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The Carrier Dove.

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

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The Other Side of God.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

There is a general acknowledgement to-day that a man's public character may be one thing and his private life quite another. The man in his larger self may be a stern patriot and honest statesman, with an intellect that is used to the benefit of a whole nation. Yet in his private life, such a man, even if without open immorality, may prove the truth of Napoleon's maxim that "no man can be a hero to his valet."

In other words, human nature has its light and its shade; its grandeur of its higher manhood; and its petty littleness on the other side of its humanity. So you may write your essays upon the glory of man, and belaud him as "monarch of all he surveys." His triumphs in science and art and literature may all be unrolled, and by contrast with the brute and the savage you have an easy theme sure to win popular applause. Every word may be true, but it is only half a truth. Bring out into sunlight, if you dare, the weaknesses and follies and baseness; the treacheries and hypocrisies and immoralities that are found in the cottage as much as in the brown stone front, or the marble palace; make these your theme, and your chance of getting votes either for president or parish constable will be gone forever. But, all the same, the thinker who would grasp a whole truth must faithfully study both sides, and all sides of every subject.

I want now to apply this same thought to Nature and see where it will lead us. The word "Nature" means "God" to many minds; and even to the most orthodox "Nature" stands as the expression of God's will.

What we may call the public view of God as almighty King surrounded by grandeur and glory, and almighty in power, has been the popular one even in a Republic such as ours. The very word "King" was long counted as sacred, for his majesty ruled by Divine right. Of course, it was a sin to criticise his private conduct.

In this spirit every thing that could possibly be counted to the credit of God has been shouted from a million pulpits. If any one was happy it was God's doing. When the

sun shone, and the rain fell, and the grass grew, and the crops ripened, that was all a father's love. In every law of nature God's will was seen. So planets revolved for man, the sun brought him light and heat, the moon gave soft beauty to the summer landscape, flowers bloomed into exquisite loveliness and shed fragrance with their dying breath that man might be happier. The world of brutes became his servants, and he was taught that "our father who art in heaven" had made everything for him, and had even provided an exquisite city with glorious homes and open air concerts, to which he might get free tickets of admission by applying to the priesthood on earth and joining the church.

But all this is what we may call the public side of Nature or God. It is the apparent character on which we are supposed to base our votes. But I want now to be so very impolite, so very improper, as to follow this "God-nature" into private life and see how he behaves there, and whether he is as much of a God when at home as he is when bedecked in royal robes, sitting on his best throne, waiting for church members and Christian Spiritualists to tell him how good he is.

The religious enthusiast is delighted to present us with abundant proofs of most intelligent contrivances for promoting the pleasure of man, and for the avoidance or cure of pain. The life we destroy for food or amusement—was provided for that purpose—so we are assured again and again; and we have been taught that save for man's disobedience there would have been neither sin nor suffering in this part of creation. When geology came exhibiting the fossil remains of animals who not merely fought and slew those weaker than themselves, but were provided with cruel instruments for inflicting torture whole ages before man crept into existence as a humanized ape, it was a glimpse at the other side of Nature, or God. The discovery shocked every prejudice of the god-worshipper, and made him sigh for the good old times when heretics were burned, and the body in which dwelt an active mind was a play thing for the rock wielded by holy men of God.

But this discovery of volumes of ancient history, bound in rock and clay, and placed on the shelves of Nature's library for all who choose to read, was the commencement of a new era. When a man broke loose from theology and discovered that suffering and death

were not the result of childish disobedience, were not a kind of cholera-morbus produced by eating forbidden fruit in the old garden, he was then ready to use his reason, and look for more facts, and gather more lessons from these books of life now at last open to his study. So the fetters of the past are to-day unloosed for some of us, and I now propose that we make excursions into other fields than those just around our homes and see what truths may be growing there. I don't mean that a new "dark continent" is before us. Brave explorers have shown us the way. But from their facts we can draw new lessons that shall mean a higher truth.

Everywhere we discover that life feeds upon life. Someone dies that another one may live; and this process is as universal a law of Nature as gravitation or the conservation of force. There are animals who slay only to satisfy hunger, and others who kill from mere love of torture. Nature (God) provides both the hunger and the joy in its gratification. She gives the instrument of torture as freely as the fierce strength. The mouse is as much Nature's child as the cat which watches for hours and then plays with its victim. The gentle deer is hunted to the death by the ferocious wolf; but deer are often found dead, killed in fierce conflict with each other. The eagle demands living prey, and will carry off your child as readily as that of the mother sheep. All life is born hungry, and Nature (God) not only says "kill and eat," but "look out that you don't get eaten yourself." Her method of improving any race is "survival of the fittest." Those most fleet, most cunning, most savage, most deadly, are the ones to live. Just fancy an animal evolving a thought of mercy and peace. He must go without supper, and when breakfast time comes he will destroy life or life will destroy him.

Life is in fierce conflict with life all the time. Insects are—some of them—almost pretty enough for pets. But insects fight one another, whilst birds chase them and make their lives very unhappy. The swallow chases the gnat, the hawk chases the swallow. Life is breakfast and dinner and supper. The breakfast eater of the early morn becomes a supper for some other hunger, as the sun sets upon the summer day. Is the potato-bug to blame that he loves the potato, or the hessian-fly that he seeks board and lodging in our fields of wheat? But, all the same, we kill them, or they kill us. The

man-eating tiger cleans out whole villages in India; man cleans him out in return, and the fittest shall survive. Nature (God) looks on, and continues to look, that is all. The snake strikes with deadly fang and man dies, but there are animals who kill that snake just for fun. Nature makes both, and with cold eye watches the battle, but refuses to even form a ring and demand fair play. Foul or fair, it is all the same to her, and man is of no more consequence to her than the mouse. Her winds blow, her lightnings flash, her earth trembles and vomits fire, her blizzards revel as they destroy men, women and poor little children. She freezes the child on his way to school as readily as the warbler of early Spring when her fierce tempest is at play. There they lie dead side by side, and as I listen I hear the pulpit orator and the Christian Spiritualist, on his platform, telling this Nature God that he is full of love and asking him to send down some more blessings.

But all this is only capital letters of Nature's alphabet. The great A and the crooked S that the child can read. Every body has recognized that water will drown in fierce flood just as readily as it will trickle in musical rill to quench parched lips. Every body knows that fire will destroy a proud city with a wild fierce glee unknown when it labors in humble service. But it is only in these later years we are learning the true inwardness of this Nature God. I have already said that all life is born hungry. It is dinner or death for every thing. But this Nature God has often made the appetite that demands a dinner at man's expense. There is the wonderful tapeworm, each a whole colony with every joint for a father Abraham, having a Divine blessing calling it to increase and multiply into Isaac, Jacob, and the twelve patriarchs of tapeworm sacred history. But that tapeworm lives a possible and almost a respectable life in sheep, oxen and pigs, and dies as becomes a worthy citizen unless some hungry man all unknowingly offers a fragment of that worm a chance for a new home. Presently almost a new animal is born, hungry all the time, and living off his landlord. The man grows lank and pale and weak, but the tapeworm grows long and active, whilst Nature (God) looks on and smiles because her beloved tapeworm is happy.

The air is full of life, too. Living beings looking for dinner, every one of them. Man calls them microbes and bacteria, and invents a microscope so as to get a look at them. Through all the centuries they have come in vast hosts, and man hungry for air has breathed them in by the million. Just let them find a quiet corner and they recognize it as a heaven. If they were pious microbes, as they ought to be, you would hear them thanking the Nature God for providing them such nice warm dinners and such lovely fat pastures. Why has not a microbe as much right to thank God as the man who

has made a million, and lives off quail on toast and the livers of fat geese? But all the same, those microbes as they eat and drink, leave cholera and yellow fever, the deadly typhus, and the lingering malaria as their 'footprints on the sands of time,' pointing other microbes how to make microbe life 'yet more sublime.'

Of course, I am just telling simple truths of natural history that even a five hundred dollar a year country parson dare not deny. But it is the lesson of these facts that Church members and Christian Spiritualists are afraid to learn. Since plain speaking is objectionable, allow me, kind reader, to try and *think* out loud.

The first thought is that Nature is in perfect harmony with that vision that came to Peter at Joppa, when he saw a great sheet let down from heaven full of all manner of living beasts, and heard a voice say; "Rise Peter, kill and eat." The tale stops short there, for Nature (God) was telling all those beasts and birds and insects and reptiles to "rise, kill and eat Peter, just as much as it was telling Peter to kill and eat them. In other words, Nature has no dividing line in any direction. So I think our thought is a lesson that means that Nature's God doesn't trouble himself about any special care for the man animal over the snake animal, or the tiger animal or the tape worm animal. All alike are hungry. All must feed on others, or else starve to death. And those who do the most feeding and the least starving grow stronger, and the weak ones die.

As another thought, we discover that in all this, there is nothing either of cruelty or kindness, but just the custom of the universe. There is neither justice or injustice, but only non-justice. Nature's God does as much and as little for other animals as for man. There is the wonderful ant with a complex civilization like our own. Many races of ants keep slaves, and by so much grow good for nothing but to fight. They cannot even do house work; and, like the Southern woman I heard boast that she has never put on her own stockings before the war, their slaves must do it for them. But they fight till they develop mandibles so large, that, like a man with a gatling gun under each arm, somebody else must feed them or they die. Slavery and fighting belittle an ant as much as a man. Surely everyone who dares to think can learn the lesson of such facts as these.

Here we are in a world without any justice or injustice, without love or hate, kindness or cruelty, virtue or vice. You can take a look at one side of the question and call Nature a God; or, if you choose, study the other side and call her a devil. Better let her alone, and accept facts just as they are. What, then, is the actual position in which we find ourselves as thinking men and women of to-day?

Every living thing has more or less intelligence, and is born to feed on some other liv-

ing thing. Under the effect of "evolution" and "survival of the fittest," man finds himself master of some forms of life, and other forms of life master of him. If he goes to Lapland, he must flee from the summer mosquito or die. If in Africa, he must run from the white ant, or his naked bones will tell the tale that his master eat all of him that was digestable and left the rest.

But as we now know that man has an inner life that is above and beyond the mere physical form, although subject to laws of the spirit. This inner and higher life working through a mortal brain evolves an intelligence that seeks for truth and sometimes finds it. The moment men want to live together, rules of conduct become essential. Though Nature has neither justice nor injustice, man is obliged to determine what man must do to live at peace with his neighbor; and he conceives what he calls justice and goodness, and truth. The ant, the bee, the beaver do just the same or their society would break up. Man must kill and eat, but he finds if he dwells upon it with the old sensual pleasure, he is more of an animal and sooner quarrels with his neighbor. So he learns to avoid cruelty because of its effect on his manhood. He is progressing, though other life may remain at its old level. His sympathy for his own young may at last grow into care and pity for a tribe, a nation, a world—but Nature's God has not any of these feelings. The mother's love for her child is only the universal rule by which forms propagate and die; but when it grows into helpful care for the children of other animals, men has reached a field where Nature's God has never sought progress. Manhood is growing at every step by effort and experience, and in no other way; till at last man reaches a point where the higher nature predominates, and then the spiritual is born. That man dies into immortality is just as much a fact as that he dies out of earth life; but it is difficult for the creedbound church baby, or the phenomena hunting Spiritualist to realize that at every step man must make his own plans, and his own efforts if he wants to climb.

We have a beautiful truth all unknown to our fathers. Just as the woman who has learned to read and to write and to cypher, can become a loving teacher to her younger brothers and sisters, so can man of yesterday tell us what he has learned, and point us to the road by which he has traveled to a higher manhood. Modern Spiritualism brings us facts of to-morrow, and enables us thus to look beyond our immediate surroundings. Nature's God has through all history silently looked on as the heart-broken mother wept tears of agony over her lost child. The husband mourning his dear love has always been left to his sorrow, as much as the God-made bird whose mate has been seized by the God-made cat. And when I listen to prayers telling this Nature-God that

he is full of love, my soul revolts at the falsehood.

The survival of the fittest and natural evolution, left man mortal well to the front in earth life. He has fed upon other life, and compelled other life into his service till the earth echoes his tread in every clime. He has tunneled the mountain, bridged the chasm, and fought battles with ocean's wild-est tempest. But all the same, Nature's God led him to the grave and said; "Stop there." The custom of the universe let him out on the other side, with new worlds to conquer, and the old hunger for living food changed by the new conditions. But the old custom of the universe was there before him. He must grow by his own effort or remain a dwarf. He must evolve for himself a higher manhood, a higher conception of justice and love, sympathy and morality, or once again he remains on the old level, or perchance, falls below it. Some have climbed up to powers beyond mortal ken. Others remain food for the brute within them.

