent article with the following good advice:

"Boys, for such I love to call you, and such most of you are till five-and-twenty, set up a high standard of manhood, and never tire of trying to reach it. Do not begin your day with a cigar and end it in a theatre, billiard-saloon, or club-room. Learn to take pleasure temperately, and so keep the power of enjoyment fresh and strong.

"Seek the society of wise men and good women, and be sure the taste for wisdom and virtue will grow by what it feeds on. All things influence the young for good or ill; choose the best, and let it teach you the true conduct of life as naturally as sun and rain nourish a young tree. 'Keep innocency; for at the end it shall profit thy soul much, and open heaven to thee.' Never believe the pernicious saying that 'Young men *must* sow wild oats.' All men may sow good seed if they will, and reap honor and happiness instead of the bitter crop so many mourn over when the harvest comes. Keep a clean mind, a brave spirit and a tender heart; then you will have the right to ask some sweet woman to cast in her lot with yours, and make life rich and happy.

"Girls, do not be in haste to wed. Build up healthy bodies by good food, plenty of exercise and sleep. Learn all the

useful household arts before you attempt to make a home. Cultivate your mind with the best books, that you may be able to teach your children much that school-training alone will never give you. Choose your amusements wisely, for youth must have pleasure, but need not waste itself in harmful frivolity. Above all, select your friends with care. Avoid girls who live only for flirtation and enjoyment; and use the privilege, which all women may claim, of declining the acquaintance of young men whose lives will not bear inspection by the innocent eyes of women. Let no delusion of wealth, rank, comeliness or love tempt you to trust your happiness to such a one. Watch and wait till the true lover comes, even if it be all your life, for single blessedness is far better than double misery and wrong. Spinsters are a very useful, happy, independent race, never more so than now, when all professions are open to them, and honor, fame and fortune are bravely won by many gifted members of the sisterhood. Set your standard high, and live up to it, sure that the reward will come, here or hereafter, and in the form best suited to your real needs."

WHERE IS HEAVEN?—The question "Where is heaven?" was put to Sam Jones by one of his wealthy church members in Georgia, whose cotton crop yielded him some \$20,000 the last year. "Where is heaven?" said the rich planter. "I'll tell you where heaven is," said Mr. Jones, "if you will go down to the village and buy fifty dollars' worth of groceries, put them in a wagon, and take them to that poor widow on the hillside, who has three of her children sick. She is poor and needs help. Take with you a nurse, and some one to cook their meals. When you get there read the twenty-third psalm and kneel by her side and pray. Then you will find out where heaven is." Next day, as the evangelist was walking through the village he met this same wealthy planter, his face beaming with joy. He spoke after this manner: "Mr. Jones, I've found out where heaven is. I went as you directed me. We took up the wagon load of groceries, and the poor widow was completely overcome with joy. She could not express her thankfulness. As I read to her the twenty-third psalm, my heart was filled with thankfulness to God; and, when I prayed, the angels came, and I thought I was nearer to heaven than I ever had been in my life. I left the nurse and cook in her humble dwelling, and promised her she should never suffer so long as I could help her."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A Baby at Parliament.

The news comes over the water that the Queen of Spain took her seventeen months old boy, Alfonso XIII, to the opening of

the Cortes the other day. The young king rode on his mother's knee during the drive from the palace to the Cortes, and during the ceremony sat in his nurse's arms by his mother's throne while she read her message to the assembly. It is added that afterwards the Queen hugged the baby and said he had been a good boy, just as any other mother would have done.

This incident calls to mind that other Queen mother, Maria Theresa, who roused the Hungarians to the highest enthusiasm of loyalty by appearing before them with her child in her arms, and doubtless the Spanish Cortes felt the same chivalrous devotion on this occasion.

Does not all history present and past give the lie to the oft-repeated assertion that the interests of the children would suffer by the mothers taking part in the affairs of state?

Would not the advent of the mother and child into American government inspire in our law-makers a deeper loyalty to the interests of our future kings?

It is strange that citizens of a Republic should place such a low estimate upon woman as to deny her the possibilities of power and influence which she may attain by the mere accident of birth in other lands.—*The Woman's Tribune.*

Good Old Age.

Few things are more inspiring than a cheerful and undaunted spirit in the aged. Monsieur Chevreul, the French chemist, whose hundredth birthday was last year celebrated, continues to devote himself, as a matter of course, to his official and professional duties.

