

Death of the Orphan Boy.

# The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME IV.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

NUMBER 20.

## The Platform.

### Death—Its Effects Upon the Individual.

By the Controls of J. J. Morse, of England, Delivered at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Sunday Evening, Oct. 9, 1887.

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

Our object in this address is to trace out the effects of death upon the individual in what is described as the world to come. These effects will have to be traced in their results upon the personality of the individual, in regard to the position the individual finds himself in, and as to the prospects that open up to the individual as to his ultimate progress, or destiny, after death.

The general opinion of the future life outside of Spiritualism, Swedenborgianism, and kindred systems, is extremely vague, and generally quite inconsequent. If you ask the average individual what kind of a person he expects to be after he is dead, he will tell you that he hopes to be an angel. When you further enquire of him what kind of being an angel is, he will tell you that an angel is a radiant personage, clothed in spotless robes, wings upon the shoulders, a crown upon the head, and waving palm branches it may be, with one hand, and playing upon a celestial harp with the other. This is the general and vague idea that pervades the average mind in regard to the form and manner of angels in the world to come. The various etceteras associated with the picture may possibly be symbolical and indicative of the desire of the soul to fly upwards, so far the wings are concerned; maybe indicative of the golden glory, when we turn to that crown which is said to encircle the angelic brow; the palm branches may represent that the individual has reached eternal peace, while the golden harp may suggest that the individual soul is now attuned to the celestial melodies of God.

But if we were to take this subject in a literal manner and ascertain the facts in regard to it, probably if the majority of human beings on the earth were to die tonight and to-morrow morning awake on the plains of spiritual existence and should try flap their wings and fly, they would be like the young birds and would soon flutter down to the ground. You may think this is an extreme view. It is an extreme view, but

no more extreme, if you please, than the literalism that has been associated with the symbolical and typical ideas for generations past. We are certain, that in spite of these symbolisms mentioned, man will never literally realize any of these things when it gets into the spiritual world, for when the Infinite Being made humanity and endowed them with the power to soar up to infinite heights of being and hold communion with the highest and noblest, He was not reduced to the necessity of planting a pair of wings in the shoulders of his children to enable them to soar upwards, any more than when he desired man should express his great power and nobility, He was reduced to the necessity of manufacturing a golden crown to place upon his head. If death means the complete extinction of your present mind, consciousness and personality, then the wings, the harp, the crown, the wearing of white robes may be accepted as possible facts; but if death does not destroy your mind, does not change your consciousness, does not alter your personality, but simply puts you over into the next world the same kind of mental conscious being that you are while living in this world, then you will agree with us such a peculiar issue of the phenomenon of death in your case as just indicated would be extremely difficult, to say nothing of the absurdity associated with it. We could put on kid gloves and handle the question so delicately that Christians and non-Christians might be equally satisfied. But that would not serve our purpose, nor be just to you, nor honest to the cause with which we are associated. If there is one thing we have to carefully watch, it is to trim our sails to catch, not the breezes of a fleeting popularity, but the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. This is the platform upon which we must always stand; it is the only real platform of the Reformer and the Educator, and those who cut their coats according to the prevailing fashion of the hour will have to change their doublet every season.

In this particular issue of the effects of death upon the individual, the question is, shall we take the narrow and speculative ideas, the interpretations of popular theology, or a common sense and rational view, and the statements that are made to you by the spirits who return and hold communion with you? You must make the choice. This much assistance we can and may give: the people who live in that spiritual world are

surely better able to tell you what they are like than those who have not yet got there. Here, then, we stand. If death destroys your present nature, what becomes of you? Think of it, mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, husbands and wives; you have been bereaved; the Death Angel has visited your house; your beloved has been taken from you, and you hope you shall meet that beloved over there again. But if death effects a complete and total change of the nature of the individual, you will search in vain for that beloved one, and that beloved one will watch in vain for you. Nay, being so completely and entirely changed, the strong probabilities are, that you will have forgotten all about each other. How shall we stand here? Reason, common sense and the actual statements of the spirits themselves, shall these be your guide, or speculation, superstitious conclusions, and popular fallacies? Weigh them in opposite scales against each other, your selection will not then be very difficult to make. As this is the age of reason, and all questions are reduced to the bar of intelligence for trial, we prefer to be an advocate for common sense, and to stand by the statements that have come from the side of life that we have so practical an acquaintance with, therefore we emphatically assert that death does not destroy the consciousness, the mentality or the personality of the individual. Let us make this point quite clear. You will remember we told you of a certain spirit body that was being elaborated within the material body, and when we spoke of the need of death, we clearly placed before you the idea that death was the liberation of that spirit body that you might go forward into the other world into the homes of God beyond the grave. This spiritual body is the duplicate and counterpart (as we told you) of the physical body in its highest growth and development. All the mental action, all the spiritual action, all the manifestations of consciousness, and all the impressions from external nature that have become part and parcel of your consciousness, have been filtered or expressed through this inner spirit body, therefore it is, to all intents and purposes, saturated, so to speak, with the spiritual essences of all the experiences of your daily life. There is a natural and a spiritual body, there is a natural brain and a spiritual brain, and when you have died, and the spiritual body has been liberated from the environment

that contained it, then the essence of all experiences, the results of all action, the latent elements of all the phenomena of your life, have been carried forward with that spirit brain and that spirit body when you are taken out of this material existence.

Then, the first result of death upon the individual in the world to come is, that he awakens there mentally, morally, spiritually and consciously, and personally, precisely the same personality that he was while he was living here below. He has lost nothing, he has gained nothing. All that has happened is that he has laid aside the outer shell, and now stands clothed upon with the inner garment of the spirit body. This is all that has occurred. Individuality, consciousness, personality and identity still remain with him, and he is in all these respects none other than the same person he was while here below.