The all important truth is that spiritual man is not a mere custom of the universe like immortality, but has to be out-wrought by effort. Man's own conception of justice and truth, must be hammered and welded by experience into Divine wisdom. But facts from the other side show us that the immortal has its snake, its tiger, its fox, its tape-worm, its bacteria standing in human form, with the old hunger for prey; and with Nature's God looking on unmoved as they seize their victims. Around and under and over the old grave, they come in troops, in bands, in whole armies, with the same power to work their cruel will as in earth life; and to be met only as we meet such foes on the mortal side. We must not ignore these facts, for man must work out his own perfection, resting, however, in the grand discovery that we have friends as well as foes in the air everywhere around us.

A foul drain means dyptheria to your child. A foul cabinet diseases your own soul. Miasma floats on the wings of night; once exposed, you and your loved ones sicken unto death. But the miasma of many a dark circle born of sitters with impure thoughts and foul lives may disease you and your child till body and soul grow sick. Frauds lure you to ruin in earth life. Spirit frauds are playing with your soul if you give them opening into your lives, and Nature's God looks on.

The genuine writing on the slate may be a lie. The message through entranced lips may not be true. The test may be offered by a spirit fraud; and to accept the cabinet form as your lost love may often mark you as a dupe to the spirit's eye. But Nature's God will never help you. Honesty of purpose is no protection. The man who goes into a gambling hell to make a million for the poor, comes out just as lean as the man who tries to make a million for himself.

Nature's God smiles upon both, but tempers no wind to a shorn lamb.

Let us now play the judge, and sum up the case for the jury. Man mortal has to do his own work every time. He must filter the water, scour the drain, purify the air, and select healthy food, or other life will devour him. He must choose his associates with care or they ruin him; and seek wise teachers or they will leave him ignorant of truth. Whether he play the fool or the sage Nature's God looks on and lets him reap his own harvest.

Spiritualism demands exactly the same use of his powers. The dangers of ignorance are everywhere around him. Good motives will not save him. Love will not preserve him. Kind spirits can perchance help a child over a mudpuddle, but a full grown man must jump or wade through every time. And this is the lesson. Good and bad alike break open the old grave; roll back the old stone; and come forth with the grave clothes of old memories wrapped around them. Just as we meet trouble without wariness in earth companionship, so do we plunge into sad heartaches and much misery, unless we are very watchful at the "gate ajar." The help of bright spirits depends on our first helping ourselves. Do our duty first and they will do theirs. But if we study no rules of evidence; if we take the word of a spirit as in itself any better than the word of a mortal who wants to sell us a horse or a cow, Nature's God will look on and see us fooled to our heart's content.

Whilst good intentions cannot save us, great caution and slowly gained experience will teach us how to make Spirit return a blessing instead of a curse. Our loved ones can come back; let us see to it we offer them such conditions as a growing spirit may accept without disgust. Let us give them pure mediums, and sitters with true-hearted lives. Let us give them home circles; or if we use public mediums let us keep our circle select. In other words let us obey the custom of the universe, and we shall find Nature's God will not offer the slightest objection to our growing very happy as our loved come and greet us face to face. And let us stop making fools of ourselves by asking some incomprehensible infinity to chop off a slice of his infinite love, and fit it into our finite vacuum. In other words it is time for our platforms to be freed from the absurdity of mediums standing for fifteen minutes talking to the wind about a goodness, a love, a generosity existing somewhere in God or as God. When the facts of natural history warn man that he must work out his own salvation or go unsaved.

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Conceit is an assumption which is to nature what paint is to beauty—not only needless but a detriment to that which it is meant to improve.—*Pope*.

EGOISM AND ALTRUISM.

Self-Knowledge Among Children.

By Cameron Knight, Author of the "Mechanician and Constructor for Engineers."

(Continued from Page 596.)

A child can act in a manner which may be termed independent when studying other persons as models, but not when studying self. The isolated person cannot study much of self, because he needs testimony from his parents and other persons regarding his birth and infancy, parentage, etc. They must teach him something of the mysteries connected with his origin, to some little extent; if not, he will be obliged to guess at many things which ought to be well known to him. A pupil can, perhaps, manage, with some great amount of struggling, to obtain a tolerable knowledge of his present condition by means of good books. But for knowledge of his past he is quite dependent on his friends and acquaintances. In many cases he can learn quite a considerable amount from his enemies.

As soon as the girl or boy is old enough to understand something of parentage, she or he should be taught that many of the mental and physical qualities of the parents will appear, sooner or later, in the child. And he will thus be forearmed to conquer all the evil tendencies early in life. He will watch his parents to discover what will at some time appear in himself, and will soon learn that he himself must be so trained as to be able to produce good children of his own some time in the future. In this important work all the best ideas concerning development are requisite, including the best books and teachers on Re-incarnation, Heredity, Anatomy, Physiology, conception, etc. It is easy to see that the pupil can obtain only a general acquaintance with all these sciences, but some little knowledge of each must be acquired.

Of the three departments of study, the past, present, and the future, that which is of least consequence to a school-girl or boy is the future. But we occasionally meet with pupils who are powerfully affected and restrained from evil by the supposed terrors of hell, and some cannot be restrained by any other means. But it is generally advisable to entirely ignore the future life until the scholar be fourteen or sixteen years of age. If one can by some means enable the school-girl or boy to acquire a good knowledge of the past and present, we need not urge anything of the future. It is, no doubt, very enchanting and inspiring, but only to some few children. Most of them never think about it until it is thrust upon them by over-zealous church-people. Weak children are greatly injured with anxiety about the future world. Many evils result also from studying the future by the supposed infallible evidence in

the Bible. The only rational method of learning the character of the next life consists in visiting seances. Children should be taken while very young and taught to judge for themselves, and they can decide individually, much better than by reading books and studying reports. Their innocence is rather an aid than a hindrance to good judgment, especially if they meet their departed relatives.

The present condition of any person is a correct index of his past condition. But the difficulty consists in reading it properly. No doubt a child's behavior, together with its form (not merely the shape and capacity of the skull) exactly indicates the past history and present character of the child, to those who are wise enough to interpret it. But in this life no one is wise enough; although phrenology, physiognomy and psychometry are making giant strides towards the desideratum, and it may not be very absurd to expect that in the near future we will be able to read each other's character by looking at our outer forms, and read as easily as the wise spirits in the higher life read it now.

One great evil in studying the future by the light of the Church is the consumption of an immense amount of time which is almost wasted, occupied with the vast array of ecclesiastical paraphernalia used for educating the priesthood, founding churches, schools, and a host of other organizations. All these, if used at all, should be diverted from their present uses and made subservient to the spread of self-knowledge, instead of the spread of knowledge concerning bibles, Hebrew, Sanskrit, Greek and Latin.

Because we are not engaged in searching for obscure laws of evolution, but engaged in practical ethics, we need not look back very far into the history of a boy or girl. A knowledge of two or three generations is sufficient, often only one. If parents could, or would, give an account to their children of all leading facts belonging to their conception, gestation, and further development during infancy, school-pupils would possess an amazing power for self-culture, and power to avoid what are called "unavoidable hereditary evils." It would be better to impart such information to young folks early in life than to allow them to advance to maturity and guess at it. Many valuable facts regarding conception, mental impressions, poverty, vice, intemperance and crime, are never told. Husbands and wives do not even tell each other, and giving such information to the children is entirely ruled out of the question. Whether such family secrets should be told, is a question which we are not wise enough to decide. It is, however, certain that very few of such secrets will be revealed to boys and girls, until more confidence exists between them and their parents—far more than exists to-day. At that time more mutual love will exist, more egoism and less egotism. More reason and less authority.

Duty to self is the supreme good also because it teaches us how to avoid tyranny, and how to resent it. No school-education, home-training; or education of any description, can be effective, if it does not teach how to assert the right of the individual against the oppressor. To do this the pupil must first have good health and strength. This is obtained, perhaps, by studying rules of health, or perhaps it is inherited from rational, healthy parents. In either case this strength of arm is an ever-present terror to the misdirected energy of the bully.

Every girl and boy should be taught that all those women and men who valiantly maintain their "rights" are those who secure the greatest number of blessings for themselves and for mankind. The weak, the timid, or, as Scripture says, the "meek," may, perhaps, in the far distant ages of the future, inherit the earth, but they never remove any yoke of slavery from themselves or their friends.

Yet, it is our duty to impart what little comfort we may to any timid, oppressed girl or woman who is lingering in the mire of degradation, unknown and uncared for; possibly born in misery, amid the horrors of inherited disease; or perhaps tortured with insults inflicted by the strong lords of creation. It may be that she is now re-incarnated for her past transgressions, but she should most persistently ignore this view of her sufferings and cling to the glorious fact that all her love, whether small or great, will some day be satisfied. Then her meekness will be weighed by justice and pronounced merely an untaught love. Then, her despairing cries of anguish will be changed to joy. All her now unheeded efforts for the happiness of others will then be rewarded with thousands of kisses from the lips of other brave spirits who once were as timid as herself.

The gentle girl or boy is always neglected and insulted. I have in my mind some remembrances of fearful experiences endured by myself and other boys and girls who were timid. The most loving girls I ever knew were all meek, shy maidens, who could do little or nothing except make other affectionate persons happy. But their resistance to oppression was never to be found. Such gentle ones are not all sick. Some of them possess vigorous health and sound minds, but are favored with extra fine nervous organisms, which are quite misunderstood by the stronger folks about them. All their suffering seems to arise from their being born out of their proper places, among persons quite different to themselves. The consequence is that the child's individuality is stunted and sometimes destroyed. As soon as it manifests its genius it is called crazy. The budding talent which, if recognized, might be developed and produce grand results, is crushed out forever, so far as this life is concerned, because the frightened creature is

terrified with the thought of being disobedient, or, as the church says, "wicked."

But, if the loving, gentle child be blessed with wise parents or teachers who know the value of originality, they will teach the timid genius that duty to self is the supreme good. Such teaching will impart the needed strength of will, and this is always required to repel the advances of vulgar persons.

The will-power is necessary to prevent an immoderate affection for other persons, and also to enable the child to understand and select that course in life in which she or he will shine and be happy. Without a determination to judge for itself the young genius will be psychologized by the coarser minds around, and be doomed to suffering and oblivion.

Parents do not expect originality in their children; so when it appears, no one understands it. A mother may have three or four children, and understand only one of them. This one may be of no special import, beyond either of the others; yet it may receive the most attention; while one or two of the others may need more than is allotted to them. They may be sick in mind, or deformed in body; and many such remain so half their lives before the defects are discovered. Most of us are too late in rendering to children that particular aid, which each needs; whether it be assistance in studying themselves, or assistance to rectify bodily deformities and derangements. And the young folks must be compared with each other, and themselves be taught to observe the differences; with the object of detecting their own evils and defects; and of removing peculiar blemishes of body, of manner, and conversation.

A youth may be original in selfishness; or in some other equally vicious propensity; and it is one thing for the parents to see it, but quite another to make the boy see it as seen by others. The one grand work of self-examination and culture by the pupil himself is not quite so easy as it appears on paper; which fact makes it the more necessary for the pupil to know it. If opportunity for comparison is given him, he will soon learn that Bibles and church-doctrines are of very small value in cultivating originality, and removing evil habits of any description.

Most of the authorities teach that the main purpose of school education is to educe the powers of the mind and body. This is very excellent. But something more should be effected by school work. After the mental powers are developed; it is needful to explain how to use them against the thousands of tricks' and other infamies, which are left out of school work because they are supposed to be beyond it; or to belong to some other department of education. Certainly, we do not need to increase the quantity of a curriculum; but it would be well to alter the quality. It would be better to teach more of ethics and less of grammar; more of Hygiene

and less Arithmetic. Dead languages might be left out; they are well enough for church people, but are altogether too antiquated for good-head American girls and boys. A sensitive, affectionate girl would need a vast amount of Greek and Mathematics to enable her to conquer the subtle psychological influence of coarse men around her; but with a few instructions regarding the Will-power, in her code of School-Ethics, the victory would be quite easy. Her dictum would be: Duty to myself is my supreme good.

The vast horde of polite swindlers, mesmerists, hypnotisers, advertising tricksters, and clerical criminals, are all noted for their deadly magic spiritual power over the young and innocent.

What is the antidote to all such poison? The majority suppose it to be the Church; because numbers of good churchwomen are able to conquer the evils.

The fact that these call themselves Christians allows the church the opportunity to claim all the good results for themselves. But the real antidote is the cultivated will in the girl or woman who conquers. The self-will is either already in good condition, because the parents were healthy; or the will is acquired by self-training. In either case, good will-power can be acquired outside the church easier than within. The Public School is the proper place in which to commence the teaching regarding the wonders of self-will; not the church. All we have to do is to add this teaching to school work, and subtract some Hebrew and conic sections; then the product will be a sum of educational machinery which will command the admiration of the world. Even the church will admire too, and say, Behold our Work! But we will forgive them for all that, and much more, if they help to hasten the time.

Perhaps it is as well to mention that the term "Public Schools" here includes universities, colleges and kindergartens.

