



Thomas Starr King.

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME IV.

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NUMBER II.

Biography.

Thomas Starr King.

The life of every great man reveals a purpose; it stands for a fact in the mighty drama of man. The historic painter would fall short of what art claims from him if he failed to give at least glimpses of such purpose, which, like a sunbeam in the background of a painting, brings to view each point and feature of the picture. Pre-eminently, in the life of him whose name heads this sketch, do we observe such an inspiring aim and continued purpose. The consuming desire to do good followed him wherever he went as the shadow follows the body. As he lay panting out his life he turned to his friend, R. B. Swain, and said, "Good-by, Swain, keep my memory green." We all long to live in the memory of those we love, and though the tongue of this eloquent minister has been still for more than twenty-three years, his name is still bright and fragrant in the hearts of the people. His brave words for his country in the hour of its struggle have become an imperishable part of the State and nation he loved so well. Even those who never saw him, who were never thrilled by the magical charm of his words, are moved as with one accord to place a fitting monument over his dust, now that the time has come to remove his remains from the center of trade to some more retired spot.

Thomas Starr King was born in New York, December 16, 1824. His father was a Universalist minister, and at the time of his father's death he was preparing to enter Harvard College, but as the family were left dependent upon him for support, from the age of twelve to twenty he toiled as a clerk or school-teacher. But all these years he was a laborious student, and following the line of his taste was gradually shaping his mind for the pulpit. He preached his first sermon in the town of

Woburn, in September, 1845, subsequently at Charlestown to his father's old congregation, and in 1848, at the age of twenty-four, accepted a call to the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston. The church was much divided and many feared the boyish-looking preacher would be inadequate to the place, but his genial and sympathetic manners soon won all hearts; the congregation grew, peace and harmony prevailed, and Boston, the home of so much culture and talent, became proud of him. In 1860, he received a call from the Unitarian Society of this city, and soon thereafter sailed for this coast. He at once became a favorite in California, not only with the people of his congregation but with the pioneers of the country. He took a deep interest in the agricultural and mineral resources of the State, and as a lecturer his voice has been heard in nearly every town and mining camp of the State. Wherever he went his lovable nature charmed men and widened the circle of his friends.

He found the Unitarian Society about \$20,000 in debt, small in number, feeble in strength. In less than a year the debt was paid, the society in a flourishing condition, and before four years had elapsed a new church was built for him at a cost of \$90,000. Hardly had it been completed when the beloved pastor was called hence. About two weeks before he died he complained of a little trouble in his throat, but regarded it as a trifle and kept at his work. The insidious diphtheria was entrenched there; it worked rapidly, and on the 4th of March, 1864, he died after reciting the twenty-third Psalm.

In less than four years San Francisco lost its greatest preacher, the State its noblest orator, the country one of its ablest defenders. There was scarcely a public institution, a charity-school or philanthropic enterprise that did not feel that it had lost its best friend. His wonderful power had ever been at the command of every struggling good work. The most learned and illiterate

alike were charmed by the eloquence of his sermons and popular addresses. Was it his musical voice, the fascination of those wonderful eyes, that indescribable thing we call magnetism, or the unction of a soul in deep fellowship with its Maker? Be it what it may, few speakers held such power over the multitude. But his eloquence never rose to such fervor and majesty as during the season when the loyalty of California was thought doubtful. Who can ever forget his magnetic speeches in Platt's Hall for the Union? He traveled through all parts of the State, he visited Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory, to fan the flame of patriotism. How grandly he worked for the Sanitary Commission is written in the chronicles of the times. But space would fail to sketch a full-sized portrait of this wonderfully gifted man.

He was buried in the afternoon of March 7, 1864, by the Masonic brethren, the Grand Master reading the impressive Masonic burial service; the minute guns of Alcatraz mingled their heavy bass with the notes of the organ. This is said to be the only time in the history of the country that minute guns have been fired by order of the Government, in honor of a civilian who never held a public position.

[We are indebted to the courtesy of the *Masonic Record*, San Francisco, Cal., for the foregoing sketch and accompanying engraving.—Ed. C. D.]

More than twenty years ago the following lines upon this great man were written by John G. Whittier. To-day, when the remains of Starr King are undergoing removal and people talk of raising a monument to his illustrious name, the tribute becomes once more singularly appropriate.

The great work laid upon his two score years
Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears
Who loved him as few men were ever loved,
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan,
With him whose life stands rounded and approved,
In the full growth and stature of a man.
Mingle, Oh! bells, along the western slope,
With your deep toll, a sound of faith and hope!
Wave cheerily, Oh! banner, half-way down,
From thousand-masted bay and steepled town!
Let the strong organ, with its loftiest swell
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.
Oh! East and West! Oh! morn and sunset! twain
No more forever! has he lived in vain,
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told
Your bridal service from his lips of gold?

The Platform.

Answers to Questions.

By the Controls of J. J. Morse, of England, at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday, August 7, 1887.

(Reported for CARRIER DOVE by G. H. Hawes.)

Q.—What means may be best employed to promote the highest developments, physically, intellectually and morally?

A.—These three postulates embodied in the questions as the basis of progress, are eminently judicious and wise in their selection and position. The physical, mental and moral progress of the race constitute collectively a most important matter. This is a subject that has been a deep and thoughtful consideration to almost all the philosophers, teachers and reformers of the past and present.

Some people will tell you that the physical progress of the race can be left to the laws of nature; it is that which belongs to the lower characteristics and therefore should never be put in an exalted place, or receive any undue consideration. Another class of people are inclined to say that the intellectual progress of the race must be put on one side, or at best only treated as a subsidiary adjunct to the general development. Another class of people will tell you that moral unfoldment does not count for much after all, when you weigh it in the balance against the interests of man's immortal soul. The old fashioned religious opinions as a whole rather discount than assist the physical, mental and moral improvement of man, and in place of such advancement urge the spiritual salvation of the individual, so that it may be preserved from the pangs, pains and penalties of its inherited depravity, and which should come to me as a consequence of condemnation through lacking salvation when we get into the world beyond.

Nowadays, owing to successful advances of moral philosophy and physiological considerations these old fashioned opinions are being discarded, and the cardinal principle is being realized that a healthy body is the foundation of a sound mental expression, and that a sound mental expression renders possible a better morality than could exist without it, and that mental soundness, moral concentration and bodily health are three important considerations in the upbuilding of a good order in society. The world is beginning to recognize that it is as much responsible for the health of its body as it used to feel responsible for the salvation of its soul. We are strongly inclined to urge that a due and proper consideration of the physical environments, a due and proper effort to train the mental faculties, and a due and proper unfoldment of the moral quality, are the only methods upon which a permanent, virtuous and healthy society can positively be based.

You say God gave you these bodies, and yet how many use their best endeavors to spoil the gift that God has bestowed, until at last it becomes so rickety that it almost entirely fails to minister to your ordinary daily requirements. By proper attention to all its needs, a proper understanding of its laws, a judicious exercise of its parts, a proper use of all its organs and their functions you will insure a harmonious rounded development commonly described as health. Without health what is life? Without health what right have you to enter into the sacred bonds of wedlock and become parents, and hand down to future generations disease, discomfort of body and of mind that shall introduce new criminals into society after those that exist already have been taken hence? Health is the foundation of individual happiness, individual excellence of expression, of individual possibilities in intellectual and moral culture. We are inclined to go one step farther and say that the time will come when the unhealthy man will be considered the immoral man. Our argument would be this: The laws of God are designed for the health of man; if a man is unhealthy, then he is not in harmony with the laws of God; then he is opposing them either ignorantly or wilfully. If he do it wilfully, then that becomes a moral dereliction upon his part, for he is wilfully opposing the purposes of God. We are inclined to say that a large proportion of the ill health of to-day is the outcome of the ignorant immorality of the present time. Men are gluttonous, licentious, they overwork the physical mechanism, brain and muscles, deplete the nerves and vital forces, misuse the body and its functions in every possible way, and then say, "O Lord deliver us from apoplexy, from paralysis, dyspepsia, rheumatism, from all the ills that the flesh suffers from; O Lord don't chastise us because we have been foolish and wicked and brought all these things down upon our own heads." Exercise, diet, bathing, and the proper use of all essential things will develop the highest types of physical health.

There are other points to be considered. The progeny of the human race collectively represents the characteristics of its progenitors. If that progeny represents ill health and disease, then the general conditions will reflect those states represented in the progeny itself. If there is to be a healthy posterity, it must come from a healthy present, and all the physiological laws that are concerned in the perpetuation of the human species must be comprehended and obeyed.

We are thoroughly aware of the importance of all these considerations, and assert beyond all fear of contradiction, that the physical salvation of the world from its errors, its ignorance, and its disease, is of infinite more importance than the alleged

need of salvation for its soul in regard to its future condition of being.

Intellectual development is also absolutely necessary for the progress of society. The intellect must be trained, the reasoning faculties must be brought into operation, but this must not be done (as is too often the case) in a haphazard and partial manner. The majority of systems of intellectual training or education are bad and useless, and often defeat the objects for which they have been designed. You educate the child in what? A knowledge of the world. How? By cramming it with facts, data, figures, and statistics, that the poor brain is almost incapable of containing, without any consideration of the important fact that there are no two persons alike, without any consideration of the individual idiosyncrasies of each child—all are treated alike and those who make progress are commended, and those who do not are censured and oftentimes punished. If they were taught just what they could comprehend and grasp, and they were led on carefully, even the dullest scholar would develop a wonderful amount of smartness and progress, and would become well educated as a result of that judicious treatment.

We should like to say a great deal upon the education of children, but we are now looking at the intellectual development of mankind collectively, rather than at a special department. When you have educated the child and it becomes a man, how much does he know? He knows the names of a great many mountains and rivers, and has quite an idea of the cities of the world; has some sort of conception of vegetable and animal life in the locality where he personally lives. He knows how to add up columns of figures and work out some sundry mathematical problems; knows something of grammar, something of Latin and Greek, and has a little acquaintance with the authors of a dead and buried past. He is a highly educated man, is deeply read, but what does it all amount to? Has the faculty been developed in him to unite all this knowledge he has acquired in one complete whole? Is he trained in analyzing the histories of the past so that he can trace out their various points of resemblance? Is he taught to use his logical faculties on all questions of life and policy? In nine cases out of ten, his emotions, and sympathies, and prejudices, are the limitations of his logic, and when he goes beyond those into the wider field of universal experience to bring out the essential principles pertaining to the progress of the race, he is just as unable to do it then as he was when lying upon his mother's lap. He has a great number of facts and figures stored away in his mind, but like a child that has a lot of blocks of wood is not able to use them in rearing a structure and does not know what to do with them.