He has recently presided at meetings of several scientific societies, and, in answer to constant congratulations upon his continued good health, is always ready with some charming repartee full of wit and humor.

He has often been asked how he has succeeded in living to such an advanced age in good health, and with no change in his great intellect.

"I do not drink wine," he invariably replies, but the answer is at best an evasive one, leaving much to the imagination, for it is actually true that he has lived a severely moral life, in obedience to the laws of health and right.

On his one hundred and first birthday an old servant asked him if he did not feel fatigued by the day's festivities, advising him to spare himself on account of his age.

"Indeed," answered Monsieur Chevreul, in his humorous way, "I *am* beginning to get a little old, and shall take some precautions."

Imagine the delight of possessing so fine a physique that one need only begin to take extraordinary precautions at the age of one hundred and one!—*Youth's Companion.*

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MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editor

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THE CARRIER DOVE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., DEC. 31, 1887.

Farewell.

With deep regret we feel that we shall be obliged to part company with some of our readers with this number of the DOVE. For various reasons you will find it impossible longer to receive our weekly visits, and others to whom we are now strangers will invite the DOVE to their homes. Others who took it in when its wings were weak, and cherished the little fledgling with their tender sympathy and love, will still continue their fostering care, and be rewarded with the gems of spiritual light and wisdom it will bear to them from week to week. We would gladly retain all our old friends, and omit no familiar name from our list, but this may not be, and therefore, to such, we must say farewell.

If we have been enabled to say any words of helpfulness or encouragement, or made plain to your understanding any doubtful or difficult question which you had failed

to solve satisfactorily to yourself, if we have helped to break any chains of bigotry or superstition with which you were struggling, if we have given you any gleams of light and hope in the night of your despair, or caused the tears of joy to chase away those of sorrow, if you have been brought nearer to your loved ones and they nearer to you through a knowledge and comprehension of the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, as understood and taught by us, then do we feel indeed repaid for the many hours and days of toil we have given to this work. Just how hard the struggle has been no one knoweth but the dear invisible helpers who have guided and aided us since we became their willing instruments, pledged to do our best to voice the truth at all times as it was revealed to us. In reviewing these past four years and a half of work, we can see how wisely the course was marked out for us.

Even the mistakes of the past have been stepping-stones to higher grounds, and the attainment of greater wisdom and discretion. The "lamp of experience" has grown brighter each year, and in its blaze, truth has been discovered and many errors corrected.

Knowledge born of experience is unailing and certain, and when once obtained is cheap at whatever cost; let us, therefore, be thankful for experiences that lead us into light and enable us to distinguish between the false and the true.

In these past years as we have been searching for truth that we might give it to you, we have been growing into a larger comprehension of what truth really is; and, if our present conclusions seem at variance with former statements, it is because we have grown beyond what seemed true to us then, and we hope to be still a little further advanced each coming day; for the central principle of Spiritualism is growth and progress.

One year from now we shall have attained still higher ground and clearer conceptions, and may not hold exactly the same views we do to-day; and we trust our readers will go with us as step by step we ascend the ladder of progression, knowing that ultimately the same, broad, level table-land will be reached by all.

Our policy in the future will be to give you a pure and unadulterated Spiritualism, free from all excrescences and fungus growths which are so ready to attach them-

selves to the grand old ship, thereby making her a disfigured and ungainly object.

Well authenticated evidences of spirit power and communion will be given from time to time. Genuine mediumship will receive our hearty and cordial support at all times. To enable us to present you such a weekly journal as it is our ambition to make of the DOVE, we solicit your earnest co-operation and support. Let each one do his best to aid in extending its circulation, and very soon the DOVE will be a welcome guest to many homes where it is now unknown.

Feeling that you will do this, that we have your sympathy and love, we feel strong to begin the new year as servants in the Vineyard of Truth, gathering its fragrant blossoms, tasting its rare, rich wine, and dispensing its gracious bounties as generously as they have been received at the hands of our angel benefactors.

Important Announcement.