Some people there are who will still tell you that Modern Spiritualism is a dreadful thing; that Spiritualists are crazy people; that the spiritual communications that come to you are hopeless drivel, and that the whole question (as one very intelligent gentleman some years ago said) was "the religion of dead sea apes." If dead 'sea apes' can tell you what the dead people are like, and can give you proof positive that identity and personality continue beyond the grave, then let your hearts swell with gratitude to the Giver of all Good, that in the nineteenth century, the so-called 'dead sea apes' have dissipated the clouds of materialism and superstition, and given you at last an intelligible idea of what man is in the future state. And you who have been bereaved—mothers who have gazed upon their children, husbands who have taken the last long, lingering look of the dead outward forms of their wives, lovers who have had their hopes blasted, when the objects of those high hopes have been stricken down by the so-called fell destroyer, friends, the Damons and Pythias of life, that have seen the physical body stricken down by disease, and laid low by death, ministers who have stood by the side of the grave when the remains of "our dear departed brother" have been consigned to the ground, "in the blessed hope of a sure and certain resurrection;" skeptics who have bid a long farewell to the friend whose hand they have clasped, and whose form they knew so well, shedding a cold and bitter tear upon the casket-lid, feeling that life was a blank now that this beloved one was dead beyond all resurrection—all these, every one of you who have had a visit from that Silent Angel, hold up your heads, look the bright sunshine in the face, for there is no hell for your beloved friend to be blistered in for all eternity, no golden gateway whose locked and barred doors prevent your return to life below, no wild chaos where the great and noble souls of men lose their individuality, but know,

each and all of you, beyond all doubt, that in the providence of God, that your dead are living still, that the mother will clasp the child to her bosom, husbands and wives shall again gaze into each other's eyes, feel the warm kiss upon the lips, and hear the beloved tones ringing through the corridors of the soul; the skeptic shall stand upon the hills of eternal sunshine, and know that life is without end, and you ministers shall look through the very bottom of the grave into the world beyond, and you shall find neither the smoke of your hell, nor the garish glory of your heaven, but a realm where the dead have a rational, conscious, and personal existence, and are in a state of progress and unfoldment. Then you shall know that the first effect of death upon all mankind is but to carry their conscious, rational existence, their personality, individuality, and identity one stage further on the great road of eternal and advancing life.

"Then we shall be ourselves when we are dead?"

What else do you want to be? Would you like to be Henry the VIII for instance? Would you like to be Napoleon? Would you like to be Buddah? Do you want to be anybody else but yourself? The honest man and the honest woman are content to be themselves. It is only the ignorant, restless and adventuring souls who have not found out the meaning and value of their own existence that want to steal feathers out of the tails of other birds and try to turn themselves into new creatures. Be yourselves! Why, of course you will be yourselves. May we venture to say that the better you make yourselves now, the better will you find yourselves after death.

"But if the general condition is as stated, why the people of the spiritual world are not very much better than we are."

They are just as good as they have made themselves before death. That is the whole lesson. When you get into the spiritual world you will be just as good as you have made yourselves, and if you do not like your own company, do not blame anybody else but yourself. If your own society is not good enough for you, set about improving it.

"But when we are dead we look forward to something better than that; then we were taught that we shall be at rest."

Yes, laid on the shelf of idleness forever?

"Oh, no, we don't mean that! when we are dead we shall enter into a celestial condition of beatitude."

A pretty celestial condition of beatitude you have been living in while here, a great many of you; do you wish to have then what you did not deserve here?

"Oh no, but God's providence lifts us up into a higher state and the mercy of God forgives and blesses."

The mercy of God never forgives, it exacts the uttermost farthing of every pen-

alty; it only forgives through your own atonement and attainments, and it only blesses through your own efforts. Harsh doctrine you may say, but the sooner it is understood and appropriated by mankind, the better it will be for the world.

Still another point. Why do you want to be better when you are dead, and is it necessary to put off being better until that time? If you are so very anxious to be better after death, why not try the experiment of being a little better before death occurs? You may depend upon it, those people who are so anxious to be elevated into a better world have scarcely learned how to make a good use of the present one. Let us put aside all this baby talk of the better world beyond. You have no right to any other condition of being in the after life, save that which you have grown to by your development in this. God's justice never deprives you of one single thing you are honestly and legitimately entitled to. God's love has made provision for every realization that is possible to you, and if you look upon all the experiences of your life as the fulfillment of the justice and the love of God, you will be able to clearly understand how wise, as well as how loving, and how just that Almighty Providence is. It is unnecessary to discuss the point further, save to say, as we leave it, that if you have earned a happier estate beyond than you have encountered here, then you will find that happier estate, but, if you have not you will have to labor over there until you are worthy to enter into it.

Having seen, then, what the first effect is, let us now turn our attention to another result that presents itself. If consciousness and individuality and identity still remain with the arisen man after death, will it not be natural to suppose that all the affections and all the aspirations will continue with him also? Of course, then, you will say, "We shall remember our friends; we shall still love those whom we have loved?" Certainly. Then some inquisitive individual arises, says: "Shall we hate those we used to hate?"

Why, of course you will.

"What, shall we carry our hatreds with us into the next world?"

If you carry your loves, why not your hates? They are two opposites proceeding from yourself, and whatever your nature is, that must accompany you.

"Then, we shall have our enemies there?"

Oh, yes!

"But that will not make the next world very comfortable with some of us; will it?"

Just about as comfortable as you deserve. If you are unwise enough to have enemies, and if there are people silly enough to make themselves into your enemies, both parties to the contract will have to submit to the clauses it contains.

"Well, then, if we carry our affections with us, and our aspirations with us, why we

shall meet one another then, in the spiritual world; the old ties will be renewed, and we shall have, perhaps, our own intellectual employments—the poets shall write poems; the artist paint pictures. And perhaps some of those poor souls, the exigencies of whose lives have been so harsh and cruel, and who have been held down by daily grinding toil in order to keep body and soul together, but who, within themselves have felt the sweet thrilling of the poetic muse, or the holy fire of philosophic thought, or realized that there was something mightier within than their circumstances will enable them to exhibit, may be able to plume their wings and fly up into the atmosphere of their aspirations, and over there be able to sing the song that was dumb within their breasts?"

