

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V.

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NUMBER 8.

California Scenery.

Mammoth Trees, Timber, Etc.

(Continued.)

No. 7.

The sugar pine (*pinus lambertiana*) is a magnificent tree in size, and one of the most graceful of the evergreens. It grows about 300 feet high, and twelve feet in diameter at the base.



SOUTH OR HALF DOME.
(Yosemite Scenes.)

The wood is free-splitting and valuable for timber. It is found in the Sierra Nevada. Instead of emitting the resinous substances of the ordinary pine, it furnishes a saccharine sap, which by evaporation becomes granulated and crystallized, and has very much the appearance and taste of common sugar.

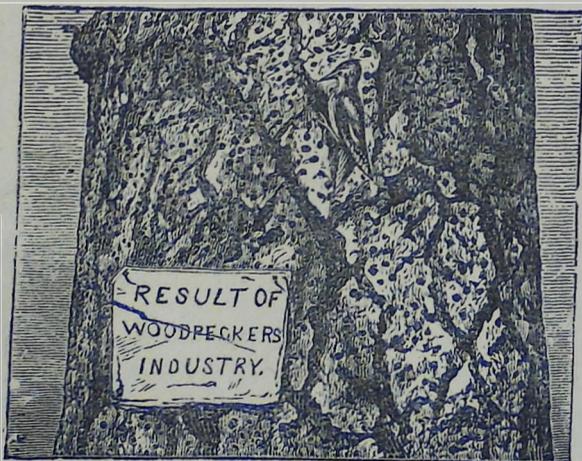
The Douglas spruce (*pinus Douglasii*),

the yellow pine (*P. brachyptera*), and the white cedar (*libocedrus decureus*) are all large trees, growing more than 200 feet high and six or eight feet through at the butt. The nut pine (*P. edulis*), the cones



CACHES, OR INDIAN ACORN STOREHOUSES.

of which contain edible seeds about the size of the kernel of a plum stone, grows on the Coast mountains and at the base of the Sierra Nevada, and is of little value. The California white oak is a large, low-branching, wide-spreading tree, with a crooked trunk, and is of no value except for fire-



willow, sycamore, bay tree, cottonwood, horse chestnut, live oak, spruce, fir, cedar, and various other trees of commercial value. The almond grows wild in the Coast moun-

wood. Among the other trees and shrubs are the evergreen oak, madrona, manzanita, tains in Santa Clara county. A wild coffee tree bearing a berry very much resembling the real coffee, grows in Calaveras county.

Many species of California trees and shrubs, which bear a strong resemblance to species found in the Atlantic States and Europe, are not the same, and many of the trees of other parts of the continent do not grow here. The botany of the State generally presents peculiar characteristics, offering a highly interesting field for scientific investigation.

WILD ANIMALS, BIRDS AND FISHES.

Of the native quadrupeds of California, the grizzly bear is the largest and most formidable. It grows to be four feet high, and seven feet long, weighing 2,000 pounds when very large and fat. Other quadrupeds are the black bear, cougar, wolf, wolverine, wildcat, coyote (an animal between a fox and a wolf), moose, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, deer, lynx, fox, badger, raccoon, marmot, hare, rabbit, squirrel, etc. Of fur bearing animals the sea and land otter, seal, beaver and musk-rat are found. Of birds, the most remarkable is the California vulture (*cathartes Californianus*), the largest rapacious bird of North America, and next to the condor the largest flying bird in the world. Its total length is about four feet, and its width from tip to tip of the outstretched wings ten feet or more. Other birds are the golden and bald eagle, turkey buzzard, hawks of various kinds, gerfalcon, owl, raven, shrike, robin, thrush, lark, magpie, jay, woodpecker, humming bird, swallow, grouse, curlew, goose, duck, penguin, pelican, albatross, and various other game and sea birds.

Of fishes there are sturgeon, bass, mackerel, codfish, crawfish, black fish, halibut, sharks, trout, salmon trout, smelts, sardines, salmon, clams, oysters, lobsters, crabs.

The remedy of to-morrow may be too late for the evil of to-day.

Gold is either the fortune or the ruin of mankind, according to its use.

When we walk toward the Sun of Truth, all shadows are cast behind us.—*Longfellow.*

Literary Dept.

CROOKED PATHS; OR, THE WAGES OF SIN.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER
AUTHOR OF "AFTER MANY DAYS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CLUE AND THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Several weeks elapsed before any word from Kate Wells was received by her anxious friends; but when the letter did arrive it more than repaid them for the days of waiting they had passed. It told them of her safe arrival in Baltimore; of the kind reception she had received from her lonely maiden aunt, and of the content and quiet peace she was finding in her new home. "Aunt Catharine is not rich," it ran, "but she has a little home of her own that I can share. The money Monsieur Henri so generously gave me will enable me to pay off a little debt that worries her, and then we shall feel independent. Aunt has many friends here, and through them I shall be able to find employment for hands and brain. I am skillful with the use of my needle, and can perform wonders with it in the way of embroidery and the decoration of fine linen, now that I am free from the terrible trammels of my past life. I design my own patterns, therefore, they are unlike the stereotyped ones of the shops. Already I am in receipt of orders for work from several ladies, who admire my designs. Aunt asks me no questions concerning my former life; she has been so lonely and so delicate in health that she is glad of my companionship. I am doing nicely, and I can *never, never* forget the kindness and the nobility of those dear friends who have made this new life possible to me, nor shall I ever cease to pray for their blessing, for at *last* I can pray."

The letter was addressed to Grace Wayne, but the recipient knew it was intended also for the laundress and for Monsieur Henri, and the trio read and rejoiced over its contents together. Meanwhile, Bart Ventor, the defeated gambler, left no stone unturned to find the hiding place of his former mistress. As far as his heart was capable of loving anyone, he had cared for Kate, and although he had at times abused her, yet he had no thought that she would ever attempt to escape his powers. On the evening of her flight, he had come to her in a savage mood, taunting her with her coolness toward him, and jealously accusing her of caring more for someone else than for him. Stung by his reproaches the fiery soul of the woman leaped up in flaming re-tort, and the quarrel upon which Monsieur

Henri burst, ensued. In the intruder Ventor recognized the man who a few months previously had beaten him ignominiously at play. Instantly he suspected this to be a new lover of Kate's, and after her flight, he determined to seek out her hiding place, and to revenge himself upon the man who had robbed him of his prey.

Accordingly he set two of his low associates to shadow the movements of Mons. Henri, but although they discovered his place of business, tracked him to his home, and even followed him to the little cottage where Madame Lacoste and her young charge lived, yet they could gain no information of any kind of the whereabouts of the missing woman. Weeks glided into months, and the baffled Ventor had just decided to make an onslaught on Henri and compel him to disclose the hiding place of Kate, when news came to him that the object of his hate had left the city for parts unknown.

This was true. Monsieur Henri had now succeeded in amassing a tidy little sum,—for his salary had been a large one—and desirous of prosecuting the search for his lost wife and child, he determined to give up his position and to travel Northward. Upon his giving notice of leave to his employers, those gentlemen endeavored to persuade him to remain, holding out the inducement of an increase in salary if he would do so, but the man was firm in his decision to leave the city and could not accept the offer so generously made.

Of the friends he had made in New Orleans none were so loth to part with him,—nor was he so unwilling to part with any—as the humble hearts of those he had befriended, Madame Lacoste, the industrious penitent, Gracie Wayne, Ben Johnson, the now reclaimed man, and Frank Harmon, the youth who had been snatched from the road to ruin. But in leaving these friends it was with the knowledge that they were now lifted above the danger of temptation or want, and with the promise that he would sometime see them all again.

Journeying toward the North, Mons. Henri did not pause in his travels until he reached Buffalo, and then feeling the need of rest he determined to pause here and arrange his plans which were as yet undefined. He had thought of going to Burton to see if he could not find some clew of the direction taken by his wife when she left the town, although he had very little hope of doing so.

At Buffalo he found the hotels crowded; there was a great deal of travel that season, and landlords were doing a thriving business. Disturbed by the bustle and throng at the larger houses, our traveler inquired for a private hotel and was directed to a handsome house in a quiet street. Here he was assigned a comfortable room, and pleased with his accommodations he decided

to stay at least a few days in his new quarters.

On the second day of his arrival Monsieur Henri thought he would arrange his collars and other articles of linen in one of the drawers in the dressing case of his room, as they would be more convenient for him than if remaining in his valise.

Accordingly, he opened the drawer to find it a capacious one, neatly lined with newspaper. As he placed a bunch of collars in the receptacle an advertisement in the paper met his eye. It was set in large clear type and read as follows:

"Information wanted of the relatives and friends of Mrs. Alice Blake, widow, about thirty-five. Mrs. Blake has a daughter, May, a child of about ten years."

Then followed a description of the child, and the notice closed with the request that any information possessed by such parties be forwarded to George Blunt, Mossbank, Dalton, Mass.

As he read, beads of cold perspiration started out on the brow of the man; something in the lines appealed to him intuitively; he felt that they referred to his wife and child. Alice Blake was the name of the maiden he had wooed and wed, and his child had always been called May. Eagerly he snatched the paper from the drawer to read its date. It was an old one of many years past, and he groaned as it slipped from his hands to the floor.

But here was a clue at last, and the man hastily returned his linen to the valise in which he had taken it. It was not long before he had given up his room, paid his bill, and started on his journey to Massachusetts.

Arriving at Dalton, the stranger inquired for Mossbank and George Blunt, to be directed to that suburban residence of old acquaintances. But the beating heart of the man was doomed to a bitter disappointment. At Mossbank he learned that its proprietor had been absent in Germany for a number of years. That it was uncertain how long he would be absent, he doubtless a year or two longer, as he was giving his ward, Miss May, the benefits of classical musical education in that country. From the lips of the motherly old housekeeper, he learned the story of the adoption of May Blake, after the death of her mother.

"A beautiful, young creature, with sad eyes, and a sweet voice, and who was the best music teacher for miles around."

The man thanked his informant courteously for her information, then sought the cottage where he had been told the music teacher had lived. The soft summer breeze played around the vine-clad walls, lifting the tender leaves and stealing the perfume from the swinging blossoms. He had done when Alice Blake had made

her home. But other faces lingered here now; two little children played in the garden and looked up wonderingly at the strange, dark-looking man, who paused to lean over the low gate and gazed, oh, so sadly, upon the leafy walls.