And here, for convenience, we may distinguish the mind as consisting of two powers or elements; the intellect, and the moral sentiment. The public school, including universities and similar institutions, claims to develop the intellect. And the church claims to develop the moral and religious element. But the church claims to do far more. It undertakes to develop both religion and intellect; in short, the whole man, and undertakes also to teach that without the church man is lost forever. The school modestly endeavors to do its work without assumption of any divine authority, except its own, and the result is before us. Of the two teachers, the modest one effects, by far, the most good. But the time is now arrived when the school may, and ought to, claim that its work is equal to that of the church; and not only equal, but superior. It is now time for the school to make a formal claim that it has power to cultivate the entire child, both the intellect and the morals.

In order to reform the school for adapting it to the cultivation of both intellect and morality in a child, it would be necessary to exclude churchism and church-creeds. This course would not exclude religion; but would rather increase it. Religion is morality, and both are good behavior. In place of the church-doctrines we need some other basis of good behavior; some other incentive to lead or compel our children to act properly to each other. And if the arguments in these chapters are solid, no basis of conduct can exist except that which Nature presents to us in her best products. These are her best women and men, together with their ideals. It is, of course, necessary to include ideals, as explained before, on several occasions. Cavillers can easily discover blemishes in the best men and women, but can find none in perfect ideals.

If there be such a thing as evil in the world it is our duty to destroy it, prevent it, or avoid it, by some means, and this is the main purpose of life. But, if our children know nothing about evil, how can they avoid it? If we lock them up tight in convents, we lock up a certain quantity of evil with them, in fact, inside of them. This locked-up quantity is all they can study, in order to learn what it is, and how to prevent it, or get rid of it. It would be much better to let them see also some of the evil outside the convent; then they would learn more of the good too, because there is much more good outside, in the world at large, than can be found inside one little convent.

Even in convents where children are placed by the Church to shelter them from the wicked world, we find a number of genuine, loving, natural women, and some men too. Because they are natural, to some extent, they cannot avoid longing to know something of the outer world. No amount of unnatural seclusion can destroy the intense desire to know something of the other more natural men and women beyond the walls of the prison. However virtuous they may be inside, they cannot resist the temptation to enquire about the vicious ones outside.

To afford themselves some little satisfaction, they must read books. But they obtain most of their genuine knowledge of evil by reading newspapers. And, now that newspapers are in, the signs of these wonderful times indicate that they will never be put out. No church-decree of the most divine infallible character, could be invented which would do the work; not even if newspapers contained a thousand times more evil than they already possess.

The very fact that newspapers are full of evil, as it is called, renders them so invaluable. At the present day, no one can educate himself, nor be educated, to battle with evil, without newspaper knowledge. A newspaper is an instructor; and also an educator, but it is pre-eminently an instructor.

Although it contains so many errors, false reports, and sometimes a little bigotry, it takes its place as the most powerful, reliable and entertaining instructor on the face of the globe. As I have treated newspapers more fully in another place, I merely add here a remark concerning their use for cultivating the self-reliance and individual judgment of a girl or boy.

As soon as a girl or boy has obtained fair ideas of parentage, perhaps at twelve or thirteen years of age, he should read some portion of the *news* every day. Whether the news be good or evil, it is of no great consequence; the one will be read as eagerly as the other. Older pupils may read the comments also; the various highly instructive criticisms with which newspapers abound. But there is a sectarianism in newspapers as in the church, and the remedy for it is to allow every girl and boy to read two opposite opinions on the same subject, whether it be religion, science, art, invention, or politics. During election campaigns it is especially necessary for pupils to study both sides of the question, because facts of great value are then revealed which are never referred to at any other time. Newspapers deal with all the religions of the world; another reason why students should carefully read them. So many different views on every subject are given, that any person whether weak-minded or wise, must become highly instructed thereby. With all these advantages and many more, not to mention the entertainment, added to the instruction, who can avoid recommending newspapers to school-pupils in general? Reviews and abuse on all the best books on religion and scientific religion, so-called, are there also. In short, controversy of every description, is exhibited, and in such profusion, that amidst all the wealth of advantages, some little danger exists in selection. But even this fact also tends to the cultivation of the pupils' individual decision. Without this, the girl or boy remains for ever a child. Consequently it is proper for the teacher or parent to explain, that great differences of opinion exist about everything, and that the school-pupil will some day have the same right to exercise his own opinion as any other person. Of course, this flatly contradicts sectarian teaching in the various churches. We have already shown that this exclusive teaching of supposed infallible doctrines, is the very thing to be itself excluded from all public institutions for instructing children, youths and maidens.

A school-girl's education is progressing very favorably, while she reads every day a few items and comments in three different newspapers; a Republican, a Democrat, and — a nondescript.

Genuis is only entitled to respect when it promotes the peace and improves the happiness of mankind.—*Earl of Essex.*

Selected Articles.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO DIVORCE.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"The ground has been taken that woman would lose her dignity if marriages were dissoluble.

"Is it necessary to lose your freedom in order to retain your character, in order to be womanly or manly? Must a woman in order to retain her womanhood become a slave, a serf, with a wild beast for a master?

"Has not the married woman the right of self-defense? Is it not the duty of society to protect her from her husband; if it is impossible for her to feel towards him any thrill of affection, what is there of marriage left?

"What part of the contract remains in force? She is not to live with him, because she abhors him. She is not to remain in the same house with him, for fear he may kill her.

"What, then, are their relations? Do they sustain any relation except that of hunter and hunted—that is, of tyrant and victim? And is it desirable that this relation should be rendered sacred by a church?

"Is it desirable to have families raised under such circumstances?

"Are we really in need of the children born of such parents?

"If the woman is not in fault, does society insist that her life should be wrecked? Can the virtue of others be preserved only by destruction of her happiness, and by what might be called her perpetual imprisonment?

"I hope the clergy who believe in the sacredness of marriage—in the the indissolubility of the marriage tie—will give their opinions on this case.

"I believe that marriage is the most important contract that human beings can make. I always believe that a man will keep his contract; that a woman in the highest sense, will keep hers. But suppose the man does not. Is the woman still bound?

THE BOND OF WEDLOCK.

"Is there no mutuality? What is a contract? It is where one party promises to do something in consideration that the other party will do something. That is to say, there is a consideration on both sides, moving from one to the other.

"A contract without consideration is null and void; and a contract duly entered into, where the consideration of one party is withheld, is voidable, and can be avoided by the party who has kept, or who is willing to keep, the contract.

"A marriage without love is bad enough. But what can we say of a marriage where

the parties hate each other? Is there any morality in this—any virtue?

"Will any decent person say that a woman, true, good and loving, should be compelled to live with a man she detests, compelled to be the mother of his children? Is there a woman in the world who would not shrink from this herself? And is there a woman so heartless and so immoral that she would force another to bear what she would shudderingly avoid?

"Let us bring these questions home. In other words, let us have some sense, some feeling, some heart—and just a little brains.

"Marriages are made by men and women. They are not made by the State and they are not made by gods.

"By this time people should learn that usefulness to human happiness is the foundation of virtue—the foundation of morality.

"Nothing is moral that does not tend to the well-being of sentient beings.

"Nothing is virtuous the result of which is not a human good. The world has always been living for phantoms, for ghosts, for monsters begotten by ignorance and fear. The world should learn to live for itself.

"Man should, by this time, be convinced that all the reasons for doing right, and all the reasons for doing wrong, are right here in this world—all within the horizon of this life. And, besides, we should have imagination to put ourselves in the place of another.

"Let a man suppose himself a helpless wife, beaten by a brute who believes in the indissolubility of marriage. Would he want a divorce?

"I suppose that very few people have any adequate idea of the sufferings of women and children; of the number of women who tremble when they hear the footsteps of a returning husband; of the children who hide when they hear the voice of a father.

"Very few people know the number of blows that fall on the flesh of the helpless every day. Few know the nights of terror passed by mothers holding young children at their breasts. Compared with this, the hardships of poverty, borne by those who love each other, are nothing.

"Men and women, truly married, bear the sufferings of poverty. They console each other; their affection gives to the heart of each perpetual sunshine. But think of the others?

"I have said a thousand times that the home is the unit of good government. When we have kind fathers and loving mothers, then we will have civilized nations, and not until then. Civilization commences at the hearthstone. When intelligence rocks the cradle—when the house is filled with philosophy and kindness—you will see a world at peace. Justice will sit in the courts, Wisdom in the legislative halls, and over all, like the dome of heaven, will be the spirit of Liberty.

"As I said before, marriage is the most sacred contract—the most important contract—the human being can make.

"As a rule, woman dowers the husband with her youth—with all she has.

"From the contract the husband should never be released unless the wife has broken a condition; that is to say failed to perform the contract of marriage.

"On the other hand, the woman should be allowed a divorce for the asking.

"This should be granted in public precisely as the marriage should be in public. Every marriage should be known. There should be witnesses, to the end that the character of the contract entered into should be understood; and as all marriage records should be kept, so the divorce should be open, public and known. The property should be divided by a court of equity, under certain regulations of law. If there are children they should be provided for through the property and the parents.

"People should understand that men and women are not virtuous by law. They should comprehend the fact that law does not create virtue—that law is not the foundation, the fountain, of love. They should understand that love is in the human heart, and that real love is virtuous.

"People who love each other will be true to each other. The death of love is the commencement of vice. Besides this, there is a public opinion that has great weight. When that public opinion is right, it does a vast amount of good, and when wrong, a great amount of harm.

"People marry, or should marry, because it increases the happiness of each and all. But where the marriage turns out to have been a mistake, and where the result is misery, and not happiness, the quicker they are divorced the better, not only for themselves, but for the community at large.

"These arguments are generally answered by some donkey braying about free love, and by 'free love' he means a condition of society in which there is no love. The persons who make this cry are, in all probability, incapable of the sentiment, of the feeling, known as love. They judge others by themselves, and they imagine that without law there would be no restraint.

"What do they say of natural modesty? Do they forget that people have a choice? Do they not understand something of the human heart, and that true love has always been as pure as the morning star?

"Do they believe that by forcing people to remain together who despise each other, they are adding to the purity of the marriage relation? Do they not know that all marriage is an outward act, testifying to that which has happened in the heart? Still, I always believe that words are wasted on such people.

It is useless to talk to anybody about
 who is unable to distinguish one tone
 from another. It is useless to argue with a
 man who regards his wife as his property,
 and it is hardly worth while to suggest any-
 thing to a gentleman who imagines that
 society is so constructed that it really re-
 quires for the protection of itself, that the
 men of good and noble women should be
 protected.

I am a believer in the virtue of woman,
 and the honesty of man. The average woman
 is more virtuous, the average man is honest, and
 the history of the world shows it.

I don't mean by this that most men are
 better, but what I mean is this: That there
 is far more good than evil in the average
 human being, and that the natural tendency
 of most people is towards the good and to-
 wards the right. And I most passionately
 believe that the good of society demands that
 every good person should suffer.

I do not regard Government as a Juggler-
 with the wheels of which must, of necessity,
 roll over and crush the virtuous, the self-de-
 voted and the good.

My doctrine is the exact opposite of what
 is known as Free Love. I believe in the
 marriage of true minds and of true hearts.

I believe that thousands of people are
 married who do not love each other. That
 is the misfortune of our century. Other
 things are taken into consideration—position,
 wealth, title and the thousand things that
 have nothing to do with real affection.

"Where men and women truly love each
 other, that love, in my judgment, lasts as
 long as life. The greatest line that I know
 of in the poetry of the world is in the 116th
 sonnet of Shakespeare:

"Love is not love, which alters when it alteration
 finds."

"The woman has, as her capital, her
 youth, her beauty. We will say that she is
 married at twenty or twenty-five. In a few
 years she has lost her beauty. During these
 years the man, so far as capacity to make
 money is concerned—to do something—has
 grown better and better. That is to say his
 chances have improved; hers have dimin-
 ished. She has dowered him with the
 spring of her life, and as her life advances
 her chances decrease.

"Consequently, I would give her the ad-
 vantage, and I would not compel her to re-
 main with him against her will.

"It seems to me far worse to be a wife upon
 compulsion, than to be a husband by com-
 pulsion. Besides this, I have a feeling of
 infinite tenderness towards mothers.

The woman who bears children, certainly
 should not be compelled to live with a
 man whom she despises. The suffering is
 enough, when the father of the child is to
 be the one man of all this world.

Many people who have a mechanical
 feeling in their breasts that assists in the
 operation of what they call blood, regard

these views as sentimental. But when we
 take sentiment out of the world nothing is
 left worth living for, and when you get sen-
 timent out of the heart it is nothing more
 nor less than a pump, an old piece of rubber
 that has acquired the habit of contracting
 and dilating.

"But I have this consolation: The people
 who don't agree with me are those who don't
 understand me."

City Slave Girls.