Ah, yes, poor brother and hampered sister, weary helots of the world who have suffered under its lash, and groaned under its burden, death for you, indeed, will strike the shackles from you and make you free; it places you over there where all within you shall have a chance to grow and come to life and beauty under the sunlight of the eternal love of the everlasting God. Ah, yes, poor brother and weary-hearted sister, turn your faces hopefully to that better country. Alas, these poor imprisoned souls whose wings are clipped, whose feet are tied, can only look to death for that happiness and liberty and culture which in this world is so long denied them. For everyone of you the next effect of death shall be that you shall know beyond all doubt that your affections and your desires, your aspirations and your hopes, have all gone with you into a country where the conditions are infinitely more favorable for their development and expression than was the country you have just retired from.

"Well, but there is a difficulty here, too," says our inquisitive friend, "I would like to have settled; supposing I married two wives, shall I find them both there?"

Let us hope not!

"But supposing I did?"

You may have a very bad quarter of an hour, if you did.

"But, seriously, supposing I have married two wives, when I get into the Spiritual world, shall I live with one of them, or both of them, or which one of them?"

A very perplexing problem. If our inquisitive friend had only put this peculiar question to himself before he married the second time, he might be able to use his own judgment in the matter. The probability is that he will not meet with either of them.

"But I loved the first one as I loved my life."

Well, how did you love the second one?  
"Well, I loved her, too."

Just as much as you did the first one?  
You cannot love two people in precisely the

same kind of way. If you loved the first one with all your mind and soul, and she was to you the apple of your eye, the glory of the dawn, the beauty of the night, then you loved her so truly and so sweetly that she is indeed your wife, and you will meet her when you enter into the Spiritual world, even if you married a dozen times afterwards. You will find in the Spiritual world that all will find their particular counterparts, and that you will have one wife and one husband there, which is the highest crown of development and civilization and spiritual progress among men and women.

"Then we have only one wife there?"

Quite enough, for if the soul is bound in sweet unison with one other soul, it will be satisfied, but if you did not love either of these wives in that way, you can rest assured that they will not pursue you in the Spiritual world; they will probably go in the opposite direction, instead of going your way.

"But," continues our inquisitive friend, "supposing I had never loved in this world and never got married; what should I do then, should I get married in the Spiritual world?"

Remember it is said upon very high authority that over there there is neither marrying or giving in marriage. But if it be true that woman is the helpmeet of man, and all of you enter into a conscious life on the other side, and are the same kind of people you are now, it seems to us that the helpmeet question will have to be continued also, and if you do not succeed in finding some one to stand by your side in this world, there being many millions in the Spirit life, it would be very remarkable if you do not find some one over there.

This is a very serious matter, after all; it involves some of the highest and deepest emotions of your nature, some of the purest and sweetest actions of your being, and in the name of human progress and morality, we beg of you to look at this question of loving and living with the purest eyes and wisest thought; whatsoever your relationships may be, live them so truly and so honorably for the time that there shall not be the slightest speck of dust upon them whenever they are viewed; live as husbands and wives, whether once or twice married, so purely and so justly that the very angels can look down upon your hearts and homes, and say: "indeed these two are honest, virtuous and true." Eternity is long enough to right every tangled association of life, and what may seem strange and perplexing now, will have ample opportunity to be unravelled over there.

But our inquisitive friend asks another question; "Little children die; young people die; what is the fate of these?"

"The mother says, 'Oh, I hope to meet my little Flossie again;'" the father says, "I want to meet our cunning little Jack over there."

Ah, friends, the sentiment may do you honor and credit, but the facts are against you. You will meet those children over there, but they will have grown.

"Ah! that will not be my Flossy; that will not be my little Jack," say the parents.

But reason on the subject for a moment. Are you not man and woman! Have you not enjoyed all the pleasures of manhood and womanhood? Have you not married, and do you not have a larger life now than you had when little children, and has not this growth been a blessing to you?

"Why, certainly it has."

Then out of your selfish love for little Flossy and little Jack, will you deny them like blessings? Surely the argument that applies to you applies to them, and therefore the children of the spirit land grow, develop in stature, unfold in mind, and attain that development of maturity that you associate with the perfect manhood of this sphere of life. When in years to come the parent meets the child over there it just as surely knows that the manly and beautified Jack, is the little Jack that used to play around the earthly home, and the matured and womanly Flossy is the same darling creature who blessed the household below. There is something within the pure parent's heart, a mystical, magical, electrical something, a fire that death or years of absence can never quench, and that flames and lives eternally. When the loved one comes within the radiance of the mother heart and father love, there is something that speaks in triumph and in no uncertain tones: "this is my son; this is my daughter!" Death does not and cannot destroy the sweet, tender spiritual ties that bind true parents to their children, ties that ever hold them in sympathy and love.

One or two other points more is all we can mention at this time. What will become of the wicked? What is the result of death on the wicked in the world to come? This is really a very delicate question, when we come to examine it closely. Who are the wicked? People who not do as you want them to do; who do not believe as you believe; who are inclined to behave disagreeably towards you. A great many people think such are wicked. This question of wickedness is a very wide one indeed.

Those who have done wrong when at first they find themselves in the spirit, are neither better or worse than they were before; they are just the same hard-hearted people they were just before they died; the casing that surrounds them has not been cracked yet. But the time will come when the waters of their reflection will begin to well and rise, the tears will begin to flow, the harsh casing that surrounds their soul will gradually fall from them. "But," say our friend, "are the pangs of regret the only suffering that the wicked in the world to come are to experience? Is there

no punishment for them? I do not believe in that kind of doctrine. If that is what Spiritualism teaches, give me no Spiritualism, please."