With a heavy, heavy heart the stranger continued on his way, back to the thriving town and from thence on to Boston to take the night train for New York. All hope, all anticipation, all contemplated happiness in life had died out of his soul at the news he had gained. The old advertisement had not mentioned that Alice Blake was dead, and he had never thought but that she still lived somewhere with her child. Now, only a cold, leaden weight filled his breast; all warmth, all life had faded; he was stunned, bewildered, despairing. Nothing more of any consequence could happen to him. The worst had fallen, and he wondered in a dull way if anything could rouse him into interest again.

He did not sleep that night, but toward morning fell into a stupor. His brain seemed to be on fire; his breath came quickly and in gasps. Red-hot coals seemed burning into his heart, while cold streams of icy water seemed pouring over his spine, he could not rest and he clutched his hair in agony. Then the stupor came, from which he did not arouse when the great boat reached its pier in the North river. The stewardess, passing on her rounds to tidy up the state-rooms, could not gain entrance into 182, and notified the boat's clerk of the fact. An investigation was made and the state-room broken into. Then the unconscious man was discovered. He was removed to the hospital, and pronounced dangerously ill of brain fever by the physician in attendance. The baggage and the pockets of the unfortunate man revealed no clue to his identity. A sum of money was found on his person, and a number of neat white cards bearing the name of "John Henri,"—that was all.

Notices of the finding of the mysterious stranger on the boat, of his removal to the hospital, and bearing a description of his personal appearance were printed in the papers, but they met the eye of no one who could identify him, and so he remained unknown to the authorities who held him in their care.

As the disease developed itself it was discovered to be something even worse than brain fever. The patient was seized with congestive chills, followed by burning spells in which the limbs seemed to scorch as beneath the blast of a simoon. The highest medical skill of the institution was taxed to cope with the ravages of the malady which was pronounced to be spinal meningitis. But at length the most dangerous symptoms subsided. The terrible pain of brain and spine decreased and the patient slowly regained consciousness. He was months in

traveling back to a condition in which he could use his limbs and collect his mental faculties. During all this time he could not remember anything of his former life. Memory seemed to have deserted him. He knew that he had been to great distances, that life hung heavy upon him; that faces and voices mingled confusedly in his mind, but beyond this he could not tell anything of his experience or account in any way for his past. His educational abilities had not deserted him. His mental faculties were alive; he could converse in the purest of English, French and German, he answered to the name "Monsieur Henri" when so addressed by his attendants, but he could not for his life tell where he came from or what was his object in life.

When his discharge from the hospital came he was still as far from a solution of the problem that vexed his mind as before. After paying the expenses of his illness, he still had a little balance of money. With this he secured lodgings in a pleasant quarter of the great city, and opened his rooms to classes in the languages.

The elegant deportment, courteous mien, and evident ability of the gentleman soon secured for him a number of pupils in French and German among the first families of the metropolis, and he was before long in a position to command high prices for the tuition he gave.

His duties gave him entrance into many luxurious homes, and his easy address and delightful manners made a favorable impression upon the fashionable mammas and elder sisters of the pupils under his charge.

The winter that saw Mons. Henri established in his new business, was the scene of many strange robberies. One after another of the handsomest residences of the city had been mysteriously entered, and articles of value, such as jewels, silverware, rare and costly laces, as well as sums of money had been taken by the unknown thieves.

These burglaries had created a sensation throughout Gotham, which was increased one morning when the discovery was made that a valuable diamond pin of quaint design and of almost fabulous worth, valued chiefly as an old heirloom by the Van Werts, had been stolen from the jewel case of Madam Van Wert. A full description of the brooch, with the offer of a heavy reward for its recovery, or the detection of the thief was printed in the papers, but the missing jewel had not as yet been recovered.

As Mons. Henri wended his way homeward after one of his busiest days, he brushed against a man, thick set, dark and unprepossessing in appearance.

With his usual courtesy and grace the French teacher apologized for his movement, but the man made no answer, and he passed on. Had he chanced to look back he would have discovered that the heavy

man had stopped short and was staring after him, and that in a moment the stranger followed in his footsteps. Could he have heard the muttered words interlarded with curses spoken under the breath of this stranger, they would have sounded like these in his ears:

"Curse him! I have tracked him at last. Nearly a year I have watched for him; but I'll have him now. He shall tell me where he has hidden Kate."

Arrived at his apartments, the teacher of languages entered, while his follower paused to note the locality and to scan the neat glass sign in the window bearing the words, "Monsieur Henri, teacher of languages."

"Yes! at last!" he muttered, turning away, "My revenge is near!"

For weeks subsequently the movements of the teacher were shadowed but he knew it not. Still his pursuer could find no track of the missing woman. Evidently she was not in the city. He was puzzled and determined to gain access to the rooms of Monsieur Henri, and make search for any scrap of paper or information that would tell him of the fate of Kate Wells. It was not difficult for him to do this. Monsieur Henri had many callers, and it was customary for the landlady to admit them to his rooms if he was soon expected in, to await his coming. Once alone in the private parlor of his hated foe, which apartment opened out of the pleasant sleeping room, Bart Ventor—for such the intruder was—stealthily approached the door of the inner room and entered. Hastily he opened box and drawer but found nothing to reward his search. No letter, nor scrap of any, was there, and baffled, angry, and perplexed, he paused. "He shall not escape me so," he muttered fiercely. "I could kill him, but I won't do it. He must bring her back to me first. But I'll ruin him! I've been puzzled to know what to do with this thing. I daren't keep it, nor dispose of it. I'll leave it here! A good place for it."

And opening a little box, evidently containing unsigned bills of tuition, that he found in the upper drawer of the *chiffonier*, he lifted out its contents, and wrapping an elegant diamond brooch of quaint devise and heavy old-fashioned setting in a bit of oiled silk, both taken from an inner pocket of his vest, he dropped it into the box, replaced the papers, closed the cover, then the drawer, and sauntered from the house.

(To be continued.)

"See here," said a fault-finding husband, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where everything is kept."

"With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife, "and let us begin with your late hours, my boy. I should like very much to know where they are kept."

Original Contributions.

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

The Christ-Idea or Principle.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

The above is one of the headlines in an elaborate article in the holiday number of the CARRIER DOVE, by William Emmette Coleman, on "Christmas and the Christ."

Like nearly everything from Mr. Coleman, the article is well-written, and that portion touching the historical identity of Jesus is especially good. But the way in which our San Francisco philosopher disposes of the mistaken claims of the infatuated Nazarene entitles him to a high place among the humorists of the day.

The following is worthy of Bill Nye:

"Jesus never was king of the Jews in any sense, temporal or spiritual; he never redeemed Israel as the disciples hoped; he never sat on the throne of David; he never reigned over the house of Jacob. Jesus promised his twelve disciples (including Judas) that they should sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, another purely Jewish conception (Matt. xix. 28); but his promise was never fulfilled, and never will be. Jesus no doubt was honest in asserting himself to be the Messiah, the King of the Jews, but he was sadly mistaken; and an untimely death ended his ambitious hopes, as in other cases of honest, misguided enthusiasts.

"No one, then, is really and truly a Christian who does not believe that Jesus was the King of the Jews, the destined Messiah of the Holy Nation."

This is very much like saying:

"Jesus, sit down quietly in your small rocking chair, and be a good, little fellow while I—William Emmette Coleman—tell you a few things concerning your misconceptions and mistakes never before dreamed of either by yourself or your several hundred millions of deluded but honest followers during the past nineteen hundred years.

"I must be plain with you, my misguided little friend, for the world, which has so long been crowning you 'Lord of all,' has only been giving you taffy, while I—William Emmette Coleman—propose to give you the unvarnished truth, and convince this huge and shambling human race—at least the blind, insignificant so-called Christian portion of it—that it has been feeling its way through the centuries under the damp folds of a spiritual fog bank that will quickly cave in and dissolve the moment I touch it with the point of my steel pen or faber pencil."

The fact is, Jesus if we depend upon the only record we have of him was never known

to proclaim himself King of the Jews in any temporal sense whatever. On the other hand he emphasized the truth that his kingdom was "not of this world;" in other words that he was the head of a new era, whose distinguishing characteristic was to be a higher and more exalted *spiritual consciousness* through which the race was to be redeemed, or brought into an intimate and *saving* relation with the "Father," or the universal spirit of truth.

Stripped of all unessentials in the way of dogma and sectarian and intellectual differences, Christianity means this, and nothing less and nothing more. He did claim to have power to "lay down his life [his body] and take it up again," and he proved his claim so conclusively through his "materializations" and repeated appearance after crucifixion, that his friends were convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that death had no power over mind and spirit, and were ready and willing afterwards to submit to torture and death in vindication of their faith.

Intelligent Spiritualists who profess to believe that the life lines of even humble characters are ordered and directed by invisible councils and intelligences, that extraordinary ends, including vast influences in the evolution and development of human nature in the aggregate, are not the result of accident staggering through chaos, but are the subjects of intelligent *designs* on the part of higher invisible orders who see the end from the beginning, and who know best what is for our highest good, (and I claim to belong to this class of Spiritualists) only stultify their common sense and their common and acknowledged *belief*, when they class with common characters and common "mediums" a person who for nearly two thousand years has filled the world's eye, mind, and heart in a manner peculiar to himself, and to an extent which absolutely beggars all others in the way of temporal or spiritual fame and glory.

I do not speak of Jesus now in the light of any of the various dogmas and *opinions* concerning him—for all these are but fleeting, though natural and perhaps necessary, incidents—but as a great over-hanging, over-shining, permeating and ever-growing *fact*, as indisputable, and as distinguishable from all other facts in the era that is named for him, as the light of the sun is when compared to that of the stars.

What does Mr. Coleman propose to do about it? Simply to say that Jesus and his great Christian constituency have been "sadly mistaken"—in short, that all the mighty influences in the way of art, song, literature, and spiritual awakening, directly inspired by his name are merely delusions on the part of unnumbered millions who have been fooled into following and worshipping a "sadly mistaken" little Jew whose

"untimely death ended his ambitious hopes, as in other cases of honest, misguided enthusiasts."

What a pity it is that Mr. William Emmette Coleman could not have lived in Jerusalem at the time, and written a book on the "Mistakes of Jesus," and saved the world all their Christian nonsense.

The trouble with such men as Mr. Coleman is that they are intellectual, but *non-instructive* men whose minds have never reached out beyond the orbits of conflicting dogmas that have been temporarily associated with the history of Jesus.

In spite of all these dogmas, and the wars, abuses and persecutions growing out of them, the great human heart, led, blindly at times, by the spiritual instinct, which, in the main, always points upward, has never lost its faith in the "Son of Man."