We wish you to understand by this that intellectual progress is not alone the acquisition of knowledge, but it is the digestion of knowledge and its assimilation; it is placing what you have got into its proper place and relationship so that you may extract the essence, so to speak, of the things you have mastered by the upward process. We have frequently said that the intellectual development demands the unfoldment of the reasoning properties. The stultification of reason has done more to damn humanity in this world than the alleged fall in the garden of Eden could possibly ever damn it in the world to come. By the lack of the reasoning faculty, the most utterly wild, absurd, and vicious sentiments have been incorporated into the philosophies and religions of the world, and men have been ground down in spiritual darkness and degradation until they scarcely dared to call their souls their own. If men would apply to their religious doctrines the same amount of reasoning power they apply to their business enterprises, the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Church with all its various branches, divisions, and subdivisions, would have long since had to pack up their paraphernalia and find a new universe to commence operations in.

By an intelligent understanding of your bodies you can live reasonably with them. By an intelligent understanding of the history of the world you can extract the truths that man has acquired in bygone ages and associate them with the truths you have acquired to-day. By an intelligent understanding of the philosophy of life you can lay down a correct system of personal development morally, and by a rational understanding of your duties, your nature and your character you can alone found an honorable condition of human society.

We go one step beyond that to the moral consideration, which is a very difficult one, for some people will tell you there are as many moralities as there are nations on the earth. At first it seems so; the moral customs of one community differ widely from those of another; those of one age differ widely from those of a succeeding age. In the middle ages it may be said that three F's were the rule of force, falsehood and folly. These have been polished up and refined and transcendentalized, it is true, but they still operate in human society to a great extent. But granting that different ages of the world's history present different standards of morality, and that different communities to-day still present a varying moral condition, yet if we look at the matter closely, we shall find that moral standards are conventional conditions, not conditions of essential principles. You all wear coats and dresses, but they are cut in different patterns, but the coat and the dress is the fact, and not the patterns that you have to consider, so the moral

coats and dresses of humanity may vary in their trimming and their fashions, but they are moral coats and dresses worn by all mankind. Let us take the basic fact rather than the trimming associated therewith. There are certainly moral facts that pertain innately to the character of the human race. Let us put them in the negative form, as they are really stronger that way than in the positive. Everything that hurts you will hurt somebody else. Therefore, as you do not like anyone to do things to you that will hurt, your own selfishness is the root of the moral law. You do not like to be betrayed in your confidence, trust and friendship; other people, therefore, will not like to be betrayed; therefore, thou shalt not betray thy neighbor, thy friend, thy partner, because betrayal would be injurious to you.

You will say those are arbitrary matters. Oh! no, they are not; the universal truth of nature is, that what hurts one man will hurt all other men; but what hurts all other men will also hurt you if you are brought under its influence and operation. In too many cases the moral law is looked upon in an altogether purely sensual aspect, and limited to one department of man's being, instead of being applied to all departments. We think the moral law is wide enough, deep enough, high enough to be practically applied to all cases of individual human life, and if it applies to one department it applies to all other departments. If you wish for a morality that shall stand and give society an absolutely firm foundation, then you must apply the moral law to social, commercial and political life, religious life, and life in every department of existence.

How shall we establish this conjoint, physical, intellectual, and moral progress? By an understanding of the requirements of human life and obedience thereto; by a knowledge of the character and needs of the human mind and its operation, and by a due and proper recognition of the facts of the mutual rights and privileges that belong to all mankind; in other words, by an understanding of the simple but golden truth that duty implies privileges, and that privileges imply responsibilities. Make yourself the one responsible to yourself for the health, intellectual development, and the moral unfoldment of yourself. If all would do this the reformation of the world would be speedily accomplished; if each one would sweep the sidewalk before his own door, the whole street would be clean.

These are matters of very serious consideration. Just so long as man permits himself to be ruled by the purely animal part of his nature, the sensual part, the nutritive part, just so long will you have licentiousness, disease, wrangling and fighting in human society, and you deserve to have them because you are not doing your best to render them impossible. Stand up

in the might and beauty of your moral nature; say that I will be honest, virtuous and just, dealing fairly and honestly, assuming no responsibility I am not prepared to fulfill, and shrinking from no duty when I have once put my hand to the plow. Then you will have a moral, intellectual and physical life that in their conjoint character of health, power and beauty shall add a divinity and glory to this world that will be to you all a foretaste of the heavenly life beyond.

Q.—Where is the soul situated in the human form? Is the soul immediately conscious after the change of death?

A.—The soul is located within the central portion of the human brain. It is a distinct and special entity, dependent upon the external machinery of the physiological structure for means of its external relations.

As it will sustain a relationship to an external condition of life in the world beyond it will not necessarily be absolutely conscious during the immediate period of transition, but when its new body has been formed and all its parts and functions are in proper operation, then consciousness will externally assert itself, and the soul by this contact will come into the experiences of the next world.

Q.—What are the occupations in the other life? How near is the other world to this?

A.—The occupations of the future world will depend entirely and in every case upon the occupants of that future world. That which you fail of doing here and which you earnestly wish to realize will be more than fulfilled when the limitations that hold you now are then entirely removed.

How near is that world to you? So near that the curtains that hang between are but the finest muslin, but the flimsiest of gauze. So near that when the outer eye is closed in the stillness of the sleeping moments, the inward eye may open and catch glimpses of the glory that lies only just beyond you.

So near that the trembling of the hidden fires within the breast may be but the outward monitions of the angel hands that are stirring the pulses within. So near that the loving impulses of kindness are but the responsive vibrations to the angel visitants who come to you. So near that when you are on your daily walks and engaged in your daily duties, angels may be walking unseen by your side. So near that in your mind, heart, feelings, emotions, your loves and desires, the tremulous motion of the angel life may be found within your souls. Truly so near and so real that the poet's statement is absolutely true that "Millions of spiritual beings daily walk the earth unseen."

Q.—Is heaven a place or a state? Where is heaven, or the location of departed spirits?

A.—Heaven is a state and not a location. If it was a locality and marked off into town lots there would very soon be a corner in corner lots, and the real estate of the celestial country would be "boomed" up to such an

excessive pitch that the poor would be absolutely homeless. Whatever religion lays out a special heaven, it is always for its own believers. Now, if there is only one religion there will be only one heaven; if there is only one religion all the people who do not believe in that religion will be religiously excluded from that particular heaven. Where will they go to? They will be consigned to the wilderness, sent out to camp on the barren and cheerless plains. A very heavenly and comforting state of things indeed!

But when heaven is a state within you and does not depend upon your belief, but upon doing that which is heavenly in its effects and result, then you build up your own heaven and no one can deprive you of it. Justice and good doing are matters that pertain to all mankind, and the more you cultivate the higher virtues the more the kingdom of heaven will be in you, and the more you will have to bestow upon your fellows; you will find that the more you give of your heavenly treasures to help the suffering, needy and starving, the more you will receive in return.

As to the location of the departed spirit, it may be in the household where affection and loving sympathies still bind us: it may be in that somewhat removed realm of spiritual life that pertains to the first stage of independent spiritual existence. But wherever it is will depend in every case upon the culture, development and desire of the individual spirit concerned.

Q.—What constitutes true worship, and why should we worship at all?

A.—We are unable to give the questioner any reason as to why he should worship, if he sees no reason for doing so. If you feel that you must worship, then by all means do so; it can do your neighbors no harm, and no great harm to yourself. So long as you are on the plane of worship, do so in all sincerity, earnestness and truthfulness. Do not grind it out as though you were working a machine; do not make a formal prayer, and then say "I am glad that job is done." A great many people worship and go to church as though it were a special duty, then it becomes a mere matter of form. If you mean by worship a loving recognition of the divine presence and endeavor to intelligently obey all its requirements as expressed in the laws of your being; if you mean by worship an intelligent comprehension of the government of God and an earnest desire upon your part to come into relationship therewith, then we would advise you to go on worshipping. But that is not the sense in which worship is usually interpreted. There is no need for you to praise God, nor to worship him in the ordinary sense that these terms are used. God is infinitely beyond your praise or worship. If God could be affected by the praise or worship of humanity, then he would be but very little better, if any, than

the people who worship him. If you look at this matter closely you will understand that you can add nothing to his glory, might or dignity, and to ask him to turn aside this way or that to meet your little petty requirements, is to urge a supposition that an intelligent and advanced philosophy will immediately repudiate.

Worship God by obeying His laws, by conforming to principles He has established, by using life for the highest and the best, and preparing yourself, consequently, for the life beyond.

Q.—What are the present dangers of Spiritualism?

A.—Some spiritualists would consider this an improper question; that whatever dangers there are in Spiritualism we should carefully conceal from the public eye; that we should cover up the weak places, plaster the ulcers, paint out the black eyes and the sore spots, and present to the world a united, compact, harmonious and perfectly beautiful front. We heartily agree with you that it is desirable, but perhaps some little mischievous urchin might come along by-and-bye and with his finger chip out a piece of putty and reveal some terrible defects. We want to beware of the little urchin, and the only way to prevent him doing anything of that disagreeable character is for you to clean out what ulcers there may be.

There are two striking dangers at the present time. The first danger is the worship of mediums—medium-olatory. Modern Spiritualism is the representation of truths, principles, facts and experiences, mediums are the agencies through which these are presented to the world, and we gladly and cheerfully give them every credit and honor, for their labors are arduous, their sacrifices are great. But between appreciating all that they have done and all that they have borne for you, and placing them upon a lofty pedestal and making them almost as little gods, there is the greatest difference in the world. We do not know of any human being who could stand being made a god of. When you find such then make a god of him, but until then learn that medium worship is one of the gravest dangers that can beset your cause. If a medium can stand in the high and holy place between the living and the dead, then give him all honor and praise for the noble function he fulfills, but remember also to exact from him a due obedience to the solemn duties that belong to that exalted place.