If any one has feelings and ideas of this character, let him stand before this assembled audience, place their hand upon their heart, look all squarely in the eye, and say to every man and woman here, "I never told a lie, I never did a mean action, or thought a mean thought, and am virtuous and honest from head to heel." Can you do this? The answer is silence. Who could do it? We do not know. Until some one can say this, all of you standing under condemnation, you may begin to plead for mercy rather than cry for justice; you may begin to ask that heaven shall take into consideration all the circumstances of your life and deal with you in accordance with the circumstances surrounding you, rather than the things those circumstances compelled you to do. And when you pursue this line of argument you will cease to be anxious for hells and devils for others, for being guilty yourself and in danger of hell, you will seek mercy rather than the punishment of God. You will be far less anxious to put your brother in irons, to put the lash on their back, but rather guard carefully your own actions. The effect of death upon the wicked, then, will be that they will find their place, for the law of association in the spiritual world is the law of adaptation, of affinity, and those only are companions who are on the same plane of spiritual development.

Let us bring the argument to a close. The effect of death upon the individual is the re-establishing and continuing of the personality and individual identity, the carrying forward of all the affections, aspirations, loves and hatreds, the evolution of all the latent possibilities of the being, the attaining to that degree that is in accordance with your own development and characteristics. Thus you will see the results of death are beneficial, orderly and sequential.

Here, then, we bring these three addresses to their natural close. We have endeavored to show you what the nature of death was in its operations within yourselves; we have endeavored to show you the need of death in carrying forward the processes that lift humanity to a higher and more exalted life, and we have endeavored to show you in some respects what the effect of that change has been. You may know without a shadow of doubt that if your ties and relations here are of the spirit, immortal and eternal in their character, death can never rob you of your beloved. And there in the amaranthine bowers you shall wander arm in arm and soul to soul through the untold ages of happiness; under the glorious blue of the celestial home shall you meditate upon divine problems of eternal life and being, you shall grow in the stature of wisdom, love

and knowledge; and far beyond all present conception, realize the grandeur and glory of life when spiritually unfolded.

Thus death, is the sweetest and grandest thing of life, God's last best gift to man; it is the gate of life, the golden pillars that guard the portals between the Two Worlds. As you pass into the divine temple that welcomes your journeying feet, may you stand in that temple erect, well ordered in your life, duly prepared for that wonderful change, so that when you hear the Master's words, "Welcome; enter into rest and peace; be one with us," then shall you know that death has been for you what in the soul's depths you earnestly prayed for.

Oh! blessed consummation that lifts you out of the realm of earthly life into the regions of eternity, and brings you happiness and peace in the fairer kingdom, where you shall meet with beloved ones again, and with them triumphing over death on the lower planes, go onwards and upwards forever and forever.

## 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 VIII.

SHOWS THE READER HOW TO BECOME AN ENEMY TO GOOD WORKS, AS WELL AS HOW TO BECOME USEFUL TO AN UTTERLY USELESS CLASS OF PEOPLE.

New Northtown was in a state of great commotion. Its hotels were filled to overflowing, its streets were thronged with many strangers. The mayor and town council were big with some peculiar and exceptional importance. Special services had been held in the fashionable churches. The reporters of the two leading daily newspapers were having a hard time of it resulting in a large consumption of lead pencils and flimsy. In a sentence, New Northtown was honored by the annual meeting of the "Universal Congress of Unlimited Reform," being held within its borders. The meetings were under the presidency of an Honorable Baronet, and were severally divided into Section A, Section B, Section C, and so on. Each section was devoted to some particular topic, and the papers read and discussed were confined to the especial matters allotted to each section. In one section a doctor was chairman, in another was a college professor, in a third was an eminent author, while in a fourth, a pushing divine, none other in fact than our old friend, the Rev. Doremus Delere, his being Section H, and its subject, Criminal Reform. The name of this cleric

having, of course, been prominently mentioned—as were those of the chairmen of other sections—had caught the eye of Ernest Courteney as he read the pages of the *Daily Northtown*, and he at once remembered meeting him at the Countess' in London, while, also, the fact of the section dealing with a matter so close to his heart, served to confirm him in his intention to attend this particular section and listen to what transpired thereat when his favorite topic was to be discussed.

Since we last saw Ernest Courteney, several things had happened that ought to be brought to the notice of the readers of this veracious chronicle, and ere following him to the meeting of the U. C. U. R., it may be as well to place them here on record.

Reduced almost to despair by oft repeated rebuffs, whenever he broached the subject of his desires to many quite well able to assist him, Ernest was casting about him to discover some suitable house wherein to commence his labor of love. Traversing a bye street, in a poor part of the town, he came upon a large house standing alone in a small plot of ground. It was one of those forlorn relicts of past gentility, a once private mansion, now in a state of dirt and dilapidation pitiable to behold. Rank weeds grew in its forecourt, as they did in the spacious yard at the rear. Scarcely a whole pane of glass was to be observed in any of the windows, while such adjuncts as bells, handles, or knockers to doors, had long since departed. A dingy notice board announced the property for sale on a building lease. With some difficulty the name and address of the owner was deciphered, and with a sort of vain belief in the utility of his doing so Ernest turned his steps in the direction of the owner's residence, a pleasant suburb by the edge of the adjacent moor. Our hero, arriving at the house he sought, on enquiring for Mr. Caleb Halleck, was duly ushered into a small chamber, half office, half sitting room, and told to take a seat until Mr. Halleck came. Mr. Halleck presently entering, he finds him a short, stunted specimen of humanity, almost dwarfish in appearance. His harsh, wispy hair stood up all over his head, while his face, chin, and eyebrows were almost obscured by an abundance of shaggy hair. The face was, indeed, an odd one, not unpleasant to look at, it is true, but its queer mixture of seeming harshness, foxiness, and humor made it difficult, on first seeing it, to decide whether its owner was to be trusted or not. It was the face of an eccentric, but a by no means harsh, character, though as Mr. Halleck never took the slightest pains to conciliate any person, it was natural for those who did not know him to judge that he was a hard and cruel man to deal with. At first seeing him Ernest regretted having called upon him, but summoning his resolution he handed

him his card, saying he had called concerning the property situated in Rivers Lane, at which Mr. Halleck enquired if he desired to purchase it?