Mr. Coleman's definition of the term "Christian" is the inevitable outcome of his exceedingly narrow and materialistic conceptions of the character and mission of Christ, whose earthly experience was only the fountain-head of a river of spiritual *aspiration* which has since irrigated and enriched the plains and valleys of human endeavor as no other stream has ever done.

To attempt to cramp such a character as that of Jesus, and such a vast and ever outwardly varying force as Christianity, with rigid and narrow local definitions is tenfold more difficult than trying to force back the entire volume of our present expanded language into the first vocal mumbblings of the race.

The spirit and mind of humanity in their evolution pay no heed to arbitrary rules and restrictions.

"Things are not what they seem."

A tree bears little outward likeness to the seed from whence it sprung. Yet as surely as the tree lives and thrives it sooner or later reproduces its seed many fold.

And thus will it be some time with the seed that first took root in Palestine.

Spiritualism, which, in its broad, unfettered and illumined sense includes all valuable forces, has no reason to belittle Christ and his "divinity," but on the other hand every reason to thank and bless them for preparing the way for the advent of a warmer and broader sweep of the same vast and resistless current of inspiration which is now moving on, independent of creeds and church boundary lines, and proclaiming all humanity and every new human birth divine. Let us not decrease while the organized church is increasing in liberality.

The Christ-Idea or Principle can be summed up in two words: Spiritual Illumination.

It is that *transparency* which allows the soul from within to behold and accept and assimilate the Truth from without,—which permits the "Son" to look into the face of the "Father." This is why it is greater

than intellectual comprehension, or ingenuity, or moral law, or mere spirit "control," which may or may not be accompanied by it.

It is this idea, rather than the "cross" and the "blood"—so vaguely discussed among orthodox Christians—which, "towering o'er the wrecks of time," remains steadfast and undisturbed in the midst of revolutions and contending creeds and jarring opinions. It is the mountain peak forever bathed in sunlight, and forever overlooking the world and its storms and petty ambitions.

It includes and glorifies all that is best and fittest, for it is Love in its most exalted sense.

This definition of the Christ-Idea, or Principle, is one around which all earnest and thoughtful spiritually awakened minds, without regard to previous conditions of creed or opinion, are gradually but surely and instinctively being centered and harmonized. And Christianity owes its marvelous vitality—which is so apparent in spite of its ever varying forms and methods—to the simple fact that to Jesus, more than to any other one teacher, humanity owes its present degree of Spiritual illumination and force. If his peer in this direction has ever existed let those who are best informed in the matter bring him forth, and prove his claims by the depth, breadth and power of his influence, or hold their peace. The world moves forward. Spiritualists and Liberals should by all means avoid the tendency to encourage and take on new and narrow dogmatic crystallizations and incrustations at this age when old ones are so rapidly dissolving and disappearing and giving way to the spirit of Universal Brotherhood.

St. Anthony Park, Minn., Feb., 1888.

A Story Beginning at Marriage.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER II.

"Hear the mellow wedding-bells—golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night, how they ring out
their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
All in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!"

It was decided that the marriage should take place in early April, and that the happy pair should commence life on the old homestead. Thus, with the apple blossoms drifting over them from the boughs of the ancestral orchard we find them, in the fresh, new spring day, of their new life.

"Your father came here when this country was a wilderness?" said Mary, "and you were born here?"

"Yes, and a life's work has it been to remove that wilderness. When he came a few

Indians loitered, but they soon disappeared with the bear, wolf, and deer. I remember well the log house with its porch, on which my mother trained morning glories and the strange effect of cutting down the wide reaches of trees. With the breaking of the soil came malaria, and my sister, then the only child, was stricken and died. The rough but sympathetic pioneers buried her in a rude bark coffin at the foot of an elm, near the cabin. It is said my mother was too agonized to weep; for the keenest anguish dries up the fountains of tears, parches, withers and blights. Where my memory commences, it pictures not the brightest of worlds. In winter often have I awoke in the morning with the snow deeply covering my bed as it sifted through the roof. Our diet was far from luxurious. The very elements conspired against the pioneers. The winters were severe because they were illy prepared; the summers parching. The wild animals destroyed the little they planted. Yet they patiently worked on, and the present is the glorious result of their endeavors."

"It is a wonderful story of endurance," said Mary, "and the old place consecrated by our parents' sacrifices, must be dear to you."

"I assure you that it is. Every tree has a history. Some were planted by my brothers, many by myself. The older orchard trees were brought from the old French nurseries on the Detroit River, in a canoe by my father. That large walnut, I well remember my mother planting the nut one October day, saying that it should remain as a testimony of her."

"The old place is made a thousand fold more dear by these memories. I love nature in all her forms, but best as revealed here."

"I discover the source of your inspiration! fresh, glowing, appealing to the heart."

"If it reached one heart I am content."

"You have not written in these 'latter days'; has your muse deserted you?"

"I cannot write poetry when my life is such a lyric song as it has been since I came here."

"Ha! ha! The muse has been caged? She is in bondage and cannot sing! An illustration of 'Love gives wings to genius, but marriage clips them.'"

"How you misinterpret me!" she exclaimed, looking up anxiously into his face. "The present is like a dream, I must wait until it becomes more real. Do not repeat that hateful saying."

"Had I believed it, I should have preferred keeping you at a distance, like an enchanted landscape, never reached or possessed. But we have made the venture, and are well embarked. If we row together there will be no obstacle that can turn us aside."

"I believe that we shall row together; I

did believe it, and that for eternity, else marriage to me would be a sham." A strange sweetness overspread her countenance as she continued, "We are not always to expect the same. The year begins with the quickening of the blood; the bursting of the bud; the fragrance of flower and leaf; the song of birds; the activity called into being by the warmth of the sun which is love. After a time the flowers wither, the birds are silent, but there are maturing fruits and harvests waving. So I do not expect this spring day with its sunshine always to remain. There will come the summer and the autumn with its fruits, and we shall enjoy each changing vicissitude, united, as two orbs revolving around a common attraction which is love."

In admiration he gazed on her animated face in silence.

"Is this displeasing?" she asked.

"Displeasing! Your words are inspiration. The burdens the future may bring for us I trust I may so shield you from as to bear the greater part."

"If I enter into all your joys, of course I must share all your cares. Two standing under a load bear it easier than one, and it is love's delight to share even pain with others."

"Oh, yes, my dearest mentor, love demands all, and must receive unqualifiedly its demand."

"You make it a tyrant, Mark, while truly it is a tender plant which must be planted in the soil of truth and trust, and watered with kind words, and receive careful attention, and it must receive the free sunshine and the pure air."

"And how shall I ever preserve this sensitive exotic?" cried Mark. "The difficulties you present distract me."

"How foolishly I have talked; speaking sensibly, we must be all to each other."

"That suits me; plain and easily followed."

"Yes, with love, and the first sentiment of woman's heart. For unmeasured affection they expect unmeasured affection."

"And now sing a song with the thrush, who will pause to listen."

She sang in a low, dreamy voice:

"There is no day like to-day,
Except the day we call to-morrow;
There is no day like to-day,
For this we will not pause to sorrow.

There is no day like to-day,
The robin, thrush and jay all say it;
There is no day like to-day,
And yet it were not well to stay it.

There is no day like to-day,
The same song will we sing to-morrow;
There is no day like to-day,
Rejoice to-day nor trouble borrow."

"Ho!" cried Bessie, "we've found you, after an hour's search. If you desire concealment you must not sing so sweetly, sister mine."

Grandfather and grandmother Leland

were with her, having her between them holding each one of her slender hands. Age and care had made deep wrinkles on their faces, and their hair was white and thin, but their clear eyes and frank expression indicated that they enjoyed the fulness of well-spent lives.

"Father and mother, come and take seats by us," said Mary. "We are enjoying the beautiful day. Is it not lovely?"

"We do not wish to intrude," said grandmother, "but Bessie wanted to romp, and there was no one to go with her."

"It brings back old memories," said grandfather; "our own daughter was like her."

"I hope I may take that daughter's place," exclaimed Mary.

"Whoever Mark loves, will be cherished by us," fervently replied grandmother.

"We have been speaking of the great changes, father," said Mary, "since you first came here, and the hardships you have endured."

"Very great have they been," he replied; "but as you, my children, can now reap the benefit of my labor, I am thankful for the past."

Bessie came and twined flowers into Mary's hair. The sisters were remarkably alike, and with voices scarcely distinguishable, and the same quiet, unassuming manners.

"Mark, you promised me a story this morning," she said, turning towards him.

"Yes; I have a vague recollection of promising a something of the sort to a little girl, but she has not demanded it."

"I now demand it."

"You? you certainly are not the girl in a check apron, who asked for a story before breakfast!"

"Oh! you cannot put me off in that way. I am not going to allow Mary to be selfish and have you all the time."

"Well, what shall it be, a fairy tale?"

"If you please, not a fairy story. They are unreal and hence untrue."

"One about boys?"

"Now, my brother, that is a poor joke."

"First, will you not sing, my daughters? A song on the 'slumberous air' of this soft morning would be delightful."

There was a peculiarity in Bessie's voice; it was soft and clear, chant-like, as though she sang in a dream:

"Like the breath of the wind
In an Eden of flowers,
Bringing joy to the soul
In the saddest of hours,

Comes the presence of those we love and adore,
Calling us thitherward to their bright shore.

CHORUS—Come in your dark hours,

Come in your sadness,
Come in your bright hours,
Come in your gladness,

Come, come, come to the loved and adored!

"Like the gleams of the morn
To the pale, frozen earth,
Bringing light to the soul
Of its immortal birth,

Come the angels who tread the star-dusted floor,
Calling us thitherward to their bright shore.

CHORUS.

As the gilt of the light
Made the cold Memnon sing,
So the light of their love
They over us fling,

And our souls are responsive to those we adore,
Calling us thitherward to their bright shore.

CHORUS.

The little family group were in tears. Mary sang with a heavenly voice, so deeply did she enter into the spirit of her song. She never appeared more beautiful, for her face was like a mirror reflecting the beauty of her thoughts. There was a lengthy silence, interrupted by Mark saying, "You are silent as a nun, Bessie. I fear you are unhappy."

"Bessie is like me," replied Mary, "silent when most happy."

"Mark," said Bessie sadly, "Nature is the beautiful, the good, and the living; man is of little account. Man receives, he does nothing."

"What an idea! Does not man create the steam ships and the cars, and build cities?"