The next issue of the DOVE will contain a very valuable article by Dr. Joseph Simms entitled "The Past, Present and Future of Woman. The civil, social, intellectual and moral aspects of the entire subject." This subject is handled in the same able, scholarly manner which characterizes all of Dr. Simms' writings. It is the result of careful study and observation; and is a compilation of historical and statistical information of great value to women especially, and to all who are interested in the advancement of the race. As Dr. Simms has treated the subject at some length we will make two articles of it, the first appearing in our holiday number, and the second the week following. We hope to be able to obtain permission to publish it in pamphlet form some time, but as Dr. and Mrs. Simms are now in Rome, Italy, and will soon be on the wing again, correspondence is necessarily much delayed. It is a source of much gratification that we are enabled to present our readers each week with such grand intellectual feasts as are being furnished by our present talented contributors.

Passed On.

In this city, December 20th, O. H. Byring, a native of Christania, Norway. He was an old Californian, having arrived in this city in the year 1851, and was 66 years

9 months and 29 days old at the time of his death. Mr. Byring was a most exemplary man, and earnest, practical Spiritualist.

Mr. J. J. Morse conducted the funeral exercises, which were held in Scandinavian Hall, New Montgomery street, a large concourse of friends and acquaintances being in attendance.

Press Onward.

"It is better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And keep the eyes still lifted;
The bright sunshine will soon stream through,
And the ominous clouds be rifted."

Amid all the trials and tribulations of life, its clouds and darkness, there shines forever one star brighter than all the rest; it is the Star of Hope. Its clear, pure rays illumine the deepest night-time of our lives, and inspires and encourages us to press onward over rough places and almost insurmountable obstacles until the highway is gained, and the sunshine floods the vales of life with glory, and success crowns all our efforts. It is the Star of Hope gleaming over the mad billows that gives courage to the storm-tossed mariner in his hour of deadly peril. Its tender beams penetrate the smoke of battle fields, and as the soldier catches faint glimpses of their radiance in them he beholds his far-off home where wife and babes await his return; and the sweet vision nerves his arm to nobler deeds of daring, and courageously he presses on to vanquish the foe.

In the gloomy prison-cell where brood dark shadows of unforgiven crime, the blood-stained convict sits and dreams of by-gone days when a free and innocent child he roamed the fields at will. A light streams in upon him. It is the Star of Hope, and in it he sees the dawn of a new and brighter future in which he is once more a man, redeeming past errors and sins by a life of labor for others' good. And as the vision fades, it leaves the hardened criminal penitent and self-accusing, ready to retrieve his lost manhood at any cost of physical suffering to himself; and to many such the dawn comes not before, but follows the night of death.

Angel visitors bear to stricken mortals the beautiful star beams of a deathless hope, of an abiding trust, which to many becomes absolute knowledge of a brighter world than this where the broken chords of affection shall be united, and the sweet, beautiful

dreams which faded so suddenly will become the living verities of existence.

They sing to us of "the beautiful home over there," until the cares and annoyances of life seem infinitesimally small and inconsequential in comparison with the eternity which lies before us wherein we can attain the mountain heights of aspiration and noble endeavor.

Let us all press onward more resolutely than ever to the attainment of our highest, purest desires, and most worthy ambitions, hoping and trusting that—

Sometime, somewhere, good will fall
Like a bright mantle over all.

Our Premiums

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

To Our Readers.

We are preparing a beautiful New Year number of the DOVE at a very great expense, and we rely upon our readers to assist in the circulation of that issue. We do not expect any pecuniary gain will result from our extra labor and expense, but we do expect to please our patrons, by serving them such a rare intellectual and spiritual feast as no other spiritual journal published in this or any other land will furnish. In fact, we are egotistical enough to think that any issue of the DOVE is a holiday number in comparison with the ordinary exchanges that come to our table devoted to Spiritualism. No other journal is gotten up in so convenient a style for preservation and binding, and printed on such fine, heavy paper, with clear type and beautiful illustrations. Among our contributors are some of the most able writers and profound thinkers in the ranks of Spiritualists, thus insuring each week a valuable table of contents. Our children's

department is also an attractive feature and one which commends the DOVE as a home journal in which old and young can find instruction and entertainment. Our serials will all be complete in each volume, and will be contributed by the most popular writers.

And as to the price, it is within the reach of all, for we have never yet discontinued sending the DOVE to any one when extreme poverty prevented them from paying for it. Our gratuitous list is a long one. Who will be the first to send in a list of subscriptions to begin the new year?