"No," said Ernest, "I want to rent it."

"Can't you read?" was the somewhat unceremonious rejoinder he received.

"Certainly," said Ernest.

"Well, then, didn't you see the property was for sale?"

"I am unable to buy it yet, but think if I could rent it—"

"Ah, you 'think,' do you? Well, why not have thought that 'f-o-r s-a-l-e' didn't spell for rent!"

"Excuse me, sir," said Ernest, rising, as if about to leave, "but if you are disinclined to treat a stranger with some civility, I will take my leave."

"There, there, sit down, young man; if you can talk reasonably do, tell me what it is you want?"

"Well, sir," said Ernest, reseating himself, "I want to rent the property just as it is. It seems to me that it has stood a long time waiting for a purchaser, perhaps a tenant might prove acceptable?"

"Humph! I don't know. What do you want it for?"

"A benevolent purpose, a——"

"Bosh! I hate 'benevolent' purposes. We don't want benevolence, we need right and justice. Benevolence pauperises people; yes, pauperises them, sir. I never give people money—bah! benevolence does much harm and little good," said Mr. Halleck, with a series of snorts and snaps and other indications of his hard-heartedness.

"I agree with you, my dear sir, but the benevolent work I have in view is not connected with alms-giving, or so-called charity. Indeed, the work I intend is for a class that money would be an injury to. I believe in helping people to help themselves."

"Oh! you do, do you? Then I am not the only fool in this town, after all. May I ask what it is you are intending?"

"Oh! yes. I want to start a home to which discharged criminals can come on leaving jail; where they can find helping hands to train them in useful industries, and to see to it that they are ultimately placed where they can earn an honest living."

"How do you expect to sustain your work—have you any means?"

"A little; some three hundred pounds a year, but I intend to devote it all to this work."

"Young man, you are a fool, but, nevertheless, I like you, and will help you. Stop and dine with me, and we will talk the whole matter over more fully."

During dinner little was said of the plans Ernest held nearest to his heart; but Mr. Halleck entertained his guest with many a quaint and satirical comment upon things in general, and women and parsons in particular. Incidentally let the following concerning

Caleb Halleck be here recorded, alike to his honor and the readers interest. Be it known then that his household consisted of himself, and a trim and comely serving maid, whose cheeks and eyes were radiant with health and good spirits, as, indeed, they should be, fanned, as they were, by the sturdy Northumbrian breezes, that ever and anon sweep over the broad moor hard by. It was counted a good thing by good and worthy serving girls thereabouts, to obtain "a place" with Caleb Halleck, for the truth must be told that his plan had hitherto been to give them certain substantial aid whenever any had "settled down in life," as such described their marriages. The present occupant of the service was not without her anticipations that when a certain John, she wot of, was ready to take her to his home, that Caleb Halleck would be as generous to her as he had been to sundry of her predecessors.

There was another person in this little household; a delicate, fragile girl, of some nineteen summers, who, laboring under a sad spinal complaint, was sadly dwarfed and deformed in person, though in mind and spirit she was singularly refined and gentle. Caleb Halleck loved this child with a deep, fond affection that was a singular trait in his character, when first observed by a stranger, especially when it became known that she was no sort of relation to him. Who was she? Ah! well, in the telling of it there is something that makes plain the glad truth that loyalty and love still go hand in hand in this dreary world of ours, that a man can be true to a bright ideal through all the varying changes of life and fortune, even when the ideal he has cherished has doubly died to him, first by deserting him for another, and then by passing out of life through the door of death.

It is simply this—Caleb Halleck once loved, but unrequitedly, as the object of his love preferred another, a follower of the sea. She married her choice, became a mother, was sailing with her husband, and nearing the historic port upon the Tyne, hard by, returning from a distant voyage, was wrecked. Mother and father both were drowned. Kindred the mother had not, that she knew of; those of the father disapproving of the marriage, there was no one willing to accept the burden of bringing up the bruised and injured Mabel, who was tossed ashore, maimed and bleeding in her dead mother's arms. So it fell to Caleb Halleck—who, happily being there to help in that dread hour of storm, peril and death, saw and recognized the dead parents—to take to his home the little sufferer, and out of his enduring love for the doubly dead to him now, to make his home hers, and care for her, and see her life unfolded to its present stage, though, alas! her mortal frame would never give her ease, happiness or strength. Mabel was a joy to Caleb's life, and dearly she loved the man whose life her mother had blighted, though she

never knew it had been so, for he loyally kept that secret safely.

It must be said though of you, Caleb Halleck, that you are a deceiver. Your misanthropy and crustiness are not real. You helper of the weak, you doer of good by stealth, you are a hypocrite, of a good sort, though, and though you look as knarled and crabbed as an old oak tree, you are, nevertheless, beneath it all, as tender as a woman, as true as steel, and the man of all men Ernest Courteney had need to encounter at this time.

After dinner was over, Caleb, Mabel and Ernest seated themselves in the comfortable sitting room, and then commenced the consideration of the plans our hero had formed.