Another danger is spirit worship,—spirit-olatory. You say you would not worship God, nor Jesus, nor Buddha, but when some empty-headed, conceited ghost comes back with a great deal of mystery, and swears that he is a great and wonderful being, you take it all down and say: "Oh, he is a wonderful spirit and we must believe every word he says!" Why should you? Why should you worship a spirit, any more than you worship

it while in the form? Just as long as you make gods of any of the returning ghosts, just as long as you surrender reason and judgment to the *ipse dixit* of any spirit, you will stultify and degrade yourselves mentally and morally. It is well to give a respectful hearing to what may be told you. As for ourselves, you will please remember what we are always telling you, not to accept a single statement we make if it does not agree with your reason, judgment and common sense. No spirit of any pretensions of knowledge and honesty will ever come back with a "Thus saith the Lord," and demand obedience; he will come with reason and with argument, with evident desire to enlist your sympathy and prove his sincerity. But when a spirit claims to be your master and your leader, and demands acceptance because he is a spirit, the best thing you can do is to dismiss him at once and enlist the aid of a less pretentious immortal who has a great deal more honesty in his composition.

There are other dangers—plenty of them. Some of the most utterly nonsensical and absurd ideas have come to you from the spirit world; some of the wildest vagaries and illusive fancies have obscured the light of modern Spiritualism in past times, all because people have started out with the ignorant idea that whatever comes from the spiritual world must be good, because it comes from that source. Those who are familiar with the movement know quite well what we refer to. But you have gained experience and you are beginning to learn that every statement from the spiritual world must be brought to the bar of reason and the test of common sense. This is your safeguard.

Not only are there dangers but there are superstitions as well, priestly apings not the least connected with modern Spiritualism, some of which we may consider at another time.

But look upon the other side. With all its disadvantages, with all its weak points, Spiritualism is the only present-day demonstration of the continuity of human life beyond the grave. The modern medium with all his weakness and peculiarities, is the only living representative of the reality of angel communion. The modern gospel of immortality is the only interpretation of man's nature here and his relationships beyond. Let us remember these things and not close our eyes or blind our judgment to the labor that has been done, the sacrifices that have been made, the great principles that have been given to the world. But our great desire is that this great and glorious cause you are connected with shall be placed upon a higher plane year by year, until at last in the fullness of time the psychology of human nature, the development of man's mediumistic powers, the recognition of spiritual truths, shall be established in the lives

and judgment of mankind as the crowning glory and divine effort of the Spiritualism of the nineteenth century.

Fiction.

Dr. Fell.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Thursday eve arrived in due time, yet Ethel had not availed herself of the "bridge left behind," over which she might have retraced her steps in the path of spiritual investigation and experience. For in the meantime Mrs. Findlay had called, bringing as usual little Miss Helen and Master Frankie. After the first greeting, the little lad lisped out the inquiry:

"Mamma said me to come to bid man's home." Mrs. Findlay explained, laughingly, that Frankie persisted in calling Mr. Raymond, whose name he could not remember, "bid man;" and the womanly elder sister was directed by Ethel to take him to the field near by, where his big friend might be found.

What compact was made between the two, Helen related to her mamma at home, the farmer revealing his scheme later to the members of his household.

During Mrs. Findlay's visit, Ethel took occasion to remark: "You may have heard, Mrs. Findlay, that a series of circles are being held by a few of us, at each others' houses, and we have thought that possibly you might be induced to join us."

"I have heard mention made of the circles," rejoined Mrs. Findlay, "but felt it would be quite impossible to attend owing to the distance."

"I had thought of that," eagerly pursued Ethel, "but father or the hired man would row you across in the fishing boat. It is clean and dry," she hastened to add, "though rather clumsy."

"It would do nicely, thank you," replied she, "and if not too much trouble I might be able to leave the children an hour or so with the maid, as they are abed and asleep before eight o'clock."

Thus the matter was arranged, and when the children came back from the field, their mamma unfastened the pony, while Ethel helped them into the carriage, and they separated, mutually well pleased in view of another meeting.

Thursday evening arrived, and in accordance with the arrangement previously made, Mrs. Findlay was rowed across the stream in the fishing boat by Mr. Raymond, and was in the parlor with Eva when Dr. Fell and Mr. Cary arrived. The gentlemen expressed their pleasure at this agreeable acquisition to the number comprising the circle.

When the three or four others had arrived,

and the usual programme gone through with, of singing, etc., Dr. Fell arose, and stepping quickly behind Ethel, with that same light, swift, downward motion of his hands, placed them gently upon Ethel's head, and in an unknown voice, as of an oracle, proceeded to say, impressively and solemnly:

"This lady has been chosen as an inspirational speaker. She has all the ability and moral power requisite to become a leader in the much-needed reforms of the day. She also has, in her heart, that desire to do good, to improve the condition of common humanity, that is in accord with the plans of spiritual workers; therefore, if she will yield herself a ready co-worker with her inspirers, they will soon provide a broad field for the use of her talents, that will bring satisfaction to her longing soul.

"To this end, for the unfoldment, strengthening, and equalizing of her powers, we commission this magnetic healer to render us his aid as the circumstances of the case require."

Whereupon the Doctor made other magnetic passes over the now passive and semi-conscious subject.

When he had again taken his seat and was free from the control which had prompted him, he asked, looking around in a sort of dazed way:

"What have I been doing now?"

"Treating Miss Raymond," sententiously replied Mr. Carey.

"Miss Raymond!" repeated the Doctor in amazement, "What for?"

"To assist in developing her as a speaker, Dr. Fell," pleasantly answered Mrs. Findlay, as Mr. Carey seemed to hesitate.

"Indeed! I had not a hint of any such proceeding."

"Or you would not have been so ready a helper?" queried Mrs. Findlay, to whom the theory or philosophy was so familiar, that she understood this practical exemplification of it.

"I can only say that Miss Raymond is eminently gifted for such position," added the Doctor.

A long period of silence ensued which was broken by Dr. Fell saying: "A vista opens before me, like a wide avenue leading up to a pile of white buildings, that look like a capitol, state or national, and a little distance from the entrance is a form and face like the lady at my side, walking between two others, one a youth, the other a maiden; both are taller than herself. They seem to be the lady's grown children, as she has the arm of the youth. Further on a man is hastening, taking long strides as if to enter before them. His height is that of this lady's husband, and I am impressed that high fortunes are awaiting her. I hear these words repeated: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, we will make thee ruler over many things.'"

"She is to sit among the nation's counsellors, an honored guest, I also hear;" then the doctor passed his finger tips across his forehead to dispel the lingering vision.

"There is a beautiful star over Auntie Raymond's portrait," exclaimed Eva suddenly, who sat opposite.

All eyes were turned in the direction of the faint outlines of the dark frame upon the light wall with which they were familiar, and above which shone, with no borrowed ray, a large roseate star, or diamond-pointed circle of light. Smaller ones developed on either side, while two bars of light appeared across the entrance door.

"I hear these words," said Dr. Fell, "Ethel, this means good cheer and safe guidance."

All gazed enrapt at this novel manifestation, one or two discovering flecks of light on their hands and clothing, to which attention was quietly drawn, and as they slowly faded, Dr. Fell remarked, "The harmony of this circle must have been perfect to-night, to have made possible what we have witnessed."

All were well pleased with the result, and bidding the three ladies good-night, departed.

Next morning upon entering the breakfast-room where the family were awaiting her, Eva exclaimed, "Uncle Raymond, now you really have missed something, not being in the circle."

"Anything I could see?" queried the farmer, with a lifting of the eyebrows, and a doubting smile.

"Yes, uncle, something you could positively see," and she related the occurrence of the lights.

"And you all saw them?"

"Every one of us."

"And you all agreed as to their number, and locality, and form?" Mr. Raymond had the fundamental elements of a legal mind, undeveloped, and it was from this inheritance, with womanly intuition combined, that Ethel's took its judicial turn.

"We were all agreed," answered Eva; "I saw the first one and drew the attention of the rest to it."

"You could hardly have mesmerized them all, I suppose, to see as you did." The farmer was not yet familiarized with the more comprehensive term.

"Hardly," Eva repeated; "it was a great surprise to me. I never thought of such a thing."

"Never thought of what?" questioned her uncle.

"Of pschylologizing any one," said Eva, shortly.

"Perhaps some one else pschylologized you all, as you call it."

"Why, uncle, who?" asked Eva wonderingly.

"The doctor, of course."

"Indeed! you must think he has great power," a little scornfully.

"He is a singular man," commented the farmer musingly. Had he known of the developing treatment given Ethel, it is scarcely likely he would have approved. But this, it had been agreed upon, should not be mentioned at present, though Eva was permitted to disclose the fact of the beautiful lights, so clearly discernible to them all in what they knew to be their sober senses, with the exception of Ethel, who had not wholly recovered from her somewhat dazed condition. Therefore she held her peace, yet fully believing what her eyes had seen.

"What was the meaning of it all?" pursued Mr. Raymond.

"Symbols," replied Eva, adding, "you can judge for yourself, uncle, as they were about auntie's picture."

Eva remembered that two little cousins, daughter and son, had died in infancy.

"Well, what does 'good cheer and safe guidance' mean for Ethel?"

"We shall see, father," answered the daughter hesitatingly. Her silence, hitherto, had been due to solemnity of feeling.

"Well," said Mr. Raymond, rising, with a nervous little laugh, "perhaps I shall surprise you with some lights, next time," and he departed for the fields.

(To be continued.)

Original Contributions.

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

A Song of Aspiration.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

O, for the will of a giant or god!
For a harp that is strung to a music profound!
For a spirit that spurns and ignores the sod!
A poet who wakes to the clarion sound
Of a great grand truth! who filches the fire,
And steals the fair hues of an orient sky,
Which blend with the sonnets that leap from his lyre—
While his soul is attuned to the splendors that vie
With everything musical, sweet-toned and high!

O, for a soul in adversity strong,
For the courage unyielding to sorrow or fate,
For the right to encounter, demolish the wrong,
And a friend who is faithful, and never too late!
Wise, philosophic, meditative and true,
Bold with opponents, with enemies shy,
Courageous to all, yet confiding to few,
Helping and trusting with the same faith that I
Would bestow on my friend whether far off or nigh!

O, for an age that is golden and grand,
For women and men who shall stand to the right,
For a new inspiration to awaken the land,
A new resurrection of wisdom and light!
Expansive, harmonious, diffusive, defined,
Just, peaceful and merciful, lofty and high,
With a love all-embracing in measure and kind,
And a charity broad as the bound of the sky,
That shall pass not the least of humanity by!