See our premium notice in another column.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

In the New Year's holiday number we shall print the opening chapter of a new story entitled, "Crooked Paths, or The Wages of Sin," by Miss M. T. Shelhamer, the widely-known medium of the *Banner of Light* Message Department. Miss Shelhamer is so well known as a writer of fiction that our readers may anticipate no small pleasure in the perusal of her new work.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

Our arrangements are now complete for the issuing of the Holiday Number of the CARRIER DOVE. We have taken very considerable pains to make that issue of this journal superior to any previous attempts in this direction.

The literary portion of the holiday issue will include a poem by Mrs. E. L. Watson, a very interesting article upon "Christmas," from the scholarly pen of William Emmette Coleman, an able article upon "Woman," from the pen of that accomplished writer Doctor J. Simms, a brief contribution from our esteemed English visitor, J. J. Morse, a beautiful poem from Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger, the greatly admired lecture of the control of J. J. Morse upon "Theosophy and Spiritualism: Their Points of Contact and Divergence," especially reported by Mr. G. H. Hawes, for these columns; and the opening chapters of a new and interesting serial from the facile pen of Miss M. T. Shelhamer, in addition to the usual literary matter our pages contain every week.

The artistic portion of the contents of the Holiday DOVE will include a very handsome and correct full-page engraving of the city

of San Francisco, which has been much admired by all to whom proofs have been shown; while there will also be a portrait of our recently arisen sister, Mrs. McKinley, with views of Californian scenery to embellish the first of a series of illustrated and descriptive articles of the beauties of the Golden State.

In spite of the extra size of the holiday New Year's number, which will be nearly double the size of our ordinary issue, there will be no advance in the price either for the annual subscription, or for single numbers. If our friends desire extra copies they must send in their orders so that they reach this office by the 31st of this month, as we cannot guarantee to meet the already great demand unless notified in time to have the further number of extra copies printed. Let us hear promptly, friends.

The Lyceum Christmas Festival.

Scottish Hall, Larkin street, was well filled by a delighted company of old and young on Friday evening, the 23d inst., when the scholars of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of San Francisco assembled for their annual festival and Christmas tree.

The lofty tree was profusely adorned with presents, while a long row of articles too heavy to be suspended on the tree itself, was stretched across the stage. Express wagons, drums, balls, boxes of tools, dolls, books, toilet cases, work-boxes, satchels, bottles of perfumery, candies, popcorn, and many other articles dear to the juvenile heart were there; and when at last, under the genial administration of Mrs. Michener, Messrs. Wadsworth Rider, Perkins, and Morse—with the invaluable aid of the various leaders of the groups—the numerous pretty and elegant gifts were all bestowed, there was nearly a hundred as happy little hearts as one could well desire to see. Exclamations of delight arose on all sides, and not one dissatisfied face was seen. The leaders and all who helped them were thus abundantly repaid for their patient labors in the happiness and pleasure their efforts resulted in among those for whom they so faithfully exerted themselves.

The evening was opened with a brief programme of vocal and instrumental music and recitation, the performers being the Misses Gertie Michener, Florence

Morse, Eva Peck, Carrie Anderson, Amy Coney, and Messrs. A. B. Seal, Fred Berry and Chester Stanley.

Shortly after nine o'clock the floor was cleared for dancing, which was kept up with spirit and vigor until the hand on the dial pointed to midnight, when all retired evidently delighted with the evening's proceedings. Excellent refreshments were served and liberally partaken of, and this year's festival will take rank with any that has preceded it. We hope the Lyceum will not let too long a period elapse before it invites its friends to join another gathering of similar sort.

Spiritual Meetings in San Francisco.

J. J. MORSE AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Two excellent audiences attended the Temple meetings on Sunday last, and many were the cordial and fraternal greetings exchanged between the audience themselves and with their genial speaker. Unfortunately Mr. Morse labored under a most trying cold, that, at night, rendered his voice so hoarse that his labors must have resulted in a severe attack of inflammation in throat and lungs alike. However, he held bravely to his duty, though the pain of his so doing was evident to all. The evening lecture was on "Christmas" and gave much pleasure to all who heard it. We shall print it in our pages in due course. Mr. Keith sang "A Christmas Hymn" in his usual pleasing style, and Mr. Morse made a pathetic and successful appeal for funds on behalf of the Jessie-Street Kindergarten, which is under the care of the Temple Society.