"I feel," said Ernest, "that the first element in all such work as I propose to undertake is to awaken the self-respect of the people I take in hand. With the young this is not an altogether hopeless task. They must next be made to feel that self-exertion is the only means of success. But too many of these unfortunates are devoid of any means to enable them to practice self-exertion in any remunerative direction. They are unskilled in any trade or handicraft, hence, must be content to accept the lowest kind of labor, bringing the poorest wages, if they really desire to turn to industrious habits of life. I also think one great blunder is that whenever attempts are made to help these people, they are either officially red-taped to death, or else so inordinately dosed with cheap morality, and cheaper religion, that they are either wearied out, or disgusted, and in either case generally discouraged, as a result of the methods employed."

"Now," said Mr. Halleck, "you do not mean to say you are going to refuse them religious training, do you?"

"Well, yes, and no," said Ernest in reply, "my religious training would not pass muster in a church, maybe, but I think it will be of sufficient extent to be of real value outside. I should not teach them to pray twice a day, for instance; but instead I would train them to live so that their deeds would be the proofs of their desires to serve man well, and that surely ought to be acceptable to God."

"You won't require a chaplain, then."

"No, I would not have one in the house; but the lads shall be free to attend any worship outside that they may desire."

"But, my good sir, they will bolt," said Mr. Halleck in a tone of amused astonishment.

"That is my risk, but after a little while it will become quite a small one."

"Why, so?"

"By reason of the moral force I hope to generate among the boys."

"Well, well, you are an extraordinarily sanguine man. But, come, tell me what your practical plans are."

Thus adjured Ernest proceeded to unfold his scheme. He would offer to every youth liberated from the jail a free home for three years, during which time he should be fed, clothed, taught a trade, be grounded in the elements of a plain education, upon the simple promise that they abide by the few regulations he would devise. There should be no restraint upon ingress or egress, save that implied in the moral obligations due to the duties of the place. He would need tools and materials for teaching trades, and skilled mechanics, of course, to give the necessary instructions. These matters must needs have small beginnings. The entire service of the house would be done by the boys themselves. Their social enjoyments should not be overlooked, so he would provide various amusements for them. He would arrange suitable entertainments during the winter season, and pleasant rambles and excursions during spring and summer.

The home was to be altogether in the interests of the boys, who were to receive an equitable *pro rata* from the returns of all articles made and sold, to which he hoped to add a bonus of like amount upon their leaving to take up situations outside, but he would give no recommendations until the boy had been a resident for three full uninterrupted years. He hoped, in time, to have a sufficient number of boys to be able at all times to provide all needful things for their use; make up all the garments, underclothing and household linen, repair, clean and maintain the building in all its departments, so as to reduce expenses and provide useful employment for the lads. He would not call it a Home, Institute, Asylum, or any such title, since all such suggested charity, restraint and invidious distinctions. He would beg no man's aid, but would gladly accept all such offered him. He would freely give his all, and if the work he hoped to accomplish led others to contribute to it, well and good. He asked no patronage, courted no support, but was determined to do his best. This was the substance of what he said, to a running accompaniment of grunts, humphs and ohs! from Mr. Halleck, who appeared to be in a high state of exasperation, fussing and fuming like an escape valve attached to some big boiler. Indeed his fussing was about as truly indicative of his real sentiments as is the splutter of the escape valve of the mighty power contained in the boiler beneath it.

During the pause that ensued upon Ernest ceasing to expound his theories, Mabel enquired:

"Who is to be your matron, sir?"

"Who is to be my matron, miss? why, I declare, such an idea never entered into my head," replied Ernest.

"Surely you are not housekeeper enough yourself?" persisted his questioner.

"I must be, for I fear me few ladies

would care to assume such a responsibility among the household I expect to assemble."

"Then if you cannot get a 'lady' why not try a woman?" asked Mabel, whereat her foster father sharply bade her stop talking, for a woman, lady or not, would only breed mischief, as they always did.

The evening being well advanced Mr. Halleck rose and bid Ernest call on him in two days' time, when he would do something to help him. He would convey no hint as to the shape his help would take, beyond the bare statement that it would be in a way at once acceptable and useful. With that assurance our hero was fain to depart, feeling a little amused and quite perplexed, over the adventures of the afternoon and evening.

Surely criminals are useless folk. Why should this man seek to be of use to them? Are there not plenty of Societies, Homes, Refuges, and what not other reforming mills besides, wherein, by fixed rules, arbitrary discipline and all other due and approved methods for grinding down such poor creatures as are kept therein into the likeness of inferiors, without this south country parson's son setting up a brand new plan, the character of which was in direct opposition to the aforesaid old established agencies for extinguishing self-respect and manliness? In faith, if the various Boards, Presidents, Secretaries and Treasurers, who are concerned with reforming our criminals, could have united their collective voices, they would have, without doubt, said that the wild plans of Ernest Courteney were utterly opposed to the good work they were doing, and that his labors would be wasted upon so utterly useless a class. Yet it is true, oh, most august Boards, Presidents, Secretaries and Treasurers, as aforesaid, and you, too, most Right Reverend ecclesiastics, Judges, Magistrates, Prison-keepers and others of like ilk, that if this useless class was to be entirely exterminated much of your pomp and circumstance, social prestige and private wealth, would be swept away also! For us, let us wish Ernest every success, the more so as he bares his arm to work as all true reformers must.

(To be continued.)

Louisa Benn, the daughter of a laborer in Wednesburg, Eng., made up her mind to emigrate to Australia and gained the consent of her parents. Just before she was to sail, however, her mother dreamed that the ship that was to carry her daughter struck a rock near the Australian coast and went down with great loss of life. She succeeded in dissuading Louisa from going, but not until the girl's baggage had been placed on board the vessel and every preparation made for her departure. The ship went down as Mrs. Benn imagined it would and among the lives lost were those of several girls who were to have been Louisa's companions.—*New York World.*

## Original Contributions.

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

### Memories.

Dear Memory, now as oft before  
I taste thy rich and precious store,  
And while the evening shadows play  
Among the golden threads of day,  
I float with its departing beams  
Within the silent land of dreams,  
And find a world of radiant hue  
Among the fleecy clouds of blue;  
Where flowers in rich profusion grow,  
And living waters gently flow  
Beneath a green arcade of trees,  
That wave their banners in the breeze;  
Where shady bowers invite repose  
Amid the fragrance of the rose.  
And those I loved in years ago,  
Again around me gently throng,  
Through all the drifting flood of years  
A mother's face still bright appears,  
And, by the magic of her love  
I see the world of light above;  
And cares that cloud my wrinkled brow  
Are lifted by the vision now,  
And through my being softly rolls  
The music of the land of souls.  
Till, wafted near the Gates of Heaven  
The wisdom words of light are given.  
These hours of sweet communion bring  
The gardens of immortal spring  
To lend their fragrance, and impart  
A holy freshness to my heart;  
And every shadow disappears  
In Memory's light from vanished years.  
BISHOP A. BEALS.