"What are they! Pretty and grand, may be, but man who created them is greater; and what is man compared with a world, or a sun? I am lonely and feel out of place in the world."

"You are serious for one so young," laughingly said Mark. "Too young to be serious."

"Too young! Should hearts grow sad and old with age? Nature never grows old."

"The year grows old and dies my little dreamer. Mary can relate a fine story about the death of the year."

"Mary, repeat it, please," said Bessie persuasively, twining her arms around her neck.

"The story is of Vernia. She was a little child who came with the April showers, and wherever she went flowers sprang up about her, and the birds filled the air with music over her head. When autumn came, wherever the child went, nature changed, and flashed in red and gold. Out of the green leaves the apples blushed, the peach glowed like flame, and the purple grape hung in its unsullied bloom. Into her lap was thrown all kinds of fruits and nuts, and at her feet the heavy ears of grain. The year made her a strange dress of many colors, as though in a frenzy of coloring, and the air wove her a veil. When she drew it about her she seemed afar off, and grew silent, and one chill night the frost thrust a keen spear into her heart and without a moan she died. Only the wintery wind rushing over the land knew of her death. Dead, but after a season to be resurrected. Again the wild flowers bloom at her beautiful feet, the birds sing, and for her full lips the grape distills its purple wine."

"A sad, sad story, an enigma; the birth, life, and death of the year. It is like our own lives. I never thought of that before."

Thus in a pleasant conversation we leave the little group while two years run their course.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of years,
With a faultless rhythm and musical rhyme,
And a broadening sweep and surge sublime,
That blends with the ocean of tears."

One afternoon in October Mr. Malcolm leisurely walked up the path leading to the Leland residence. He had, after a summer's travel, come for a brief visit to his daughters. The front door was open, and no one being visible, he walked in and seated himself in an arm-chair. The slant rays of the setting sun came through the west windows.

It was a quiet retreat, and he sat motionless with a pleased expression on his intellectual face. Up the walk came Bessie, her hat in one hand, her book in the other, singing low as to herself, "Oh! worship not the beautiful, the lovely early die." One summer had wrought a wonderful change; her pale cheeks were now red as the sunset, and her retiring ways had yielded to a buoyancy, a fullness of life and energy, which sparkled in her eyes and rippled in her laughter. As she entered the parlor she suddenly saw her father, bounded to his side, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Where did you come from, papa? How unexpected! I am so glad to see you. What did Mary say?"

"No one is aware of my arrival but yourself."

"Delightful! What a surprise it will be for her. I will go for her."

"No, no; she will come presently. Sit on my knee as you used to do, when a little girl." He gazed into her expressive face for some time and then said:

"Your mother's face in every line."

"I do not remember my mother while on earth. It is sad not to remember one's mother, is it not, papa?"

"You were too young."

"Who cared for me?"

"I cared for you myself. What could I do to please your mother more than to care for the child she left me?"

"I must have been troublesome."

"Not to me. I have carried you for half the night in my arms, and watched by you when ill. I would allow no other hand to care for you. It was sweetest pleasure for I knew your mother saw and smiled on me."

"Oh! yes; mamma is beautiful."

"You speak as though you had seen her."

"I have, I have! She has often come"

me, radiant as a silver cloud, and spoken so sweetly!"

"When she departed this life, we suffered an irreparable loss, especially you and Mary, for I could not sympathize with you as she could have done."

"You must not disparage yourself!" exclaimed Bessie with marked severity. "You are an excellent man, and my mamma is a beautiful spirit."

"True, and while you say you see her, I feel her presence and know that she is with us. She could never become so happy in the new life as to forget us. She would be miserable indeed, if not allowed to visit us, whom she loves with the intense love of her angel-life."

"I am so glad you believe as you do, for it strengthens me; for my visions are so unreal I sometimes doubt."

"It is not a strange belief, my child, for it has been entertained by various peoples, and is expressed in the prayers and hymns of the churches, Catholic and Protestant. My constancy to your mother's memory shows how strong is my belief in her presence. She is not dead to me; the body we consigned to earth was only her worn garment. She, not being dead, is still my own loved wife, and when I too cast aside my earthly garment, we shall meet with joy, knowing that forevermore there will be no more parting."

"Oh, that will be sweet, and I shall go, too, and we shall all be reunited!"

"Say not reunited, for we are not separated. The veil of invisibility which conceals the world of spirits from the world of men is of thinnest texture. I can feel the currents of thought flow through it, and our friends can on the other side."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Mary. "How like your mother you become with years!" exclaimed her father.

"I hope I inherit with her face, her lovable qualities."

"That necessarily follows; I see by your face that you are happy in your new life."

"I am truly happy, dear father; my husband is all I could wish, and I have that perfect rest which comes of perfect trust."

"I am glad you are proud of your husband, but you must not forget self-culture, in your trust, else while he goes on you will remain, and will wake to find an impassable interval between you. Although it may be bridged by love, its existence will mar your happiness."

"Oh, tell me how I can prevent the least divergence!"

"You must cultivate yourself as he does himself. Your mother and I read the same books on the same subjects, and labored together. We were one, and there was no 'growing dissimilarity' between us. On the contrary, there was a growing similarity. We were the most attractive company for each other, and whatever advantages I might

gain, I never accepted them unless shared with her. I do not believe weariness ever came to two noble and pure hearts that love each other."

"Young as I was I remember well the library—I was ushered into an atmosphere fragrant with affection."

"You were a lyric song dropped into the prose of our lives. You were an immortal pledge of our mutual trust, and educated us out of a great deal of selfishness, thereby refining our lives."

Here Bessie interrupted by exclaiming: "Why, papa, what a queer traveling bag you carry!"

"A very queer satchel which Mary will remember. When I returned from my journey, I staid only a day at the old home, before coming here. I visited your mother's grave, for although she is not there, the sad associations lift my soul out of this world and bring me close to her as she was while on earth. I passed through the rooms of the old house, and seated myself in the library. There I saw this satchel hanging as you left it. I said, I will fill it with apples from the wine-apple tree, of which Mary is so fond, and carry it to her."

She was too overcome to speak, and silently took the satchel; as she unclasped it several of the dark red apples fell into her lap. Oh, what a rush of memories! A little child led by a beautiful mother; a little girl gathering the pink and white blossoms to deck her tangled hair; a larger girl gathering apples in the autumn days; now a woman receiving them as a souvenir from the old home! She threw her arms around her father's neck and tears fell fast as he drew her to him and said:

"Sit on my knee with Bessie, again, and we will all float over the tide of memories together."

CHAPTER IV.

"Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar,
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours."

A new life threw its soft yet adamant bands around Mark and Mary Leland. While she could detect in the face of the infant daughter the exact expression of the father, he could detect the perfect features of the mother. Mark would resign the care of the wee stranger to no other hands. The second night of her life the child was restless and he held her nestled on a pillow, listening to the soft breathing of the sleeping mother, happy that she rested so sweetly, until the grey dawn paled the lamp. The little one nestled and the mother awoke.

"Let me have her now, Mark," she said.

He laid the infant in her arms, saying: "It is so strange to have her between us!"

"If I were not so happy in having her, I should think you were getting jealous," responded the mother with a smile.

"Are you so very happy?"

"Unspeakably happy; but I fear I keep you from other duties; if so, I pray you go for to-day."

"I have no other duties comparable to caring for you at this time, and attending to your wants until you are again well."

A slight rap and grandma entered.

"Now Mark," she said, "I insist on your going, and leave me to care for the baby to-day."

The baby began to cry, and Mark took it up and carried it around the room.

"Now Mark, you will rue that business. It will soon learn that it must be carried when it cries, and you will have no end of it."

"Why, mother, I enjoy carrying her!"

"Delightful now, no doubt, but it will not always be little, nor will you be present, and its mother's arms will ache for your folly. Better begin right."

He sat down with baby in his lap.

"I hate to say it, Mark, but you are exceedingly awkward with the child. You appear afraid of it."

Mary smiled, but seeing his embarrassment said:

"Give her to me, Mark."

"No, no," exclaimed grandma, "give her to me. I came to take care of her to-day, and I want you, Mark, to go away and take a needed rest."

When he left the room grandma continued:

"You are spoiling him, Mary. You are yielding your individuality to him."

"If our ways are the same, I do not know how I can avoid so doing."

"A woman has the same rights by nature as a man, and her opinion is as valuable as his, and on some subjects may be preferable."

"And his on some subjects more valuable than hers. We are one."

"I pray you may ever remain so," fervently spoke grandma, who had seen enough of the world to have her faith in humanity a trifle shaken.

They were interrupted by the entrance of grandfather Leland.

"I am glad to see you so well," he said cheerily. "How is our little grandchild?"

"It is very well, father," she replied, smiling.

"Here, grandfather," said grandmother, proudly, "here, take your first grandchild. It is one to be proud of."

"It is like a photograph of Mary," said grandfather.

"Why father," responded grandmother, impatiently, "it is the very picture of Mark when he was a baby."

"Does it not remind you of old times, mother?" asked Mr. Leland, pleasantly.

"I confess it does freshen my memory, and another thing has awakened many thoughts that have long slumbered. They have named the baby."

"Ah, what name have they given?"

"They call her Dell, after our own dear child."

"May her fate be better than our lost one's," fervently spoke grandfather.

"It may have been for the best. Who can tell. We lost, but she may have gained."

Grandfather bent his head, for he wished to conceal the tears which moistened his eyes.

CHAPTER V.

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death.

We will be patient and assuage the feelings
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way."

Six years have passed, eventful years, in the united lives of Mark and Mary Leland. Their daughter Dell, now four years of age, is the idol of its grandparents, and the constant companion of Bessie. The latter has changed from a school-girl to a young lady, as beloved for her goodness as attractive for her beauty. Her winning manners had their source in her innate goodness. Rambles in the forest with Dell were an unfailling source of pleasure. There was the green moss, the bright flowers and a thousand wonderful things to be gathered. They made bouquets of claytonias in earliest spring, and later of wild violets and anemones. The soft-tinted weeping clouds of the April days were wonderful beings to the child.

"What are they, Bessie?" she eagerly asked.

"Clouds," was the reply.

"Are clouds animals?"

"No; they are water. Do you not see that when the water falls in rain the clouds go away, because they fall down in the rain?"

"I should like to ride on a cloud. Would it not be fun?"

"Oh, chatterbox, only spirits can ride on the clouds."

"Then I wish I were one. You said your mamma was a spirit?"

"Yes, and in heaven."

