



James Porter Greaves. M. D.

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME IV.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 1, 1887.

NUMBER 17.

Biography.

James Porter Greves, M. D.

James P. Greves, M. D., was born in Skaneateles, Onondaga County, New York, Sept. 6, 1810. When a youth he was apprenticed to a printer in Utica, N. Y. and served four years. In 1828 he began the study of medicine, graduating in the spring of 1833. During the same year he was married to Miss Helen Sandford, a native of Ovid, Seneca County, N. Y., and emigrated to Marshall, Mich., where he followed his profession until 1845, when he removed to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and followed his profession until 1859. He then abandoned practice and spent his time in visiting St. Louis, New Orleans, Philadelphia and New York. While in New York, in February, 1862, the United States Government employed him to take care of the sick of the colored race on Port Royal Island, near Beaufort. He arrived there in March, 1862, and remained until August of the same year, when he resigned his position on account of ill health and returned to New York. Receiving no benefits there, in October, 1862, he embarked for California and Nevada, settling in what is now known as Austin. He remained there until April, 1864, when he returned to New York, apparently well. Here he remained until he removed to Washington, his old maladies having returned. Receiving no benefit, he went to Knoxville, Tennessee. Receiving no benefit, Judge J. W. North and the Doctor conceived and planned the idea of a colony to be located in Southern California. He spent the winter of 1869-70 in Marshall, Michigan, where he got up an excursion-trip to California, in April, 1870, composed of nearly one hundred persons. Judge North, Dr. Sandford Eastman, of Buffalo, N. Y., E. G. Brown and A. J. Twogood of Belle Plaines, Iowa, and the Doctor proceeded to Los Angeles, and spent four months in exploring, and finally selected the spot now known as the Garden Spot of California, the City of Riverside, containing now about five thousand inhabitants. The purchase consisted of about eight thousand acres of desert land. Judge North and the Doctor were the first settlers, sleeping on the ground the first night.

The Doctor was Secretary of the Com-

pany five years, Postmaster eleven years and Notary Public for ten years. His health gradually improved until December, 1883, when he had an attack of paralysis and again in February following, and since that time has been gradually failing in health. His 77th birthday was on the 6th of the present September. He has abandoned all business and quietly and cheerfully awaits for the *new birth*.

The balance of his eventful history will be given in his own language:

"I was reared a Presbyterian, my mother being of that faith. In the year 1826, in Utica, N. Y., during the great revival under the ministry of Rev. Charles G. Finney, I was persuaded to join the church, under the patronage of Rev. Dr. Aikin. I remained a member until 1853. About 1842 I was attracted to investigate mesmerism, and soon found I had considerable magnetic power, and introduced it into my practice with marked success. Gradually my mind acquired grave doubts, as to the dogmas of the church, respecting the true state of life after the death of the body, through the revealments of clairvoyance. In 1847 I read the first work of Andrew Jackson Davis, his "Divine Revelations," which made a profound impression, so much so as to upset my *educational* belief in orthodoxy, which made me a happier man.

About the year 1850, after the Fox family removed to Rochester, the secular papers of Milwaukee, where I then resided, gave frequent accounts of the wonderful manifestations, through the medium of that family, which induced me to visit a Mrs. Lowry, an excellent clairvoyant. After placing her in the trance state, she gave a graphic account of the manifestations, that our spirit friends had learned how to communicate with their earthly friends, and *before the close of the nineteenth century* the knowledge thus imparted would become universally known and accepted over the whole civilized world. Before waking her from her trace, I asked her if we would have mediums in Milwaukee. She said, "Yes." How soon? "Within one week." Where? "In Mrs. Loomis' family," giving the place of their residence. I was well acquainted with the family, Mr. and Mrs. Loomis being members of the Congregational church, and I was their family physician. At the end of one week I called, and found Mrs. Loomis at home. After a general social conversation, I asked her if she had heard of the

Fox family in Rochester, and the strange rappings heard in their house. She said she had not. I then told her that spirits from the after life claim to communicate to friends in this life by means of rappings on the table and other parts of the house, using the alphabet by rapping at the proper letters to convey their messages, and that one rap was used for no, and three raps for yes. In amazement she exclaimed, "We have not been able to sleep in our house for two nights, in consequence of loud rappings on the outside and inside of the house. My husband searched diligently for the cause, but was unable to find any to account for the strange noises." I asked her why she had not named it to some friends. She replied that it would be called a haunted house and we could have no peace in it. I requested her not to be frightened, and if the raps came again, to ask questions in the manner I had already given her. She said she would. I was deeply interested in the striking test I had received, and returned to my office, and informed my partner, Dr. J. S. Douglas, what I had learned from Mrs. Loomis.

The next morning early, Mr. Loomis came to my office under great excitement; and said I must go at once to his house; that Mrs. Loomis could not rest until I came; that their three children (they had buried three) had come and Mrs. Loomis was so excited she could not do her housework. I replied I could not see her until evening, as I must visit my patients. I then engaged Dr. Douglas and two other prominent men who had no belief in a future life, to visit the Loomis family that evening. When we arrived we found the family in the parlor. I shook hands with Mrs. Loomis, and as I stood, distinct raps were heard at my feet on the carpet. I said to her, "What does this mean?" She replied, "They wish to say good evening." I then said good evening, and a perfect shower of tiny raps around my feet greeted me. We had a remarkable seance that evening, and all left astonished and puzzled. As for myself I was fully convinced of the genuineness of the messages, as coming from our friends on the other side of the river of death, and resolved to proclaim it to my fellow church members that we could *demonstrate* existence after the death of the body, but the cold shoulder was turned by pastor and lay members. I then said to them that the good news should be conveyed to those

they called *simmers*. A number of circles were soon formed, and new mediums developed, some the best I have ever seen. Rappings, levitations, spirit writing and speaking in the trance state, and converts in great number increased, until hundreds were fully convinced as to spirit return.

In the year 1852, I received a letter from Dr. E. M. Joslin, then of Lake Mills, Wis., now of Orange, in this State, that if I wished to see a prodigy, to come to Lake Mills. I went, and there met a bright girl of about eleven years of age, named Cora Scott (now Mrs. Cora Richmond), who, in the trance state, gave to crowded houses thrilling discourses which astonished all who heard her. She would also be aroused at night to go she knew not where; to heal the sick with marked success, and return to her home unconscious of the good she had done. Soon after I left, her father was seized with cholera, then an epidemic. Cora, under trance, waited upon him until he passed to spirit life, all the time being cheerful and describing vividly the passage of the spirit from the body.

The following year I invited her and her excellent mother, who were returning to their old home in Cuba, N. Y., to visit Milwaukee. There a circle was formed consisting of a dozen, most of whom were materialists, and although all were strangers to her, she described their traits of character so perfectly that all were astonished. I would say here that I do not know of a single one who did not after become confirmed Spiritualists. They were among the most intelligent of our citizens.

In the year 1859 I left Milwaukee, and since that time have been so engaged in secular affairs, and my health so precarious I have been isolated from all the spiritual centres up to this time, but my interest in this grand development of the 19th century is unabated, and not a shadow of doubt disturbs my mind, and I await with cheerfulness the summons to meet my many friends who have gone before to spirit life.

The Platform.

Modern Spiritualism--A Religious Revolution, and a Scientific Necessity.

A discourse by the Controls of J. J. Morse, of England, delivered at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday Evening, Sept. 11th, 1887.

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

Nearly forty years ago the religious atmosphere was stirred by a strange and startling sound, the reverberations of which were destined to grow in intensity with every passing year, and the influence of which has been fraught with the greatest consequences. That tiny sound was the well-remembered

rap, that, proceeding from the spiritual side of life, echoed in that little home in Hydeville, in the State of New York. That rap, seemingly so small and insignificant in character, has effected a revolution in the religious world of thought the like of which has never been approached since organized Christianity was first established. There can be no question as to the correctness of this postulate, because, if you will compare the teachings of the orthodox communion to-day with the teachings prevalent at the time we refer to, you will discover a remarkable difference and innumerable divergences between this time now, and that time then; and the reason why these differences exist and these divergences are made manifest is, that for millions of humanity to-day, the question of the after-life is no longer a matter of faith, a question of belief, doubt or speculation; it has become a knowledge, a something that is actual and veritable, and why it has ceased to be a matter of doubt or faith or hope, and become a question of verity, is because the dead have invaded the world of the living and are working in your midst every moment of your life.

But what has been the character and extent of the religious revolution, that the coming of the so-called dead back into the domains of mortal life has accomplished, and are we justified in calling it a revolution at all? There have been other revolutions in the world of religious thought, strictly confining the interpretation of that term to Christianity, and those revolutions have, in their several cases, been fraught with their especial results, benefits and blessings.

You will remember, of course, that the first great revolution that took place within the ranks of organized Christianity gave you what is popularly described as the Reformation, the echo of which arose in Britain, Germany, and other parts of continental Europe, through the efforts of heroic men and women who dared all for what they conceived to be the rescuing of the real faith from the errors that had accumulated around it in preceding ages; and that protesting laid the foundation of Protestantism, which now divides the honors of the Christian world with the Roman Catholic church. One point here of most essential importance in this connection is, that the Protestant church is the second church of the Christian faith, while the Roman Catholic church, still claiming to be the original church, and the legitimate successors of apostolic times, takes to itself the proud distinction of being the original Christian church! That the Protestant church came afterwards there can, of course, be no question, and that the establishing of that Protestant church was the first and greatest revolution up till then that Christianity had experienced, is also without a question. But it is an open question whether the abuses that were protested against in the 16th century did not again re-

assert themselves in the earlier portions of the 18th and 19th centuries, and it is an open question to-day whether indifferentism, and the harsh literalism of the dogmatic school of religionists, are not just as injurious to real religious life, and just as great barriers to real spiritual progress in the 19th century, as were the licentiousness, ignorance and superstition and perversions of the 16th, and previous centuries.

Now the spiritual world works in a way that might at first seem to the inhabitants of earth the very worst way, when it desires to accomplish a spiritual revolution. Some people will tell you that there is the smallest shade of difference between Rationalism and Spiritualism, and Materialism and Infidelity; and some people have lately asserted that Spiritualists are infidel, a very marvellous statement! How they occupy these opposite positions at one and the same time, our amiable critics do not pause to explain; they would have to use a great deal more intellectual ability than we conceive them generally possessed of, to reconcile the contradiction their accusation involves.

But, supposing that the Spiritualists were infidel, it would only be repeating another revolution that succeeded Protestantism; a revolution of infidelity that barely one hundred years ago was led by powerful thinkers in France and England, and in this land, and that revolution of infidelity was the outcry, bitter, sorrowful and tearful, of the weeping, suffering, struggling sons and daughters of humanity, who asked for knowledge instead of faith, light instead of darkness, truth instead of superstition, who wanted to find beyond all doubt what the truth was in the religious teachings of the times, and appealing to its constituted authority, and being repelled thereby, they took the very course that every honest hearted man or woman in this assembly would take. They insisted that "If we are not sure of a heaven beyond the grave, at least we can do something to establish a heaven here, maintain the doctrine of the rights of man, the duties of scientific investigation, the great need of testing all things in the pure fires of reason, so that the golden grains of truth may be separated from the dross of ignorance, and something of a better life and happier estate, and nobler purposes be established here on earth. There may be a life hereafter; we may survive as spiritual beings, but these are debatable and doubtful questions. We are here, we do suffer, and we can improve our lot, and practical principles shall animate our lives."