Nothing has been said or printed this year
 which has caused a more profound sensation,
 and aroused the indignation of the people
 than the series of articles published in the
 Chicago Daily Times, entitled, "City Slave
 Girls." The Times' lady reporter, Miss Nell
 Nelson, took upon her the embarrassing du-
 ties of dressing herself in the attire of a fac-
 tory girl and visiting, each day, one or more
 factories where women are employed, where
 she either secured employment and worked
 a few hours, or managed to stay long enough
 to learn the condition of the employees, and
 the Times contained the story of misery as
 seen by Miss Nelson.

On July 10, she visited the Western Lace
 factory, 218 State street. There she found
 the most wretched conditions of poverty and
 serfdom. As she entered the office she was
 followed by a young lady who had been cro-
 cheting mats and as she had come to draw
 her pay and quit the company's service, it
 gave the reporter an opportunity to make a
 note of her earnings, and when the clerk
 opened the books, it was found that the poor
 girl had worked from the first of last
 January to July 10, for the princely sum of
 fifteen dollars, and instead of paying her, she
 was put off in a dark room to wait until the
 proprietor came in. Miss Nelson then ap-
 plied for work and learned that for making
 mats of the size and style made by the poor
 girl, the company had paid sixty cents per
 dozen; that a dozen was an ordinary week's
 work, and that all the other grades of work
 given out by that company were correspond-
 ingly the same price. That company lets its
 work out by the piece and the employees
 carry it to their homes. But the Times re-
 porter found that to get work one must pay
 two dollars for the privilege, and deposit one
 dollar to secure the return of the material!

Her next visit was to Never Rip Jersey
 factory, 133 West Washington street, where
 she was given work making jerseys at sixty
 cents per dozen. On entering the work-room
 her heart nearly failed, as she beheld the
 wretched serfs and surveyed the low ceiling,
 with its scanty light, bad ventilation, and
 inhaled the sickening odors and foul air from
 the died fabrics and a long row of water clo-
 sets which projected from the wall. In this
 factory she stayed long enough to earn
 twenty-five cents. At noon, she says the
 machinery stopped and 120 working women

were given thirty minutes in which to eat
 their dinner.

The reporter says she counted thirty-seven
 women who made their dinner on dry bread
 alone, fifteen with sandwiches; ten ate cold
 pancakes, and twenty-three had no dinner
 whatever.

"Oh God, that bread should be so dear, and flesh and
 blood so cheap!"

In the evening the reporter went to the
 sale room to price a jersey and was asked
 \$2.50 for the identical jersey she had finished
 for five cents!

The invincible reporter finds herself the
 next day, in the foul air and murky confines
 of Ellinger's Cloak factory, 282 Madison
 street. There she found the usual price paid
 for making a cloak was fifty cents, and but
 few could make a cloak in a day; but for
 cloaks above a certain grade, the company
 paid sixty-five cents which was divided, the
 stitcher getting twenty cents, the binder
 fifteen cents, and the maker thirty cents,
 providing the workmanship withstood the
 closest inspection, if not, it was condemned
 and no credit given for the work, or the girls
 compelled to make it over. The reporter un-
 dertook the job of making one at sixty-five
 cents, or rather thirty cents, after paying the
 stitcher and binder. It was a lady's long
 cloak, trimmed down the back, around the
 collar, cuffs, and pockets with mohair plush
 and all the seams faced with black muslin.
 She could not make the cloak in one day,
 and another woman helped and it was fin-
 ished a few minutes before quitting time.
 The plucky little woman took her time and
 demanded her thirty cents, which was re-
 fused until pay-day. She seized the cloak
 and refused to surrender it until paid for her
 work. A struggle ensued which ended in
 paying her the thirty cents, and she threw
 the cloak in the proprietor's face, and went
 to the workroom and gave the thirty cents to
 a woman who had instructed her how to
 make the cloak. The price of the cloak at
 the sale-room of the company was \$35.00.

At 7:30 the next morning, she went to the
 work-room of Wetleer's factory on Wabash
 avenue, where corsets, bustles, skirts, jerseys,
 cloaks, etc., are made. Here she found the
 average wages paid to be \$1.50 per week.

Her next visit was to one of the darkest
 and most degraded holes of American serf-
 dom, Julius, Stein & Co., 132 Market street.
 There she found a girl who had worked three
 days for sixty-five cents. Another two and
 a half days for forty-five cents, on a cloak;
 another earned \$4.20 in two weeks, and the
 highest earned was reported by a woman
 who said she earned \$6.10 in two weeks.
 According to Miss Nelson's report, the
 Julius, Stein & Co. factory is presided over
 by the most heartless, cruel, insulting tyrants,
 who are only prevented from using the lash
 by the civil law. Like the other factories
 she visited, the work-room is dark and poorly
 ventilated, and the poor slaves suffer not

only from starvation, but are slowly dying by inches from foul air and malarial poison, which come from badly constructed closets and other impurities.

The *Times* next reports the visit of its lady reporter to the Excelsior Underwear works, 199-202 Fifth avenue. There she found women's drawers made at twenty cents per dozen, but had to pay fifty cents for the use of a machine per month.

The conditions as described by the *Times* reporter, is the very womb of anarchy, out of which is born revolution and its dire results. Human endurance has its limit; peace ends where rank injustice rules. —*Industrialist*.

Correspondence.

Important, but not Necessary.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE—As a Spiritualist of many years experience and as one who endeavors to keep up with the favored times in which we citizens of this glorious republic are living, permit me to raise a point of interest to us all. I am not animated by any unkind or over critical feeling—quite the contrary. In fact, my only interest is that of the engineer who is on the look out that his machine does not either jump the track or run into some unexpected obstruction. That our beautiful philosophy must, at all costs, be kept clear from all embarrassing alliances and associations every one admits. But, permit me to state that the questionable alliances are not all among bogus mediums, or counterfeit seances, for our public teachers need a critical eye upon them, lest, by raising and using incautious terms, they associate our cause with issues that, to put it lightly, are embarrassing.

Spiritualism is first a science, demonstrative of the facts of our life after death and our ability to return to our bereaved friends. Next it is a philosophy, explanatory of the scientific facts, while its final form is ethical, for I, for one, protest emphatically against assenting to its being dubbed religious; but I am equally moved against admitting for one moment that its phenomena, either for demonstration or instruction, can ever be dispensed with. Judge, then, my surprise on reading in the *DOVE* that our good sister E. L. Watson draws a distinct difference between what she, or her guides, term "The Coming Religion" and Spiritualism, whereby the report before me causes her to place Spiritualism in the background, while something she is pleased to term "The Coming Religion," is elevated into a foremost place, as her reporter thus places her utterances in her late lecture at Metropolitan Temple, on Sunday, September 2d, before your readers:

"The coming religion would not be primarily based upon any physical phenomena

whatever, but the genuine phenomena of Spiritualism, so far as they ministered to the aspirations and needs of the indwelling soul, and tended to upbuild it in purity, beauty, and usefulness, would be an important fact in the coming religion."

I suppose psychical is intended in the above extract—not "physical," as printed. A religion without evidences—i. e. phenomena—is but a system of assertions without proof. "Indwelling souls," without actual proofs of their existence, is but a pretty figure of speech. Take out the "miracles" from Christianity and a system of associations, of more or less ethical value, alone remains. "The Coming Religion," unless resting upon demonstrative facts—psychic "phenomena"—would prove as great a hindrance to Spiritual *knowledge* as has every other religion.

For a Spiritual teacher—a former trance speaker, as at Ixora hall, and a present inspirational speaker, as at Metropolitan Temple—to place Spiritualism as a sort of hanger on to a "Coming Religion" is something that at least astonishes one who is an old-time admirer of the good Spiritualist and medium who came to us eight years ago. I have lived too long now, and been too long free from all that is conveyed in the term "religion" to desire a "coming" one, and I am pained that sister Watson, or her controls, should deem it their duty to try and foist a new religion upon us. Science or philosophy have no use for the word religion—truth and knowledge are their only foundations. I have nothing but the kindest and most generous feelings to our good sister, but fearing she has unknowingly jumped the track and is running away from the lines upon which her good works, name and fame have rested in the East and out here, I felt it as my duty to raise a mild protest against the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism being virtually ignored while a something spoken of as "a coming religion" appeared to be exalted at the expense of our hard won fight of forty years. We do not want Spiritualism without the Spirits, whatever our teachers desire.

With charity for all, I remain cordially yours,

F. H. Y.

San Francisco, Cal., September 10th, 1888.

Home Again.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Last Sunday was my first visit to Washington hall, 35 Eddy street, after an absence from California of eighteen months.

As near as I could judge the Society has been progressing instead of retrogressing and I was well pleased with the conference in the afternoon; also the concert and literary entertainment in the evening gotten up by its competent managers for the benefit of the library, and the cause of Spiritualism. I was pleased to see our aged Col. Collins in

the chair possessing such charitable feelings toward all and a desire to deal justly with every body. I also noticed that his right hand bower was the right person in the right place. This, in addition to editing the *CARRIER DOVE* and numberless other cares, must try the mental and physical strength of a frail woman. But the still small voice says, "as thy day is so shall thy strength be," I always feel whenever I am in such large gatherings. Yes! this is all right, they are doing a good work.

But, Frances, you have a work to do elsewhere, to speak, heal, and to aid others in their unfoldment, and this is my explanation for taking College hall, 106 McAlister street opposite New City Hall, for Thursday evening meetings at a time when it will not interfere with Sunday meetings.

Our exercises will consist in music, speeches, healing and a large circle for development for the small admittance of ten cents. We had a very respectable audience last Thursday evening. Several tests were given by different mediums and all seemed to enjoy the meeting which was harmonious and orderly to the close.

Mrs. Rutter will sing for us on the 20th and we hope on future pages to report developments. For the good of all,

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

841 Market street. SAN FRANCISCO.

Editor of the *CARRIER DOVE*: In your issue of September 1st was published an account of an almost miraculous escape from death, from a rattlesnake bite, by Miss Valerie Hickethier, of Oakland. In the *San Francisco Chronicle* of to-day, I find the following telegram, narrating another almost miraculous escape from death on the part of this young lady. A mutual friend suggested to-day, that in his opinion it was time for Miss Valerie to return home from that locality. The third time a fatal result might supervene. WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

"A NARROW ESCAPE.—A YOUNG LADY'S SKILL IN SWIMMING SAVES HER LIFE."

"LAKEPORT, September 10.—An almost miraculous escape from drowning occurred here Friday evening. George Alhuan and Miss Valerie Hickethier, both parties residents of Oakland, were rowing on Clear lake, and when two miles from shore the boat accidentally capsized. A strong wind blowing at the time rapidly carried the boat in an opposite direction. Although the young lady wore heavy garments which greatly hindered her movements, still, being an excellent swimmer and displaying rare courage, she bravely struck out for the fast receding boat, and after a long swim with difficulty reached the boat in safety, and though it was quite dark at the time, clung to the overturned boat until assistance arrived."

What Women Are Doing.

Three native ladies have passed the Calcutta University Entrance Examination, first division, and one in the third division.

At the recent St. Andrew's Examination for the LL.S. degrees 553 candidates presented themselves, and 126 received the full diploma.

The School Board have announced that whenever school managers are to be appointed in any division, the members for that division should see that there are at least two ladies nominated.

Mrs. A. B. Marshall, of the well-known School of Cookery in Mortimer street, is about to deliver courses of cookery lectures in some of the principal cities of the United States. She sailed with her husband on the last inst. for New York.

An occasion has suggested itself for establishing a memorial of the late Louisa M. Alcott. Her home at Concord is about to be sold, and it is proposed that subscriptions should be raised in order to buy it, and convert it into a home for poor children.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is President of the Association for Promoting the Education of Girls in Wales, and a meeting of the association will be held in Wrexham, on September 5, which it is hoped will be well attended.

Miss Honner Morten, who is a niece of Mr. William Black, the novelist, has lately republished under the title of "Sketches of Hospital Life," the remarkable articles and stories which have appeared from time to time in *All the Year Round*, and other periodicals.

The Indian Ladies' Association intend to hold an exhibition every year. It will be open only to ladies, and it is hoped that by its help English and Indian women may be brought into closer relations with each other. The proceeds will be devoted to the training of female teachers. English ladies wishing to assist should communicate with the Hon. Sec. of the National Indian Association, 35 Blomfield-road, Maidahill.

The gifted lady who writes under the name of George Fleming has contributed an admirable paper to the new number of *The Universal Review*, entitled "A Certain Deficiency in Women," in which she gives a realistic picture of her lack of personal freedom, and the dull and restricted life of the mature unmarried women, the numbers of which are yearly increasing in England. George Fleming pleads for provision to be made by which these ladies can attain "that expansion of spirit which alone fills and enlarges the mental life."

A tablet to the memory of Charles Darwin is to be placed on the house in Lothian street, Edinburgh, where he lived when studying at the Edinburgh University.

The women of Denver, Colorado, are to hold a mass-meeting which will be in the nature of a protest against the refusal of the city officials to pass measure in favor of the appointment of police matrons.