"Is that a great way off?"

"Sometimes; really, Dell, I do not know," answered the bewildered girl.

"Why do you not go and see her?"

"We cannot go to heaven until we die."

"Then why does she not come on the clouds?"

"She does come, Dell, and she is just like one of those soft-tinted clouds."

In the early winter Bessie made her

father a visit. Not until she had departed did Dell realize what her absence meant. Then she would not be comforted.

"Hush, Dell," said her mother soothingly, "in the spring Bessie will come, and you will have a happy time together."

"Will it be spring next week?"

"No; not for a long time; but we can wait, and perhaps we will all go to grandpa's, and bring her home with us."

"On the tars? That will be nice." She laughed away her tears, for the heart of childhood was not made for sorrow.

The dreary winter had nearly passed, and the day was appointed for the intended visit. Dell was elated with anticipation, and every day asked if it would be "tomorrow the day after next day."

We talk by lightning, and the short, crisp telegram has affected our writing and speech. The messages of the lightning are terrible in their laconic coldness.

In the midst of their preparation came the dispatch: "Bessie is dying; come at once." Mark received it at the gate, and it fell on his heart like a blow. His thoughts, however, at once reverted to his wife. How could he break the fearful news to her, and how could she bear it? Oh, pitying heavens! Bessie dying, perhaps dead, and he the messenger to break the heart of her he heard singing gaily as she proceeded with her preparations for the journey.

It must be done, and at once, for there was no time to lose. He placed the message in her hand; she read it, and dazed by the suddenness of the blow, she said calmly, "I do not believe it."

"I presume," replied Mark, "it is too strongly stated, but we must not delay. We must take the next train. Oh! I remember now, we are too late. There is none until morning."

"Oh! I cannot, cannot wait," cried Mary.

"It is, indeed, a misfortune, but we must bear it. We shall reach there tomorrow at any event."

That night was one of weariness, of feverish sleep and fearful dreams. Each one of its hours might be the one when Bessie, over-tortured by pain, might breathe her last, and those she loved best not by her side to comfort her final moments!

Morning came, gray and cold, with a dim, dead light of leaden clouds over the snow-clad earth. They stood on the platform in the twilight waiting the coming train. They heard its shrill call out of the fog, its rush of panting haste, and then it paused for a moment. Taking a few long breaths, like a giant preparing for a race, it slowly started, faster, faster, with fog, smoke, steam, cinders and fire steaming behind. On, on through the forests and across the wide fields; thundering over the foggy rivers, through the deep-cut channels, over high embankments, past villages and cities, on,

on, tirelessly on, and yet its swiftness, how slow! It creeps like a snail along the endless track. Oh! for wings, to cleave the yielding air—for the wings of the lightning! Space and time are complements. To consume one you must consume the other. Hour after hour the dreary snow fields speed past. Nature, herself, seemed dead.

"Oh! Mark," said Mary, after a long silence, "this suspense is unendurable. If I knew, I could bear it better. If soul is responsive to soul, if there is a mental telegraph which unites those sympathetic, should we not be able to know the situation of the one dearest to us?"

"This telegraph is most subtle, and our agitated minds are not proper instruments to receive such messages."

"I understand, and thus, when we need impressions most we are incapable of receiving them. Because I had no such impression I have been hopeful that the message overstated her danger."

"We will hope for the best," replied Mark cheerfully; "she may before this be recovering, and will greet us with merry laughter."

"Do you believe in omens?" asked Mary.

"No; and yet I have such a lingering superstition, that I dare not ask for one saying this shall be a sign."

The short winter's day was near its close. The lurid rays of the low sun tinged the tree-tops, as he sank in the jagged clouds fringed with dull red. Far off on a swell of land was a Catholic grave-yard, with a great black cross revealed with horrid distinctness against the sky.

"See the sign!" exclaimed Mark, in a tone of despair.

It was superstition, perhaps, but how often we are startled by such occurrences!

"Will Bessie meet us at the tars?" asked Dell.

"I hope so," replied her mother, scarcely able to restrain her tears.

"I am sure she will," said Dell confidently.

"Bessie has been ill, and may not be well enough to come."

"Oh, if she knows I am coming she will be there to meet me, for she wrote that she would."

At last the station was reached, and they soon after were at the door of the old home. They were met by Mr. Malcolm in whose face they saw unmistakably written the confirmation of their fears.

With suppressed breath and pale as marble, Mary spoke the one word "Bessie!" To which her father responded like one in a dream, "Bessie is dead!"

"Let me go to her at once," she demanded.

"It will not be best, my child," replied her father; "you are not able to bear the trial."

"Oh, I must! I must! To enter the

house and not meet her; not to hear her merry laugh; not to receive her hearty welcome, is terrible; I must go to her if she cannot come to me."

They entered the once pleasant parlor. On a sofa, as at rest, lay her darling Bessie.

The intense cold had penetrated the room, and by freezing, had contorted her beautiful features, giving an expression of pain. Yes, she was dead! She was frozen, and that is doubly dead! Mary threw herself on the inanimate form, kissed the pale lips, and smoothed back the brown hair, murmuring incoherently her precious name.

"This is a bitter cup," moaned Mr. Malcolm, who was prostrated by the blow.

"Mary," said Mark, taking her hand, "come to the sitting-room, where you can warm and refresh yourself."

"I do not wish to be warmed or refreshed while she is so cold!" replied Mary in a pitiful voice. "See how she suffered! I cannot trace one line in these rigid features that was hers. Speak! Never more? She will live; she only sleeps! Oh, God, she was chilled and they allowed her to freeze! Ice, solid ice; and dead! for, if ice, she can never breathe again!"

"My dear Mary, would to God I, in my strength, might have been pressed on that rack, and she in her tenderness escaped! How gladly would I bear your grief! But it has been decreed, and we must with fortitude bear that which we cannot avert."

She stood motionless and pale as the inanimate body before them. Then putting her hands to her forehead she said in a monotone:

"It is terrible, but I will bear it for your sake and for Dell's; but Bessie should not be left here, where it is so cold."

Dell clung to her skirts and began to cry: "Come away, mamma, come away." This diverted her thoughts, and she allowed herself to be led from the room.

They gathered around the hearth where clustered so many recollections. How strange not to have Bessie with them! She had gone from them in the year of promise, in the morn of their brightest hopes. She had been plucked as a half blown rose, wishing for life because her happiness was so perfect, and there was so much joy in living.

Reason, intuition, spiritual perception were swept away before the storm of grief, and gave no voice when most urgently implored. The senses held supreme control. All that to them was known as sister, the beautiful form, cold and insensible, awaited the grave. In agony they called her name.

Not a whisper came from the vacant air. "She is dead," said the senses, "dead; perished like the flower; once beautiful, but now a withered leaf. See how she has enjoyed her brief day, and yields her place to others.

Life, thoughts, emotions, feeling are results

of organization. The organization perishes and they are not. Destroy the instrument and the music ceases. Here is the wreck of all your hopes, and the fool only can hope for a future existence."

It was a dark and stormy day when they bore her to the grave. Nature sympathized, and her black clouds wept frozen tears. Friends came with kind words, or in silence pressed their hands, saying far more. How, mechanically, they followed to the grave, and said farewell; how it was finished and done, and they came away as in a dream, is too dreadful to relate.

Peace, Contentment, Happiness.

BY INSPIRATION TO A. F. MELCHERS.

All life is love—the positive action of intelligence, and destined to become one with the positive condition of existence—God.

In its infancy, the life-spark in man (the intelligent soul-principle) is but an emotion—a weak impulse—compared to the external or material impetus existing in conjunction with him as a living entity, but which, in consequence of its positive or absolutely acting impetus for a spiritual or divine effect, increases or grows in strength and activity, and asserts itself despite its surroundings or opposing influence, matter.

This life-spark within constitutes the intelligent or spiritual man, so to say, and becomes the controlling *ego* as it increases in size, volume and activity; and when superior in power to the material or sensuous impetus which surrounds it, has reached its aim as a life-entity in connection with matter. From this time on, man begins a purely intelligent or spiritual career, and dwells in harmony with the positive condition of existence exclusively, provided he is no more connected to a material body or an inhabitant of earth-life, *i. e.*, a mortal being. If the latter, it is but a question of time, materially considered, for the severance to take place, and which, when it does occur, passes the soul directly in the positive of existence (the God-entity, or heaven, so-called), and, therefore, not subjected to earthly conditions or influences as those spirits undergo who do not reach this positive state before throwing off the mortal coil.

To be cognizant of this condition as a mortal, his material tastes or desires and sensations lose their *animus* for indulgence, and a constant craving to indulge the spiritual takes its place—thinking or meditating, instead of sensing or feeling (appeasing the physical appetites—except for food when the material demands its natural stimulus, and which reduces itself to the barest necessities,) loving or indulging soul-communion with his immediate associates, and in which state he feels an interior gratifica-

tion unalloyed by any material impetus or sensuousness in connection with it, and which constitutes true soul-happiness—peace. As a spirit, this increases in blissful delight according to his freedom from matter, or rather, his surplus of soul-positivity over and above the material—these sensations or feelings now existing, or are experienced in the spirit-body instead of the physical—the former constituting man's negative life-condition as a spiritual being.

But to attain this state he must overcome the material *in toto*. All his animalistic qualifications must be curbed, controlled or neutralized by forces, virtues or qualities having a positive or spiritual effect so to say—spiritual signifying intelligent or divine in this instance, and according to these positive qualifications, his individuality as a soul-being is established—the opposite of sensuousness or animalistic feelings or desires converging into intelligent or reasoning forces for various effects or usages, and manifest themselves according to which of the animal passions needed the strongest force of a spiritual nature to counteract or neutralize as it were—some taking the form of mental force or will-power; some the form of penetrating causes of a special nature and others of a general nature; some the form of clairvoyance or soul-ubiquity, and lends the being the power of seeing far beyond its own sphere of action and thus having a comprehension of its future or to where it is naturally steering, and some spiritual or intelligent forces taking the form of sensitiveness to influences, auras, etc., and known in earth-life as psychometry.

Other animalistic qualities, as anger, irritability, impatience, etc., also have their especial effects when neutralized for a positive bearing or tendency, and take the form of gentleness, calmness and patience—all intelligent qualifications, but accompanied by an impetus or a spiritual motion, which has the power of soothing, allaying emotions or soul-disturbances, and extending comfort to the spiritually impotent or weak.