O, for a planet untainted and new,
Out in the space of immensity hurled,
For the air, the verdure, the sunbeam and dew,
For the ravishing glint and gleam of a world

Perennial, paradisaal, aromatic and green,
Elysian and soft, 'neath a gold-paven sky,
As amid the fair valleys, electric and sheen,
Enrapt in a halo of glory would I
Lave my soul in a music that never should die!

For some great milky way this fair orbit to find,
For the cloud-cleaving wings of an eagle to soar,
For a speed that is fleet, more subtle than wind,
For the gift of immortals, their wisdom and lore!
Sublime and magnetic, illumined, divine,
Soul-reading, prophetic, transfigured and high,
On the mountains of beauty forever to shine,
And crowned with the laurels that only may vie
With a fountain whose waters shall never be dry!

O, for a million of planets to trace,
For thousands and thousands to rove through and
gain;

For the might to outmeasure, annihilate space,
And 'mid the wide regions of grandeur to reign!
Boundless and endless, unlimited, vast,
Exultant, triumphant, all things to defy,
Imblending the future, the present and past,
In a song of creation, and sounding the cry
Amen! Hallelujah! we advance or we die!

O, to drink in its beauty, to glow in its theme,
To rise on its splendors, to thrill every chord,
Is a bliss of which only a poet may dream
When his soul in its fullness dilates to a god!
Striking deeper and deeper, soaring higher and higher,
With his feet on the earth and his brow in the sky,
Illumed with the heavenly afflatus and fire,
And blending the deep tinted hue and the dye
Of the glamorous worlds when their harvest is nigh!

Soul.

BY INSPIRATION TO A. F. MELCHUS

Soul is the spiritual essence of intelligence, and stands in the same relation to God that spirit does to matter, one an individualized essence of the other. Intelligence is the universe of causation, God so-called, and constitutes absolute motion or action. Matter is the universe of effects, space so-called, and constitutes absolute inertia or passivity. The action of the former on the latter evolves an essence from the same which constitutes a soul condition or *spirit*; an etherealized or sublimated state of existence, which is active in quality, and as such assumes a positive bearing or tendency towards the residue left over by this, what may be termed, divine distillation. This residue becomes pure carbon, but in a state of dissolution. Its essence, spirit so-called, is nothing more nor less than ether, that condition of space or those portions thereof which are filled out by stars or suns, and has a crystalline hue compared with space in its original or chaotic condition. Its carbonized residue, in conjunction with intelligence, centralizes itself into compact masses or one mass, and forms what may be known as opaque or solidified matter, the fundamental condition for the evolution of heavenly bodies so-called. The spirit or ether in which these masses exist or float about, exerts an individual influence on these bodies; guiding them in regulated form and order, and causing them to take up a position in its interior as if combined or connected to each other by a system

of laws or forces which prevented them from encroaching upon each other. Spirit or ether is positive in nature and controls these bodies in their respective movements, but are separately charged with a soul or life principle from the entity of intelligence or God which exists in superior state both within and without this ethereal sea or spiritual ocean, this omnipresent existence being due to its superiority of motion or action over both spirit and matter combined, and therefore constitutes the governing power of the whole. This is the superior power so intuitively sensed by all mankind, and regarded as a God or father, by virtue of being connected with the same through the agency of law, or constituting a part of the same. Spirit is merely the positive condition of matter and belongs to the same as an essence thereof or matter in a superior state. Soul is the individualized essence of God or intelligence, and constitutes the divine principle in man, and which becomes the governing power of both the spirit and body of man when it reaches a superior degree of activity or motion over both. The spirit of man is the etherealized essence of his physical body, an exact counterpart thereof, with all the material or animal impetus alive and active and acting for a negative or materialistic effect, while the soul is made up of purely spiritual effects or actions in which the physical or animal sensations and emotions take no part, thus constituting an absolutely spiritual life-entity, or an absolutely positive condition of existence comparting with its parent stem, intelligence or God. God is life or motion existing in non-dimensional form throughout infinity or space, and therefore absolute or absolutely positive in nature. Having no dimensional impediments to interfere with its condition as an existence, it is naturally ubiquitous or omnipresent, simultaneously existing within and without, and thus omniscient or omnipotent. What the latter signifies is proven by the absolute potency with which law governs the universe of matter, law being also an attribute of intelligence or God, and constitutes the soul-principle of material or planetary life so-called.

Life is motion, absolute and perpetual, and without which no condition of the same could remain intact—existing. The soul-principle is the immortal part, and simply changes its outer clothing until thoroughly individualized. Until then it is in immaturity and has to operate against the influences of the material. By its perpetual motion it is enabled to do this, and in its combat to overcome the material, it grows, expands, increases in activity and force or power, and when it has succeeded in reaching a condition which is greater in force than its surrounding matter or material impetus, it has attained what may be termed a positive state of existence. As such it becomes an immortal or unchangeable life-entity, whether an atom, a nebula, a sun, a planet, a vege-

table, a flower, a bird, an animal or a mortal being. In the latter it reaches this state at different periods of human unfoldment, from the savage to the most enlightened, and all depending upon the impetus or force of the material it has to overcome. In some this material force is not so active as in others, being due to milder or more passive animalistic qualities in infancy or pre-natal conditions. Much, however, is due to pre-existing hereditary qualities, and may furnish the soul with material conditions which take ages to overcome. In this event it has to resort to extraordinary measures to reach the positive state, but to which the soul adapts itself in the course of time, feeling its inability more and more as it nears the positive condition, to reach it without some divine or spiritual aid, and thus calls on the God or intelligence which it intuitively senses as being not too far off to be heard or be made conscious of its desires. This is the period of man's existence when he seeks or feels the want of spiritual food, and which when obtained, gives him the comfort long sought after. Now is the winter of his discontent made glorious by the summer sun of spiritual truth or heavenborn light, and a brighter future lies before him. But blessed is he who reaches it in full before throwing off the mortal coil, for a rocky path is that which lies between the positive and negative conditions of life, and especially when approaching or clambering over the demarcation line which separates the two. Here it is where the soul despairs. Too weak as an immortal being to hold with the positive side of existence, and too strong as a mortal to give up the requirements and necessities of material or physical life, and between the two it sways from one side to the other, not knowing on which side it will be at next the change of thought or emotion. Such is its condition before it has attained a firm footing on the positive side of existence as an immortal being, but when its force of action or motion attains a degree of velocity a few per cent. in excess of the material it is enabled to hold its own with more firmness or tenacity, despite temptations, external influences and discordant conditions of both its own spirit body and of those exerting their influences on it from the outside, whether of mortals or attracting spirits. The latter may be due to physical evils, as intemperance, gluttony, excessive use of narcotics or sedatives, and thus invite physical obsessions which absorb the being's vitality, magnetic force or substance, or drag the discordant forces of its own spirit body down upon itself, or rather between its physical body and soul, and thus shut off the vivifying influences which the positive condition of nature produces on the material in connection with it as a life-entity. To be aware of the latter, it may be known by a feeling of languor, restlessness or oppression, after having enjoyed the freedom which the posi-

tive condition affords or produces, and which is analogous to feeling bright, animated, cheerful, buoyant, calm, peaceful or happy according to circumstances, but which ill-feelings of languor, restlessness or oppression may be eradicated by a little abnegation on that which may have caused the depressed condition or the relapse into the negative for a time being. And as this may recur at periods or under certain conditions, it is well to note the occurrences and either guard against it or prevent the relapse by denying one's self certain indulgences or such that may have been the cause of one's ill-feelings, languor being caused by sensual restlessness, by vain or arrogant, and oppression by selfish indulgences. But when once firmly in the positive and beyond the reaction of old passions, a little physical nursing is in order to restore the vitality lost in endeavoring to reach the positive or soul condition of existence, or the condition in which the soul and not the spirit governs the physical body. The spirit is only an appendage needed for the soul to revolve on in the future life and to protect itself from being annihilated or submerged into the entity of intelligence as a whole, the spirit-body being the medium or agency through which the soul is enabled to act in its immortal or independent state of existence, and without which it would lose its individuality or condition of immortality. Until the soul attains this degree of positivity or control over both spirit and body, man is in a negative or material state of existence, and subjected to the influence, control and forces of matter, but when beyond this, he becomes a spiritual being in its true sense, freed from animal sensibilities, psychological disturbances and spirit obsessions. The latter is the last to which he is subjected, and proclaims his early release from the material, being kept up to serve a two-fold purpose, one to restore lost vitality in his struggle to reach the positive condition, and one to keep up material animation until he is well over the demarcation line, where the soul begins to act directly on the body itself and thus rejuvenate it with its purified life-principles or intelligent activity, and thus restore the physical body to its full vigor, health and strength again, or that which was lost in clambering over this stupendous wall, the demarcation line between the positive and negative conditions of existence, spirit and matter or intelligence and space. Once over the line, the being obtains a new lease of material life, and may then continue to exist as a mortal being for some time to come or until physical decay causes an entire separation of the soul from the body. During this state the being dwells within causation and may obtain the light of the absolute contained therein, and if accessible as a medium, may be utilized by spirits to bring glad tidings of a spiritual nature to mankind seeking after absolute truth.

Such is the soul of man in its freed state, and those who have reached it will know it not only by the benign influences which betoken the condition of positive nature, but by the light of intelligence which comes to the soul unbidden and unsolicited—feeling a constant flow of new thoughts crowding upon its exterior, and which but for the material to which it is connected, would keep it constantly active and engaged in forming them into language suitable for the masses. But as truth is like grain, and has to be sifted before it can be utilized, it takes time to formulate, having to pass through the brain, a comparatively gross utensil, before it can be made comprehensive to the outside world. Souls in this condition are therefore like caged animals, feeling an inward impulse to go forward, but are kept in abeyance by the flesh and bone which surround them, and which often causes a feeling of oppression to overcome them almost too difficult to bear. But as such have either peace or happiness in connection with their beings, they are seldom troubled with impatience and are thus comforted by a natural attribute of their condition, whether they seek it or not. Man in his negative condition seeks peace or happiness, but in his positive condition has it as a part of his being.