Something of religious enthusiasm, something of the sweet and tender beauty of spiritual life and love was thus swept into the background. The softer characters of men and women were thus, a little while put on one side, and the harsher, sterner and more positive requirements of material life were

given greater influence and range than hitherto had been accorded them. But the result was that the struggling desires of the heart would not be stifled, they could not be crushed down, and though Rationalism and Religion alike failed to satisfy the hunger of humanity in regard to knowing whether its beloved lived or not after death, humanity still remained anxious, prayers still ascended heavenward, and out of the bitter griefs of many a broken heart and crushed soul the old prayer went up, "If a man die shall he live again? O God, if there be a God, O angels, if there be angels, answer thou the prayer that Rationalism denies in the main, that the church can only affirm as a matter of faith, but which we want to know beyond all peradventure or doubt."

The air grows vibrant, the sable curtains of gloom are parted, fair white hands gleam amid its folds; they roll back the darkness and the glory-light of the summer-land streams down into the desert hearts; sweet, fair voices that before were thought to be hushed in the sea of death forever, make music in the hearts of the bereaved ones again; the loving faces that seemingly had been lost to sight come back, and these hands clasp yours, their faces gaze into yours again, these beloved voices make melody within your souls, and you rejoice in the knowledge that Modern Spiritualism has brought to modern times: that there is a life beyond the grave, and that that life is the heritage of all mankind. So, then, in modern times Modern Spiritualism comes as an answer to the questionings of the doubter, and a confirmation to the desires of the bereaved.

How, then, can it be a revolution, and a scientific necessity? For these reasons: Those who live in the immortal life are surely the best able to tell you what kind of a life that is. Those who have never been there must either trust upon the statement they receive from the immortals themselves, or else rely upon the imagination, influence, or speculation they may experience, or become acquainted with. The dead either lie to you or they tell you truth when they describe their circumstances and their conditions. Universal testimony is that they are your beloved, your relatives, friends and brethren who came back to you, and you, by testing them (as the phrase runs), are assured of their identity, and being thus assured you accept them as truthful in the conclusion. When they tell you what their life is, of the causes of their happiness or sorrow, when they describe the circumstances that surround them, and their own needs, they will either confirm or disprove the creedal doctrines of the religion of the times. Now, many earnest-hearted kindly souls and honorable people say that because the spiritual world does not endorse the creeds and doctrines that they have been trained in, they will have nothing to do with them, whereas equally good and honor-

able people say: "Thank God the spiritual world does not endorse the harsh creeds and doctrines wherein I was trained in the days of my early life." Balance the one against the other—which will you take? If the teachings of the spiritual world do not confirm the creeds and doctrines of orthodox Christianity, then does Modern Spiritualism become a revolutionary power, a destructive force directed against the outposts and fortifications of error, firing heavy shot, and directing well considered charges against the hosts and cohorts of ignorance and superstition. It denies the material orthodoxy of the times; it repudiates the unkind character so frequently ascribed to Deity; it denies the specialty of inspiration by affirming its universality. It insists upon the universal relationship, in all times and in all ages and among all peoples, between the natural and spiritual world. It asserts beyond all question the divinity of human nature, rather than its depravity. It denies the existence of a sulphurous and burning hell, and the exceedingly theatrical and nonsensical impersonation of evil that men have called the devil. It says that no man can lay hands upon another and impart divine grace or virtue to him and so ordain him to be a priest standing between themselves and the Most High. It says that the only confirmation that a man requires to stand as a teacher before the world is his own heart's desire to do good, his own willingness to receive instruction, his own soul's receptivity to the inspirations of eternal truth.

When it tells you these things it tells you matters directly in opposition to the conventional religion of the time, and therefore it is indeed to be considered a religious revolution.

When we use the term Modern Spiritualism, remember we are not juggling with words, not endeavoring to "turn to the lexicons of the past" and find that Spiritualism has been prevalent in all the world for ages. Every schoolboy knows that. But we are dealing with Modern Spiritualism, if you please, and dealing with the facts and faiths prevalent in the community to-day. Modern Spiritualism has been a modern religious revolution within the last half century, the effects of which shall be far reaching and widespread in the future religious evolutions of civilized life.

Now, bear this in mind, that there is no possible affinity between the teachings of the spirits as to their actual nature, condition, position, happiness or misery, and the teachings of orthodox Christianity; you cannot commingle them and unite them; but between the pure spirit of universal religion—of which Christianity, Buddhism, Brahmanism and Osirianism, the religion of the Persians, Egyptians, Grecians, and all the rest of them, are so many various manifestations of—between the spirit of universal religion and the spirit of Modern Spiritual-

ism itself, there is a community and a unity that proves them all to be working in the same direction and moving on towards the same grand end: the betterment of human kind, the breaking down of the creedal barriers of the world, the removing of the blighting influences and baleful powers of ignorance and superstition, the lifting up of human life into that pure heaven of divine truth and goodness, where Right, Justice and Truth are the three cardinal principles of practice and precept, and where the artificial creeds and doctrines will all be obliterated in the pure light of universal and undeniable experience.

But though we take this lofty view of the situation, we still adhere to our former statement that between the dogmatic creedal interpretation of religion—that crystallized form of faith that the world presents to-day—and the liberal teachings of Spiritualism, in its modern interpretation, there is no sort of affinity whatever, and those who would seek to put the forms and ceremonies of any form of religion into the same crucible with Modern Spiritualism and mix them all up together, is only attempting a very foolish task that will result in disaster and disgrace for all concerned. Principle is the one great law of life, and the facts, teachings and principles of Modern Spiritualism are strong enough to stand by themselves without any creedal crutches to keep them up.

Is Modern Spiritualism a scientific necessity? Yes; most emphatically it is. The cry has gone up for certainty in religious matters as well as in matters of science. Why should it not be so? If that world does exist, why should we not be able to demonstrate it? If you live after your bodily death, why should that fact not be as susceptible of demonstration as any other fact in the universe? All that is necessary is, of course, that you discover the means whereby the fact of immortality can be gained and demonstrated, just the same as you have discovered the means whereby the fact of electricity can be demonstrated, and some of its applications made manifest in your experience. As you are beginning to realize the immense power contained in electricity, so you are beginning to discover (or rediscover, perhaps, is the better term,) the means whereby can be demonstrated the infinite power and myriad things that are wrapped up in this question of immortality.

You know, as well as we can tell you, that the only certainty you can obtain in that connection from religion is, that you must believe, have faith, trust in the providence of God, and it will be all right by and by, and as those who urge this faith upon you are no wiser in the matter than yourself, how can you be sure, on their showing of the case, that it will be all right by and by? An ounce of present knowledge is worth a whole hundred weight of speculation in regard to the doctrine of immortality.

Scientific discovery has demolished many superstitions, cleared the atmosphere of many evils, and brought you face to face with laws and principles in nature where hitherto were seemingly special providences. Now this same necessity exists in regard to all religious matters, and the scientific necessity of to-day is knowledge based upon experimental investigation and repeated demonstration. Can this be accomplished?

What has been the effect of scientific investigation upon the religious thought of the present time? Materialism and so-called Infidelity have gained wondrous power and influence; they have swept over the world with gigantic strides, affecting all conditions of mind; many of the cultured and intelligent people make a boast of their disbelief rather than seek to hide it from common observation. Materialism is insidiously working its way into the heart and understanding of the present generation, and the only thing that can successfully combat it, in regard to all spiritual matters, is that same certainty of proof, that same absoluteness of demonstration in regard to the existence of man's immortal nature as that applied to the demonstration of any problem in science or any fact in nature. This being the case, there is a necessity for the coming of Modern Spiritualism, that by its appeal to fact, dependence upon law, harmony with principle, proves itself just the answer to the questions that are all important to-day, the answer to which the world is waiting for and ready to receive.

Modern Spiritualism, then, is a scientific necessity. It can alone successfully combat the materialistic and so-called infidel opinions of the hour; it can alone rescue men from fear and doubt by its tangible evidences, by its sensuous demonstrations, by its monitions, impressions and inspirations, by appeals to all the senses of the individual, and in thunderous tones it echoes the answer "Yes, a man does live again after his body has died. He has gone to the immortal home, and over there in the fair providence of futurity you shall meet your beloved again, clasp their hands, hear their voices, receive their greetings, and know beyond all doubt that death is not the end of life, that there is that better country you have dreamed of beyond the grave."

As a scientific necessity, then, it meets materialism upon its own ground by presenting material phenomena; it meets the rationalistic questioner by consenting to consider every fact and principle by the light of reason and intelligence. Right here we would tell you frankly and freely that there is no department of Modern Spiritualism too sacred for investigation, too recondite, too occult, for the majority of human beings to understand. All who say it is, are enemies to your cause; truth can ever stand in the broad sunlight of day;

it can bear the power of reason; there is nothing too sacred for human judgment to pass upon, for all the facts of being and all the problems of life are the gifts which God hath given you.

Here, then, we must rest on the two propositions we have made, that Modern Spiritualism is a religious revolution and a scientific necessity. Let us go one step farther. You will remember that we told you that if you compared the teachings from the pulpits of to-day with forty or fifty years ago, you will find a very different condition of affairs now from what then existed. You will find that people "pass away," and do not die; that the "consuming fires" of conscience have taken the place of the consuming fires of hell; that the "demon of ignorance" has taken the place of his lordship, the devil. You will find that the "eternal punishment of sin," and the possibility of the "ultimate redemption of the sinner," has taken the place of the eternal punishment of the wicked in the flames of an unquenchable hell; you will find that Jesus has become a great and good man, an "elder brother," and is no longer presented as being the incarnated God; you find that humanity is no longer totally depraved. Indeed, you will find in the liberal churches of the times so complete and startling a transformation of old creeds and doctrines, that one is scarcely justified in calling them Christian at all, and you will find this wave of revolutionary influence has purified and uplifted the religious thought, re-interpreted the scriptures, rehabilitated human nature, quickened man's spiritual perceptions, cleared away the curtains of gloom that have surrounded the grave. In a word, you will find that the religious canoneers have stolen the spiritualistic shot and fired it into the hard-hearted communities that they have had to labor with week after week.

Before the advent of Modern Spiritualism, hell, the wrath of God, eternal misery, and all the usual etceteras concerning the lost condition of men, were about the only doctrines that religionists, the press and the pulpit presented to the world. But when the influence of Modern Spiritualism began to make itself manifest, then the pulpits had to change their tactics, and their teachings concerning the future life, and this is the revolutionary result that Modern Spiritualism has brought about in the religious world. We are justified in saying that it is and has been the most stupendous revolutionary power that has ever impinged upon the Christian religion from its commencement to the present time. May that revolution spread until at last the creeds and doctrines, the confessions, rubrics, and articles of the various denominations of Christianity be buried beyond all hope of resurrection, until every credal barrier shall be swept away, until there shall be neither Methodist nor Presby-

terian, Baptist or Congregationalist, Episcopalian or Roman Catholic, when there shall no longer be a Brahmanical religion or Mohammedan religion, but in the place of all there shall be the religion of the Divine Humanity, of the Brotherhood of Man, the whole world over. And instead of there being a hell for the wicked, and a heaven for the good in the world beyond, instead of there being this, that or the other partial population of the celestial country, there shall be one glorious home where the ignorant, the weak and the vicious may be educated, purified and strengthened, where the good may go forward to a grander and better life still. Let the glad and glorious truth be borne in upon your souls that in the great home beyond there is room for all, opportunities for all, help for all, life, education and love for all, and that the eternal love of God knows absolutely nothing of the creeds and doctrines of humanity.