On Sunday morning next the subject of the lecture by Mr. Morse's control will be chosen by the audience. At the evening service we are to be favored with the presence of our dear sister co-worker, Mrs. E. L. Watson, who will deliver the regular lecture—her topic being "The New Year; Its Perils and Possibilities," and no doubt the usual gratifying attendance will give her an affectionate and hearty greeting.

WASHINGTON HALL.

Dr. W. W. McKaig addressed the Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall on Sunday last. The subject "Christmas," was treated in an excellent manner and was

greatly enjoyed by all. Mrs. Hoffman gave tests from the platform.

Chips.

Resolve.

Build on resolve, and not upon regret,
The structure of thy future. Do not grope
Among the shadows of old sins, but let
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope,
And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of lost years
But turn the leaf, and smile, oh, smile to see
The fair, white pages that remain for thee.

ELLA WHEELER.

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake is on her way to California. She will visit Los Angeles first.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal of Dec. 24th contains a large amount of varied and interesting matter, and is an exceptionally fine number.

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

If our readers appreciate the efforts we are making to give them a journal that shall be first-class in every respect, let them all assist us by sending as many new subscribers as possible at the beginning of the new year.

Among numerous kindly remembrances from the DOVE's friends which found their way into our sanctum on Christmas Day was a beautiful card from our dear sister, Ada Foye, who is at present located in Chicago. Thanks friends all.

He best uses Christmas who makes his home so happy that his children cannot be enticed from it. A happy childhood is a saving talisman through life. The angels that hover over his mother's chair follow a man always.—WM. BURNET WRIGHT.

From a private letter received from George P. Colby, the well-known trance speaker and test medium, we learn that he is doing missionary work in the Southern States, traveling and lecturing. He will be employed in this manner until July next when he hopes to visit Mexico.

Our next issue—the holiday number—will contain an excellent article by Charles Dawbarn, written expressly for the DOVE. It is a most valuable article, and if the subject of which it treats, was thoroughly understood by all, much sorrow and suffering would be avoided.

“Ah! what's this?” exclaimed the intelligent compositor. “Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks?” That can't be right. I have it! He means ‘Sermons in books, stones in the running brooks.’ That's sense.” And that is how the writer found it. And yet he was not happy.—*The Woman's Tribune.*

Dr. J. L. York and wife have returned from their long visit to the East, and are spending a few weeks in the City visiting old friends. The doctor gave us a call and stated that their trip had been extremely pleasant and agreeable. He returns to Salt Lake City, Utah, in about two weeks where he fills a three months' engagement.

San Francisco has presented a very lively aspect during the past two weeks. The stores have been kept open until late each evening, and presented a fairy-like scene within, while crowds of seekers after holiday gifts have thronged around the counters where busy clerks and salesmen have displayed tempting wares which have graced Christmas trees and filled the stockings of happy children on Christmas Eve.

YOUTHFUL WISDOM.

One day a little girl, about five years old, heard a preacher praying most lustily, until the roof fairly rang with the strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking place, she whispered: “Mamma, don't you think that if he lived nearer God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?”

How to be cheerful—that is, how to be fairly content in existing circumstances—is the problem which each one must solve for himself. It may seem a hard task, and certainly no mere act of volition and no direct effort can achieve it. We cannot change our low spirits into higher, or our mournful spirits into cherry ones, by simply determining to do so; but we can apply our force to bear upon the conditions on which they rest, we can put to flight many a

cause of dejection, and nourish many germs of serenity and comfort.

Jennie Leys, who was at one time one of the most brilliant orators upon the spiritual rostrum, a lady of integrity and honor, has been kept in seclusion for eleven years, waiting for her control to be able to materialize and stand beside her on the rostrum in full view of the audience, and has not yet attained the desired end; but she evidently does not understand the business of materializing as well as some of San Francisco's mediums, one of whom advertises “great developing power given out at her public seances,” and as a later “catch” that “her control will materialize in the presence of the audience.” Jennie Leys should come to San Francisco, where “development” is easy and rapid, instead of wasting so much precious time for nothing.

Children's Dept.

What He Drank.

The reason people are thirsty is that there is a demand in the blood, which is largely composed of water, for more fluid; and physiologists are agreed that water, the purer, the better and safer, is the only drink that is really needed to make good this deficiency. The following anecdote affords a good illustration of the truth of this:

A Nantucket steamboat captain was once asked by a passenger on his boat how much ardent spirits he used.