Discordant forces, as arrogance, selfishness, hatred, etc., also have a special effect when neutralized or counterbalanced by spiritual or soul-qualifications. Conceit, vanity, pride, etc., take the form of judgment, foresight, deliberation, etc., while selfishness takes the form of benevolence, charity, generosity and humanity; and hatred takes the form of sympathy, kindness, conscientiousness and tenderness.

Love is the outcome of the whole, for this constitutes harmony or perfection, and an accordant vibration with God—God being love and positive in nature, and to become one with Him, man must reach an analogous condition, *i. e.*, attain positive love, or love as a spiritual force, a divine impetus, and in which state he attains absolute happiness—such being the aim of

the soul, and constitutes its individual heaven.

Love is the positive action of intelligence, and the aim of all life is to reach this state, and when attained, becomes one with God as an individualized life-condition, and where all is peace, contentment and happiness.

Re-incarnation and Spiritualism: A Rejoinder to a Recent Critique.

PART FIRST.

Believers in Re-incarnation not Charged With Falsehood and Imposture.—Earth's Wisest Thinkers Pay no Attention to Re-incarnation.—None of our "Most Excellent Minds" Favorable to this Dogma.—Who is Doctor (?) Anna Blackwell?—Allan Kardec and Miss Blackwell not "Leading Lights in Literature."—Spiritualists who reject Re-incarnation Alleged to be "Stupid."

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

In the CARRIER DOVE of October 29, 1887, I published an article upon the origin of re-incarnation in Spiritualism. In a recent issue of the *Banner of Light* I find a report of a lecture delivered in this city by a prominent advocate of the truth of that dogma, a portion of which lecture is in evident reply to some of my statements concerning re-incarnation and Allan Kardec in the article above referred to. As this reply of my critic consists almost wholly, if not entirely, of misstatement and misrepresentation, I claim the privilege of refuting this series of baseless and reckless assertions, and of stating the exact truth upon each of the points involved. It is true that "the game is hardly worth the candle;" that statements of alleged fact from a source so notoriously untrustworthy and petty are unworthy of any intelligent, conscientious thinker's serious attention; yet, in order that the truth upon this subject may be more fully and clearly presented, and that the weakly imaginings, mistermmed arguments and facts, that are advanced in sustenance of this nonsensical theory, may be depicted in their true colors, it is well, perhaps, that we consider for a time this latest addition to re-incarnation literature.

This *critique* starts out with the following: "Is it becoming, is it decent, to call those liars and impostors who differ from you on a question which has been a problem all through the ages—which the wisest have been perhaps vainly endeavoring to solve?" This initial statement is a slander upon the opponents of re-incarnation. No one, I am sure, has ever called anyone a liar or impostor for merely believing in the truth of re-incarnation; and the author of this untruthful aspersion upon those who combat the absurd vagaries championed by him, knows very well that nothing of the sort has ever been said either by myself or anyone else. It is merely a piece of rhetorical

claptrap, destitute of truth, of the usual character and calibre of this person's utterances. To call a person a liar or impostor, simply for having a different belief upon any subject from that entertained by yourself, would be a gross injustice, worthy of severe condemnation! There are thousands of honest, truthful persons who accept the truth of re-incarnation, just as there are millions of good people who believe in the truth of the absurdities of the trinity, Bible infallibility, vicarious atonement, the existence of a personal devil and an eternal hell, etc. And there are worthy, moral persons who actually accept as true the tenets of Blavatskyite theosophy, despite their self-evident nonsense and absurdity. A person's belief or creed is not the criterion of his or her moral worth. Sometimes most excellent people have credence in the silliest of doctrines, and it would be difficult to find, in my opinion, any theories or doctrines that much excel in silliness the teachings of the re-incarnationists.

It is true that I have severely criticised the teachings of the leading re-incarnationists of the world, but I have never called them liars or impostors, on account of their teachings.

In the case of Madame Blavatsky and her assistants and confederates, it is true that they have been so charged, but the charges were made entirely independent of their inculcation of re-incarnation. The question of their falsehood and imposture is disconnected with their belief or non-belief in re-incarnation, which latter is merely an incidental portion of an involved and elaborate system mistermmed theosophy. It is also true that I have expressed grave doubts of the veracity and good faith of two parties now publicly teaching re-incarnation in America. But the falsehood and imposture were not affirmed or intimated because of their connection with the re-embodiment dogma, but on account of the existence of positive proofs or of strong confirmatory evidence of the truth of the statements made, irrespective of what they believed or disbelieved on re-incarnation. It is well known that there are numbers of so-called Spiritualists who do not believe in re-incarnation that are guilty of imposture and falsehood; and that I have unqualifiedly condemned their evil practices, just as I have condemned those of the re-incarnationists who may be guilty of similar misdeeds,—the question of their belief or non-belief in the speculative theories of re-embodiment not entering into the merits of the case at all. There are plenty of good people, re-incarnationists, and there are plenty of very bad persons, non-re-incarnationists. The evil should, in all cases, be condemned, without regard to the peculiar theories on speculative points that may be entertained by the evil-doers.

My condemnation of re-incarnationists

does not apply to their moral *status*, as a rule (though I shall hereafter point out the immoral tendencies of their dogmas and the demoralizing results that have obtained in some cases), but to their intellectual folly and stultiloquence. Their irrationality and fatuity is what is emphasized, not their lack of moral worth. Personally and morally they may be commendable; but, intellectually considered, the existence of a weak spot in their mental make-up, "a screw loose in their upper story," as the saying goes, is evidenced. For I repeat what I have several times before asserted, that no thoroughly sound and healthy mind, in this age of the world, ever did or ever can accept as true the puerilities and rubbish of re-incarnation or re-embodiment.

The statement that re-incarnation has been "a problem all through the ages, which the wisest have vainly endeavored to solve" is untrue. The truth or falsity of re-incarnation has not engaged the attention of the thinkers of the world to any considerable extent in any age of the world. This pernicious dogma was manufactured to order by the Brahmins of India, somewhere about 1,000 B. C., most probably. It is not found in the hymns of the Vedas, which antedated the rise of Brahminic speculation. It was purely the result of metaphysical speculation on the part of the ambitious priesthood of India, and is as destitute of rational foundation as are the other mystical transcendentalisms of the highly-abstract Brahminical system of philosophy. Hindu Buddhism borrowed it from Brahminism. Outside of these two phases of Hindu speculative thought, the dogma of successive rebirths on earth has attracted little attention in the world. So far from the "wisest" of the world having vainly endeavored to solve it, as alleged, the master minds of our planet have, as a rule, not considered it at all. The whole theory has been so insignificant, of so little moment in the world, that scarcely any of the great minds of the earth have paid any attention to it. If, as this veracious speaker alleges, [the wisest] have vainly endeavored to solve the truth of re-embodiment, how comes it that so puny minds as those now advocating it claim that they have successfully solved it—though, as shown by me in a previous article in the DOVE, each of these Nineteenth-Century solvers of this riddle of the ages presents a different solution of the puzzle. The modesty of the San Francisco advocate of re-embodiment is shown in his claim, that that which has been a problem all the ages, that which the wisest have vainly tried to solve, has been successfully solved by his towering, massive intellect. Oh yes; though the combined wisdom of all the inhabitants of earth has been unequalled to the task of discovering the truth on this marvelously-important subject, yet he, the champion gabbler of Christendom, whose

garrulity, *flux de bouche*, and *copia verborum* are perhaps unequalled; he who can rattle off more words to the hour, and say less of value, than, perhaps, any other living person; he who spouts by the yard incessantly upon scientific and philosophic subjects, upon which his knowledge is practically nothing, the most ridiculous blunders and misstatements, *ad libitum*, crowning his every platform effort; he, the profound philosopher, the erudite scholar, and inspired (?) sage,—this genius, and this Nineteenth-Century Messiah, this “Christ-like” wonder of the world,—he has triumphantly mastered the mystery of the ages. He can tell you all you want to know about re-embodiment. He knows why it is and how it is that we are re-incarnated; he knows how many times he, himself, has already been re-incarnated, and, doubtless, can tell anyone, credulous enough to believe him, how many times he or she has already been re-embodied, and how many more times he or she will hereafter be re-incarnated. All the mysteries of heaven and earth upon this soul-touching, awe-inspiring subject are open to his matchless wisdom. Swedenborg, Davis, Tuttle, King, Edmonds, Finney, Gales Forster,—the inspirations of these and all other seers are as nothing compared with the superlative grandeur and the infallible truth of the Deific utterances of this last and greatest messenger of the Most High!

It is well known that re-incarnationists believe in successive incarnations of the same individuality in both sexes; and, in view of this fact, and of some peculiar circumstances connected with the apostle of re-embodiment above referred to, some doubts have been expressed regarding the true sex of this individual in his or her present incarnation. It is well known that he (or she) affects femininity in certain respects; he avoids association with females, and forms close associations with young men and boys; he sometimes assumes a feminine name, and labels his baggage and his music with this female name; he has published a novel bearing this same female name as its title, which novel is understood to be a history of his life, depicted and described as that of a woman. The question, then, naturally arises: Is he really a woman, masking in masculine guise, or is he that anomalous embodiment of humanity, a hermaphrodite? It may be, that, being the latter, from that fact has arisen his belief in re-incarnation in each sex. If he is a living example of the union of both sexes in one individual, he might quite readily think it not unreasonable that the same person could live one life on earth as a man and then be reborn as a woman, and so on in a continuous chain of alternate existences, male and female.

Our critic next states, in his lecture under review, that “one thing is beyond question, and that is, that most excellent minds are

ranged on opposite sides in this controversy.” What is here named as “beyond question” is as untrue as are the other statements on this subject made in this lecture. No “most excellent minds” are advocates of re-incarnation. The rational intelligence, the scholarship, the brains of the world, are in opposition to the truth of this dogma. Not a single clear-headed thinker anywhere, not one sound, healthy, scientific mind, can be found that accepts so nonsensical a hypothesis as a plurality of mundane existences for the human race. It is true that a few persons of some intellectual vigor have accepted its truth; but we all know that among the variant millions of earth’s children there will always be found some to champion forcibly every form of error, every delusion, every absurd theory, no matter how preposterous its claims, or how much in contravention of common sense and established truth. The believers in re-incarnation, educated and uneducated, are composed of “cranks,” unscientific mystics, those with some mental defect or with a kink in their minds, a mental twist,—those with minds awry in certain directions.