The printer girls of Topeka, have organized "The Leslie Club," named after Mrs. Frank Leslie. These girls will soon issue the first number of the *Printer Girl*, which will be the organ of the lady printers of the United States.

A deputation of ladies has arrived from Finland with the object of studying the English social system, more particularly in reference to the distribution of charity. They visited the House of Commons last week. They speak English remarkably well.

Mrs. Eliza Garwer is the first woman politician of South Carolina to take the stump. She is a candidate for School Commissioner, and has gone into the campaign like a man and is said to have organized her campaign with the cleverness of a trained politician.

Theresa Kelley, now superintendent of a book bindery in Cleveland, Ohio, during the war entered the hospitals as a nurse. Her services were so valuable that she was sent to the front, and received a commission as orderly sergeant from the Fifth Ohio Infantry.

Miss Fanny Jackson Coppin has been appointed a delegate to attend the General Conference of Foreign and Home Missionary Societies in London. She has for the last twenty-three years been president of the Training College for Colored Teachers, both male and female, at Philadelphia.

Miss Ellen Fries some time ago contributed to the knowledge of the diplomatic relations of Sweden and the Netherlands, during the reign of Charles X., an academical thesis, which was particularly notable from the circumstances of its having for the first time procured an authoress the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

The daughter of Senator Wade Hampton has entered a hospital in New York City with the object of becoming a trained nurse and thereby requiring the practical knowledge which will enable her to work for the establishment of a school for the scientific training of nurses in her own State.

Anna Dickenson, after a long silence, is again before the public as a campaign speaker. She will work for the Republican party in New York, New Jersey and Indiana. The National Committee, who employ her, regard her as one of the most effective speakers in the country, but they have scruples against allowing her to cast a ballot.

The two daughters of the lighthouse-keeper, Ingram, who rendered such efficient aid to their father and his heroic comrade, John Milne, in saving the survivors of the pleasure party aboard the *Mona's Isle*, in Douglas Bay, Isle of Man, seems to have well deserved the coroner's description of them as "the Grace Darlings of the Head." They climbed down over the rock and stood in a terrible sea with ladders and ropes, while Milne and their father rescued the drowning men.

The wife of a Wall street banker has invented a machine for making wire rope, the patent of which she has sold to a San Francisco firm for \$25,000 cash and a royalty. The way she came to hit upon this was from a device she used to twist her worsted, and reading in the papers about the difficulty wire-rope makers have in twisting the strands, she perfected her arrangement and had a model made which would show its adaptability for the purpose.

Miss Sarah Tytler has selected Miss Florence Lees (Mrs. Dacre Craven) as her third illustration of "Girls who Won Success" in *Atlanta* for August, her two previous characters having been Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler) and Mrs. Garrett Anderson, the former distinguished for her great talents in art, and the latter in medicine. This third illustration Miss Tytler calls "A Servant of the Sick and Poor," and gives an interesting account of the way in which Miss Florence Lee's thoughts were turned to nursing as a career, by the death, during her girlhood, of a loved brother in the Naval Hospital at Shanghai. He died nursed by strangers, and she felt a great longing to do for others what others had done for him, and was enabled after a time to adopt nursing professionally. Her training began at St. Thomas's Hospital; afterwards she went abroad to Dresden and Berlin, and from that place to the Institute of Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, near Dusseldorf, on the Rhine, where she won a certificate. Miss Tytler then gives a touching description of the nursing which Miss Florence Lee undertook in 1870 at the village of Marangue, near Metz, during the Franco-Prussian War, of the hardships she underwent, of the care and trouble she bestowed on the sick and wounded, and of the gratitude of the men, and refers to several articles written by Miss Lees in *Good Words* in 1873, with accounts of her work. Miss Lees was afterwards at the Crown Princess of Germany's Ambulance Hospital at Homburg. She subsequently visited the United States and Canada, and inspected their principal hospitals, and in 1875 started in London the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association, for providing trained nurses to attend the sick poor in their own dwellings. In 1879 Miss Florence Lees married the Rev. Dacre Craven, rector of St. George-the-Martyr, who is honorable secretary of the above association.

THE CARRIER DOVE,

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DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPT. 22, 1888.

WHAT WILL THEY DO?

To the Spiritualist who really accepts the fact that communication with the Spirit world is not a matter of amusement, and that the spirits return for even a deeper purpose than that of demonstrating human immortality, the question at the head of this article has a profound significance. What will be the ultimate result the spirits will produce upon humanity and society, ethically, socially and industrially, is a consideration affecting the profoundest problems of our present life. Equally interesting is the other question of: What results have they produced, since the opening of their work in our midst in 1848? For their past labors, demonstration, destruction and illustration may be fit terms by which to describe, in greater part, the nature of the work and the methods of the spirits, down, almost, to the present time. Demonstration of the existence of the spirits and their powers, illustrations of spirit life and experience, and an entire destruction of many of the figments concerning the next world, as taught by ordinary theologians and thinkers. The great purpose being to arrest attention and arouse enquiry.

Occasionally, one hears the lament that the teachings of the spirits are too frequently iconoclastic and not sufficiently preservative, and the laments contains much truth. The truth of it, though, evidences the wisdom of our spirit teachers, since it is only in the smiting and uprooting of old errors, that ground can be prepared for the sowing of true seeds. But, having faith in the wisdom of the greater minds in the spirit life, there is an assurance that

iconoclastic work is but a present need and not a continuous policy.

Yet the emancipation of the human mind from the galling thralls of ignorance and superstition is a truly noble work, and the only means by which minds can be liberalized, and so prepared for what a keen observer may see the spirits yet intend doing in the dawning future of our race. Millions have been freed from the aforesaid thralls; but there are millions yet to free, so the apparently destructive method must be pursued yet still farther, before the altars of ignorance are all laid low.

When Bibles, priests, altars, holy men and days, hells, devils, angels and semi-human gods, death, resurrection, and all the babblings of priests are exposed to their uttermost recesses, of what avail will it all be unless better things take their places? Unless the spirits help us to these better things the coming thereof may be long and wearisomely delayed. For, true it is, the folly or the use of our present lives can only be seen in their ultimate results in our own persons in the life hereafter. What accrues to us beyond this life from our present riches, culture, thoughts or deeds, as nations or individuals, is the answer that reveals the true value of all such matters to us as individuals. If riches avail the spirit—which is the true man—naught, after death, is their sordid, selfish accumulation before death the best means of preparing the spirit for either life here or in the next State?

If, as a recent author puts it, the fact that a man as a man has natural needs that must be ministered to, implies that all men have needs as one man, and that our duty, or necessity, is to render each our highest to the common good, then our race for wealth and its resultant of fierce individualism, is all wrong, and the spirits will, in our highest interests, most certainly oppose us in our present murderous policy, and helps us eventually to establish a fraternal and co-operative society in the place of the individual and mutually destructive state now prevailing.

If sensuality and grossness leave injurious results upon the spirits' nature—as we are assured they do—then the spirits will inaugurate in irresistible crusade against such portions of our social system as promote the activity of the lower elements of our nature.

If the cultivation of our innate nobility, and its manifestation in our lives and conduct, is the only true basis of goodness and gentleness then the spirits will assuredly break down the false standards of nobility before which the world has bowed down so long.

If the removal of the evils and errors under which we labor is necessary for our progress, as it is, then must we look for destructive work, wide-spread and deep-reaching in effect from the spirits, to be followed by reforms that in their results shall literally establish a new earth. This then is what they will do: as our friends, teachers and guides, they will assist us to uproot the errors, evils and wrongs in all ranks of society, and then aid us in building on

the cleared space, whereon our at last awakened humanhood shall stand its temple of universal justice, and right and happiness. Let us work with them and so assist in the unfolding of the good they will assuredly do for us in due time and season.

DO WE NEED ADVOCATES?

The spiritual platform does not always receive that attention that is justly and necessarily due to it if our people accept it as a needful adjunct of the cause. The list of really first class speakers is small and growing less each year. There are any number of platitudinarian talkers it is true, but such are more of hindrance than help to our progress. But a few months since a prominent Southern Spiritualist vehemently asserted that lectures were quite needless, that the seance-room was the only requirement needed to instruct Spiritualists and to convert skeptics.

Many Spiritualists in this and other cities desert the lecture-hall in favor of a seance—preferring to be excited rather than educated. The result is that a couple of dozen or so of our best speakers drag on year after year with small thanks and less pay for the time, talent and strength they devote to our cause. Here and there they drop out of our ranks, accepting "calls" to the pastorates of various bodies of liberal Christians and so preserve for themselves an opportunity for expressing their thoughts to the world in channels, that, for the sake of our cause, we should never have rendered it possible for them to enter. Look at the question as we may, men and women must live. If we find that they have talents fitting them for a given path of life they are fully justified in exercising their evident vocation and obtaining such reward as merit and appreciation alike can bring them. If we need medium or normal speakers who can instruct and educate us, lead us to fresh fields of knowledge and beauty, then "the laborer being worthy of his hire" our common duty is to render a return for that rendered to us. Eastern speakers remunerated from five dollars to twenty-five dollars a Sunday—and very few at the latter rate—is a reflection alike on the generosity and good sense of our people. While, though rates are a little higher out on this coast, the extra cost of living more than compensates for the higher pay. Halls that ought to be filled, speakers who ought to have ample support, Spiritualists who ought to help sustain our platform—are among the incidents of the times, but until the "ought" is made to read *do* our platform will languish, our speakers decrease and one most important section of our cause be starved and stunted.

Do we need advocates? Certainly we do. Advocates to explain to enquirers the nature of our facts, the character of our philosophy; advocates to instruct, sustain and inspire our own people, not as leaders and priests—rather as counsellors and friends. But let us remember that service commands its equivalent and

the grandest philosophy in the world, to nobly support all its servants so that we may command the best. The only applicable is the foregoing argument which just claims of the spiritual press. Our words go where the speakers' words other-ways might never reach. Most of our journals come along year by year and then the editor is chosen because he asks for help! Give our support in all departments, press, platform and pulpit, the support due them if it be but a small amount of the money wasted on pleasures, and success and ease would crown our cause and our workers.

AFTER HANGING—WHAT?

During the discussion of capital punishment at Washington Hall, last Sunday afternoon, which was mostly participated in by avowed Spiritualists we were quite surprised that none of them except the last speaker referred to the culmination of the act defined as the vindication of the majesty of the law.

The reasons why the laws of the land in this regard should be maintained and justice meted out to the offender, were expatiated upon and commended by some, whilst others plead for a more humane and merciful system of dealing with criminals; but all confined their remarks to the present effect of the act and its influence upon society at large as a preventative of crime. Not E. G. Andersen spoke was the spiritual side of the question presented; and the question—After Hanging—What? was not considered. From the position taken by some the inference was that when a man was hung he was dead; wholly and completely killed, and blotted out of existence. This seems a strange position for a Spiritualist to assume who knows (if he knows anything of Spiritualism) that death does not destroy, or even change the man at all; that he is just as much alive, with his faculties quickened and intensified, but unchanged, as he was before the fatal drop fell, and the physician had pronounced him dead. What, then, has hanging done for him? It has set him free.

The young Goldenson, who was thus set at liberty in this city last week, has only escaped the vigilance of his jailer, and passed beyond his prison bars. The moon, upon which he said he had not looked for two years, now clothes his freed spirit in its mellow radiance, and the pure air of heaven which came so stintedly through the bars of his unwholesome cell now fans his cheek and sends its electrical currents through his quickened frame.

Nothing has been destroyed except the material casket which, in a few brief years at best, would have fallen into decay and been laid aside as a useless garment. Wherein, then, has come the punishment so much deserved and talked about. It has not fallen on him who has passed on, but on they who remain. The poor, heart-broken mother, the aged sister and young brothers, are the sufferers. It is they who must live on here and bear the weary weight of woe, the scorn, the contumely and disgrace of another's act.

They who have impoverished themselves in their fruitless efforts to save him, and who are now penniless, out of work, almost friendless, with hunger and destitution before them, they are the victims of the law's revenge, and not he who committed the crime. True, he suffered during the two years of his incarceration, but nothing in comparison with the agony of the mother during those long years of anxious suspense; and when the end came, his physical and mental pain was brief, while hers will never cease until death sets her free to join her boy. Does it not seem, then, in view of these facts that a more just system should be inaugurated whereby the punishment should fall upon the criminal, and not upon the innocent? Would it not be wiser to institute *reformatory methods* and banish the word *punishment* from our vocabulary entirely?

What our Government most needs is the element of mother-love in it, to bring about more wholesome, more effectual, more just and humane conditions.

THE LIBRARY BENEFIT.