Then, as a scientific necessity, the actual facts of being helping you along, you shall learn that communication between the two worlds is a latent possibility in all mankind; that there are laws and principles existing between the two conditions of life by which such communication is rendered possible; then being enabled to demonstrate it tangibly, mentally, spiritually, outwardly and inwardly, the speculations and assertions of the doubters, the agnostics and materialists, can be answered.

But let us call your attention to another point. The scientific world to-day is not so much concerned in ascertaining whether there is another world and whether man lives in that world after he has died, for the trend of scientific demand is in the direction of ascertaining whether there is something in man *now* that is greater than his physical organism, and will live when that organism has dropped from him. It is not whether there is to be a soul *hereafter*, but is that soul existing *now*? That is the mighty question rising upon the horizon of scientific inquiry, and when that point is settled, its immortal existence is but a sequential result that will naturally divulge itself.

Let us briefly place one other thought before you. The angel world speaks to you; its echoes fill your minds, its inspirations warm your breasts, and in the sweet sanctity of your own hearts you offer grateful incense to the Giver of all good, that you have found the dead whom you thought were lost; the tears are dried, the choking sobs are hushed, the bowed head is once more erect, proud in the consciousness that it is being illumined by the sunlight from the immortal world. But do not think because these blessings have come to you that it is all—there it something more. When these high and holy emotions come to you, infill your life and inspire your thought, remember that like feelings of kindness, sweetness and purity should be with you every moment of

your lives, for you are moving forward day by day to the unseen country that lies beyond you; ere long its shining shores will gleam before your sight, and then the fair sweet sons and daughters of that Summer Land will throng around you, and you will wish, oh! how deeply, that you may stand with the fairest and the truest there, and if that wish is to be realized it can only be by your living the fairest, the purest and the truest while you are here. If you so live, then, day by day, you will literally walk with angels, side by side with the noble and the good of the immortal life; their holy baptism shall come to your heart and mind, and the stern doctrines and harsh creeds of the old religious faith, wherein you at one time were held in bondage, having fallen from you forever, you shall stand in the sweetness and dignity of your spiritual life and nature, and being free from the fetters and bondage of the past shall be able to link your lives and hearts and understandings with the immortal hosts. Remember that you have come into a new and universal freedom, and a new name has been given to you; be worthy of that freedom; be worthy of that new name; be worthy of all the blessings the angel world has brought down for your acceptance; and as you strive to be worthy of what the angels have already brought you so shall you become increasingly worthy of better blessings still to follow.

Literary Dept.

TWO LIVES AND THEIR WORK.

BY J. J. MORSE

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

CHAPTER V.

IS PARTLY RELIGIOUS, AND PARTLY NOT, BUT ALTOGETHER NECESSARY TO THE STORY.

There is a nice point for the casuist to argue as to the legitimate extent to which parents should seek to enforce compliance from their children on questions doctrinal, and purely speculative, in matters of religion. Strict moralists will, undoubtedly, urge that parents have an undoubted right to claim absolute obedience, at least during minority, from their offspring, who, should they evince any disposition towards independent thought, would be held guilty of filial insubordination. Such moralists must surely be aware of their own right to differ from their progenitors—immediate or remote—however unaware they appear to be of a similar right inhering to the present youthful generation. May there not be here some touch of obstinacy and pride? Obstinacy that will not yield to younger minds

the right to differ; pride that shrinks from admitting there may be other, perchance better, ways than the way it has been accustomed to? Yet, pride and obstinacy are ill birds to house in human breasts, without a doubt. Too often has their hardening influences closed the inner sanctuary against those whom we have loved the best and dearest. Aye, we have closed, and locked, and cast into the waters of oblivion the key of our hearts ere we would confess our course was wrong, our own judgment incorrect. Poor, vain and foolish creatures, that we often are, to make our angers and our errors millstones around our necks, weights that sink us in the waters of misery for all our lives.

That pride or obstinacy should lurk within the bosom of the Reverend Humphrey Courteney, was, seemingly, quite out of the case. He was earnest, as already stated, but he was gentle in act, and kind. His loving wife looked upon him as the beau ideal of loving Christian grace; while the poor and rich, the sick and hale, alike, all considered him as a gentle shepherd, tending the varied needs of all his flock with gentleness and justice. Yet, beneath all this, there lay a sturdy pride in the church he served, in the office he filled, in the faith he taught, and in the powers and opportunities all these gave him. It was the old martyr pride modernized, and once stirred would make its possessor as stern and unyielding as was ever victim of Roman arena.

The Reverend Courteney was troubled in mind and conscience. He had been so troubled for months past. So much had he been distressed that earnest prayer and frequent self communions had failed to give him rest, show him light upon his difficulties, or lead him from out them. The Courteney were churchmen; that had been the rule from time immemorial. He was a churchman, as had been his father before him. Then why should not his son follow in his footsteps? He was not angry; that would ill become him, a minister. Yet it illy accorded with the fitness of things, it seemed to him, for a Courteney to refuse his clear vocation. He had considered the matter that was troubling him from all points of view, and, finally, as a last resort, was beginning to think that the Evil One was endeavoring to prevail against him, for on no other ground could he reconcile himself over the doctrinal divergence existing between himself and Ernest, his beloved son. These differences, too, had become household topics, and a mother's love at times pressed hard against a mother's faith. Her gentle nature knew little of the subtleties of doctrines, but it was full of love for her handsome and manly son. Often sat Constance by her mother's side, as the twain would counsel with each other upon the trouble that filled the heart of him they loved. And it truly seemed, in these days,

as if those wise old rooks cawed less frequently than of yore, and quite lugubriously.

As for Ernest himself, he felt, at times, profoundly distressed and dejected, feeling himself to be the cause of the shadow that grew daily darker above their happy home. Father and son felt a growing restraint upon them. Deep in their several thoughts there was a fear that the old happy days were slipping away with all their treasures, to be replaced by others, sad, dark and dreary, that would be as miserable and woeful as had the old days been joyous and peaceful. Yes, indeed, the curtains of sorrow would soon descend, closing the pleasant pictures of the past for at least one member of that happy family.

Ernest had already stated to his father that he feared it was impossible he could ever pursue a ministerial vocation, simply as a matter of conscience. He added that he had carefully debated the matter, but the more consideration he gave to the subject, the greater became the conviction of his unfitness. He made his feelings known upon the matter in as delicate a manner as consisted with the deference due his parent, frankly placing all his case before him, and now the time had come when father and son felt their differences must be settled, or accepted once for all. Thus it fell out that Ernest and his father sat together in the study of the parsonage in deep and anxious converse one evening, some three months after we last encountered them.

"My concern is great, my son," said the Rev. Humphrey Courteney. "My concern is very great. Your immortal welfare lies trembling in the balance. That you will not, for such I understand is your determination," Ernest gravely bowed assent, "that you will not become a minister of our beloved church, is pain enough, and disappointment enough, but that you advance such reasons for your refusal that force me to think that you are rejecting her holy faith, is worse, far worse than all. I could bow to heaven's mysterious decrees were I assured you still retained your place in the ranks of our faithful. Lacking that satisfaction, your future peril will ever after be a menace to my peace of mind while living. Come, my boy, think well upon these topics. It is hazardous to treat them lightly. Do not be led astray by the specious and shallow reasoning of men, but turn to His divine word;" and here the good man paused, gazing with troubled looks upon his son.

"Father, I have done so," answered Ernest, "but, in vain. I have tried to feel it was His word. But, no; its pages are to me unintelligible in that sense. I question them to find God and they are silent. I find deeds recorded that are truly unlike man's, when ascribed to man's maker, but partaking of our common weaknesses when men are the actors in the scene and the maker is left apart. Human reason cannot fathom the

nature of acts by the Author of reason that are at times beyond all reason to account for. Look, my father, at ourselves; you, all of us, are here in comfort; your curate draws a paltry stipend—I know you are more liberal in that regard than others—but take the entire church, from His Grace of Canterbury down through all the higher grades, and there is a magnificence, a pomp and circumstance, in this National Church of ours that is a mockery upon its meek and lowly founder. Thousands are squandered to build, restore and maintain our churches, so that spiritual food and enlightenment may be given to the masses, who, all the while, are lacking education, employment, food, even——” “But,” here the father raised his hand as if in gentle reproof, “but, my son, it is the duty of the state, not the church, to attend to the material requirements of this life. The lords temporal and our commons, make our laws, aided by the wise councils of our lords spiritual. The church is not responsible for poverty. Is it not said on high authority ‘the poor ye have with you always?’ Our care is for the immortal soul—we are called to that end. Willingly will I always help every good Christian, man, woman or child, to better themselves in the sphere it has pleased heaven they should be placed in, but my care, first of all, is to see them safely upon the road to eternal happiness.”

“Yes, father, that shows your own kindness of heart. Yet these are not the points of greatest import to me. Strive, as I may, to retain my faith in a future, it will not abide with me. I may seem presumptuous, you may deem me even worse, but, to me, the corpse mouldering in its narrow resting place, or being questioned by the student on the tables of the dissecting room, gives no hope of aught beyond. Its resurrection may be possible—I would fain believe so—but who can tell for certain? No echo falls upon our ears from that next world we dream of——”

“Hush, my son! such words are more than wrong. They grieve me deeply. I would that you thought otherwise; indeed I would.”

“Ah, yes; would it were possible for me. There are two choices before me father—doubting all hereafter, may I not forsake all restraint here, and fulfill the sentiment stated in the old words ‘Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die;’ or, hoping no reward, dreading no future, live on as helpful to others as one may be. The latter seems my course. Your teaching, my dear mother’s example, all point to a life of work for suffering mankind as the most useful life to live.”

“Then,” suggested the father, “why not brush aside your scruples; retain your place in our church, and thus work among your fellows?”

“I cannot with a clear conscience,”

answered Ernest. “I have tried to see the amazing love of the unseen power, but, on all sides there is pain, wrong, tyranny, cruel suffering. Evil and good alike bear their share of the vicissitudes of life. Men use their religion as an investment, applying it to commercial or social ends. Nature is relentless, seemingly uncontrolled. Often men are better than their creeds.”

“Do you not take a too low estimate of life? You arraign heaven’s justice, my son. Can you not see here, in Berkstone, many quiet, well-ordered lives? Christian lives, my son, as good and true as our poor sinful nature will permit. True, we may, at times, feel heaven’s chastening hand, but that is for our good. That many, alas! ‘Steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil with,’ though true, is not a reason for suspicion upon the piety of others. The gospel of pain may be just as useful to us as that of love, and in submitting ourselves to His will we are exalting ourselves to fitness to be with Him hereafter,” said the father. But though the two men talked long and earnestly, they gradually grew farther apart, as needs must be under their several mental states.

The father was unable to appreciate the unrest within the bosom of the son, for all his life-time the doctrines and tenets of his church had been settled questions to his mind. The whole duty of man was to prepare for eternity. Himself, as a clergyman, was the embodiment of delegated divinity, and though never harsh in manner, he yet maintained the dignity of his office to the full. That his son should have contracted the opinions he evidently had, and hold them so tenaciously, surprised, vexed, it must be admitted, angered him a little. To suggest that the very foundations of the faith were unsound, was a surprise that had almost the nature of a shock. That the idea could be entertained that God could be aught in character that could bring Him under human criticism, that the future life was not as certain as the present, that plain Christian duty was an evasion of the duty of daily life, that the hierarchy of his beloved church were accused of living in thoughtless extravagance, all came upon him as so many sharp points piercing his breast. Yet slowly and surely these, and more far-reaching suggestions, began to shape themselves in the Reverend Courteney’s mind. To him it seemed that a very chaos was about him, wherein, in indescribable confusion, the faith and practice of centuries were hopelessly commingled. Weary, perplexed beyond all soothing, he finally bowed his head in prayer; long, earnestly, anxiously, he sought for light; but though he finally arose calmer in mind, there was a tumult deep within that would not be stilled.