Peace is that calm quietude of the soul attained through positive will; and happiness, that feeling of joy attained through moral and physical purification combined. The latter constitutes freedom from sensual evils, habits, tastes, desires, etc., and the former a freedom from all forms of pride, self-sufficiency, self-love, and prejudices. When this has been attained, man reaches the so-called love condition and comes *en rapport* with the whole of causation, God or intelligence and thus becomes one with the cause and effect of the universe. Love is harmony, and harmony of conditions is the true aim of life, for God is love by virtue of being a condition which constantly gives, imparts, or bestows, and to reach harmony with God man must develop a similar condition. Benevolence, sympathy, charity, forgiveness, etc., are love actions and lead to it. Thus to reach the love condition man must practice love. This leads to happiness, and happiness is the harmonious vibration with the cause and effect of the universe, God. Thus to become happy, forget self.

The women who are interested in securing the ballot for their sex should in every locality organize for associated effort and for study, if practicable. Parlor meetings will be found most effectual. These might be held in the afternoon for business and in the evening for social purposes. Women can only emphasize their desire for the ballot and make effective their work for it by organization.

Selected Articles.

Knights of the "White Cross"

BY EVA A. H. BARNES.

I wish I could gain the ear of every youth who reads the *Iowa Home Journal*. I would urge them to swear allegiance to "The White Cross" and let me bestow upon them the "star and garter" of a more royal knighthood than ever graced the defenders of a fair lady in those far-famed days of chivalry. I am most fully convinced that nothing would contribute to the happiness and progress of humanity more than an increase of spirituality among men. Society has long demanded purity and virtue of our women as a passport to its favor, hence they as a rule are more elevated and spiritual in their love nature than men. But, as a relic of the barbarous subjection of women to physical force, society never has demanded a like purity of life from our men; and women are crushed and shunned for crimes which are winked at and smiled upon by men. This is the chivalry practiced in the nineteenth century! Young men, this is not just; virtue has no sex. It is just as incumbent upon you, in the clear light of spiritual truth, to lead lives of virtue and purity as for our girls, and the immutable laws of the universe will hold you to an account for every lapse therefrom, whatever society may say to you.

In England and in this country young men are quietly and earnestly organizing, calling themselves "The White Cross Fraternity," and pledging themselves to the following:

1. To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.
2. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.
3. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.
4. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions and to try and help my younger brothers.
5. To use every possible means to fill the command, "keep thyself pure."

Now I want every boy or young man who reads this article to carefully consider this pledge and all it implies and write it down in their note-book, to read every night before retiring.

When you are firmly resolved to keep the pledge, I would consider it a favor if each one would write to me, if only to send their name to be enrolled by me among my Knights. I may be able to send you some reading that will help you. In any case believe me your sincere friend.—*Iowa Home Journal*.

Subscribe for the CARRIER DOVE.

Free Religion and Spiritualism.

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

I believe in all the facts and many of the phenomena of Spiritualism, as I have witnessed them and heard them described. And more: I believe, as the truths and triumphs of science and Spiritualism shall be more and more unfolded and understood, they will solve all the problems and shape all the destinies of human nature and character for all time and all eternity, and so become the one universal religion of the human race. But what is free religion, Spiritualism, or any liberalism worth, whose whole thought and care are for itself? that priest-and Levite-like pass by on the other side all present ills which now scourge so large a part of man and womankind?

At our very feet lie multitudes deep sunk in ignorance, superstition, sin, and consequent misery, and who shall care for them?

What is that free or liberal religion worth that only sweeps down the dust and cobwebs of old traditions and superstitions from the roofs and ceilings and upper chambers of the great temple of humanity, but leaves all its basement stores to become haunts of beggary and vagabondism, or dens of thieves? Or to what purpose is Spiritualism, if its whole thought and care are to drag back to sight its departed grandmother, while its own children suffer for bread.

London Items.

Mrs. L. C. Moulton, London correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, sends the following, published July 17.

"Like everybody else in London they are interested in hypnotism, Spiritualism, etc.—interested, I mean, as inquirers, not as believers, and I saw a table move round briskly under the pretty fingers of Mrs. Hupt and a young lady cousin of hers.

"The latest feminine sensation is Miss Ramsey, the Girton girl of twenty, who beat all the men at Cambridge this year in Greek; and what makes her success still more triumphant, is that the pretty little creature had only learned her Greek alphabet four years ago, while the men had all been pegging away at the language for ten years.

"Prof. Stainton-Moses of University College, London, is certainly a trained scientist; and a man accustomed to weigh evidence, and tells me that with him Spiritualism is not a matter of mere belief, but of actual, personal knowledge. A great deal of spiritual writing has been done through his own hand; not professionally, but for his own satisfaction. Holding Zoroaster or Aristotle in his left hand, and reading attentively, he has written out most extraordinary things with his right. For instance, one day—in answer, he thinks to a wish on his part for

an especially strong test—his hand wrote of the death of a woman of whom he had never heard, giving her name and the time and manner of her passing away, etc. 'But,' he said, as he read it over, 'I don't see that this is a test. I could find it in a newspaper; I may have read it, and unconsciously remembered it.' Instantly it was written, 'No; that cannot be; she died but an hour ago, and when you see it in the paper you will have had your test.' The next day he searched the papers in vain, but on the second morning, there, in the death column, he found the announcement of the death, corresponding with what had been written through him, in every particular of name, date, and disease. Also he has seen spirits in friendly converse—entertained them at his own fireside.

"I went, by invitation of Prof. Stainton-Moses, to a festal reunion of the 'Spiritual Alliance,' of which he is president, and I am bound to say that I met there men and women who seemed to me as sincere and earnest, and intelligent as one finds anywhere. Oh! and I saw Eglinton—the medium who is now what Home was—though he told me last night he meant soon to get out of the professional part of Spiritualism. He is a singularly agreeable man, handsome, and with a look in his dark eyes as if they might easily see visions. I am told that he has lately married a very rich wife, and this may account for his intention to withdraw from Spiritualism as a profession."

A Strange Warning.

One of the best engineers that ever ran on the West Shore Railroad in America was a man named Bronson. One morning, just before starting time, while he sat chatting with the fireman, the engine bell suddenly rang out three times. As neither the engineer nor fireman had touched the bell, and as no other person was on or around the engine, the men felt troubled at the strange circumstance. They regarded it as an ill omen and both men were filled with dread.

The train started on its journey, and mile after mile was quickly traveled, the engineer meanwhile keeping an anxious lookout for danger. When within about an eighth of a mile of a rocky cut, the bell again, apparently of its own accord, sounded three ominous notes, clear and distinct. The engineer beside himself with terror, exclaimed: "My God, Bill! It's a warning of some great danger, and I believe it's our duty to stop. I'm goin' to shut her down if I lose my place by it."

The train came to a sudden standstill and within ten feet of the engine, lying across the track, was a great rock several tons in weight, which had become loosened by a recent storm and broken away from the great mass above. A terrible calamity was averted and hundreds of lives saved by this remarkable warning.—*More Light*.

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MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editress

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land.**THE CARRIER DOVE,**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AUG. 20, 1887.

Done up in Muslin.

The deep affections of the human heart are so great that they who palter with them are among the lowest of our kind. Stricken to our centre by the loss of a loved one, we ask for a token that shall assure us death is not the end. The glad tidings of modern Spiritual communion have echoed in the empty corridors of many a suffering heart, and filled it with the light of knowledge. The departed have thus been restored to the bereaved, and something of the sunlight of former days has been won back to the clouded home.

Precious indeed are the demonstrations of immortality that come through the facts of spirit communion. They open up the road through the forests of fear, they steer us clearly across the wastes of woe, and show us the true goodness of the all-wise one who has no blind roads in all the country of his great purposes.

We have for years walked in the light of this communion, been guided by it, and blessed by it. From our souls we feel the

deepest thankfulness for it. At all times we give our invisible friends a welcome, and rejoice to have them visit us. *But we ask that they only come when they can make their identity reasonably known to us.* Then we get comfort and confidence; comfort in their intercourse, confidence in their advice.

Spirit-communion in one's own life or family is the most beautiful form of our intercourse with the unseen world. The exigences of life however, do not allow of it being held in every family, therefore our public media have arisen. Many have borne trial, persecution, abuse, and poverty, and are still poor to-day, as a result of their devotion. We sympathize with all such. They deserve and need it. But there is a class among us, who, pretending to mediumship, find in a certain branch of the phenomena a department in which by subtle tricks they can cheat their patrons.

To see our "dead" appear from the curtains of a cabinet, be "pumped" by artful managers and "cappers," and when honesty compels a refusal of recognition of the alleged "spirit," to be told that we are not developed enough for such phenomena, is a beautiful and spiritual reward! We need something more than the dead done up in muslin to represent the veiled ladies, princes, priests, lace girls, and such like miscellaneous masqueraders from shadow-land. One absolute appearance of the relative of a sitter who shall appear as unmistakably as the aforesaid gentry would do more to settle the question of materialization than anything else. But when the "forms" are done up in muslin, so that features, eyes, hair, and all identifying characteristics are undistinguishable, we can only smile at the credulity which accepts a "thing" done up in that style as its beloved friend. These vampires that prey upon our vitals are not mediums (?) whom we are to protect and respect. When our people awake to their duty these pseudo-mediums (?) will find the West has no more use for them than the East has.

Homes for our Aged and Destitute.

One of the greatest reproaches cast upon spiritualists as a body is their neglect of charitable work. It is no excuse to say that if people did right, and justice prevailed, there would be no need of charity. Justice

does not prevail, but want and suffering do, and we must accept things as they are, and not waste our precious time grumbling because they are not different.

Every church organization has some charitable work under its auspices, and why should not Spiritual Societies have the same? Surely we have the aged and destitute, the sick and afflicted, orphans and unfortunate ones among us who need homes, food and clothing, as well as they. In every state should be a home for our aged and destitute mediums and workers, or for any of our number who have unfortunately become unable to battle longer for bread, and need the assistance of their fellows. These homes should not be cheap, plain buildings such as are frequently seen devoted to similar purposes, but should be fine, commodious structures, with ample grounds for the cultivation of flowers, fruit, vegetables etc. Many an aged man whose life has been devoted to toil, would feel more "at home" in such an institution if it afforded opportunities for light out-door work in harmony with his ambition to "do something." Very few persons unless they come from the "drone" class, could be content to sit down and be supported at the expense of others. Light, congenial employment should be provided for all who were physically able to do anything, as they would thereby be rendered more contented and happy. We have no doubt that such an institution could be made self-sustaining in a few years when the proper industries had been introduced.