The third musical and literary entertainment under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists was held at Washington Hall, last Sunday evening. These entertainments are gotten up for the benefit of their free spiritual library which is in need of the assistance thus rendered. It is still in debt, and new books are also needed. From the success attending this enterprise, the library committee hope soon to liquidate the old obligation, and add many bright, new books to their shelves. The entertainment last Sunday evening excelled all previous ones, and was a most decided success. The programme consisted first, of a piano solo by the accomplished musician, Mr. Fred Blue; which was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience. Next was a recitation by little Laura Crews, whose perfect rendering of her piece called forth an enthusiastic recall and the second was even better than the first, and displayed great powers of imitation in one so young, and remarkable dramatic talent. Mrs. Rutter sang a beautiful solo, with Mrs. Morris as piano accompanist. Mrs. M. J. Hendee gave excellent psychometric delineations of character to a number of strangers present, all of whom acknowledged the reading to be wonderfully accurate.

The quartette of the "Beasey Babies" was a most remarkable performance. The four "babies" are aged respectively eleven, eight, six and three years, and play with a skill that is perfectly marvelous.

The youngest baby, little Violetta, played a solo and was so heartily encored that she appeared the second and third times and gave the "Swanee River" and "Home, Sweet Home" in a manner that would have done credit to an older performer. The children are all highly mediumistic, and when playing have a singularly sweet and rapt expression as though they were unconscious of their surroundings and were quite lost to outward

things. They possess beautiful and attractive faces and would be singled out of a crowd of children as being something more than ordinary. We should think Mr. and Mrs. Beasey would be the happiest of parents as they assure us they are. Miss Jennie, the elder of the sisters, played two exquisite solos, showing a cultivation and proficiency rarely attained except through years of careful study and practice. When asked if she liked music and playing, she replied, "Oh, yes, I LOVE it," and her animated countenance plainly showed how truly she had spoken. The DOVE predicts a brilliant and successful career for the four wonderful "babies."

Miss Eva Peck gave a charmingly rendered recitation concerning "Pat's Twins," which was heartily enjoyed.

Master Louie Schlesinger made his first appearance on the stage and sang "Making Mud Pies" in a creditable manner. Miss Avis Morris recited "Mrs. Dorking's Opinion of Equal Rights" in a pleasing and cultivated manner. Mrs. Eugenia Clark gave some vocal selections and Fred Emerson Brooks being repeatedly encored, convulsed the audience with the story of "Pat and the Confederate Pig," "Mark Twain's Description of a Coyote," "The Wasp at Camp-meeting" and "The Jealous Wife." Mr. Brooks must be seen and heard in order to be appreciated. No words of ours can do this inimitable humorist justice. He has promised to be present tomorrow evening and we know a large audience will be present to greet him.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION.

The above named book is published by G. H. Stockham, M.D., of Oakland, and is on sale at this office. It has been previously reviewed in our columns, and needs no further comment from us. In glancing over its pages we noticed the following paragraph, which would suggest a train of reasoning quite different from that indulged in by radical prohibitionists: "There is nothing in the history of human nature to warrant the conclusion that it will ever be possible to prohibit acts by law, which, in themselves, are considered harmless, because based on the fact that excess in the commission of them is hurtful. We should all set a good example, but whether we are called upon to refrain from doing that which is not wrong in itself, for the sake of preventing others from over-indulgence, is a question that must be left to each individual to decide for himself. It is argued that alcohol is a poison, and, therefore, its use should be prohibited. So are quinine, morphia, and most other drugs when taken in excess, yet no one would expect their use to be prohibited by law."

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

On Monday evening next, September 24th, John Slater will give a reception to his friends at 106 McAllister street, in celebration of his twenty-seventh birthday. A nice musical programme has been arranged, and a pleasant time is anticipated. All are cordially invited, and we hope John will long have occasion to remember the day. Dancing will be in order.

SLATER-BISHOP.

HOW THE CELEBRATED MIND READER, SIR WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP WAS EXPOSED AND CHASED OUT OF SAN FRANCISCO BY A SPIRITUAL MEDIUM, JOHN SLATER.

Soon after Sir Washington I. Bishop returned from his visit to the Hawaiian Kingdom, where, among many favors showered on him by H. R. H. King Kalakau, including a cane which was stolen from him as soon as he arrived here, he was raised to the order of Knighthood and probably Baron of the Hawaiian Insane Asylum and Champion Cocaine-Whisky Drinker of the Sandwich Island Universe; the former of these titles having been conferred on him by a grateful king whose mind he had read; thus proving to his doubting people forever that he was in possession of that article. He gave an exhibition of mind reading and *expose* of Spiritualism at Metropolitan Temple.

His exhibition began and ended, as usual, with coarse vituperation of Spiritualism and Spiritualists; and after making his usual boasts about having exposed everything pertaining thereto, he proceeded to tell of his visit on the Sunday preceding, (this was on a Tuesday) to a seance given in this hall by one John Slater; an ignoramus, who, "while performing an original pedestrian act to a tune he snapped on his fingers, murdered the Queen's English to the delight of an audience of poor dupes; a crank who could not speak three words correctly," (Slater is a college-bred man). Then he offered to bet one thousand dollars, first, that he could perform and expose any so-called spiritual manifestations, and second, that no spiritual medium could perform any of the mind reading as exhibited by himself.

Here he turned visibly pale, the tall form of John Slater had arisen from the audience and was advancing to the platform; but he preserved his presence of mind; he had once been a public medium himself, and knew that with his audience of anti-Spiritualists to cheer him and hiss his opponent he was safe, and so it proved; by systematic and well-timed insults he succeeded in forcing Slater to ignominiously leave the platform and hall to the tune of his hissing and cackling audience.

This was Bishop's hour of triumph, and he made the most of it; but the glory was short-lived. On the Thursday following, Slater gave a "show" in the same hall, and not only reproduced all Bishop's so-called mind reading, but exposed the tricks by which he produced it so thoroughly that his audience could all "do it themselves."

Although it is to be noted that at times, when Bishop is not under the influence of baneful drugs, he appears to retain and exhibit some of his old mediumistic powers. On the Sunday following at his regular meeting, to a crowded house which numbered Bishop among the audience, the inimitable John, after giving Bishop such a roasting as few rascals ever sat and listened to, offered to bet ten thousand dollars: first, that he could perform, expose

and explain Bishop's mind-reading as mere tricks performed on credulous dupes; second, that Bishop could neither perform, expose and explain any of his own mediumistic work; thus offering Bishop a fine chance to recuperate his fallen fortunes, as Slater is well to do, financially; but Bishop had met his master, and, as he silently sat and listened to his doom as predicted by Slater, planned his escape, which has been duly heralded by the press, from the city where so often in this same hall he had denounced and exposed to delighted audiences what he termed, Spiritualism and mediumship. Poor fool! Naturally bright, and gifted with fine powers, he has so lived that now, when he has been crushed by the enemies he has created for himself, now, when fast living, strong drink and drugs have made him a physical, mental and moral wreck, he must seek the outskirts of civilization for a home.

As an example of Slater's thorough exhibition of Bishop's mind-reading, given before Bishop himself, we will relate the following in Slater's own words:

Bishop had requested one of his committee, "his committee of victims," as Slater termed them, to write the name of "some familiar tune" and enclose it in an envelope; then seating himself at the piano and requesting the man to place his hand on his head he at once played the tune; Slater recalled this marvelous feat, and then stated that the committee man who wrote the name of the tune was in the hall, and requested him to arise; the man arose, and Slater said, "When at Bishop's request you placed your hand on his head, he said quietly to you, 'Say! what's the name of that tune anyway,' and you told him, did you not?" The reply was "Yes."

A few days later, after being arrested for debt, and proving that he was without means, poor Sir Washington I. skipped in company with a female possessed of some means, to Mexico; leaving behind a numerous flock of creditors to mourn their credulity. And, Slater, poor John, his houses have been packed with delighted audiences, just the same as if his work had never been exposed.

G. F. BRADFORD.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. J. J. MORSE.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 25th; John Slater will hold a public seance at 106 McAllister street, the proceeds of which will be presented to Mr. Morse, as a token of the good will and esteem of his brother medium, Mr. Slater. On this occasion we hope to see a crowded house as Mr. Morse richly deserves the testimonial so generously bestowed. We venture to say that if there are any others who feel generously inclined that their contributions to the fund would be gratefully acknowledged by the recipient. If any change should be made regarding time or place of the above meeting, an announcement to that effect will be found in the columns of the city papers.

A NEW PHARMACY.

Val Schmidt, a well known druggist in this city, has opened an elegantly fitted and furnished drug store, at 238 Kearny street. The counters are covered with handsome plate glass, silver plated show-cases, and the woodwork is finished in China gloss. An elegant solid silver, soda fountain is prominent, where the lovers of that delicious beverage, ice cream soda, can be refreshed. Mr. Schmidt's reputation as an honorable man, and a careful pharmacist, will insure for him a large patronage.

A RECEPTION TO J. J. MORSE AND DAUGHTER.

Between thirty and forty friends of Mrs. Champion and Mrs. Crossette gathered in their cheery apartments to meet Mr. J. J. Morse and daughter.

The evening hours flew merrily by, the following persons being called upon for speeches responded: Mrs. L. H. Champion, Mrs. E. B. Crossette, Wm. Vinter, Mrs. A. J. Knowles, Mr. M. Silcox, Mr. J. J. Morse. These remarks were sandwiched with vocal music by Miss Knowles, Miss Morse and others. All congratulated themselves as having had an intellectual as well as social feast and left with kind remembrances of the fair hostesses, Mrs. Champion and Mrs. Crossette. Some of the names of those present: Mr. and Mrs. Mark, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Vinter, Mr. Morse and Miss Florence Morse, San Francisco, Mrs. Knowles, and Miss Fanny Knowles, Mr. J. W. Gill, San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. W. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Peckham, Mrs. Mary Barker, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Simonds, R. M. Howes, New York, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Oregon, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. E. M. Keyes, J. Hagle, Mr. Sparks, Miss Nonia Miller. — *San Jose Mercury*.

If thoughts are living verities, what must be the mental and moral atmosphere of a city where a cold-blooded, legal murder is the topic of conversation for weeks? Is it conducive to the development of spirituality?

It is easy to say "forgive and forget," but when the heart is bleeding from wounds inflicted, it may be thoughtlessly and without evil intent, by some one once deemed a friend, the forgiving and forgetting process is not so simple as it appears.

The library benefit entertainments at Washington Hall, every Sunday evening, are a most decided success in every respect, and the best place in the city to go for an evening's amusement. Choice recitations, vocal and instrumental music are always prominent features. Admission ten cents.

Dress for July and August comes to our table in an entirely new dress, having been enlarged and improved in every respect unless it is in the nature of the contents which are always so good and interesting that an improvement would be scarcely possible. It is published by Annie Jenness Miller, whose reform dress system is attracting so much attention throughout the East. Price \$2 per year. JENNESS MILLER PUBLISHING HOUSE. 23 West 125th street, New York.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Bigelow, of San Jose, is visiting in the city and has favored the DOVE office with a pleasant visit.

Mrs. Kellogg of San Bernardino read an interesting essay before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at Washington Hall, last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee's psychometric readings last Sunday evening, were very interesting and well received by the large audience. They were acknowledged quite correct by the parties themselves.

If you are down-hearted and "blue," go to Washington Hall to-morrow night, and see what an array of talent will be present, and hear that mirth-producing genius, Fred Emerson Brooks. He is sure cure for the "blues."

The "Beasey Babies" have been the topic of conversation this week. Their wonderful performance last Sunday at the library entertainment, was a surprise to many who were not before aware that San Francisco could boast of having such musical prodigies among its inhabitants. They all learned to read music before learning the alphabet.

Mrs. J. L. York, of San Jose, called upon us last week previous to her return home. She has been spending a few weeks in the city with her daughter Mrs. Bloomfield. Dr. York, her husband, is lecturing in Seattle, Wash. Ter., before large and interested audiences. A few notes from the pen of this faithful worker would, doubtless, interest his many friends here and elsewhere.

Mrs. M. S. Fish, prophetic and clairvoyant mediums, will give sittings daily, and hold circles, Monday and Thursday evenings at 32 Ellis street. Mrs. Fish has given many private sittings to the great satisfaction of the sitters; but until recently, would not consent to advertise as a public medium. We can recommend her to our patrons as we know what her mediumship is, and that the angels are with her.

From a circular received, we learn that Dr. T. B. Taylor is getting up a camp-meeting to be held in San Bernardino, commencing October 12th, and continuing over three Sundays. It promises reduced railroad rates, and good accommodations at reasonable prices on the grounds. Good mediums and speakers are announced as engaged. We hope our friends of the Southern country will be more successful financially than we have been up here, and be wise enough to avoid the rocks upon which we were stranded.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is considered somewhat unbalanced in mind lately, because she declares that she did not write Uncle Tom's Cabin, but was simply the medium through whom it was written. Mrs. Stowe now claims that it was a divinely inspired book, just as the Holy Bible was the inspired Word of God. Spiritualists have always claimed that Mrs. Stowe was a medium, but do not attribute the inspiration of that work to any particular God, but rather regard it as emanating from some grand, humane spirit who understood the Nation's needs, and wisely ministered unto them.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Mrs. E. L. Watson's eloquent and stirring lecture upon "The Judgment Day of Modern Spiritualism" last Sunday evening was listened to by a large and deeply-interested audience. The speaker fairly outdid herself, and from various quarters was heard the opinion that it was the best lecture she had ever given here. Her opening remarks referred to the almost simultaneous birth of the great progressive movements, in America,—Modern Spiritualism, the Anti-slavery cause, and the Woman's Rights agitation; all of which were destined to final victory.