Will it ever be settled in the breast of the Reverend Humphrey Courteney, or in the breasts of millions of others, who, claiming

no reverence for themselves, save that which inheres to every eternal soul, yet, still think on these issues with weary minds and aching hearts; thinking out the problem and passage of life here on earth, their only aids being churchianic charts and a creedal compass; who, pouring over these, find their charts mostly guesswork, sad pictures being traced thereon of a fallen race, sacrificing, at the outset, its high estate, plunging into misery and woe from the unprevented mission, accident, or incident, whereby ’tis said our common nature lost its purity; charts, too, whose markings, soundings, shoals, seas, capes, promontories, places, peoples, acts, and dramas, being so very human, betray their mundane making; charts, too, that lay down paradisaical passages in barest places; sweet rivers of love, where too plainly flow turbid streams of selfishness; rocks of everlasting truth, that do you but build an edifice of sturdy thought upon them, they prove but shifting sands. Charts that lay down impractical courses, which being followed, the mariner becomes bewitched and lost amidst the wreckage floating on a stagnant sea devoid of life and action. A compass that if your course is by its cardinal point would have you steer away from human love, human duty, human work, forsaking all, following only one, and the while fancying the awful shame that can calmly think that flesh of its flesh, bone of its bone, will, on the coast of the farther shore laid down upon these charts, be doomed to agony so appalling, that, be the dead eternal sleepers, the nature of that thought, striking their quiescent brains, would breed such horrid dreams therein as would wake them all, and send them screaming in pale affright at the ugly horror of the end.

While such charts are used, or compasses steered by, while there is least of Christ and most of creed, conflict will prevail. That spiritual culture wherein is seen religion at its best, is just by our sides, waiting entrance to our lives. But clamoring creeds, warring sects and selfish lives bar out the waiting presence, keep in the darkness and the night.

Doubtless, as with many others, the Reverend Courteney saw in the institutional and functional existence of his church as a corporative body, the fullest divine wisdom and the highest human culture. Being a loyal churchman he could not admit that there was aught outside the canons and rubric he was bound by, while, at the same time, he urged that all expressed there was needed to sustain faith and guide conduct. Then, the difficulty of the situation was increased by the natural love of the parent for the child. Was it right that parental feeling should be permitted to obtrude? Was it right, even, that the father should urge upon his child, from mere human love, the duty and need of subjection, or was it an

unworthy thing to urge eternal safety upon his child for any less consideration than his duty as a Christian minister doing his Master's work? Then, conversely, if human love should not be the main element urging safety, ought parental feeling to feel outraged when eternal doom was recognized as the other alternative? No, the course must be sailed with perfect trust and abnegation, the Will above must be our will, and, though human hearts be lacerated and every tender tie be sundered, the providence it were blasphemy to rebel against was ordering all things wisely and well. So argued the conscience of Humphrey Courteney, as did his training, mental habit, his loyalty to his cloth, his creed and practice; yet against these he found arrayed the carnal man, the ties of parental love, a father's hope and pride, and do whatso'er he might, the tempest in his soul would not be stilled. Clearly, Ernest was an heretic! Equally clearly he was his child! The battle was being narrowed down to this: my love, or God's commands. Had the Reverend Humphrey Courteney been less a man and more a priest, there could have been but one issue—being as he was, he took his son's course as a cross laid upon his shoulders, and left the issue to his faith. He mourned in silence, but he loved his son the same.

From this time forth the worshippers at Berkstone church never again heard their pastor lay stress on the harsher aspects of their faith and future. Instead, he urged upon them present duties truly done are best foundations for future peace and rest.

To Ernest the future was involved and perplexing. Plainly he saw his father's roof could not longer be his shelter; duty and honor alike spoke plainly in that regard. He was full of vague longings, was restless and undecided. He loved and respected his father too much to offend or insult either the man or his faith. Yet, all that either could offer him he resolutely declined. The church neither would, nor could, afford him comfort or preferment. The limited area of Berkstone contained no sphere for him to fill. In his doubting then turned he to his mother—happy mother in having so wise a son.

Frankly he told her how he had grown away from their church; how, in seeking for certainty and exactitude, he found naught but doubt and uncertainty; with the result to him that he had turned to nature, human life, the teachings of experience; and, fearing that death did end all, was determined, somehow—how he could not just then see or say—to labor for this world's good by bettering man's life here. Patiently did Clara Courteney listen; lovingly and anxiously she led him onward to unburden his mind, neither checking nor chiding. Then, when all was said, she arose, in the full trust of her mother's love, and bade him

be true to his manhood, his noblest thought, and follow his conscience, lead it him where it might. Sealing her faith in him with her warm lips upon his brow, as she placed her mother arms around him, she gave him a baptism more vital and inspiring than was ever given in cathedral chancel, from richest font, by any right reverend prelate history could tell of.

Constance, the loving, faithful sister, too, was in these days a beam of light athwart the darkness; but with an instinct born of her nature, her eyes had discovered what all others in the parsonage were blind to. Possibly our dear, old rook had whispered it to her, while her rookship perched upon the window-sill of Constance's room, as was her custom every morning. No matter, though, how she gained the knowledge, it was certain she had divined the secret in the mind of Lilian Eversleigh, even though, as yet, these twain had never spoken upon such a matter. When talking to his sister, as Ernest often did on matters of interest, since he courted her sympathies, he was asked by her if aught but scruples of conscience swayed his thoughts, to which he returned so frank and emphatic a negative that there could be no doubt on that score. Would he leave them? Yes, surely, and in the world do something. But why not obtain some position by his father's influence; then marry and settle down to steady work? He could not marry, for two reasons; he cared for no woman; his plans were too unstable. Clearly he knew not Lilian's thought; wisely his sister forbore further reference, and Ernest, thinking nothing, passed her questions by heeding, at the time, no more concerning them.

Thus, in various ways, the hopes, yearnings, struggles, faiths and fears of our common lot were working out their varied flowers within this quiet Sussex parsonage, whose inmates were but types of many millions else beside them. Our humanity and our creed have fought since creeds first came. Our duty trained within us has struggled against the welling aspirations of our deeper selves. Like birdlings we have feared to soar, and fearing still we keep on earth rather than cleave the skies. With mired skirts, shackled feet, bound hands, we pitifully complain of our own bond-making. Up, up, ye souls, and in the boundless freedom of eternal being burst your bonds. Let open church doors so wide that the great humanity of man may enter, and then religion shall not be a chart too illy laid down to sail by.

The rooks look down upon the sleeping parsonage in a sage and curious manner, as if they asked themselves, why all this bother for opinion's sake. Truly, why?

(To be continued.)

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Original Contributions.

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

To Mrs. Celia L—s.

Unknown, struggling sister, clasp hands through the distance,
Gain courage by mingling with others in thought.
I've flinched at the thorns, I have lifted the burdens,
And fought in the conflict, each victory bought
By sorrow and tears,
Through many hard years,
The path I was treading unnamed and unsought.

As storms clear the air and as strength comes with wrestling,
As metals are tested by crucible fires,
As arrows are sent by the bow near to breaking,
As souls draw new power from the grave of desire—
So all precious things
Which eternity brings
Are "bought with a price"—'tis the law of the Higher.

There must be a tumult when forces are battling—
Right never has conquered excepting through pain,
And woman is now the "bone of contention,"
But no granted "Rights" will be really a gain
Unless we have learned,
By small victories have earned
The task and reward never given in vain.

Have faith in the future, the present is transient,
A fractional part of Eternity's sum,
We never can help clean the Augean stables
If, lacking the practice, our muscles are numb.
And we never can join
In Eternity's song
If, lacking the practice, our voices are dumb.

So welcome the Presence, uplifting, inspiring,
Which measures itself into rhythmical bars;
Float up in its light, and your spirit, grown stronger
With every rise o'er low discords and jars,
Through the rift in the clouds
That are only earth shrouds,
Shall bathe in the glory of sun and of stars. LUPA.

From Youth to Age.

BY AN OLD MAN.

As we grow old, and what was once attractive in life begins to appear vain and trivial; as one by one old ties are broken and new links not easily formed; old ambitions die and quiet resignation takes their place; old hopes are buried and new ones fail to grow from their dead ashes; the things of this life, so attractive to the young and ardent, begin to lose their hold upon the heart, and while still patiently performing our allotted tasks, we most delight in contemplating the higher life whose gates for us now stand ajar. Then comes the thought, of all that we once loved, the most are "on the other side," and soon we too must go. But while waiting at the celestial gate, and watching for the smile of some sweet face long since lost to view, or listening for the voice of loved ones "gone before," let us not pronounce as thoughtless those whose life is in its dawn, and the gates of whose career open on to scenes through which we have passed. Let us rather pity than condemn; for well we

know that much of that which now to them seems joy to come will empty prove, and life to them will be as it has ever been, a rugged road. The struggle to advance o'er such a weary way is the means which nature gives for the development of our latent powers; we reach no good without effort—no lasting joy that we do not earn. "No cross, no crown," has been the law since man was born.

Selected Articles.

Is it Worth While?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the
heather,
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere holding the hands to be and abide
For ever and aye in the dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man and man only makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-soldier down in the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust,
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

—Joaquin Miller.

Heed Facts Before Too Late.

Several correspondents feel that the *Journal* is unnecessarily exercised over the aggressive policy of the Romish Church and the danger to republican institutions through the attitude of that church toward the public school system. The *Journal* asks these correspondents to soberly consider the following account, and then report their views on it. On last Sunday the streets of Chicago were occupied by a huge procession celebrating the opening of the thirty-second annual Delegate Assembly of the German Central Union (Catholic) of the United States. The business of the day opened at St. Michael's school, in a German district of the city, at 8:30 in the morning, and long before that hour the saloons in the vicinity were taxed to their utmost to supply the religious crowd with beer. The Hon. H. J. Spaunhorst, of St. Louis, President of the Central Verein, opened the proceedings in the presence of 300 delegates and an immense audience. After his address, Mayor Roche (a Unitarian) in a brief speech expressed himself as

pleased to welcome "so many sturdy Teutonic representative men from all parts of the United States;" saying among other pretty and politic things: "The object and purpose of your assemblage here cannot but make your visit more welcome to us." The mayor was followed by Mr. Spaunhorst, who defined the mission of the Union as follows: "Our mission here is one of charity. The delegates here attending represent benevolent societies scattered all over the United States. We are banded together by the common tie of national brotherhood, love, and affection, and we assemble here to perpetuate and rivet those bonds by wise counsel and discretion. We are here for no other purpose than to consult and deliberate as to our best interests as a body. Our purpose is not now, nor has it been, national rivalry or strife, therefore, all allusions, sometimes hastily made, about a fight between different nationalities of a like faith with ourselves are erroneous and out of order in any of the meetings to be held this week in your beautiful city." Reverting to the published cause of disagreement with the English-speaking Catholics, Mr. Spaunhorst said: "Questions of discipline and order in our church are not submitted to societies of laymen for their discussion. These are regulated by those in authority, and if the occasion requires it, may be finally settled by the propaganda in Rome." President Spaunhorst also gave a succinct account of the present condition of the Central Union, which, he stated, was in a healthy condition and growing rapidly. The reserve funds of the associated societies had increased \$45,000 during the last year, and the total of this fund was now \$665,000. After this address the delegates were escorted by the Knights of St. Joseph and St. Michael to St. Michael's church. The crowd filled itself up with beer again and then filled up the church, and after the mass, listened to the Most Rev. Bishop Wigger, of New Jersey, who spoke in German, and took his text from the Psalms, "Happy is the man that fears God and loves his offspring." The leading topic of his discourse was the education of the young, and here is a part of his sermon: "I will not speak of the children of those who call themselves Catholics, but who are only nominally so—those who never perform their duties to the church, and consequently are unfitted to perform their duties to their children. These children are unfortunate in themselves and more unfortunate in their parents. I talk of the children of those who profess to be good Catholics, who pride themselves on the performance of the duties of the faith, but who still consider themselves justified in sending their children, whose souls they are responsible for, to the free public schools. I talk to the parents who believe that if they send or bring their children to mass or confession their whole religious duty towards them has

been completed. These parents are blind. Some of them have an idea that the instruction in the public schools is better than in the schools connected with the church. This is a false idea; but admitting even that it is true, what justification can it be for such parents? Do we not know, brother Christians, that we are not placed in this world for our material advantage, but to serve God and save our souls! The scripture says, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' and again, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.' Think of the effect of public schools on your offspring. When they grow up does it not result in their falling from grace and saying to themselves: 'Is religion so weighty a matter as the priests and our parents say it is?' Is this not the common result? I warn you, parents, your first duty is to assure yourselves of the eternal salvation of your offspring, and that they can never obtain without a proper religious education and training." That this sermon was not a mere "happen so," but a part of the proceedings, deliberately planned, will not be doubted by any rational mind, and is to be considered in connection with Mr. Spaunhorst's report, Mayor Roche, beer, and all.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Taking Cold.