It was a painful sight to us a short time since, when an aged spiritualist called to say good-by, as he was unable longer to support himself by manual labor, and had no relatives to whom he could apply for aid; consequently was going to the county house, or "hospital" as it is called. As he was taking leave of us he said: "I have worked hard all those years. I have never drank, gambled, or squandered money foolishly. I have had reverses and sickness until my sustenance is wasted, and now in my old age I am obliged to become an object of charity. I have paid in taxes to the government enough that I should now be provided with a comfortable home, during the remainder of my days, by that same government my toil has helped to sustain. But," he added, as he brushed away a tear with his trembling, toil-hardened hand, "there is not much justice in

the world anyhow." As the old man passed out of the gate a flood of feeling swept over us and we questioned: *Why* are things as they are? Who makes them so? Can it be possible this same old man has helped, by his votes these many years, to bring about just the state of affairs he now deplures? If so, what can we do to avoid a similar fate? We can do much, friends. We can labor with tongues and pens to inaugurate the reign of justice. We can work, also. We can immediately set about raising funds for the purpose of providing a home for the destitute in our ranks, so that no one can say again "There goes an old *Spiritualist* over the hill to the poorhouse."

To Intending Subscribers.

To introduce the CARRIER DOVE to new readers we will send it every week for four months for fifty cents, free by mail. We consider this a better plan to extend a knowledge of our paper's character and worth than paying exorbitant commissions to canvassers—which, by reducing returns, generally endanger the stability of undertakings that adopt such plans. The above offer does not apply to present subscribers, but we will send the paper to the friends of our subscribers to any addresses furnished us by our present patrons.

This is at the rate of \$1.50 per year. We cannot renew the paper at the same rate to the same parties.

J. J. Morse's Classes.

A SECOND COURSE BEING FORMED.

The second class is now being formed, and will commence its session on September 9th, in Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar building, this city.

Tickets for the course of twelve lectures are now ready, price \$5. They can be obtained at the class room during the present term any Monday or Friday evening, of Mr. M. B. Dodge, Manager of the Temple meetings every Sunday, or at the office of the CARRIER DOVE at any time. Early application is necessary to secure seats. The first course has been extraordinarily successful.

Our next issue will contain a very able article by Wm. Emmette Coleman, entitled "Clerical Denunciation of Spiritualism—A Defense."

Spiritual Meetings.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

On Sunday, August 14, the usual large and attentive audiences greeted Mr. J. J. Morse at both morning and evening services, the morning, as usual, being devoted to answering questions, and the evening to a lecture upon the subject "The Christian Spiritualist—What Does he Believe." The control handled the subject in a masterly manner, showing the impossibility of blending the terms—Christian and Spiritualist—as they were contradictory, and entirely at variance in their meaning and interpretation; therefore, could not be harmonized by any manner of logic or reasoning.

Spiritualism denies the fundamental teachings of Christianity as those teachings are based upon a belief in "original sin," "the fall of man" and consequent eternal damnation of the whole human family, except through the atonement vouchsafed in the death of Jesus, and the acceptance of him as the Son of God, who was sent into the world to suffer and die that mankind might be saved.

The teachings of advanced spirits through all cultured and highly gifted mediums deny all these superstitious fables, and a belief in one is a virtual denial of the other, and those individuals claiming to be "Christian Spiritualists," are simply "sitting on the fence" and are neither one nor the other.

The control illustrated his points in a way not to be misunderstood by any, and thoroughly demonstrated the fallacy of the claims advanced by those who, still clinging to orthodoxy, call Jesus their "elder brother, a wonderful medium, and altogether good and remarkable man," yet deny his miraculous conception and divinity. If the history be incorrect concerning his parentage, his literal, bodily resurrection and its ascension into heaven, may not the whole account be a legend having no foundation in actual fact? That the modern pulpit teachings do gloss over, and endeavor to explain these inconsistencies as "symbolical" does not alter the facts upon which the whole structure of Christianity is based; namely, the Garden of Eden story of "the fall" and consequent necessity of an atonement that would satisfy God, which was only made in the death on the cross of his only Son, Jesus.

No true Spiritualist can, or does believe

this, and, as it is the foundation of the Christian religion it is impossible to reconcile the terms Christian and Spiritualist.

We regret not having a *verbatim* report of this able discourse as it was among the best delivered by Mr. Morse since coming among us. The subject for next Sunday evening will be "Paradise or Progress."

WASHINGTON HALL.

The Progressive Spiritualists held another of their interesting meetings at the usual hour, 2 P. M.

Hon. John A. Collins presided. After a few opening remarks, he introduced Mrs. Sarah A. Harris of Berkeley, who made the opening address upon the subject of "Spiritual Gifts," at the conclusion answering a few questions from the audience. Her remarks were well received and showed depth of thought and profound reasoning. She was followed by Mrs. M. Miller, who gave one of her usual interesting speeches which elicited frequent applause. Mrs. J. R. Wilson—Metaphysician—made a few earnest remarks upon the subject of healing. This lady is prepossessing in appearance and her language expresses culture and refinement. Miss Dagmar gave a recitation which received hearty applause. Little Miss Johnson sang "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," in a sweet, touching manner.

Dr. L. Schlesinger gave a number of tests which were all satisfactory and convincing to the most sceptical. Mrs. Rutter sang, "The Beautiful City," and being the possessor of a sweet, cultured voice, her singing has an inspiring influence upon her auditors who feel the soulfulness of her songs.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The usual Wednesday evening meetings at this hall are well attended and increasing in interest. Good speakers and mediums are always present, and a good work is being done. We hope to be able to give a more complete report another time.

We print more numbers each issue and yet the demand exceeds the supply. Now is a good time to subscribe.

Next week the DOVE will contain a fine lithograph of the late Dr. J. H. Kimball of Eureka, Cal., with an interesting, biographical sketch.

Chips.

We should be pleased to hear from the Oakland Societies concerning the progress of the work across the Bay. Bro. Carter, where are you?

The disciples of a life before this do not seem to increase in numbers. Re-embodied priests, princes, and so on, are getting played out. Give us something fresh.

Portraits of J. J. Morse, price 35 cents, can be had at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. It is a very fine picture—cabinet—by Bushby, of Boston, Mass.

Lois Waisbrooker, of Antioch, was in the City last week and gave us a call. She is about to resume the publication of *Foundation Principles*, the next issue appearing about Sept. 15th.

"Dr. Fell" will be concluded next week, and an intensely interesting serial entitled "Two Lives and Their Works," from the able pen of Mr. J. J. Morse, will be commenced Sept. 3. Send in your subscriptions in time to get the first chapters.

Last week we announced an illustrated serial to be commenced in this issue, but unforeseen difficulties prevented the completion of the engravings in time. We shall make no further announcements until they are finished, which we hope and expect will be very soon. The disappointment annoyed us more than it will our readers, there is no doubt.

The many warm friends of Mrs. E. L. Watson will be pleased to learn that she will be present at the Temple Services the first Sunday in September, where they will all have the pleasure of hearing a few words of greeting from her again after the long and continued enforced rest which her delicate physical condition requires. The knowledge of Mrs. Watson's presence, combined with the inspired discourses of the present speaker, Mr. J. J. Morse, will be sufficient to insure a large assemblage.

We wish to supply an omission which occurred in our Camp-meeting reports, in regard to some of the persons who delivered

lectures on that occasion; among these was Lois Waisbrooker, the editor of *Foundation Principles*, who delivered an able lecture on "The Nature and Power of Prayer from a Spiritualistic Standpoint," and also participated in some of the conference meetings. Mr. J. H. White, of Chicago, also delivered two lectures upon the "Labor Movement," while Mrs. H. R. Wilson also spoke under control of her spirit guides on several occasions and presided with ability at meetings in the absence of the president.

What our Oakland Contemporaries Say of the "Carrier Dove."

The CARRIER DOVE, the representative organ of the Spiritualists of the coast, is now published weekly. The DOVE still retains its unusual neat typographical appearance. Mrs. J. Schlesinger is the editress.—*Oakland Enquirer*.

The CARRIER DOVE is the name of an extremely handsome illustrated weekly, in magazine form, issued from No. 32, Ellis Street, San Francisco, by Dr. L. and Mrs. J. Schlesinger, both of whom are well and favorably known in this city. It is edited by the lady, and in all its departments, editorial, typographical and illustrative, displays first-rate ability and exquisite taste. It is an able and intelligent exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, and must have an extensive circulation among that large and enlightened class of our people. In the creation of this attractive and artistic publication, Mrs. Schlesinger, aided by the business capacities of her husband, has achieved rank among the journalists of California.—*Oakland Advertiser*.

Our Table.

Magazines.

Hall's *Journal of Health*, New York. This journal gives an excellent table of contents, and among its more interesting articles is one upon "Mind Reading" by the editor, one on "Seeing by the Interior Senses," quoted from the *Chicago Herald*, and an able but somewhat abstruse article by John Franklin Clark, a name well known to eastern readers, upon "Equilibrium as a Controlling Force in Nature."

Buchanan's *Journal of Man*, Boston, Mass., deals with "Creation's Mysteries," by the editor; an article upon the new "Volapük" language recently dealt with by the *Examiner* of this city, a continuation of the editor's articles upon "Cranioscopy," and other items of interest.

Pamphlets.

"Atheism Philosophically Refuted."
"Comfort for the Bereaved," by Hugh Junor Browne, published by the author, Melbourne Australia.

Each contains excellent matter on the subjects discussed interspersed with liberal quotations of poetry mediumistically given through the author of the works, as well as selections from other sources, among whom is included Mrs. E. L. Watson.

The Divine Guest.

"The Divine Guest," is the title of a magnificent poem by Eliza A. Pittsinger, of San Francisco. It has attracted great attention, particularly from the spiritualist elements of the country, and these are indeed among the most intelligent and critical of our people. During the late war, what Starr King was to the Union cause in eloquent and inspiring prose, Mrs. Pittsinger was in lofty and impassioned verse, and her splendid powers of invention and facility of melodious expression do not seem to have been at all impaired by the corroding round of years. "The Divine Guest" is a grand and lustrous production, and will be so recognized by intelligent criticism everywhere.—*Oakland Advertiser*.

Children's Dept.

How Howard Bought the Baby.

Howard is a little boy, only six years of age, and lives with his papa and mamma in a village in the State of Michigan. One day he came running into the house, calling, "Mamma, mamma!" and seemed very much excited. His mother asked him what he wanted.

"I do wish," said Howard, "we could buy Mrs. Lamb's baby. He puts his little arms around my neck and hugs me so cute."