It is an impossibility for a person in his or her sound, sober senses, thoroughly rational in all directions, to seriously entertain the truth of a theory which is on a par as regards rationality with the theory that three times one is one. One of these propositions is about as sensible as the other. The statement that some of the “most excellent minds” of earth teach re-incarnation is devoid of truth. Who are these “most excellent minds?” Perhaps the author of this statement is referring to himself as one of these excellent minds!

We are next told that Allan Kardec and Dr. (*sic*) Anna Blackwell “were both leading lights in the world of literature before the stupid claim that the doctrine of re-incarnation, as foreign to Spiritualism, was ever set up.” Doubtless the speaker intended to convey the idea that these are two of the “most excellent minds” referred to above, in proof of which their literary fame is mentioned. I would first enquire who this Dr. Anna Blackwell is. I am well acquainted with the writings of Miss Anna Blackwell, and am also acquainted with the mystical rubbish given to the world by Dr. Anna Kingsford, another re-incarnation crank. Has not our critic, in his usually accurate (!) manner, confounded the identity of two very different persons? When did Anna Blackwell become a doctor? As I have before published, Miss Anna Blackwell is a very worthy woman, and possesses considerable intellectual vigor. She is, if I mistake not, the best and ablest of all the re-incarnation champions,—in fact, the only one worthy of much serious consideration; and it is pitiable that a good woman, as I take her to be, should have been so miserably deluded by Allan Kardec and his followers.

But she has never been a “leading light in the world of literature.” In fact, aside from her translations of Kardec’s works, she is virtually unknown to the literary world. So far as the world of literature is concerned, she is a nobody, and is totally devoid of fame. What reliance can be placed on a speaker who dares to make such thoroughly untruthful statements as these?

Neither can Allan Kardec be truthfully called a “leading light in the literary world.” Aside from his “Spiritist” compilations, he has no literary notoriety, and viewed as literary works they are very ordinary productions. He is at best only a fourth or fifth-rate writer, and his writings were never regarded as of any particular importance in France. Previous to his becoming a “Spiritist,” he had published several school-books and some small works on teaching, but they were all minor, local productions of small value comparatively, probably consigned to oblivion long ago. His writings had no national reputation, and as far as the great world of letters was concerned, he was unknown. No reference to this alleged “leading light in literature” can be found in bibliographical manuals, encyclopedias, or biographical dictionaries in general. The only allusion to him I can find in any work of this character is a brief notice in Pierre Larousse’s *Grand Dictionnaire Universel*, in which notice no reference is made at all to the literary work done by him prior to his connection with “Spiritism,”—his sole claim to notoriety resting on his Spiritistic labors. To call such a writer as this, unrecognized in the world of literature, a leading light therein, is another instance of the characteristic reckless audacity as regards misstatement constantly indulged in by this speaker.

We are informed that Kardec and Dr. (?) Blackwell were both leading literary lights “before the stupid claim that the doctrine of re-incarnation, as foreign to Spiritualism, was ever set up.” This sentence is clumsily and bunglingly constructed, and is consequently obscure. It is presumed that the speaker intended to say that the claim that re-incarnation is foreign to Spiritualism is stupid in character, and that before it was ever so claimed, Kardec and Dr. Blackwell were bright lights in the literary firmament. It is safe to say that the author of this brilliant and luminous statement does not know when this “stupid claim” was first advanced. As far back as 1873, long before this critic had any connection with Spiritualism, in a lengthy *critique* of re-incarnation published by me in the *Banner of Light*, I took the position that re-incarnation was foreign to genuine Spiritualism. Certain it is that at that time Kardec and Dr. Blackwell were not leading literary lights.

If it is stupid to regard re-incarnation as foreign to Spiritualism, it necessarily follows that the only genuine Spiritualism is that embracing re-incarnation as a part of it. All other phases of Spiritualism, then, must be spurious, and all Spiritualists who fail to endorse re-incarnation are "stupid" persons. All this despite the fact that America is the birth-place of Spiritualism, and that from 1848 to 1870 American Spiritualism had no connection with re-incarnation, and since then only an infinitesimal portion of it has in any manner been affiliated with that pernicious system of thought. According to this "leading light" in re-incarnation moonshine, the whole of the first twenty-two years of American Spiritualism, and nearly the whole of all subsequent American Spiritualism, were and are spurious, delusive, false,—the only genuine Spiritualism in this country being that upheld by the few cranks and other weak-minded persons foolish enough to believe in the sublime profundities of re-embodiment. All other Spiritualists are "stupid." Of course, if this inspired sage pronounces stupid the great bulk of all American Spiritualists from 1848 to the present time, stupid we must all be, beyond peradventure. A pity it is that we are debarred by nature from the possession of the marvelous facility with which this speaker swallows down, the most patent absurdities and the most egregious nonsense. Lamentable it is that nature has not endowed us with so capacious and expansive a mental gullet. But we are forced to put up with the common sense, reason, judgment, and discrimination that have fallen to our lot. If we all could be *gobe-mouches* and Tom-noddies like the re-incarnationists, what a lovely world this would be!

(To be concluded next week.)

Correspondence.

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

The True and the False.

Editor "CARRIER DOVE:" Allow me a little space in your valuable columns to express my intense admiration for your beautiful paper, and also for the stand that you take regarding genuine mediums and mediumship. The phenomena of Spiritualism is the rock upon which we build our knowledge of the life to come. Without it Spiritualism and its philosophy would be a mere mass of empty but beautiful words. With the phenomena and philosophy joined together it makes an imposing structure, rising above all other isms, and spreading its light, "like the light-house by the sea"

which acts as a beacon light for the mariner upon the waters; for what else is Spiritualism but an immense light-house?

It sends out upon the sea of human doubt and skepticism its beautiful light of truth—of the immortality of the soul, and brings into safe harbor the many thousands of people who for centuries have been led by men who proclaimed themselves priests or ministers of God.

The day came when men's eyes were opened and they saw the priests and ministers as they were; then breaking away from the old chain, they were like a ship without a rudder, buffeted hither and thither upon the great sea of doubt and skepticism, going from one place of worship to another, seeking for something to fill this great vacuum made by past experiences, until almost in despair they enter into a hall, where for the first time they hear of the grand truths set forth by Spiritualism of man's immortality. They listen as one entranced. They are not satisfied with what they have heard. No, they want more—more of the "Glad tidings of great joy" of the "living waters of life" and they thirst, and maybe someone tells them of people called "mediums"—people through whom they can hear of loved ones gone before. They marvel and wonder; and then comes the first visit to a medium—the doubts, the anxiety and the expectation, and we, who have passed through that experience, can all imagine the rest, and, who can express the joy, the happiness of one, who, for the first time has the book of life opened to his vision,—who hears from mother, father, brother, sister, husband, wife, child, and friends—people he had laid in the cold ground, never expecting to see or hear from them again until his entrance into the world to come. What joy! what bliss! At last he has had something that is tangible, something that appeals to his reason, and he goes forth rejoicing.

But he does not stop there; oh, no; he wants more; he is told of other instruments through whose wonderful mediumship he can receive independent slate-writing, materialization and kindred phenomena. Like a thirsty child he wants to drink, wants to know more and more, and so, on he goes. But, alas! here comes the time when he needs to be cautious; needs to be watchful. Some go along and accept everything without a question. The argument is, "If I have received such and such tests, why is this not all correct?" God pity such. Others, who allow their reason to guide them, are soon convinced that such manifestations are fraudulent, and their eyes being opened, they do not go again.

Now dear CARRIER DOVE, I am not railing at these manifestations as being all false. Far from it. I *know* that independent slate-writing and materialization are facts, for I have had indisputable evidence of

their truth. We have the genuine—why not the false? There could not be a counterfeit dollar unless there had been a genuine one. That which was claimed as true I have found to be the blackest fraud, and from those who had been proclaimed frauds, I have had manifestations that I knew to be genuine. So, dear CARRIER DOVE, we must discriminate.

The claims of Spiritualism are founded upon the great rock of fact; but when we have in our ranks charlatans, frauds and impostors simulating, and passing off to credulous people as Spiritualism what they, as well as we know to be fraud of the worst kind, it is our duty to expose and defeat the machinations of such people. When five or six unprincipled men and women combine for the purpose of duping the public, and obtaining money under false pretenses, it is our bounden duty to defeat them in every possible way.

People go to some so-called mediums for independent slate-writing. They are asked to write names of their dear friends, in spirit. Innocently they do so, and maybe they will receive something in the name of the spirit given—some generality, or only a few words, as the case may be,—and they go away highly pleased, forgetting in nine cases out of ten to carry with them the pellets with the names written on, but the medium does not forget them—O, no! They are kept for future use; and when they go to some other medium belonging to the combination, or to some hall where a platform test medium holds forth, they hear the names they had written at a certain slate-writing medium's house, and they are asked to recognize the names. They receive nothing but the name; and so it goes on, day after day, and Sunday after Sunday. Now the question that rises in my mind is: If these so-called spirits, can give their names from the platform, why can they not pick out the person for whom they come, as is done at the platform seances of genuine mediums? It would be more reasonable, or at least it seems so to me.

I have before me a paper, printed in Stockton, which gives a long account of a certain seance, and in looking over it, I find that very few of the spirits who claimed to be present were recognized. I feel it was a waste of time for spirits to appear on the clairvoyant's vision and not be recognized, and it was worse than waste of time for most of people present to sit out an evening listening to a monotonous string of names and so-called tests, that could be given without the aid of spirits.

With your kind permission I shall, at some future time, write of other things that have come under my notice. With my best wishes for your success, and with the cry of "down with fraud, and long live truth," I remain

San Francisco, Feb. 18.

EON.

THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editor

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

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THE CARRIER DOVE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FEB. 25, 1888.

The Responsibilities of Spiritualists.

By comparison with non-Spiritualists the advantages are overwhelmingly upon the side of the Spiritualist. He has exchanged uncertainty for certainty concerning the knowledge of an hereafter. The aching void made in his heart through the death of those he loved is filled by their angel presence. He enjoys the ministry of angels in his home and heart. He has learned something of the scenery and nature of the next world, and made the discovery of occult powers and possibilities in his nature while in this life. He has gained clearer ideas of the supernatural, of post mortem rewards and punishments, of inspiration, salvation, miracle, and many other things perplexing to even well informed religious thinkers. Freed from care and fear his advantages are numerous and conspicuous.

The axiom that, "the greater the privilege

the greater the responsibility," is as true in the case of the Spiritualist as in any other case. Every Spiritualist is responsible for the good order of the cause. For the cultivation of a scientific spirit of enquiry as opposed to a superstitious attitude of abject acceptance. It is the duty of all to defend mediumship from enemies without, and defaulters within. The duty of all is to cultivate and insist upon private purity and public integrity as the great lights upon our pathway. It is the duty of each to do his best to oppose the sowing of old errors upon our new ground.