BY AMBER.

"There is a very singular analogy," said a physician to me lately, as he saw me bundling up my neck, "between the human body and a piece of crockery or glassware in the matter of temperature. You can take a glass goblet and put it into an oven and heat it slowly until it is red hot without breaking it. Then you can cool it off gradually until it is as cold as ice without breaking it. But if you ever heat one part while the other is cold it breaks to pieces. Well, that is exactly the way with the human body. It will stand a very high degree of heat and a very low degree of cold without injury; but if you heat it or cool it faster at one place than another, and especially if you heat it or cool it faster on the outside than the inside, there is harm done at once, and a sneeze comes to restore the equilibrium and to hang out a danger-signal. This is the philosophy of a draft. You may stand out in the open air, and the strongest wind that can blow will not give you a cold. But if you sit in a room, and let the air from a door or window blow on one side of you, it may cause your death. A great many children are killed this way, for if a babe is sleeping in its crib, and the crib happens to be so located that a jet of air through a key-hole, or through the door-crack plays on the babe's head or chest, or even its arm, it at once becomes an angel."

Spiritualism.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

THE "SEYBERT COMMISSION."

Nothing that has transpired within the last decade has been of such signal value to Spiritualism as this famous report just issued with the official endorsement of all its members. It is supposed to be decidedly unfavorable to the claims of Spiritualists; and already a new life stirs in the veins of dogmatic theology, and the monotonous calm that has been growing painful with dismal bodings for the destiny of sectarianism is broken; and once more we hear the cheerful pulpit echoes of thirty years ago proclaiming it a delusion and fraud! Sectarian materialists, too, will draw comfort and sweet satisfaction from the same source. On this subject they are in happy fellowship with the bigoted priestcraft who are the most conspicuous enemies of mental liberty. But I would not be understood as classing all materialists, nor all clergymen, as narrow and intolerant. But a bigoted materialist is quite as illiberal in his way and more inconsistent than the average clergyman. This famous committee claim to be profoundly "impressed with the seriousness of their undertaking, and have fully recognized that men, eminent in intelligence and attainments, yield to Spiritualism an entire credence," and "they beg that nothing which they may say be interpreted as indicating indifference or levity!" This sounds as if the commission were conscious that their language indicates "indifference or levity" which might be interpreted against their claim of "seriousness" and perhaps arouse suspicion that the report is not reliable. Certainly the cavalier way in which they describe experiences does not suggest much "seriousness," and the air of "levity" smacks strongly of ridicule; and the tenor of the whole document plainly shows a strong mental bias, which, judged by their own standard, would invalidate their testimony. Nevertheless, I have no wish to weaken the force of their failure. I should have been disappointed if it had been otherwise. It is of incalculable more value to Spiritualism than if it endorsed every phase of mediumship as satisfactory proof of spiritual origin. It may be observed as something of a key to this report that—

1. That "the commission is composed of men whose days are already filled with duties which cannot be laid aside, and who are therefore able to devote but a small portion of their time to these investigations," and of course can neither be very thorough, nor cover a very large part of the almost boundless field which has occupied many years of time to develop and partly comprehend, and has been cultivated by thousands

who were in all respects as competent as any of this commission.

2. The members of the commission plainly show by their methods and statements that they were about as well qualified for the investigation as a watch-maker is qualified for a delicate operation in surgery.

3. Although the report to the close leaves the unmistakable impression upon the reader that the question is settled and the decision is final, the commission evidently do not so intend; for they speak of it as one of many that may follow, as "fragmentary reports," and until the last is in, of course the question is not settled, even with the Seybert Commission. But if it were, and settled unqualifiedly in the negative, it could have no more authority for unprejudiced thinkers than the "Pope's Bull against the Comet." A million tadpoles do not prove that there are no other types of life. A million eyeless fish in the great cave are no evidence against the existence of hundreds of millions that can see. A hundred blind men may have no experience that gives them any evidence of the existence of light and color; but that has no bearing against the testimony of one man that can see.

Spiritualists are credited with fair intelligence—even by the Seybert Commission—and as honest as other people. But it is held that they are credulous, and easily deceived, and that skillful jugglery can deceive even the Seybert Commission. As applied to many, this is all conceded. But I have never met with more credulity and blind acceptance of extravagant and impossible assumptions among the most fanatical Spiritualists, than I have found in the class of self-elected experts, who, baffled with unanswerable facts, have attempted to evade the only rational solution by substituting unsupported and ludicrous theories; and this is not limited to fanatical egotists either. This wisdom (?) of the Seybert Commission offers as a possible, if not probable, solution of the raps in the following language:

"The difficulty attending the investigation of this mode of Spiritualistic manifestation is increased by the fact familiar to physiologists, that sounds of varying intensity may be produced in almost any portion of the human body by voluntary muscular action!"

I presume every sectarian agnostic will accept this statement on the testimony of this commission, without ever having seen a person who could truthfully say it is "according to their experience." I have yet to find the first physiologist who is "familiar" with any such power, or the first person who ever saw it demonstrated. On this subject I am agnostic, with decided leanings to unbelief; but shall be glad to get the evidence, if any there be. But even admitting such a power stored up in our muscles, the mental discernment that cannot distinguish

between that and such sounds as often respond to questions at a seance discounts the stupidity of the most gullible believer.

Dr. Henry Slade is the most conspicuous medium with whom the commission experimented. They claim that all he did was fraud. I shall not dispute them. But I do not think it is much credit to their sagacity to pay him three hundred dollars to practice a series of tricks before them, while they knew just how it was done all the way through! If fraud was their object perhaps they got their money's worth. But there are thousands quite as competent to judge as any member of this committee, who have tested Slade in search of TRUTH and had conditions such that fraud was impossible, and independent slate-writing has been demonstrated hundreds of times through his mediumship as perfectly as any scientific fact was ever proven. If he has played with the commission it is quite as much their fault as his; for they were hunting for fraud and took no adequate means to secure themselves against it. True, they claim that Slade demanded his own conditions, and refused to sit without them. If, then, he made the conditions such that fraud was plainly possible, it would seem to be their duty as scientific investigators to demand absolute security, and a clear distinction between his methods and those of jugglers, and if he refused such test conditions, send him adrift. I see no reason why Slade should refuse the Seybert Commission the same protection against possible fraud that he has given to others. If he did, there must either be some cause in the conduct of the commission toward him, or he stultifies himself, and deserves to stand the impeachment against his honesty. But it matters not how tricky he may be when circumstances favor, the fact remains unanswerable that independent slate-writing has been executed in his presence when no deception was possible. I will offer here one instance in illustration of thousands which have occurred within the past fifteen years through this same Dr. Slade. In the City of Binghamton, N. Y., lives a clear-headed lawyer by the name of Thomas W. Waterman. He was fifteen years ago literally a "doubting Thomas." Having known him quite intimately for the past ten years, I was somewhat familiar with his mental habit and the story of his experiences with mediums. Accordingly I wrote him for a statement such as he was willing to have published. I will let him state the case as relates to his dealings with Dr. Slade in his own words:

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., January, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER HOWE: * * * About twelve years ago, after several sittings with Dr. Henry Slade, in the City of New York, extending at intervals over a period of several months, at each of which I obtained communications on my own slates purporting to have been written by my deceased wife and son, I had the experience which I will presently

relate. It may be proper to state that I was at the time a disbeliever in a future state of existence, and felt sanguine that by persevering I could unravel the mystery of what is commonly known as independent writing. I concealed my name and place of residence from Dr. Slade, and, in fact, had very little conversation with him. What puzzled me was that my slates, which I had carefully sponged and were never out of my sight or touched by Dr. Slade, should, when laid on a bare table in a very light room, become as it were instinct with life; that the sound of rapid writing should proceed from them; and that when they were examined by me immediately afterwards, that they should contain intelligent, characteristic messages, ostensibly coming from my deceased friends whose names were known only to me. Apart from the writing the other physical manifestations were very remarkable, particularly the frequent appearance of perfectly-formed hands beyond the reach of the medium, both of whose hands lay on the table before me. On one occasion a small, delicate hand like that of a lady, in response to my mental request, that if it were the hand of my wife she would touch my left hand, which I placed on my lap for the purpose, the back of my hand was on several occasions smoothed over by the spirit hand, which I noticed was of a natural color and temperature.

My last sitting with Slade took place on a bright June morning at eleven o'clock. As we entered his back parlor, where his seances were held, he said: "Will the spirits write for this gentleman when I am away from the table?" Three loud raps as if made with a hammer (muscular concussion of course—L. C. H.) instantly resounded from the table in the centre of the room. He then seated himself where he was, near the door, and I took my place at the table facing him. I had with me a slate which I had bought and thoroughly washed that morning. I laid the slate on the table, close to my left arm, over a minute piece of pencil, but not until I had carefully examined the slate to make sure that it was wholly free from writing; a precaution (suggested by my extreme skepticism) which, under the circumstances, was ridiculous, as no other person had had the slate since I left the stationers with it. Placing my open hands on the table, the sound of rapid writing on the slate immediately commenced. At the same time Dr. Slade called out from where he was sitting, five or six feet distant, to know if they were writing, and my reply that they were, was followed by the remark from him that I must now see that what was occurring was without any conscious agency on his part. "Besides, I do not even know your name, much less that of any of your deceased friends." Three raps indicated that whatever was being done was finished. I accordingly lifted the slate, and to my utter astonishment found the under side of it filled with a message purporting to be from a young brother, who died many years previous, at the age of three years. The message, which I copied from the slate, was written as follows:

"My Dear Brother—I was apparently born to a heritage of unalloyed joy. I never drained deeply of the cup of earthly pain and sorrow to make me shudder when the remembrance of by-gone days and hours comes stealing through the corridors of my being. This life, dear brother, is no dream, no miracle, and has been beautifully expressed by mediums.

"I am your affectionate brother,
"WILLIAM W."

Make any use you choose of my name and address in connection with the above.

Very truly yours,
THOMAS W. WATERMAN.

This statement could be duplicated with variations by the thousand, as good authority in every way as the Seybert Commission.