### The Demonstration of Continued Existence.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

In this utilitarian age, whenever any new idea, thought, or principle is presented for consideration, among the first interrogatories propounded in regard to its claims or merits, is, *Cui bono?*—Of what good is it? Of what value or benefit may it be fairly considered to be to mankind, either individually, or as a whole? In financial phrase, does it pay? For thirty-nine years this question has met the Spiritualist at almost every turn, and it is now proposed by many; and in connection with this ever-recurring query, I purpose, in this and subsequent articles in the CARRIER DOVE, to submit some reflections relative to the beauty, grandeur, and power of the spiritual philosophy; together with a consideration of a portion, at least, of the blessings and benefits conferred upon the world by this greatly-misunderstood, much-despised, yet irrepressible Spiritualism in its higher phases.

Spiritualism has demonstrated to many the existence of the spiritual universe, and of a future life for man. The vast utility of this demonstration can scarcely be over-estimated. The tide of materialism—the dogmatic denial of the possibility, even, of a continued existence for the human consciousness after the dissolution of its phys-

ical environment—has been, for years past, swelling higher and higher, gaining new impetus at each successive wave—threatening, ere long, to overleap the crumbling banks of spiritual faith and insight, reared upon the sandy, unstable foundations of traditional supernaturalism and pseudo-historical miracles, submerging the verdant plains and flower-covered landscapes of human hope and heavenly aspiration in the dark, drear waters of dread annihilation.

Physical science, in its resistless encroachments upon the sphere of mythical theology, probative of the universal supremacy of law in the wide domain of Nature's infinite sweep, has crushed beneath its iron heels of demonstrated fact and self-evident truth the spectral phantasms of an effete ecclesiasticism that have so long held dominant sway in the hearts and heads of credulous humanity,—such as the existence of personal triune deities; universal creation from pre-existent vacuity and nothingness; the hebdomadary formation of the earth but six millennia ago; miraculous endowment of primitive senseless clay with human immortality; magical metamorphosis of an intercostal rib into a living, loving entity; introduction of decomposition and dissolution into Nature's realm through the mastication and deglutition of a Paradisian pippin; relegation of all humanity to the doom of interminable darkness, or fiery flames eternal, as participants in the suppositive guilt of a suppositional remote ancestor, to be escaped only by a select *coterie*, through making vauntful professions of unreasoning credence in a substitutional atoner; with many another dogma of like ilk,—all of which have been popularly supposed to be inseparably connected with the world's faith in supramundane existence, super-terrestrial abodes of human thought and activity.

These chimerical speculations being overthrown, beyond hope of revivification or rehabilitation, the eternity of matter and the persistence of force, alike uncreated and uncreatable, have been posited in their stead as actual verities and well-established truths; while neither in anatomical dissection nor in physiologic research have any traces been discovered of the spiritual entity inhabiting man's earthly encasement of flesh and blood. Nor has astronomic discovery or telescopic vision given faintest glimpse of the vivid, beaming actualities of the universe of spirit, ablaze with the auroral effulgence and scintillant coruscations of transplendent summer-land zones, spiritual suns, and celestial galaxies swarming the illimitable fields of space. Such being the case, it is but natural and inevitable that grave doubts of the existence of the soul, apart from the physical body, should arise in thinking minds and pulsing hearts, throbbing with devotion to the true, the good, the beautiful.

To stem the rising tide of blank and cheerless materialism, we behold the angel

hosts descending from their blest abodes, bringing indeed life and immortality to light as they have ne'er been brought before, demonstrative of supernal being and transmundane corporeity; revealing to men's enraptured gaze a *second* universe, eclipsing far the bright and radiant one encircling them on every side, aglow with sublimest beauteousness and pulchritude perennial,—a universe of natural grandeur and of rhythmic splendor, its beatitudes felicitous and glories empyrean surpassing measureless our loftiest imaginings, our most transcendental conceptions.

How opportunely, then, did the living demonstration of immaterial substantialities dawn upon the globe, checking the fast-extending growth of earnest conviction of spiritual nonentity, of immateriate inexistence. "If a man die, shall he live again?" has been the anxious questioning of earth's sons and daughters from immemorial time, but never before answered with proof positive in affirmation; it remaining for this era of true enlightenment and rationalized systematic knowledge to peer even into the unseen realms of nature's actualities with clairvoyant introspection and psychometric illumination.