He replied, “I never drank a teaspoonful of rum, brandy, gin, cider, wine or beer; I never smoked or snuffed, and I never drank tea or coffee.”

“But,” said the passenger, “what do you drink with your breakfast?”

“Cold water,” was the answer.

“And what with your dinner?”

“Cold water.”

“Well,” said the passenger, “but what do you take when you are sick?”

“I never was sick in my life,” was the ready reply.

Politeness Won.

The following pretty incident is related in the *Irish Times* about a monkey and a dog, again illustrating the advantages of politeness, even among animals:

A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered a monkey, belonging to an itinerant organ grinder, seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket

and hat, awaited the onset in such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre.

Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder.

At this critical juncture, the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat.

The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off to the house, refusing to leave it until his polite but mysterious guest had departed.

Mrs. Bright's Nonsense Money.

BY SYDNEY DARE.

Mrs. Bright, in the course of a morning's shopping in the country-town, stepped with her husband into the store where he bought his tobacco, but turned to a counter on the other side, on which were displayed various periodicals.

“I'd like to take this to the boys,” she said, as Mr. Bright, having laid in his week's supply, waited for her.

“Twenty-five cents!” He opened his eyes a little and took up a five-cent weekly paper which lay near. But Mrs. Bright's eye had been caught by the beauty of the illustrations in the magazine she held in her hand, and she persisted in her extravagance.

“It didn't cost as much as your tobacco, did it?” she said pleasantly, as they came out. She had never—wise woman!—nagged at her husband on the subject of his chewing habit, having long ago made up her mind that there was little hope of correcting the growth of the solidly rooted oak, and reserving her effort to be expended on the training of the young saplings, her boys. So he took her question very good-naturedly, replying:

“I don't spend very much on tobacco, Maria—now do I?”

“No, I don't think you do.”

“Not more'n fifty cents a week, say.”

“Fifty cents a week for anything else that wasn't a necessity would look a deal bigger, wouldn't it, David?”

“I guess p'rhaps it would,” he admitted.

“Will you let me have fifty cents a week for nonsense?” She took a judicious time for the request, the farmer having just realized a good price for his fine butter and fresh eggs.

“Yes, I will. But what kind of nonsense can you want to be spending money on?”

“Never mind,” she answered with a smile, for he meant the question as a compliment.

She had lately borne a weighty matter on her mind, and it kept her silent as the two rode homeward. In the fast moving years

it was becoming forced upon her attention that her boys were getting beyond childish things, and opening their young eyes in inquiry as to what the world held for them.

She had not been brought up on a farm, but had given herself faithfully to the duties of a farmer's wife, and the seeing to it that her boys were well fed, clothed, schooled and petted. As little boys, this had been all sufficient, but now, as big boys, they were developing needs which set her thinking.

When the day's work or study was done, a run after the cows or a frolic with the pony before an early bed-time no longer seemed satisfying. The boys sat up later, and wanted something more than play. Some strangers had moved into the neighborhood whose boys did not suit her as companions for her own, but what could she offer instead of their company?

Down at the corners had lately been planted one of the things of painted doors and obscured glass windows which find their way, alas! to the fairest spots in our fair land, to spread far and wide their poisonous, blighting influences. Mrs. Bright looked upon it as the gateway to hell, and knew that its trap was set as surely for her boys as for others. If a brighter, pleasanter place than home was open to them they would be sure, in the days of young manhood which were swiftly approaching, to find it.

"Can we go down and play with the Burt boys, mother? They're a jolly set and there's nothing to be done at home."

"I've got a book here for you; come and see if you like it."

Books, except school-books, had not been plenty on the busy farm, so it was a new attraction. Harry had a taste for pictures, which was now fully gratified. Jack was a mechanical genius, and soon the book was carried out to the toolhouse that they might see if they had the wherewithall for making sundry clever contrivances for which ample directions were given.

And a little later loud shouts of uproarious merriment were heard behind the barn, and Mrs. Bright went to see. The Burt boys had come, and now stood in a row with Jim and Jack and Arthur, while Harry led them in a series of amusing gymnastics. She liked the way her new plan was working.

On the occasion of her next visit to town she brought home two or three numbers of what had been recommended to her as the best youths' weekly papers, and a set of checkers.