"Buy Mrs. Lamb's baby!" exclaimed the astonished mother.

"Why, yes," answered the little fellow. "I will take care of him all the time. We can buy his clothes, too; and you won't be bothered one bit."

"But," said mamma, "Mrs. Lamb will charge more for her baby than we are able to pay."

"I know what we can do," said Howard; "we can trade something for him."

Mamma laughed, and said: "I don't think of anything I can spare, unless it may be the basin of soft soap the soap man left here this morning. But, as Betty is doting on that for scouring the kitchen floor, you will have to ask her about it."

Away went Howard to the kitchen.

"Take it along. Oh, law! what a child!"

said Betty, when Howard made known his wish.

In a few minutes Mrs. Lamb was surprised, on answering a knock at her back door, to find there a small, red-faced boy with a large basin of soap.

"I've come to buy your baby and all his clothes with this soap," said the little man.

As soon as Mrs. Lamb could speak for laughing, she said:

"Do you think I would be willing to part with my dear little baby for a basin of soap?"

"Oh, I do want him so much! Can't you trade him for something?"

"Well," answered Mrs. Lamb, "I might trade him for a big boy that I wouldn't be obliged to carry in my arms."

"Oh, goody good!" exclaimed the delighted boy. "I'll trade Fred for him, and send him right over when he comes from school." Fred was Howard's brother.

"Take the soap home, and I will put the baby in his cab, and you may come back and get him," said Mrs. Lamb. Howard ran home, and told his mother that he and Mrs. Lamb had made a trade, and that he would soon have a sweet little baby all his own.

In a short time, Howard appeared at the front gate, looking very happy indeed, and wheeling the baby carriage. "Mrs. Lamb says she will give me the clothes when Fred comes. She wants time to pick'em all up," he explained to his mother, who had been inquiring after the wardrobe. His mother told him that he had better amuse baby by wheeling the carriage about the lawn, and then returned to her sewing.

All went well for a time; but, by and by, the baby became tired, and began to cry. Howard sang, turned somersets, whistled and played all sorts of pranks, but to no avail. The baby only cried the louder. He then in despair called his mother; but mother was too busy, and only reminded him of his promise. It was not long before Mrs. Lamb saw a tired and disgusted boy enter the gate, with her baby screaming at the top of his voice.

"Mrs. Lamb," said Howard, "you needn't spect Fred over. I don't want to keep this baby always. When I do want him, I'll borrow him."

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.

Cassadaga Notes.

ON THE WAY.

It is doubtful if California knows any greater degree of heat, or experiences more withering dryness than some localities in

this northern temperate zone during this remarkable summer of 1887.

The harvests are scant and stinted, the pastures seared and bare, notwithstanding a day of copious showers recently; all too late, however, to save them from the effects of the drought.

Therefore, the Autumn flowers are in bloom earlier, the golden-rod and crimson sumach alternating as we flit past the still green woods of south-western New York to this region of purer air a few miles below Dunkirk, but elevated several hundred feet above the level of Lake Erie.

THE ISLAND

Of Cassadaga is surrounded by a chain of Lakes whose waters also contribute to the salubrity of the atmosphere.

Here was first established the Lillydale meeting, that afterward branched out in the "Free Association," which, after a short time, so overshadowed the original plan as to absorb the chief attendance, and the proprietor of the Lillydale hotel is left alone on its pleasant grounds, to make money at last out of the throngs coming and going to and fro, from the higher camping grounds across the slight ravine that separates them.

Here is another more spacious hotel, recently enlarged and improved, and a hundred well-built cottages and dwellings, besides a few tents.

During the eight years of its existence the camp has become almost a rival to the shaded and secluded little village of Cassadaga, on the opposite side of the lake to the south, from whence a brisk little steamer plies, hourly, the waters of the two smaller lakes; for there are four in all; a larger one to the north, and a densely willow-lined "Mud Lake," that was formerly considered excellent fishing grounds, but is now almost inaccessible.

Thus much for the benefit of those, near and far, who care to know the material advantages of the locality.

The dissemination of spiritual truth and light abroad over the land, is something that cannot be estimated by terrestrial measurement or attempted description.

Here come annually, saintly men, as Lyman C. Howe, who was chairman last year, and George N. Taylor, who fills that office at present in a very gracious manner.

The former opened the meeting on Saturday by an inspirational address, based upon subjects given him by the audience. "The Warp and Woof of Life," and the verse of that old hymn "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." The first afforded him a fine opportunity for touching eloquence, and the latter for humorous criticism.

At the beginning of the meeting we have charming Jennie B. Hagan, to whose native simplicity of manner there being added inspiration of a fine order, we get incomparable addresses and poems.

She occupied the platform for nearly two hours on Sunday morning, the leading topics being those of "Inspiration and Revelation," and "Is Spiritualism a Religion?"

The latter she defined as the base of all religion, and the difference in the former as that between the discoveries of investigators into Nature's laws and riches, which revealed creation's God, and that of the poet, who had the discernment of intuition upon which was based his interpretation of their hidden meanings and inspirational utterances.

On Tuesday, Miss Hagan's leading subjects were: "The Political Crisis," and "After all are you not Mistaken?"

It was marvelous, the way the little woman treated the former subject, and I trust that all cavillers upon the reforms of the day, felt themselves fully answered. Dressed all in white, with her black hair rolled back from her broadly arched brow, and her soft dark eyes lit up with the enthusiasm kindled by the flood-tide of inspiration, she looked a divinely descended pythoress, Sibyl, improvisatrice; going over the entire ground as a veritable statesman man might, and predicting that the next presidential election would see the beginning of the crisis.

And America was claimed for Americans, that is, all those who had her welfare at heart, and not alone their own selfish interests.

As to being "mistaken" it was said in verse, that one might be mistaken in love and friendship and everything else of value in life, but if so would only hug their pet delusion closer.

O. L. G.

August 2, 1887.

Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. Sarah Merriweather.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Aug. 8th, 1887.

Dear *Editress* CARRIER DOVE:

There has been removed from our midst, called to some fair abode in the Summer-Land, a grand, great soul, better known, perhaps, than any one person in our city, Mrs. Sarah Merriweather. She has lived here over thirty years and was aged eighty-five years. Her husband, Dr. Merriweather, passed on in 1880. Mrs. Merriweather certainly deserves more than a casual mention, having been a remarkable seer from childhood. On one occasion she told me how the knowledge of her gift was first brought about. When eight years old she and some other children were playing by the pebbly shore of a river near her home, when she saw a pretty, clear stone, and picked it up and held it up to her face, when to her surprise she saw a series of pictures representing events that were to occur in the life of one of her playmates. She ran home and told her mother that she had found a stone, and in it could see everything that was going to happen to Betsey, her playmate. Her mother perceived there was

something peculiar in the child's manner and asked her to look and see if anything else was shown her. She said at this request she felt very anxious to see something for her mother, and as she looked again the pictures were presented and she saw her mother as a little girl, and every event of importance that had transpired up to that time, and then, as in the other case, she saw future events. From that time until the day of her death the power never left her, and it was her mission to comfort the sad and weary ones who thronged her home, giving advice how to avoid trouble, and wise counsel how to endure what could not be averted. Her greatest gift was in foretelling future events. From the time her husband passed away she has desired to go to him, and expressed the wish to be alone when the change should come. When friends insisted upon remaining with her at night she would object and say she was never alone, that "husband" was with her. She told her friends of a very remarkable visit from her husband on the 12th of May last. I will give it in her own words: "I had not been well for several days and went to bed early but could not go to sleep for coughing, and had been in bed about an hour when husband walked into the room, and came to the bedside and laid his hands upon my chest, and the cough stopped immediately. He then undressed and got into bed and I soon fell asleep. I awoke in the night and he was still there, and then I went to sleep again and did not wake until morning. He was lying beside me apparently asleep, and, as I had always been accustomed to prepare him a cup of coffee early in the morning, I arose very carefully and dressed, and made a fire. While preparing the coffee I looked into the room several times and he still seemed to be sleeping as his eyes were closed, but I knew by the peculiar smile on his face that he was awake, for he looked just as he used to when he wished to surprise me. Finally I took the coffee and went to the room again but he was not there. He had told me, however, that he should take me home with him at the early falling of the leaves." How he kept his word the sequel tells. On the morning of July 21st, the friends who lived near, went in early and found only the worn-out casket. "Husband" had been there, and together they had gone to inhabit "that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." One of the Sacramento papers paid the following tribute to her memory. "Mother Merriweather has gone. She was a grand, great soul; everybody knew her. Her husband for years an invalid, died and left her poor but with an humble ambition to live decent, she had struggled to support her dying husband, surely a testimony of honor not to be scorned. She was a fortune-teller, and many of the notables of the city, proud women and dignified men have drunk at the

fountain of her inspiration and shaped their lives as she has read them. No pompous swellings of organs grand made harmony for her ascending soul; no man of God in choicest words told the story of her life, devotion and death, but we warrant it matters not to her in the realm she so earnestly believed in, where coin is not merit and worldly poverty oblivion."

MRS. P. W. STEPHENS.

J. J. Morse's Meetings.

J. J. Morse's Sunday services are held in Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. Morning for answering questions at 11 o'clock. Evening an inspirational lecture at 8 o'clock. Organist, Mr. Arrilliga; vocalist, Mrs. Howell, late soprano of Dr. Barrows' church. Doors open free to both services. Reserved seats \$1.00 per month, which can be secured from M. B. Dodge Esq. at Metropolitan Temple at every service.

Classes in Physio-Psychological Science are held by Mr. Morse in Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar building, O'Farrell Street, every Monday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Single admissions fifty cents. A few seats only for present course. Next course will commence on Friday September 9. Fee for the course of twelve lessons, \$5.00. Names are now being entered.

Membership for classes can be secured of Mr. Dodge at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday, or at the class room on the evenings of meeting, or at this office.

Communications concerning the classes can also be made direct to Mr. Morse, at 331 Turk Street, San Francisco. July 30, 1891.

Our Exchanges.

If Not Spirits, What?

More Light, Greytown, N. Z.