No prestidigitator can imitate these phenomena under like conditions. Intelligent Spiritualists make liberal allowance for a large margin of doubtful manifestations and tricky mediums, to say nothing of the horde

of adventurers who practice upon the credulity of unsophisticated believers, and who are generally the first to attract the attention of tyros in the church and wisecracks of materialistic bias. Having been taken in by these, superficial skeptics at once consider the question settled, and declare the whole a delusion and fraud. But thinkers and observers know, that though there be a million frauds, and hundreds of millions of failures and falsehoods, there are yet many thousands of facts and demonstrations, which have been witnessed by hundreds of thousands of reliable parties in every way as competent to judge as the Seybert Commission, and occurring under conditions which render deception on the part of the medium plainly impossible. These evidences have been accumulating through many varieties of mediumship for the last forty years, and have made a record which no amount of sophistry or ridicule can invalidate—*Free Thinkers' Magazine*.

Tea Drinking.

BY AMBER.

A friend who for many years was a terrible sufferer from periodical attacks of nervous headache, was telling me recently that he had discovered the cause of his trouble to be the use of tea. Since he had stopped drinking it some months ago, his general health had much improved, and there had been no symptoms during that time of a return of the old disorder. Knowing that one man's food is another's poison, I concluded that what my friend found hurtful was still a blessing to the remainder of mankind, but yesterday I met another acquaintance who told me the same story of himself. No reformed drunkard is more zealous in urging his comrades to abandon the cup than is this gentleman in depicting to his friends the misery and pain that are caused by China's enervating beverage. The physical and mental inferiority of the Chinese to European races is entirely owing, he urges, to their immoderate use of tea, and if the Caucasians are to maintain their present supremacy in the world, they will have to smash the tea-pot.

Sitting Near Cold-Walls.

"There is a great deal of ignorance and carelessness about drafts of air in this country, though in Europe there is such carefulness about them that ventilation is prevented. But there is another and similar danger which is not properly understood anywhere, and that is the danger of sitting near cold objects, especially closed windows. In the Winter time the walls, pillars, and windows of houses are always cold, and if the human body is set down with one side of it up against or even near

these cold objects, the heat is abstracted, and terrible colds and congestions are likely to result. The worst cold I ever treated in my life was contracted in that way. My patient was in a very warm room, in the winter time, and for the sake of the light, sat for an hour or two close to a closed window. There were weather strips around it, and not a particle of air came through it. But the convection of heat, through the glass, was so perfect he caught a cold in the back of his head and neck that absolutely threatened him with lockjaw. Of all the foolish things in this world, the most foolish is to sit with the back against a cold wall in the winter. Ten minutes in such a position may be enough to give some people the consumption.

PHYSICIAN.

Standing before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked, "Wilt thou have this woman?" etc. The man stared in surprise, and replied, "Ay, surely! Why, I come a-puppus!"

It is sometimes said that women must not vote, because in that case they might be elected to office, and "if the mother of a young family should go to Congress, what would become of the children?" It does not seem to occur to these objectors that only one person in a thousand can go to Congress in any case, and that no one is obliged to go unless he chooses. The mother of a large family would not be likely to be asked to go to Congress, and would not be likely to consent if she were asked, but she might have a very definite idea as to the sort of a man she wanted to send to congress as her representative, to make laws for her and her children. A good many profligate and drunken congressmen would be weeded out if the mothers in their districts had votes.

We believe in the man or woman who has enemies. This does not seem sound, but it is. Your milk-and-water people, who content themselves with simply doing no harm, at the same time do no good. They are mere negatives. Your man of force, who does not wait for a stone to get out of his way, but manfully rolls it over, may unintentionally hurt somebody's toes in the act, but thousands who will have to go that way will thank him for clearing it. The man who has no enemies is generally a sickly, creeping or cowardly creature, caring for no one but himself—smirking and creeping his unchallenged way to the obscurity of his merits. He adds nothing to the common stock, does no good in the world, and is lowered into six feet of earth without one sincere regret from anybody. He has no enemies, but, he has a friend. A place is vacant, but not in any warm, grateful heart.—*Milwaukee Labor Review*.

THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editress

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TERMS :

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THE CARRIER DOVE,

32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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THE CARRIER DOVE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., OCT. 1, 1887.

Spiritual Camp-meetings.

The Eastern Camp-meetings, from Maine to Iowa, were very successful this year, showing increased interest on the part of the people and growing usefulness. They are doing much to extend a knowledge of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism; and in places where the climate is favorable for such gatherings, they will be a great aid to Spiritualism and to humanity, for the interests of Spiritualism are the interests of humanity. There are many places in California where the climate and surroundings are suitable for camp-meetings, and it is probable, in the not distant future, there will be one or more of such meetings held within the borders of this state, which is larger in extent than all New England; but San Francisco and vicinity require meetings of a different kind. It is too cold, windy, foggy and generally disagreeable here for tent life. Oakland has been selected as more sheltered and warmer than this city, but even there the summer weather is too severe. The fall months are much pleasanter, but are subject to sudden changes

and possible rain. There was much complaint at the camp-meeting this year of the bleak winds and cold nights, and some who attended declared they never would do so again at the same place and season of the year.

There must, therefore, be a "new departure" in our camp-meeting management. There are places not many miles from this city, where out-door life in summer is pleasant and healthful; the only question is, can a camp-meeting held at such a point be made a financial success. The mass of the Spiritualists of the State reside in San Francisco, but from many expressions of opinion we have heard, they cannot be induced to leave home for a camping season anywhere. Their desire is for a state convocation here in one of the commodious halls of the city, where ample accommodation can be had not only for residents but for all visitors from abroad. Being largely in the majority, their wishes should be respected, and we hope the trustees of the camp-meeting association will take into serious consideration the propriety of dispensing with an outdoor gathering next year, and make early arrangements for a grand gathering of Spiritualists in this city. We have among us at the present time some of the best inspirational speakers of the world, and others are ready to join us on invitation.

It is essential that the proposed convention be held under the auspices of the State Association. Individual management and personal profit making, in connection with representative spiritual movements should not be tolerated. The Spiritualists of this State as a body, and through their chosen representatives, are quite capable of making all the arrangements necessary for such gatherings, and do not require the "management" of any individual, and so long as such dictation continues, the Spiritualists of California, who should be harmonious and working together for the common good, will be disorganized or divided into antagonistic factions disgraceful to the cause and to themselves.

A Medium's Relief Fund.

Among the worthy enterprises undertaken by our spiritual organizations is one projected by the Progressive Spiritualists which should receive the cordial support of all, and of mediums especially. This is the

maintenance of a "Relief Fund for Mediums." The drafts upon such a fund require its frequent replenishing, as many times sickness and misfortunes overtake the most diligent and worthy, and a little timely assistance would save greater trials and annoyances. That this aid may not savor of *charity*, which all industrious, striving workers abhor, let it be given largely by the mediums themselves, although accepting contributions from whatever other sources they may be obtained. If the mediums of this city would each give one public seance a month, the proceeds of which should be appropriated for this purpose, a sufficient amount would soon be secured upon which each could draw in case of necessity, and thus many times a chasm be bridged, or a dull season tided over comfortably, which might otherwise cause serious inconvenience and actual suffering. Who will be the first to volunteer to give this movement a start in the way suggested, or in any more appropriate and feasible manner that may be deemed advisable?

An Important Correction.

By some inexplicable oversight of our proof readers, our opening editorial of last week was headed "Spiritualism a Conservative Ecclesiasticism," whereas the true title was "Spiritualism a Conservative Eclecticism," a very different matter indeed. The blunder was repeated in the body of the article also, which was still more unfortunate. If our friends will re-read the aforesaid article in the light of the above correction they will at once see its purport in the true light.

We have just received an English reprint of Prof. A. R. Wallace's lecture "If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?" issued by H. A. Kersey, the Progressive Literature Agency, 1 Newgate Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng. It is a neatly printed pamphlet of sixteen pages, and is sold for two cents. The above agency is the business of our visitor, Mr. J. J. Morse, and is being conducted during his absence by the gentleman named. It is the exclusive English agency of our friends, Colby and Rich, of the *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.

The Union Spiritual Society held one of their enjoyable sessions on Wednesday last. The circles were unusually interesting.

Spiritual Meetings.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Services as usual were held in the Temple on Sunday last, and both morning and evening meetings were well attended. A very wide variety of subjects was embraced in the questions answered at the morning service, the replies being most cordially received, and displaying close insight regarding the several points presented.

In the evening a very large audience was present, a considerable quota of unfamiliar faces being noticed. The vocal selections, "Light Beyond" and "The Worker," by Mrs. L. P. Howell, were received with exceptional favor, while the organ voluntaries of Sig. S. Arrilliga afforded universal delight.

The control of Mr. Morse presented the first of his three lectures upon "Death," treating upon it as to "Its Nature." The closest attention was paid to it throughout, and a more rational and philosophical exposition of the subject could scarcely be presented. There is a compactness and continuity of thought about the work of this able control that charms and enchains the attention of the intelligent and thoughtful auditors who attend the services. We have secured our usual report of this lecture, and have arranged to obtain the two succeeding lectures for our pages.

The subject on Sunday evening will be "Death—Its Need." Services commence at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. promptly. Excellent music, vocal and instrumental as usual.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The usual afternoon meeting on Sunday last at this hall was opened by a few remarks from the chairman, Hon. John A. Collins. He regretted that the advertised speaker, Judge Swift, had failed to appear, but as such was the case, he was necessitated to rely upon volunteer speakers. W. N. Slocum was called upon, and made a brief address which was instructive and interesting. Mr. Mills was then requested to take the platform but objected on the score that "he was not inspired." Mr. Collins requested him to step forward, saying, "We will inspire you." As Mr. Mills advanced to the front and began his happy remarks, Mr. Collins gravely said "You are now inspired; proceed, sir," which

seemed indeed a truth, judging from the ringing speech which followed. Prof. Perkins made a brief address and sang "The Lost Chord," which elicited enthusiastic applause. Mrs. M. Miller made a few timely remarks and gave some tests which were well received.

Mrs. Rutter and Anna Johnson each sang sweet songs, and Dr. Schlesinger gave sittings to sceptics in the ante-room, all of which were reported satisfactory.

These meetings are growing in interest and influence, and should receive the cordial support of the Spiritualists of this city, that the Board of Directors may be enabled to continue to keep the doors open free to all. The free spiritual library of this society is open every Sunday afternoon from one to five o'clock, where anyone desiring to obtain books can do so by application to the librarian—Mr. Gilman.

Proposed New Spiritual Paper in England.

We have received the prospectus of a proposed new spiritual journal, to be entitled *The Two Worlds*, devoted to Spiritualism, occult science, ethics, religion and reform, to consist of sixteen pages. The matter was decided upon at a meeting that was held in Manchester, England, on August 24th, at which the following ladies and gentlemen were present: Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, Mr. G. R. and Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. E. W. Wallis, Dr. Wm. Britten, of Manchester; Mr. D. Brown, Rhodes; Mr. Peter Lee, Rochdale; Mr. W. Johnson, Hyde; Mr. L. Firth, Bacup; Mr. Boys, Openshaw; Mr. Braham, Stretford Road; Mr. Geo. Hill, Ardwick; Mr. F. Tomlinson, Mr. T. Brown, Manchester, who were strongly impressed with the urgent demand for a thoroughly representative spiritual journal, which shall be the property of the movement, formed themselves temporarily into a provisional committee, and unanimously resolved to organize a Limited Liability Company, to be called *The Two Worlds Publishing Company Limited*. The committee now acting will secure the services of Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, as editress, together with a sub-editor and general manager of undoubted ability. Mrs. Britten's wide experience as editress and writer for several spiritual journals, her well-known zeal, together with the vast stores of information—historical, phenomenal, occult, and reformatory—which she can contribute, constitutes her especially *the editress* for the paper, and will ensure a high tone and standard for *The Two Worlds*.