The beginning of the Spiritualistic movement forty years ago was due to a concerted action on the part of the so-called dead. It had been postponed until the world was ripe for it, until physical science, Mesmer, Swedenborg, had prepared the way for it; and in free America, where there was no established church and no king it made its glorious advent. It began among little children, not the children of the rich, where the phenomena would have been covered up, but with children of the poor,—having a lowly origin as have all great reformatory movements and all great truths.

The freedom proclaimed by Spiritualism led, in certain minds, to abuses and perversion of liberty, especially in social and sexual matters; but there had been and was no more sensualism in Spiritualism than in the churches. In the latter it was hidden; in the former it was sometimes attempted to be glossed over and made respectable. But respectable sensuality should always be denounced and opposed, and the moral standard kept at the highest.

Mrs. Watson's concluding remarks were in the nature of an enthusiastic and most vigorous appeal for noble practical work on the part of Spiritualists. Spiritualists should co-operate in furtherance of political, governmental, and all other humanitarian reforms. Now is the judgment day of Spiritualism. The results accruing from its past labors should be made manifest in the activities for good in practical operation among its adherents. The few charlatans and frauds in its ranks did not constitute the all of Spiritualism. In the matter of alleged mediums, each one should be thoroughly and scientifically tested by the Spiritualists as a body,—tested in such a manner as not to imply fraud either on the part of the medium or the spirits,—and the results of the testing, the true character of the phenomena, should be proclaimed to the world.

Mrs. E. Beresford-Joy charmed her auditors with two choice vocal selections, and Senor Arrillaga again presided at the organ.

Mrs. Watson will lecture to-morrow evening at 7:45 upon "Death and the Afterlife," and a special collection will then be taken up for the

benefit of the Jessie-street kindergarten. It is hoped that the friends of this school, and the whole congregation should be, will put their hands deep in their pockets and unite in giving a liberal and generous contribution toward the sustenance of the good work being done at this kindergarten.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

WASHINGTON HALL.

On Sunday last the Progressive Spiritualists held an unusually interesting meeting at the hall. The subject for discussion was, "Does Capital Punishment Diminish Crime?" It was ably argued pro and con by such speakers as Dr. Mead, Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Miller, Alfred Cridge, Mr. Martin, E. G. Anderson and a gentleman whose name we did not learn. It argues well for a free platform when such topics can be amicably and intelligently discussed at a time when there is so much strong feeling upon the subject as at present, when the public mind has been exercised over the hanging of young Goldenson, and vehement expressions are heard on both sides in private. The discussion of such live topics must result in good when properly conducted; and it is to the credit of the chairman to say that nothing of a vindictive or personal nature is permitted. The subject selected by the unanimous vote of the audience for consideration to-morrow afternoon was "What is the best method of preventing crime?" We trust there will be a full attendance.

SAN JOSE.

Our meetings upon the last two Sundays have been well attended, and the ministrations of our visitor, J. J. Morse, are fully bearing out our anticipations.

The evening lecture on Sunday last was upon "The Career of the Soul in the Spirit Realm," and was an able presentment of the progress of the soul in the higher life. We regret that Mr. Morse's labors are so soon to terminate, but the remembrance of them will long continue.

An interesting feature of Sunday's meetings was an extra service held in the hall, in consequence of the death and funeral of Mrs. E. E. Akers, the exercises being conducted by Mr. Morse. The invocation and address were most inspiring and comforting to all present. The remarks at the grave were also in conformity with the tenets of our philosophy.

E. B. C.

The CARRIER DOVE printing office is now supplied with a competent foreman and good printers and we are prepared to do all kinds of job work on short notice and at reasonable rates.

The Woman's News published at Indianapolis, Ind., is an eight page paper issued semi-monthly by the Woman's News Co. It contains much that is of interest and value to women and should have a large circulation. Price \$1 yearly.

Our Exchanges.

A Snake in the Grass.

Pacific Rural Press, San Francisco, Cal.

The *Christian Union* has perhaps as large a circulation as any paper of that class in the United States. It was founded by the late Henry Ward Beecher, and is now under the able editorial management of his successor in the Plymouth pulpit, the Rev. Lyman Abbott. The aura of sanctity that hovers around this class of papers may sometimes make a dangerous idea. The *Christian Union* recently came to our table with a well-written article expanding the proposition that "Railway companies are private and not public corporations," and the writer closes by frankly acknowledging:

"The object of this paper is chiefly to protest against the notion that the railroad is a child of the people, subject in all respects of the people's will, and to insist that it is just as much property as any other kind of investment."

The same elegantly dressed idea recently held a levee in the *Century and North American Review*. Why accomplished writers should seek to clothe this notion in charming diction is apparent enough, but it is one of those mischievous, treacherous notions that we feel inclined to hit with our shillalah every time it bobs up its head, whether it be in a religious paper, prayer-meeting or political convention.

It is a legal maxim that no man has a right to handle his property in such a way as to injure his neighbor. And this is most emphatically true when his property has been invested with special public privileges. More than 200 years ago Chief Justice Holt said: "When private property is affected with public interest, it ceases to be *juris privati* only." The same doctrine has been enunciated by the late Chief Justice Waite of the United States Supreme Court. The legal principle has long been settled, that whenever private property "becomes clothed with a public interest," it has passed beyond the sphere of individual profit and caprice, and becomes subject to public regulation, and every attempt to unsettle or nibble away this basic idea, however sly and mouse-like, should be promptly stamped out as the beginning of a dangerous fire.

Now, this is a matter that profoundly concerns the agriculturist. It touches the orchard and field at every point. Such articles as the one above alluded to slipping from time to time into the leading religious and literary journals of the day are especially suspicious. They are snakes in the grass, all creeping noiselessly towards the polls, the courts and halls of legislation. There is not a political party during the present campaign that dares to bruise this serpent's head. Corporate power in the shape of trust now hangs, like the huge black anacondas of the tropical forest, upon every leading industry and threatens to strangle the life of the people.

Remember Mrs. Shelly's story of Frankenstein. How a young student out of the dust of the graveyard and the remnants of the dissecting-table made a hideous monster and galvanized it into life. He could create it, but he could not kill it. He could not even curb its power. It rendered his life insupportable. It followed him wherever he went and rent the night with its fiendish yells and curses. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

There is nothing so sure to burn up and destroy one's usefulness as the consuming fire of envy, hatred and malice. When such flames rage in a human breast there is no room for love, justice and charity.

Political Intelligence.

Pacific Rural Press, San Francisco.

Boast as proudly as we may of our free schools, public libraries, and the general diffusion of knowledge, there is undoubtedly more danger to be apprehended from the ignorance or indifference to the working of our political system. Every recurring election intensifies this conviction. The party whips are sent out and masses of the people are ordered into line. They are marched to the polls by political captains who have fixed the slate in the interest of the machine. Thousands toss up their hats, set tar barrels ablaze, tear campaign odes to tatters, and tip their glasses in honor of some political champion whose arguments they have not the ability or inclination to unravel or detect the flimsy material of which it is made. How many we see who take their cue from dogmatic and dirt-flinging editorials, who wear the collar of a thieving ring or are the pensioned scribes of a towering monopoly or venal party hack. How many are caught by traditional names and glittering platitudes. They shout around the speaker's stand at jokes and anecdotes more stupid than those of a circus clown.

Now it should be the patriotic duty of every one who claims the right to vote to be able to tell wherein our form of government differs from all other forms. He should know something of its history, the fiery struggles it has passed through, and the mission it is destined to accomplish among the family of nations. Every one should know when a question is discussed in Congress, the Legislature, or on the rostrum, whether it tends to promote or thwart our idea of government. He should be able to know this without asking a subsidized paper or some strolling peddler of party nostrums, who has a special interest in puffing his wares, as the big, long-haired Indian on our streets has in selling his patent medicines.

There is no excuse for ignorance in such matters. There is no man of average ability so absorbingly occupied that he can acquire no practical knowledge of public affairs. A little economy of leisure moments will work wonders. No form of government so largely trusts the people, and the intelligence that is to preserve us as a free nation is a patriotic intelligence, fettered by no party, but is comprehensive of the good of the whole country.

Angels "over there" are beautiful, but angels here are useful. Let us look for such in our midst. There are many around us. We are none either so bad or so good as our foes or friends picture us. Let us be as good as we can.

Spiritualists are reformers. True, how far does the "reform" of the average Spiritualist go? Against "rum" and "Rome," and but little farther. How much of vigorous protest against wrongs in church, State, society or nation do we hear—but little. Our philosophy needs a little more fight.

Some friends with whom we were conversing stated that they attended John Slater's public seance last Sunday evening at Irving Hall, and related a remarkable test received by one of the party who was a total disbeliever in anything pertaining to Spiritualism. He went to the hall out of curiosity and went home a Spiritualist. This is but one of the many such instances that accrue from the positive demonstration of immortality given through this wonderful medium. He continues to draw large audiences at both afternoon and evening services. Would there were more like him.

Children's Department.

FOR DISCONTEMPTED BOYS.

A Night Spent in the Wide, Wide World.

How many boys picture themselves martyrs, and long for the freedom of the wide wide world, which freedom they have not had experience to know is only gained by more toil and trials than they ever knew at the homes they imagine are so harsh. For the benefit of any of our boy readers who may be afflicted with a desire to leave the paternal roof, we give the closing chapter of the following story about two boys who ran away from home, but were soon glad to return.

"But nothing had turned out the way we had expected. We did not catch any fish, and Art's jacket fell into the water and wet the matches, so we had no fire. Oh, yes, I have heard of rubbing two sticks together. We tried it, and since that night I don't believe in it. It was September, and cold enough when the wind came up. There were not many leaves on the ground, except last year's mouldy ones, and we did not want them; besides Art said that if we slept on a log we would not be so likely to meet snakes. We found a nice log, but it was not made for two abreast, so we went to bed Indian file, just within kicking distance of each other in case of danger. There had been catamounts in these woods not long ago.

"It was awfully dark, and the wind roared around like a crazy thing. The leaves on the trees were old and stiff, and they rattled and rustled like thieves telling secrets over our heads. Sometimes a dry branch broke with a snap like a pistol-shot; then Art and I would kick each other just for company. It was an easy log to roll off from. We tried it a few times, and then we would set up a while. There was plenty of room in the woods, but we were not wasteful of it. We sat pretty close together, and I was glad he was fat.

"Who's afraid?" he said, after a while. "You are not, are you, Tom? Because if you are, we can get out of this."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," I said. "It is queer my jaws rattle so. I am just a little shivery; it seems as if blue-and-yellow northern lights were streaking up and down my back and legs."

"That must be your blood curdling," said Arthur.

"What will that do to me?" I rattled out.

"Oh, I don't know. It is not a good thing to have happen. You ought to get out of this into the open air; it is too close in here. A fence corner near the road would be better for you."

"So we started. You could not see your face; but we kept close together, creeping on

all fours to feel our way through the underbrush. We were not very deep in the woods, but it took us a long time to reach the road. All of a sudden we saw afar off a light no bigger than a fly; then we saw a lot of them, and there we were right into the fence. It seemed kind of nice and human, that fence and the first rail I got hold of tighter than was necessary, but Art did not see me do it. Then we took the balcony seats on the fence and looked at the lights in the town, and we got to telling whose house each spark was.

"It is funny how each one of those little sparks would turn out if you were only near enough to it," said Arthur. "Because each one is some one's home, you know, with fires and lamps and carpets and sofas, and hot biscuits, and rocking-chairs, and cats and dogs, and folks and curtains, and gravy and beefsteak."

"Yes," said I, "and lessons and lickings, and mean folks and meaner teachers, and doing what you don't want to do; that is slavery!" I braced up pretty stiff as I said this, for the blue chills were not quite so active just then, and my jaws had left off rattling.

One by one the lights went out as we watched them. The kindly fence rail grew sharp and inhospitable, and we slid down and went for a culvert at the bottom of the hill! It was a nice little arch of brick-work under the road, about four feet high in the middle, and perfectly dry. We had noticed this place in the daytime, and gave it up because we wanted an open fire. But just now we were not so stiff about modern improvements. We found that culvert cozy enough, and we smuggled up close to one another and went to sleep.