"More nonsense, eh?" said her husband.

The Burt boys came up that evening, lounged about for awhile, and then said:

"There's a wrestling match down to the corners, boys. Come on, let's go."

"No," said Jack, very decidedly; "I'm too busy with this checker-board."

"And I'm going to read these stories to mother," said Jim.

"There's lots of sense in your nonsense, I'm thinking, Maria," said the farmer aside to his wife, as he watched Jack's beginning of what promised to finish several evenings of enjoyable work, in planing, binding, and then with great painstaking, painting the squares on his board.

But when Jim brought his book, and the Burt boys were expected to go to the wrestling match, they did not seem inclined to take their departure, but looked wistfully after Jim and the attractive pages of the weekly, as he settled himself inside the door to be near mother as she sewed, while Jack brought his bindings to whittle smooth, and Harry and Arthur came, too. It had not entered into Mrs. Bright's plan to encourage the Burt's; one of her foremost ideas in bringing about the new order of things had been to interpose it as a shield between her boys and the companionship she dreaded. And she had a strong sense of the comfort found in the inner sacred circle of home into which none should enter, which caused in her a feeling of impatience at the thought of these ill-kept, uncouth boys. But her heart smote her as they at length bashfully slunk away. Why might she not allow them a share in this good she was seeking? Her boys could surely be nothing the worse for joining her in a society for the elevation of the Burts.

"Here, boys," she called after them, "don't you want to hear this story? Come in; it's a good one, from the way it begins."

They came in in grateful astonishment, and came often, always sure of a kindly welcome and pleasanter entertainment than could be found in loafing about the corners; and came with clean hands and smooth hair and their shoes on—an appreciation of their obligations as her guests which Mrs. Bright liked to see.

How it sprouted and grew and grew—that little seed she had planted almost haphazard, as she had reached out in earnest desire to do her best where so much was to be done! The twenty-six dollars of nonsense money in the year had never been felt in the spending, and it had transformed their home. The boys never turned their eager faces toward it without a sure feeling that something would be found there which would bring entertainment and instruction, gratifying their best powers of heart and mind. Magazines and papers abounded, with more than one well-bound book, the purchase of which had been suggested by something found in them.

Jack made a boat and many other useful and ingenious things about the house and farm, besides becoming so expert as tinker-in-general that his father was quite ready to declare he more than paid for all the books. Harry found pictures to draw, with valuable suggestions in coloring. Jim and Arthur

entered heartily into studies of natural history which opened their eyes in wonder to the things beautiful and curious which lay undreamed of in flower and tree, and earth and rock, and bird and animal, all around them, and they soon added one more to the groups of bright boys all over the land who are busy spying into Dame Nature's cunning secrets.

It was a trial when Jim suggested to his mother that the Burts were "spoiling" to take a magazine or two home to read in their leisure moments. None of them liked the idea of having the carefully handled books soiled and finger marked. But, overcoming her reluctance, she was able to suggest to them a higher consideration than the keeping of pages fair and white. So, with a few petted exceptions, they were placed at the disposal of the neighborhood.

It does not yet appear, until time shall give development, the luxuriance of the foliage, nor the flowering out, nor yet the rich fruition. But who can doubt the outcome of effort made in humble searching after the best and wisest way, carried on in the spirit of loving kindness which seeketh not simply its own, and in earnest prayer for attendant blessing? Or who lose faith in the power of pure food for mind and heart, and the love of sweet home-life and its pursuits, to stand invincible before all the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil?—

Selected.

Correspondence.

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

The Dove is Thanked.

To the Editor of the CARRIER DOVE.

Dear Madame:—I wish to express my appreciation of the most charmingly presentable style in which my biographical sketch appeared in your issue of October 8th.

While I was with brother E. W. Bond, of Willoughby, Ohio, I heard the contents of the DOVE read each week, and was much pleased with it as a weekly magazine; I only regret that I am unable to continue the hearing of the same, owing to not having anyone to read for me.

I enclose this in a letter I am sending to Brother Morse, who I am heartily glad to learn is being appreciated, as he so well deserves, in San Francisco.

Wishing you every success in your work of disseminating a knowledge of our glorious philosophy among the masses, I remain yours in the cause of human progress.

WALTER HOWEY

248 North Division st., Buffalo, N. Y.,
December 18th, 1887.