The plan of contents embraces a lecture or essay from the most approved speakers

and writers to be published each week; historical summary of the origin, growth and status of the spiritual movement in various countries, to be given for the correction of errors, the use of investigators, and answers to opponents; explanations of the Kabbala, Zohar, and other occult matter, especially extracts from those scarce and much-sought-for works, "Art Magic" and "Ghostland," by special permission of the author; well-attested communications from spirits, and reliable descriptions of spirit life; leading articles upon Reform, Popular Topics, Science, Ethics, and all that concerns the spiritual interests of man; News, Reports, Narratives, Notices of Books, Foreign Contemporaries; brief answers to questions, all personalities rigidly excluded; reports of meetings; Lyceum and Young People's Corner; in view of the importance of Spiritualism to the rising generation, the utmost encouragement will be given to the lyceum movement. All good and useful reform movements will receive sympathy and support as far as possible; Directory of Societies, Mediums and Speakers. *The Two Worlds* is designed to be impartial, impersonal, and useful. Short articles, live comments, and a practical digest of the spiritual cause and work will be presented each week. It will be thoroughly representative, the friend of societies and mediums, the guide to investigators—in a word, *a people's paper*.

Since the formation of the temporary Provisional Committee, whose names are given above, many prominent Spiritualists have expressed their sympathy with the undertaking and their intention of joining the Company, while still more are giving promises of assistance each day.

Secretary (*pro tem.*), Mr. E. W. Wallis, 61 George Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester. Temporary office of the Company, 61 George Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

[We heartily commend the above project, and shall gladly welcome *The Two Worlds* to our exchange list. Mrs. Britten's name is a guarantee of success in the literary department, and those of Dr. Britten and Mr. E. W. Wallis are equally assuring in the business department. We wish you every success, friends.—Ed. C. D.]

Chips.

Mrs. Carter will take spirit pictures at Bayley's Gallery, 515 Seventh St., Oakland, on Mondays and Wednesday's. Mrs. Carter has come here recently, from New York.

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.

The *Eastern Star* has moved from Glenburn to Bangor, Me. With its new and complete facilities for good work, and an enterprising, talented young editor, we see no reason why it should not be a great success.

Contributor: "Here is a manuscript I wish to submit." Editor (waving his hand): "I'm sorry. We are all full just now." Contributor (blandly): "Very well; I will call again when some of you are sober."

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Mozart have recently returned from their European trip and are temporarily located in this city. Their return is the occasion of great gratification to their many friends, who are also rejoiced to learn of their success abroad.

Next week the DOVE will publish a sketch and picture of Walter Howell, the well-known English inspirational speaker. Mr. Howell's eastern friends, and those in the United Kingdom, will no doubt be pleased to see his features reproduced in our pages.

Mr. Morse's classes will hereafter assemble at this office, and the members will appreciate the change of location on account of the greater quietude that will be secured. The attendance continues large, and the members are greatly delighted. The advanced class is intensely interesting.

"Reporters are not blameless, but they, as well as the public, have rights. It makes an honest reporter 'real mad,' you know, to see his name attached to a report that he has nothing to do with. To a dishonest reporter such an incident doesn't matter." So says one of the DOVE's reporters in a recent note.

Next week the story of Lily Benton will be illustrated with a picture of a school for children in spirit life. It is situated on a beautiful island, and is a lovely and attractive spot. We are sure our young readers will be interested in these views of the summer land where dwell so many little ones who have been taken from earth life so early.

A Vermont deacon who was hauled up for horse racing on Sunday, made reply: "I don't approve of horse-racin,' but when

another member of the church becomes so godless as to try to pass me on the road, comin' home from meetin', I feel it my duty to the church to let out a leetle on the reins, just to keep him from putting his trust in earthly things."

A young man was once asked: "Do you know why so many people are out of work?" He answered: "I don't know." "Do you know why strong men are compelled to beg for work?" "I don't know." "Do you know why men who do the most receive the least?" "I don't know." "What should working people do to remedy these evils?" "I don't know." "Should women vote?" "No." "Why?" "Because they don't know anything about running a government."

The Children's Lyceum.

The friends who are interested in the organization of a Children's Lyceum met at Metropolitan Temple, last Sunday at 12:30 o'clock, and began their good work among the children. All are invited to unite in this movement, which is entirely independent of any particular organization or society. Suggestions and assistance from those who are experienced in such work would be appreciated and welcomed by those who are so bravely undertaking this important service for the young.

It always gives us pleasure to advertise and recommend whatever is of benefit to our readers, and from a number of testimonials in our possession we can safely speak a word in favor of the "Carbolic Smoke Ball," which is advertised in this journal. One gentleman writes that he has been cured of catarrh of long standing, which very nearly resulted in a total loss of sight, by using this remedy. Another says he was relieved of deafness, by using it three days, and others to the same effect. It would seem from the testimony in its favor that it is worthy of a trial from those who are suffering with the ills for which it is a remedy.

A rich New Yorker named Seybert left \$20,000 to be devoted to an investigation of Spiritualism. The commission have lately had Slade before them, and pronounce him a fraud. Now, had Slade been

a fraud, he would not have dared to play his tricks before them. Which shall we believe, the Seybert Commission, or the German scientists, who, after experimenting for months with Slade and others, declared Spiritualism "inexplicable phenomena?" The truth is that if one single instance of the intercommunication of the denizens of this world with spirits can be authenticated, then a million of such instances are possible, and the truth of the wonders should no longer admit of doubt.—*Gatesville Star*.

The Spiritual Union will hold a social meeting, closing with a dance, at their hall, 111 Larkin St., City, on Tuesday evening next, October 4th. We trust a full house will reward the managers of this excellent society.

Since writing the above the following particulars have been handed in, and we take pleasure in presenting the additional information to our readers.

Present indications seem fairly to justify the prediction that the forthcoming literary entertainment and dance of the Union Spiritual Society, to take place at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin St., on Tuesday next, October 4th, will be an improvement on even their last social. The literary programme is being carefully prepared, and among the items we notice that the genial Mr. J. J. Morse will contribute to the exercises. There are several promises of flowers, and those who can are invited to bring some. Altogether, a thoroughly enjoyable time is expected. Tickets admitting a lady and gent, or two ladies, may be had at this office; price, 25 cents.

Special Notices.

Premium Notice.

We have still quite a number of bound volumes of the CARRIER DOVE for 1886, which will be sent to any address upon receipt of \$2.50, or they will be sent as premiums to those sending us subscribers at the following rates: For three subscribers at \$2.50 each, will be given a cloth bound book; and for four subscribers, an elegant book, full leather binding. These books contain fifty-one full-page engravings of prominent Spiritualists and spirit photographs, also a very valuable collection of

biographical sketches, which are a distinctive feature of this journal. Send in your orders at once.

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.

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Marriage, and the General Unfoldment
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Mr. Morse, by his system of Physio-Psychological science, is able to give personal delineations indicating the mental possibilities, spiritual development, psychic powers, bodily health, and functional capacities of those of either sex, thereby imparting sound, practical advice to all consulting him upon the above matters.

A CHART

Upon an entirely new basis, which contains a systematized statement of the organs, functions, divisions, attributes and physio-psychological composition of the human being, has been prepared, for the purpose of marking out the relative powers, capacities, characteristics and development of the individual as ascertained by the examiner; thus enabling all to obtain a tabulated statement of great value in all the relations, duties, and engagements of life. His chart will prove of great service in aiding physical, mental, moral, and soul culture.

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Is an especial feature not to be found in any other chart descriptive of bodily character and development, while

THE HYGIENIC ANALYSIS

Offers a large amount of useful advice concerning health, diet, sleep, rest, exercise, bathing, etc., so as to make this department of very great value to all.

A MARRIAGE TABLE

Is also included, and the advice it presents will prove invaluable to many in the selection of their conjugal companions; the rearing and management of families, and other domestic matters of importance to happiness and morality.

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Of Physio-Psychological science gives a clear and concise description of the divisions of the chart, over eighty in number, and is in all cases given with the personal examinations. It contains the chart above referred to.

Mr. Morse is quite remarkable as an Inspirational Examiner; often given very wonderful readings to those consulting him.

For a complete examination marked upon the chart, and including the manual, paper.....\$ 5 00
Ditto, ditto, with examination and advice written out in full..... 10 00
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The Manual..... 50

Examinations by appointment, which must be made in advance, either by letter or personally, as below or at either of Mr. Morse's classes on the evenings of Monday, or Friday, in each week, at Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar Building, O'Farrell street, S. F., or at the office of the CARRIER DOVE. Fees for classes of twelve lessons \$5, single lessons admission 50 cents. Office 331 Turk street, San Francisco, Cal.

Aug. 27, t.f.

J. J. Morse's Meetings.

J. J. Morse's Sunday services under his engagement with the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of this city are held in Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. Morning for answering questions at 11 o'clock. Evening an inspirational lecture at 8 o'clock.

Organist, Sig. S. Arrilliga; vocalist, Mrs. L. P. 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 every Monday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock, and at 32 Ellis street, (CARRIER DOVE office,) Thursdays at 8 P. M. Single admissions Mondays and Fridays, fifty cents, Thursdays, \$1.00.

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.

J. J. Morse's Classes.

The second class is now meeting at the office of the CARRIER DOVE, 32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, on Mondays and Fridays at 8 P. M. Tickets for this course of twelve lectures, price \$5. Single admissions, fifty cents.

The Advance Course of six lessons, fee \$5; single admissions, \$1. Assembles at this office on Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock.

Course tickets or single admissions, can be obtained at the class room any Monday, Thursday or Friday evening; or of Mr. M. B. Dodge, Manager of the Temple meetings, every Sunday, or at the office of THE CARRIER DOVE at any time. The first course has been extraordinarily successful.

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

Children's Dept.

[WRITTEN FOR THE CARRIER DOVE.]

Guard Well.

BY MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

Time bears upon its silent tide,
The hidden springs of life,
And in the voiceless depths may lie
Sweet peace, or jarring strife.

Guard well the portals of the true,
Where budding hopes bloom free,
So pure and fair, there may not come
Foul chains of slavery.

The tempter comes with siren voice,
Luring to paths of sin,
But wisdom shows a brighter goal,
Each soul should strive to win.

Not for the honor and renown
That fame in wont to crave,
But for a grand and useful life,
No tempter can enslave.

To gather forces, strong and true,
With master mind and might,
To slay the *giant monster*, WRONG,
And lay it 'neath the right.

STERLING, ILL.

Lily Benton.

BY JULIA SCHLESINGER.

CHAPTER IV.

Grandma remained with the bereaved parents until all the last sad services over

the body of the departed Lily were concluded, and the little casket laid away in a sunny spot in the family burying-ground, and the lonely hearts again took up life's duties and crosses. The mother, with a firm faith in the goodness of God, looked forward to a reunion with the lost one in heaven, where she believed her darling had gone; but the father, silent and sad, pursued his daily occupation of money-getting, with no ray of hope or faith to lighten his sorrow, or soothe his pain. "She is dead," he said, "and that is all there is of life—a breath, a vapor, soon dispelled, and only the memory of the dead remains for a time, when that also perishes."

It was into this home that Lily was to become a light-bearer and a messenger of peace. She was destined to open the closed eyes and sealed ears of her parents to the gospel of truth and love.