"The next thing I knew something cold and clammy was gliding down my back and squirming over my hand, and glinting off my nose and chin. I thought it was a big snake and a lot of little snakes. The idea acted like dynamite on me, except, of course, I held together and did not fly to pieces. But I just banged myself against the top of that culvert, and bounded back on the bottom, and flanked on against the side, kicking and yelling. Arthur was roaring like a calf because I had bounced on him and braced my feet into him. The side of a culvert is no place to hang on to unless you have a place for your feet. So I let go my hold as soon as Art jerked my feet out of his stomach. I came down with a splash, and something spouted up suddenly as if a blood vessel had burst.

"Ugh!" I yelled, it is wet! It is blood! I'm hurt! You've killed me!"

"Just then a great roaring and banging and tumbling shook the place. It was just as if the earth was caving in upon us, and I knew that I was not only killed but buried alive."

"After this there came an awful blue light, and it flared and quivered through the vault a minute and took our pictures. Boys who want to run away from home, or who have a hankering after the wide, wide world, ought to have seen us then!"

"It was not snakes, however, nor blood; nothing but a thunder shower, and the water coming in as easy as running down hill. It was coming pretty fast, so we got out. The rain was pouring down by bucketsful. The thunder and lightning was clapping and snapping back and forth. We didn't go under a tree, because neither of us wanted to get struck, and there weren't any barns or sheds around. So we crawled under a log that had the stump end tilted up a little, and we lay flat on the ground. After awhile the rain stopped and day broke.

"We had sixteen cents left, and we tossed up to see whether we had better get crackers or pretzels; so we got five cents' worth of crackers and five cents' worth of dried beef, a cent's worth of matches, and two cents' worth of fishing tackle. We loafed about pretty near that place all day. Neither of us spoke of running any farther away. The sun came out hot and shiny, and dried everything off very comfortable. We had no luck fishing, and we went to fixing up a place to sleep in. We put some fence rails in the culvert and lashed them together with wild grape vines, making a sort of raft that would lie on the bottom of the culvert in dry weather, and rise to the occasion when the water came in. We were busy at this when we heard a horse on the road over our heads. I peeped out and saw a well-known policeman from the town.

"It is Big Sandy," I whispered back in the vault. "He is riding one of grandpa's horses. He is after us. Lie low!"

"The horseman stopped right over our heads and looked about, his nose up in the air, after the manner of policemen when they are looking for some one on the ground. He was looking up into the tree tops and clouds, as if Art and I would be hanging out like an oriole's nest from some of those twigs, or sitting up in the clouds a-stride of a sunbeam. And there I was, not six feet off, with my weather-eye on a level with his horse's shoe, and noticing how thin it was worn, and wondering if grandpa had observed it.

"Then he opened his mouth and hallooed, 'Tom! Tom! TOM RUTHERFORD!'"

"The gully echoed it grandly. The officer listened a minute, then he muttered: 'I guess that will bring out the little rat if he is anywhere on this road.'

Then I threw a sharp stone and hit our Billy pretty near the saddle girth. I knew the points of that horse, and I touched a tender spot. He kicked right up, about six feet, and sent Big Sandy over his head sprawling on all fours. Billy just stood there all quivering and trembling, with a look in his eyes like melted fire, as if he was holding himself

in, and that was not the beginning of what he could do. Sandy did not whip him—he had better not. He just cooled him down a little, and then he got on and rode back to town.

"After he was gone we sized ourselves up pretty large, and said that all the policemen in the State of Nebraska should never take us alive. Then we went over to the bluff to see if we could not see some people who were looking for us. The bluff was a good deal nearer home, but that did not keep us from going there. We skulked about in the brush-wood or got up into the trees. Once we heard somebody calling, and after awhile we saw our minister on horseback, and the sexton with him on an old nag. They were picking their way along at the foot of the bluff just beneath us. We could hear them talk.

"There was young fools enough left in the town after them two had gone," said the sexton in his raspy voice. "There's no sense in everybody setting out to whoop 'em in again."

"Then what did you come out for, Esek?" said the minister.

"Well, it is on account of Mis' Rutherford. She's been mighty good to me. She was up all night, they say, and there was a look in her eyes this morning that made me feel as if I wanted to get hold of that Tom and break his bones for scaring her so."

"It isn't possible they are drowned, is it?" asked the minister.

"Light tops like them! No such luck! They would not drown, and they aren't worth the earth it would take to bury them in, either."

"That was all we heard. We did not think ourselves quite so large after that; but we planned a trick or two to play off on old Esek if we should ever go back home.

"The dark dropped down upon us pretty soon. It was time to start for the culvert. When we reached the road, instead of walking toward the culvert, we walked right the other way—a bee-line for town. Neither of us spoke a word for a long time. Then Arthur said:

"Tom, you don't feel colicky or anything after those wild grapes you ate, do you?"

"No; hollow as a stove-pipe," said I.

"Because if you're going to have a spell of cramps I don't want the responsibility of taking care of you," he said cautiously.

"Oh, never mind me. I'm all right," I answered.

"We walked on faster than ever. The stars came out and blinked at us. The houses began to thicken along the roadside. Now and then a dog we knew ran out and barked at us in a friendly way.

"Tom, said Art at last, 'let's keep right on up the street, and—and'—his voice broke and trembled here—and—perhaps we'll see our mothers out looking for us.'

"Well, let's," said I, for I was thinking I had rather see the look in mother's face when she forgave me than all the out-door scenery in the world.

"And shall I ever forget the way she put her arms around me and hugged me? and then fell in a dead faint. My mother is a woman of splendid nerve, too; there's no fainting turns about her. I didn't feel like a mean sneak? Oh no! I was sick all night—regular green grape cramps. But I slept in a bed, and next morning I came to the conclusion that the wide, wide world isn't anything like so good as it's cracked up to be."

Poetry.

For the CARRIER DOVE.

The Dead Servant Girl.

BY MRS. LOUISA F. SUDDICK.

I've been going through the housework in a strange, abstracted way,
And I'm wond'ring why a glamor rests on everything to-day,
Though the sweet sinensis blossoms, clustered round the porch and door,
And the brilliant-hued carnations look e'en lovelier than before,
And the autumn sky so radiant, and the sunshine, bright and fair,
And the sporting of the lambkins out upon the green-sward there,
Are enough to make one buoyant; but I do not feel that way,
Though I cannot say that trouble weighs my spirits down to-day.
There's no trouble that I know of—life has all been fair and sweet;
Fortune fills my lap with treasures, makes smooth places for my feet—
Only just a vague, half-sadness, a weird gloom, a subtle spell,
That I can't remove nor lessen, though I know the cause full well.
But I'd like to know if Alice feels the same—and do they all?
I've not heard her merry laughter ringing once along the hall;
And I fold my hands and falter, scarcely knowing what to do,
For I'm not much used to housework, and it all seems strange and new,
How we'll get a decent dinner, and find time to dress by three,
(We're expecting friends from Boston) is a puzzling thought to me,
But I'll try to do my duty just as well as I know how.
I do wish those Boston people wouldn't come! at least not now.
Mamma's busy in the pantry, Alice sweeping kitchen floor,
And I never saw our Alice dressed so carelessly before.
Sweeping cap and great cook-apron, sooty collar, dingy dress,
Uncombed tresses, shoes half-buttoned, had no time for that, I guess.
But I dressed myself up nicely, and put on my chain and rings.
When I drove to town this morning early, just to get some things.
For—well, not for me nor Alice, and to see if Mr. Hook would insert an advertisement in his paper for a cook.
It does seem the whole appointment of our household work to-day,
All along has been conducted in a queer, half-comic way.
Alice washed the breakfast dishes, papa mopped the dining-floor,
Then helped Teddy with the milking—he had never milked before,
And Red Rose and Bess shied at him, and Brown Berry shook her head.
Bridget always did the milking and they were afraid of Ted.
But was not that mamma calling, calling me, and Alice, too?
Yes, she wants us both to help her with the dinner, and we do;
And we move about our duties in a dull mechanic way,
Alice keeping strangely silent, though she's usually so gay;
Yet I see no cause for sadness, sister Alice thinks so, too.
She was only Irish servant, ignorant, though good and true.
Mamma walks and speaks so softly—she is always grave and kind—

But the cooking and the housework, how they press upon my mind!
And those guests! how will we treat them, I reflect, and think and muse.
Everything suggests lost Bridget, from those cast-off brogan shoes,
And that great, red-checked sun-bonnet, to the open door that leads
Through her bed-room sanctuary, where she used "tell her beads,"
And her prayer-book lying open; (I am sure 'twas upside down,
When she last performed her vespers;) and that coarse blue gingham gown.
But here's papa come to help us, and he dons his playful air,
Starts some feeble jest with Alice, rallies her about her hair,
Then relapses into silence, and we sometimes look askance,
Towards that darkened upper chamber, comprehending with a glance,
All the mystery and silence, all the sacredness and gloom
Clustered round the lonely inmate of that solitary room;
And I've wondered all the morning, and the thought is strange, I own,
How the flesh can be so potent when the sense and soul are flown.
Is the human soul so glorious that at exit, when it flies,
The reflection from the jewel all the casket glorifies?
Ah! I know not. But I'm certain of all sacred things that are,
Naught ere seemed to me more sacred than our Bridget lying there,
With that deep, eternal silence, stamped on lip and cheek and brow,
Keeping close the wondrous secret where the spirit went and how.
'Twas so sudden—her departure; "Just an awful chill," she cried.
But the chill stayed on from seven to eleven, when she died.
Though we all were strangely startled, yet I think no tears were shed,
As we stood, subdued and silent, in the presence of our dead.
Mamma clasped both me and Alice, yes she cried a little, too,
When she said, "Thank God, my children, that it was not one of you.
But the soul of our poor Bridget is as precious in His sight
As the greatest." Then they dressed her in fresh linen, clean and white,
And to-day we gathered lilies,—fragrant lilies, fresh and fair,
Laid them gently on her bosom; then we left her, lying there.
Well, we all shall be ex-servants sometime; but when'er we doff
These poor liveries, when, like Bridget, each shall put her harness off,
Will our great, our heavenly Master, say,—I'd joy to think he would,—
Like pa said to-day of Bridget, that "*She hath done what she could.*"

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

The Public Seance.

EMMA TRAIN.

Ope' the door, there's angels knocking;
Loved ones known to you and me,
Where the waves are gently rocking
They have crossed the crystal sea.
Noiselessly their feet are falling
Where in days ago they've been.
Hark! there's voices softly calling,
Ope' the door and let them in.
Ope' the door; this holy meeting
Is a glimpse of life above;
Listen to their words of greeting
And their messages of love.

There's a father and a brother
That we mourned for long and missed;
There's a sister and a mother
Whose clay lips in woe we kissed.

Ope' the door and bid them enter—
All the ones beloved of yore.
Let us, in this holy center,
Recognize our own once more.
You may tell of heights of glory
And the ways men ought to live,
We had rather hear the story
That our angel friends can give.

Ope the door; the voices near us,
Tones our souls have ne'er forgot—
Have a power to aid and cheer us
That the loftiest thoughts have not,
Never mind the heights of beauty
Or the spiral ways untrod,
'Tis our loves that teach us duty,
Leading us more near to God.

Tell us not there's something higher
In the great soul-world above,
Naught can touch life's broken lyre
Like the tones of those we love.
Then throw wide the holy portal,
You who hold the sacred key;
Let our own from realms immortal
Prove their life's eternity.

Then and Now.

BY WALTER C. LYMAN.

I. THEN.

A weary soul for years he wandered lone,
With no congenial soul to love or bless;
A striving round of strong but aimless years,
Without the sympathizing one to know
Or feel his inner griefs or whisper words
With soul power charged to soothe and elevate.
A being seemed he of another world,
By chance astray on this, which seemed a dream,
And yet too real: a sad-eyed stranger from
A more harmonious, lovelier realm,
Which this seemed apeing unsuccessfully.
For sympathy he prayed, and interchange
Of souls congenial: but, alas! in vain,
Sweet eyes into whose depths he gazed intent
Returned his gaze, but spoke not to his soul,
The inner self, a hidden mystery.
They did not see or could not understand,
Had it not been for Mother Nature's birds,
And flowers, her purling streams and storms and calms
To comfort and ennoble him at times,
His life had withered like un nourished flowers,
Or been a wilder reckless thing than 'twas.

II. NOW.

'Tis strange how, sudden as a thought of love,
His whole soul changed to harmony one day—
An April day, with cloud-flecked skies, and filled
With songs of birds and odors wafted from
The sweet hearts of Spring's delicate first flowers.
An angel tuned his thoughts to bliss that day
And with him wandered through fresh green woods,
And whispered fancies strange and sweet from heaven
The while he gazed through leafy rifts at clouds
White, woolly, fragile playthings of the winds,
The angel told him 'twas a chosen day
For loving spirits to revisit earth,
And gaze upon old scenes so dear, because
They held in miniature on rock and tree,
And hills and streams, on seas and homes and towns
The scattered fragments of their earthly lives.
He felt as twilight purpled o'er the sky,
And kissed good-bye his sweet invisible,
That earth had something good in store for him.