When a spirit comes and writes a message upon a slate independent of the medium; when a spirit clothes itself with such materiality as to render its features clear and distinct and recognizable by the friend present, apart from the form of the medium, and in a light sufficient to make the fact plain; when your father or mother, brother or sister comes and gives you word after word and sentence after sentence of the last hour of death, describing to you circumstances in your history of which the medium is entirely unacquainted, and no other soul is aware of this except the spirit purporting to communicate—I say that nothing in the way of magnetism, mesmerism, psychology, hallucination, or disease of the nervous system can explain these facts away. If this is disease and hallucination which gives up the proof of immortality, then it were a sad thing that all the world were not hallucinated, and that the heart of the world cannot be fed upon beautiful fancies rather than horrible soul-freezing facts.

God's Messengers.

The Weekly Discourse, Chicago, Ill.

All things whatsoever, whether the earth, or air, or the sky, are God's messengers, but chiefly those are His messengers who speak unto your spirits the words of truth and consolation, knowledge and wisdom; who teach self-sacrifice and victory over

self; who light you upon your pathway; who in the great seasons of common danger and common sorrow, minister unto your spirits by the wonderful voices of prophet, seer, sage, and Messiah, and then through angels and archangels even from God. Every soul is aided by all the powers in the universe, and are only marred and hindered by the shadows that fall upon the heavenly light because of this little lump of clay which you call the earth, and this small portion which you call the human body. Turn unto the Divine, for the Divine is ever as near as the pulsations of every heart; and whether you seek angels or archangels in their highest heights, still behind the whole, like the vast luminous background of the upper sky, the glory of God shines supreme and perfect forever.

Rest and Labor.

Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

It is reflection, thought, that makes one man really to differ from another; not the amount of work he can perform in a day, nor yet the amount of money he may happen to be able to call his. There is not enough of calm, broad, serious thought. Our lives are altogether too narrow, and growing narrower. Nothing can interpose to save us but recreation. Rest should be recreation, not idleness merely. It is thought alone that makes a man in any sense great; and it is not to be enjoyed in the senseless hurry of business and the confusing racket of mechanical employment. This servility to certain hours that take not only the cream of our lives, but our lives themselves, is as dreadful as that of the taskmaster with scourge and chain. It spoils thought, it forbids it. Men have no time to think of anything higher or larger than their employments, their tasks; of their natures, of their relations to the universe; of the only real matters that exist, they think and know comparatively nothing, and for no other reason than that they have no time to think about them. Mankind do not yet see it, but it is nevertheless true, that nothing is of higher and more lasting importance than the cultivation of the soul. Recreation should be mainly, if not wholly, for this. For this should the hours of toil be lessened as much as possible.

Progress of the Marvelous.

Journal of Man, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Eglinton has published in the *London Medium* a very interesting narrative of his seances with the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the royal family and nobility. In the first royal seance, the Grand Duchess Vladimir proved to be a medium, and was lifted in the air, screaming the while. "As she continued to ascend," says Mr. Eglinton, "I was compelled to leave her hand, and on returning to her seat, she declared that she had been floated over the table without anything having been in contact with her."

The Grand Duke Vladimir brought a new bank-note in an envelope to have its number told, which he did not know. The number was correctly written by the spirits, between slates, 716,990.

At the seance with the Emperor there were present a party of ten, the Empress, Grand Duke and Duchess of Oldenburg, Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius, Grand Duke Vladimir, Prince Alexander, and Gen. Richter. All hands being joined, a spirit voice conversed with the Empress in Russian. A female form materialized near the Princess Oldenburg. A music-box weighing about forty pounds, was carried around and placed on the Emperor's hand. Other phenomena occurred, but the chief incident was the levitation. Mr. Eglinton was lifted in the air, the Empress and Prince Oldenburg holding his hands and standing on their chairs, until his feet rested on the shoulders of the Emperor and the Grand Duke Oldenburg.

Mr. Eglinton was overwhelmed with invitations from the nobility and professors. M. de Giers, the great Foreign Minister and his two sons (mediums) were spiritualists of many years standing.

Another Fog Whistle.

Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

In the Pittsburgh, Pa., *Dispatch* of a late date we find a column of broken commentary on matters

relating to Spiritualism, *apropos* of certain public manifestations of mediumship in that city, which simply excites a few quiet suggestions. This writer—who might succeed in saying something if he did not try to display smartness—observes that there is no particular harm in believing that you can communicate with departed friends, so long as you are not rendered unhappy by the belief, or do not neglect your Christian duties. "These communications," he adds, "can do you no good, except to convince you more fully of a future existence. Others have believed this on the evidence of the Bible, and even Spiritualists rely mainly on its authority for their doctrines." Now by what warrant does he presume to declare that a belief in the power of spirits to communicate with mortals renders a person "unhappy?" Or who authorizes him to talk to others on the subject of their "Christian duties," when he seems to regard it as one of his "Christian duties" to tell such a square untruth as that "Spiritualists rely mainly on its (the Bible's) authority for their doctrines?"

If his Bible has been able satisfactorily to convince him of a future or continuous existence, it has done what it has done for very few others. It is yet to be proved that it asserts and demonstrates unending existence on any of its numerous pages. The best equipped men in the Christian ministry are compelled to acknowledge that the Bible contains no positive proof of the doctrine of immortality.

One thing, too, right here: How is it that the "revisors" of this same infallible Bible have dropped this very promise of Christ out of that idolized collection of writings? Did they do it because it seemed to contain, or actually did contain, an endorsement of Spiritualism? There must have been a reason for it which satisfied them. Let us have it, then. The apostles were assuredly promised that they could do all things which Christ had done. And all his true followers were to be endowed with similar gifts and powers. And because the Christian ministers cannot work cures, do they therefore expurgate the promise and prophecy of Christ in this respect from the pages of their Bible? Is this another illustration of the performance of "Christian duty?"

In Other Lands.

Australian Items.

The *Harbinger of Light*, our able Australian contemporary, will hereafter be under the management of Charles H. Bamford, a nephew of W. H. Terry, its original founder, who has conducted and edited it for seventeen years. Mr. Terry says of his journal, "I have never asked, and never mean to ask pecuniary assistance to support it; if it does not support itself, and I am unable to maintain it, unless assistance is volunteered, it will stop." We hope better times are in store for our able Antipodean contemporary.

Mr. and Mrs. Chainey left for Dunedin on June 7th.

The new society in Sydney is growing in a satisfactory manner.

Mrs. Ballou commenced a series of lectures at Horticultural Hall, Melbourne, on Sunday Evening June 12th, with excellent results to date. She is quite successful in giving recognizable tests from the platform.

A Spiritual Christening lately took place in the Melbourne Children's Progressive Lyceum, when the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens was named and dedicated.

England.

A new hall, recently erected in Oldham, Lancashire, has been opened amid much evidence of rejoicing. Mrs. E. W. Wallis and Mr. R. Fitton being the speakers upon the opening occasion. The hall will seat 500 people, and has cost \$3,000 complete.

Elder Frederick Evans, of the Shakers at Mount Lebanon, New York, lately addressed a large audience at Claremont Hall, London. He was well received and his statements gave rise to much thoughtful questioning.

The various Lyceums are in active operation, this branch of work being quite a feature in English Spiritualism.

E. W. Wallis the popular trance speaker has recently issued a valuable little pamphlet concerning the use of the Bible.

Eastern Camps.

Sunapee, N. H.

The clear invigorating air, coming from Kearsarge, Grantham, Sunapee and Croydon, are invigorating to everyone. Altogether, the mountains, like so many guarding sentinels, looking down upon us, the lake, like a vast mirror, reflecting Nature's grandeur of hills, rocks and leafy trees, conspire to elevate the thoughts and aspirations of man as he takes in at a glance the picturesque scene. Various improvements have been made. The Forest House, under the management of F. E. Nelson, supplies the wants of the material man in a most satisfactory manner. All remarks are complimentary to its genial proprietor. In a word, the hotel is in every respect first-class. Those who visit our grounds this year will rejoice that they came.

The Washington Band has been engaged for the season.

Nearly a dozen cottages have been erected this year, increasing the number into a beautiful village, which is rapidly being filled by daily arrivals.

In his introductory, Dr. Richardson extended to all a full and hearty greeting, spoke of the changes that had arisen in the place and in ourselves, and of the relations we sustain to each other in this life, and will in the world beyond. Dr. Storer's subject was, "Science and the Interference of Supernatural Providences." He alluded to science as becoming more and more the ruler of thought. Science, he said, is knowledge reduced to order; an aggregation of what is known of the laws of the universe. Mrs. Manchester remarked that our age is a golden one; that we are peculiarly blessed in many ways; that we are learning one grand lesson, and that is, the demands of our nature are the commands of God. The lecture was replete with gems of truth,

clearly expressed, and, like that of the morning by Dr. Storer, was listened to with rapt attention by an audience that seemed to feel that the very angels of heaven were addressing them.

Parkland, Pa.

The First Association of Spiritualists is now holding its ninth annual gathering, and this the second year at its new ground, Parkland, directly on the Bound Brook Railroad to and from New York City.

Great improvements are going on at our grounds, making it more attractive each year. About twenty-five new cottages have been built, and more are under contract, so that the grounds are not only for the holding of our yearly camp, but among the finest in Pennsylvania, and may be used for church, Sunday school, and other excursions.

Two members of the Association have the last month gone home, fully ripe and prepared for the new life. Of these was Peter Osborn, aged about eighty, one of the first pioneers in the cause in the city; and the other was Joseph Harmer, aged sixty-one, who has been a member and director of the First Association several years.

Onset Bay, Mass.

The Camp-meeting season is approaching its height, and the attendance augments each day.

Monday afternoon 25th, conference meeting, Sidney Howe, Chairman. Tuesday morning, Mediums' Meeting, Mr. Howe again presided. Mrs. Lake, Mrs. Hervey, Mrs. Pennell and others took part, to the edification of a very fair audience. The songs rendered by Mr. W. F. Peck, accompanied by Prof. Crane, were very favorably received.

Tuesday afternoon Hon. Warren Chase gave us what he promised when he commenced "a little plain talk," not much dressed up and true to the text. His plainness of speech could not be misunderstood. The people were deeply interested, and his closing lecture was one of the best.

The Facts Convention has been one of the best features of this week's meeting. The Wednesday morning session was devoted to the regular Fact Meeting, and that in the afternoon, which was held in the Temple, was what the Chairman termed a spirit-reception, where all the controls were welcomed, and, with their mediums, had full sway and a social time generally.

The second session of the Convention was called to order by L. L. Whitlock, and a very interesting session it proved to be.

The registers of the several hotels are well filled and they are doing a good business and no doubt of a successful season for them all.

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