When grandma returned from her mission of love, she found her darling soothed and comforted under the loving ministrations of the fairy Elfine. She had been attracted to Lily from the moment her wondrous eyes rested upon her, by that subtle law of spiritual affinity, and from henceforth their young lives were blended in sweet, harmonious unison like two perfectly attuned instruments, whose melodious notes should charm and bless the world.

Among the number of beautiful spirit children who were congregated at the "Retreat" to welcome Lily were some who will figure conspicuously in the coming chapters of this story, and we will here introduce them to our young readers so that all may feel acquainted as they journey on together for a little while.

Into the harmonious group surrounding Lily was a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, so delicate and refined in appearance as to look almost "girlish," as you children would say here. But in the spirit world children are free from the unpleasant distinctions which their sex creates in this world, owing to old and false ideas concerning the true relations of human beings to each other. There, whatever is considered true, noble, brave and good in a boy is equally good in a girl. Bravery, courage and strength, which are here considered manly characteristics, and gentleness, affection and modesty as especially womanly virtues, are each considered commendable in boys and girls alike, and no barriers are raised to impede the progress of either.

Willie Ware was born into spirit life when a babe but a few hours old. His mother was a frail, sickly woman whose life was devoted to fashionable folly, and whose manner of dress and style of living was so artificial and injurious as to render good health impossible; therefore, she was unfit to be a mother, and when her babe was born it only opened its little eyes for a few, brief hours

and then closed them again upon the scenes of earth.

The spirit babe was tenderly cared for by strong, loving mother-hearts whose sympathies went out to the little waif, the earthly existence of which had been so early terminated through the ignorance and foolishness of its mother.

Willie grew to be a fair, sweet spirit, and was proficient in many directions beyond some children whose earth life had given them experiences of which he had been deprived. He also was drawn to Lily by the law of attraction, and was one of the number of links, forming a "golden chain" composed of twelve spirit children who had a special mission to perform, under the guidance and instruction of wise and benevolent spirits who were laboring to elevate and bless humanity.

(To be continued.)

The Reviewer.

SPIRIT WORKERS IN THE HOME CIRCLE, by Morell Theobald, London, England. Imported and for sale by *Religio-Philosophical Journal* Publishing House, Chicago, Ill. Price, \$2.25; postage, 15 cents.

For many years to come the contributions to the literature of Modern Spiritualism that will be of the greatest importance, will be those dealing with the phenomena of mediumship, and the experiences of the spirit-circle. Sensational narratives and highly-colored statements, possessing little or no value as sober testimony, must, of course, be excluded from the foregoing statement. Such do far more harm to the cause than their modicum of truth and fact can atone for. Sober statements of facts observed over a lengthened period, presented by persons of character and candor, and containing intrinsic evidence of sincerity and accuracy, will ever be gladly welcomed by the fair-minded inquirer, and the earnest and faithful Spiritualist. After a careful perusal of the above-described work, the writer has little hesitation in classing it as among the productions that reflect lasting credit upon our cause. It is sober in statement, sincere and earnest in tone, imbued with a gratifying strain of spirituality, and its statements of fact, in the main, rest upon a basis that appears unassailable so far as precision of observation is concerned. There is a noticeable and most commendable desire indicated to deal with the difficulties and failures of investigation and experience, as well as with its successes, and this feature is not the least admirable to be found in the nature of the book.

The author, or more correctly, chronicler—Morell Theobald—is the head of a

noted firm of actuaries and accountants in the city of London, England, and is a gentleman of honor and probity. He stands high alike in business and social circles; indeed, he is unimpeachable alike in mind and character. The phenomena recorded may be rightly termed domestic, since, with but very few exceptions, every event narrated occurred in the family and household of the compiler. The record extends from 1869 down to 1886, embracing phenomena transpiring in the persons of Mr. Theobald, his sister, his children, and their domestic, with incidental records of phenomena obtained through Mr. and Mrs. T. Everitt, Mr. William Eglinton, and the late Miss Wood.

Mr. Theobald dates his personal introduction to spirit communion and writing mediumship from 1855, which event took place during an acquaintance with the celebrated William Howitt, to whom he was a near neighbor. Mr. Theobald frankly says he never attached much importance to this form of mediumship in himself, as he was never able to satisfactorily determine where the spirit began or he ended.

A very noticeable statement is made in the first chapter to the effect that when the phenomena came into the family they came unsought. It would seem that three of the early children had been gathered to the inner life, and in the hours of sorrow at their many bereavements, certain tiny little "raps" came upon the dining-room table, and from so small beginning gradually grew up a series of facts, that, in several particulars, are unique in the history of spiritual manifestations in modern times. The more important phenomena are those which occurred in connection with the children from 1871 to 1873 inclusive, and with the domestic, Mary—subsequently. The children were three in number, the eldest being only ten years old. Physical, writing, and trance mediumship was manifested by them, as was also clairvoyance. Communications were made through them, the boy "E" especially, that clearly established the question of identity, as spirits manifested through him of whom he had never heard, one of which passed away thirty years previous to his birth! An amount of guidance, counsel, admonition, and watchfulness upon the part of the spirit workers—mostly at first relative spirits—runs all through the record, but as nearly all is personal and private the reader must peruse the book itself to appreciate its value, as no detached quotation could do it justice.

Undoubtedly the part of the book which will excite the greatest amount of attention is that section devoted to describing how the spirits actually lighted fires, gas stoves, and chandeliers. These most remarkable phenomena were obtained through the mediumship of Mary —, the domestic above referred to. How Mr. Theobald, on two

occasions, saw fires lighted is described on page 101, and, indeed, the whole record of these curious operations of the invisible, with all their attendant circumstances, forms about the most weird and wonderful account of orderly spiritual phenomena in the records of British Modern Spiritualism. A lesson to inordinate "test" hunters, as well as to those among us who think that it is our duty to satisfy every carping critic, is conveyed over an experiment to obtain a reproduction of writing enclosed within a carefully sealed envelope. The effort was successful, but the result was entirely vitiated by the discovery that the envelope had been opened and then reclosed. The explanation given by the spirits is certainly feasible, and, to Spiritualists, quite rational, but the details of the matter, as stated in full in the book, are the best sources of understanding upon the points involved.

To sum up: the book is deeply interesting, the sincerity of its writer apparent, and as it is the record of purely private phenomena it is *sans reproche* so far as professional and mercenary considerations are concerned. Its real value lies upon the honor and integrity of the writer, his wife, children, and the domestic, Mary ———. But the character of Mr. Theobald being above reproach, as is that of all the other participants, there can be no reasonable doubt that the record of "Spirit Workers in the Home Circle" is a faithful and honest transcript of things that actually occurred as narrated.

It is written in so pleasing and acceptable a manner that Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists can alike read it with pleasure and rise from its perusal fully impressed with the honesty and sincerity of its writer.

J. J. MORSE.

Sept. 19th, 1887.

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.

A Temperance Camp.

Dear *Editress* CARRIER DOVE: We promised to drop you a line from our mountain home, so here we are "high and dry" 6,000 feet above the sea level, and sometimes it requires quite an effort to breathe.

It is not so high, however, that your DOVE cannot fly to us, and our hearts are glad to receive the white-winged messenger laden with so much that is good.

May its wings never grow weary or be folded while there is a work to be done for humanity, or sad hearts to be soothed by tender messages from loved ones on the spirit side of life.

We left San Francisco at 3:30 P. M. of one day, arriving the evening of the follow-

ing day. We had a tedious, dusty journey, but passed through much grand and beautiful scenery, arriving in the evening completely tired out; but morning dawned bright and clear, and we realized that we were in the forest surely.

I think sometimes I would like to write a letter to the "little folks" through your Children's Column, and tell them of the birds, squirrels, the big trees and many other beautiful things.

We are a camp of temperance men and women; we propose to have no saloon or bar for the sale of intoxicating liquors in Pine City (that is the name of our settlement). We are mostly free-thinkers, some Spiritualists besides ourselves, and by-and-by we may be able to hold a Camp-meeting in these beautiful groves. But I must not trespass longer on your valuable space, so with many kind wishes for yourself and your DOVE, I bid you good-bye for a season.

Yours truly,
M. A. W. MAYO,
Pine City, Wawona P. O., Mariposa Co., Cal.
Sept. 19, 1887.

[We should be pleased to receive a letter from you for the Children's Department, and know our young readers would enjoy it also.—Ed.]

Editress CARRIER DOVE:—Pardon me for not writing from *camp*, as I fully intended to send you many items of interest. It seemed *impossible*. You have no doubt read in *New Thought*, that our Camp-meeting was a grand success, speakers and mediums, all first class. Our Cotton City, on the bluff overlooking the city of Clinton and the "Great Father of Waters," was densely populated with intelligent and refined people, capable of enjoying to the fullest extent, the rich feasts of spiritual food that were daily supplied. It was really a time long to be remembered, and like the disbanding of a harmonious family, each bade adieu, at last, with many regrets at parting. I must give you one item of deep interest to me. My sister and I had a sitting with the flower medium, Mrs. Thayer-Goodsell. She tied two clean slates together with a strip of strong cloth; we rolled them up in the table-spread, and placed them on the floor under our feet. During the few moments that elapsed Mrs. Thayer-Goodsell described my daughter in spirit life, and gave her name.

We took up the slates, unrolled the table-spread, untied them, and to our delight we saw a row of fresh, lovely flowers, and a message on one slate to my sister from a dear friend of hers, who passed on in Boston, a few years ago; her full name was signed. On the other slate was a communication to me from my daughter, who had given her name. She says: "Dear-mother, I am here; we are all here, and so happy you have come here, we bring you these flowers of earth. Keep them, dear mother,

always, for we can come near to you. We love to come to our loved ones, and bring them tidings from our spirit home.

"Mother, a beautiful lady comes here to help you write the poetry. She says she has been with you for a long time, and tried so hard to make you feel her presence, and she will. Her mantle has fallen on you, her name, LYDIA SIGOURNEY."

The flowers between the slates were four lovely carnation pinks, two pansies, two rosebuds, and a beautiful leaf. I never saw one like it.

Our sitting was at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. To know Mrs. Thayer-Goodsell is to love her.

Lovingly your sister in the cause of truth,
MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

Editress CARRIER DOVE:—The beautiful journal with such a beautiful name came to me and was much admired. It is very pleasant and gratifying to all that they can have the thoughts of one another brought across the continent of many thousands of miles by THE CARRIER DOVE.

The Camp-meeting of the 1st Association of Philadelphia has been held here at this beautiful place amid the glorious old trees, bordering on the romantic waters of the Neshaminy, at the foot of Mt. Joy, for the past three months.

In order to appreciate what we are to have, one must enter a board of trustees to help work. Struggle—it means progress truly. Parkland already foreshadows what its future will be for the advancement of humanity.

If I could but take up your valuable space and the readers' time, the lectures might be placed in print that were given to souls hungry for spiritual food and for demonstrated facts of an immortality. That we have accomplished good will be seen soon.

R. A. THOMPSON.

PARKLAND, PA., Sept. 5, 1887.

Editress CARRIER DOVE.—I received the package of CARRIER DOVES all right at Salt Lake. They are very interesting and beautiful. Long may the wings of the DOVE facilitate its flight until it reaches the uttermost parts of the globe. I sincerely hope that rich men who are called to leave their earthly tenements will bequeath a portion of their estates to its support, and thus leave a legacy to earth's sorrowing mortals that will be unto them an imperishable interest in the land of the hereafter.

I feel that my labors in Salt Lake were crowned with success, inasmuch as several lectures were given. Some developed as mediums and some healed. I am to do the same here by the help of the angels.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

OGDEN CITY, UTAH, Sept. 16, 1887.

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