As a community we are unworthy of our noble cause if we shirk our responsibilities. Let us each feel personally responsible for the fair fame of our great cause. Let us all do our part to preserve that fame unsullied. Let us each in life, deed, and speech so ive that it may be seen of men that we are aware of the responsibilities devolving upon us.

The result will be a science, morality and spirituality that shall be the crowning glory of our present century's progress, a rationalization of the facts of immortality, the like of which no previous age has seen. Our best return to the angels is that we keep pure the beautiful work they have inaugurated in our midst. Reader, this means you. Will you not accept and act up to your responsibilities in the matter? We are confident you will.

Mrs. Ada Foye.

We know the many warm friends of this estimable woman and most excellent medium will be pleased to learn that she has returned home again, and after a short season of rest and recuperation will resume her public work in this city. As we stated several weeks ago, Mrs. Foye found the severe-cold of an Eastern winter quite too much for one who had resided so long in California; and was unable to do any public work in Chicago this winter on that account.

But knowing the healing virtues of the sunny, genial climate of San Francisco, Mrs. Foye has decided that one week of rest will prove sufficient to enable her to resume her public ministrations; accordingly Washington Hall has been engaged, and on Sunday, Feb. 26th, at 8 P. M., she will hold a *free* test seance at that place.

All who have witnessed Mrs. Foye's wonderful tests, and listened to the raps which are loud and distinct, and beyond cavil, are anxious to go again; and those who have not heard and seen for themselves should improve the opportunity of doing so. As a platform test medium Mrs. Foye has no rival anywhere, and we know she will do a grand good work. With two such genuine and finely attuned instruments for platform work as this lady and John Slater, in our midst, we should have a spiritual revival that will awaken as great an interest in the community as did the first little raps at Hydesville the 40th anniversary of which is near at hand.

Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society.

The second annual meeting of this society, for the election of ten (10) trustees, will be held at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday March 5th, 1888, at 11 o'clock A. M.
M. B. DODGE,
San Francisco. Manager.

Carrier Dove Printing Office.

We are pleased to announce that we are now established in our new office at 841 Market street, where the DOVE will hereafter be printed. We have facilities for doing all kinds of job work, and hope to receive the patronage of our friends in this department; as it has been so generously bestowed upon the DOVE, we feel confident of receiving it now in our new enterprise.

Our residence is still at 32 Ellis street, having only transferred our printing office and editorial rooms to the new and more commodious quarters on Market street. We shall have more to say upon this subject next week.

Spiritual Meetings in San Francisco.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

The morning meeting on Sunday last was devoted by the controls of Mr. J. J. Morse to answering questions. The final question, concerning hereditary influences, eliciting a marvelously comprehensive reply to an intensely interesting query.

The controls delivered one of their best lectures at the evening service, the subject being "Prayer," which was considered religiously, scientifically and spiritually.

The various apt and telling points were vigorously applauded, while the peroration at the close was brilliant and effective in the extreme.

The vocal programme was administered by Miss E. Beresford Joy and Mr. W. H. Keith in their usual charming and delightful manner. The evening audience was quite large as was also the one of the morning.

On Sunday next, the morning meeting at 11 o'clock will be devoted to answering written questions. At 7:30 P. M. the control of Mr. Morse will address the audience upon "Spiritualism not Satanic," a reply to the attack of the Rev. W. N. Meserve, Methodist Evangelist, at the Congregational Club during the past week. Vocal music by Miss E. B. Joy and Mr. W. H. Keith. Admission free.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

Mr. John Slater held two very interesting services at this place on Sunday last. At the afternoon seance Mr. J. J. Morse was present and made some remarks at the close which were very cordially received by the audience. In the evening the large hall was well filled with an interested audience who eagerly listened to the words of the medium as test after test was given with unmistakable accuracy. Mr. Slater's next public seances will be held at the same place Sunday, March 4th, at 3 and 8 P. M.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The Union Spiritual Society are having interesting meetings at this hall every Wednesday evening. The first hour is devoted to speaking and the second to tests from the various mediums present.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The usual services at this place were opened on Sunday last by Mrs. Thomson, of Philadelphia, who gave an inspirational address upon the subject of Evolution. She was followed by Mrs. H. C. Wilson, who made some effective and timely remarks upon a subject of grave importance to the society, namely, whether the members composing it were Progressive Spiritualists or Theosophists. Mrs. Wilson stated that when the society was first organized it was for the purpose of discussing all subjects pertaining to the moral and spiritual educa-

tion and unfoldment of the race; and she felt that the object and aim of the society should be faithfully carried out, and not subverted to a rehash of the doctrines of Brahman priests. Her remarks were heartily applauded by the audience. Dr. Peet also spoke in a similar strain for a few moments. Dr. W. W. McKaig will address the society to-morrow afternoon.

Mrs. Ada Foye will hold a free test seance at the same place in the evening.

Commendations of "Practical Occultism."

"I think it a good and grand book, teeming with interest, and just the thing needed for a true and rounded education. It is truly elevating and spiritual."

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"I read the lectures with avidity and was never better pleased with any work I know of. You have struck the key note. The people are extremely interested in mediumship, and your words, treating upon that subject, will be eagerly sought after. Your book is very nicely got up." A. E. LAWRENE, Brooklyn (E. D.), N. Y.

"I need not assure you of the value I place upon its contents. I have no doubt it will command a large sale among your many friends." J. D. H., Washington, D. C.

"Am much pleased with its natural logic and its teachings. In the interests of the progress of truth among mankind it is to be hoped your life may be long yet."

FRANK E., St. Louis, Mo.

"Practical Occultism" is for sale at this office. See advertisement under head of Special Notices."

Lost Vitality Restored.

Read what is said by Prof. A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, a man well known for his intellectual attainments, and one of the world's greatest orators.

DR. R. M. THOMAS, *Dear Sir*:—The Belt

I received from you last August, has done more than you claimed it would do for me. I was suffering greatly from nervous exhaustion, occasioned by constant mental labor. The first night after applying the belt I was blessed with a refreshing sleep. This I had not experienced for several days previous. I have been enabled by it to continue my work, and am truly grateful to you for your valuable invention, and I most cheerfully recommend it to all who are afflicted.

A. B. FRENCH.

See "ad" on another page.

Spread the Truth.

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

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

Who will be the first to begin the good work?

Chips.

Mrs. Ada Foye has taken rooms at 49 Ellis street, where she will give sittings daily after the 26th inst.

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

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

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

Bound volumes of the CARRIER DOVE for 1887, are now ready for delivery, and all orders will be filled as speedily as possible. Some of our patrons have waited patiently for several weeks past and we are pleased to be able to accommodate them at last.

The teacher--Correct the sentence: "The liquor which the man bought was drunk."

Smart boy--"The man which bought the liquor was drunk."

Editor CARRIER DOVE:—I send you for publication a criticism on W. E. Coleman's generally good article in your excellent holiday number.

I wish to congratulate you on the constantly increasing beauty and excellence of the CARRIER DOVE.

The DOVE is a credit to you and to the Pacific Coast. Its illustrated articles on California scenery are alone worth more than the subscription price.

I am moving slowly toward the Golden Gate, and expect to see my San Francisco friends in April.

Yours truly,

JAMES G. CLARK.

There is a man at Rome, calling himself the successor of St. Peter, the vicar of Christ, and God's agent on earth. He dresses in unique costume, somewhere between a harlequin and a pantaloon. He sits upon a sort of throne, and his dupes kiss his foot—a relic of the kick in the mouth which serfs formerly submitted to as a token of their abject servitude. He professes to enunciate the will of the Creator of the universe with infallible accuracy. He is the prince of imposters, yet there are those who accept his claims and pay him homage and money. Some of these are physically alive. We live in an age of miraculous stupidity.—*Freethought.*

Premium Notice.

We will send the CARRIER DOVE for the year 1888, and an elegantly bound volume of the DOVE for 1887 to any person who will send us five dollars before March 1st,

1888. This is the very lowest terms at which such a large amount of valuable reading could be furnished. The bound volume will contain 626 pages of reading matter, besides about sixty full page engravings, among which are portraits of prominent Spiritualists, scenes in spirit life, spirit pictures, views of the City of Oakland, and fine illustrations for the children's department. It contains many valuable lectures, stories and essays of great importance.

J. J. Morse's Spiritual Inquiry Class.

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

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

DATES AND SUBJECTS.

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

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

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

Wednesday evening, March 7th.—"The Homosocial Unit, or the Sexes in Relation and Unity."

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

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

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

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

This will probably be Mr. Morse's last class in this city. It is therefore necessary for all desiring to avail themselves of the present opportunity to be present on Wednesday evening next, as after all the avail-

able seats are sold no further tickets will be issued.

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

It is no part of wisdom in a man to beat his brains about anything impossible.

Duties and rights are inseparable—one cannot be delegated without the other.

Our laws now give to woman almost the same legal rights and responsibilities as man. It is therefore time she was preparing herself in those principles of business which will be of inestimable value to her in conducting her own affairs. No young lady can have a better safeguard against the adversities of fortune or a better resource in a time of need than a knowledge of business affairs.—*Parlor and Kitchen.*

She Helped Mamma To Die.

A touching incident comes to us of a young mother who was hopelessly ill, but quite unconscious of her condition. One afternoon her physicians held a consultation, and afterwards announced the fact that she had but a short time to live to the husband and sister of their patient. The four exchanged opinions as to the wisdom of telling her, and were quite unmindful of little Edith, the only child of the dying woman, five years old, who was busily playing with her dolls, apparently unconscious of what was going on about her. But, in a few minutes little Edith left her toys, walked slowly upstairs to her mother's room. With the aid of a chair she placed herself on the bed at her mother's side, when she kissed the wan cheek, and asked in a low tone, "Mamma, are you 'faid to die?" The mother was startled by the question and hesitatingly asked, "Who told you—do they think—?" "No matter, dear mamma, you needn't be 'faid at all; hold my hand tight like this, shut your eyes close, and I will stay by you, when you wake up adain you will be where 'tis all light." The eyes were closed as directed, the hands tightly clasped for a few minutes, and when the family re-entered the room the child looked up and said, "I helped dear mamma to die and she was not 'faid at all."—*Woman's Work.*

* * * * * LOCAL MEDIUM'S DIRECTORY * * * * *

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