Eliminating the mass of undoubtedly fraudulent matter that has been foisted upon Modern Spiritualism, as well as all phenomena against which reasonable grounds of suspicion may be entertained, there remains a sufficient residuum of demonstrable fact to indicate that matter, as we commonly understand it, does not comprise the all of existence; that above the sensuous forces and qualities of so-called matter there rise into view higher realms of substance in which more etherialized and sublimated potencies have sway—said existences and potencies not being far removed into some distant region of space, but are to some extent interblended and commingled with the material realm of earth. Scientifically analyzed, there is, in my opinion, already enough in the confused jumble of fraud, psychic phenomena not necessarily of a spiritual or supramundane origin, and direct spiritual manifestation and revelation, to furnish conclusive proof of the existence of the individual soul after physical decease, and its continued progress in wisdom and virtue as the endless ages roll. This much is regarded as certain, despite the absurdities and follies, the immoralities and superstitions, incident to the present undeveloped condition of our planet, with which Spiritualism has been burdened since its birth in 1848. It requires the most careful sifting to arrive at the bottom facts. It needs the wisest discrimination to separate the grains of soul-nourishing truth from the rank growth of soul-enerivating chaff in which they lie hidden. But as time advances and the world progresses, as the scientific method of comparison and investigation becomes

more and more dominant, so will the ultimate truths in Spiritualism, grand and beautiful as they are, be conserved, the remainder being swallowed up in the maelstrom of mental oblivion engulfing analogous errors of former and variant systems of thought, theologic, philosophic, and scientific.

Had Spiritualism accomplished naught else save its irrefragable establishment of the absolute, irrefutable actuality of being of man's immortal soul and of the extra-terrene spheres of pneumatoscopic substance forming that immortal soul's abiding place after disintegration of its physical envelope, that work would be the crowning glory of this marvelous nineteenth century, exceeding far all acquirements and achievements in material science and physical discovery, of which this teeming age is so prolific.

### A Remarkable Medium—The Developments of Five Weeks.

BY OUR REPORTER.

One of the most remarkable mediums, and one that promises to take a high stand in promulgating Spiritualism has just been discovered in Oakland in Miss Lizzie Plimley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Plimley, of 1607 Seventh street. The girl is not quite 11 years old. It is only within the past three months that Mr. and Mrs. Plimley have been investigating Spiritualism. They attended the meetings at Curtis Hall, in Oakland, little dreaming that in their own family they had one of the best mediums on the coast.

About five weeks ago some of Mr. Plimley's family, accompanied by Lizzie, went to the parlors of Dr. Frank Wilson, 1156 Broadway, for the magnetic treatment; while there a test was made to see if Lizzie was mediumistic, which proved to be the case. At the second seance Lizzie was under control and gave some very good tests. She has been attending the developing circles of Mr. Wilson twice a week, and under his charge, the development has been very rapid. The attendance at these circles has been good, and those present can bear testimony as to the genuineness of her mediumship. She has been under control in seances several times, the control using her so gently that after being held for three hours she appears as fresh as when getting up in the morning.

Three weeks ago at a circle at the parlors of Mr. Frank Wilson, while in a trance, with eyes blindfolded, she drew several pictures representing the wigwams of Indians on the prairie, using colored crayons for the sky, ground and trees. If any of the crayons dropped upon the floor or were knocked out of place, she would reach for it and put it where it belonged as freely as she could have done with open eyes in the noonday sun. She also threaded needles, while



blindfolded, and gave tests to different parties in the room, turning towards them while speaking, just as if she was not blindfolded. This was all done in such a plain, straightforward way that no one could detect anything unreasonable.

The most remarkable occurrence of the evening was the clipping of a lock of hair from the head of her spirit "control," and presenting a piece to those present. The bunch of hair was about two inches long and an inch and a half broad. It was cut by the father of the control, and the clip of the shears was heard distinctly. When this was reported at the meeting it caused a great deal of discussion, and some pretty hot words. The feeling grew so strong that it was at one time feared that it would be an injury to the association of which Mr. Wilson is one of the founders. Lizzie's control sent word to the society that the hair would be cut again, when it had grown out, and that when they had better control of the medium it would be done in a public meeting, with the light burning at full blaze. On Sunday, October 20, it was announced at the meeting that Lizzie's controls had said the hair would be again cut, at the parlors of Mr. Wilson, on Broadway, on Thursday evening, October 17th. At that time there were assembled about twenty people to witness the performance.

After the controls took hold of her, she drew three large pictures of Indian camp-life, using several different colored crayons, selecting them with the greatest care, while her eyes were closed. The room was so light that every motion could be plainly seen. After the drawing of the pictures Lizzie went to the corner of the room, and the lights turned down, where three clips of the shears were heard, and she returned with the materialized hair. She was then controlled by an Indian Chief, who spoke to the assemblage, it being the first time that the medium had ever been used for the purpose of speaking. The character of the parents and family of the girl, and the girl's age and appearance would forbid any charge of fraud, and yet it seems almost incredible that anything of the kind could be done when it is known that on the 27th of August, 1887, she for the first time sat in a circle. With such a beginning and good training Lizzie bids fair to be one of the best and most useful mediums of the age.

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace who shared with Darwin in the glory of the announcement of the evolution theory, differs from Darwin in holding that the development of the human mind cannot be accounted for by the ordinary process of evolution, that it must be considered as something apart from the physical nature and subject to different laws.—*Popular Science News.*

## Selected Articles.

### A Liverpool, (Eng.) Hotel Haunted.

The difference between a psychological phenomenon and a weird visitation from the Spirit World has frequently been productive of heated and conflicting controversy between even men of high and well-trained mental attainments whenever a fresh case in point has been brought under public notice; but for whatever side the preponderance of evidence or argument might be claimed the popular mind will not be dispossessed of its pet superstition. What, then, may be a singularly interesting demonstration of psychal force to the scientific mind becomes amongst the masses, and even with a large number of the educated classes, a shadowy, awe-inspiring, unreal being—a ghost.

A well-known hotel, situate in Queen-square, reopens the vexed question of whether a place can really and truly be haunted in the full signification of the term; and the extraordinary movements that are said to have been occurring of late in this hotel, which is one of the most frequented houses of call in the city, certainly furnish conundrums for solution and afford food for deep thought. In the hotel in question is a double-bedded attic, used as a sleeping apartment for four kitchenmaids, and this is the *locale* of the "spiritual manifestations." It is stated that three or four nights ago, after the domestics had retired to rest, close upon midnight, and when an almost painful silence reigned in the room, the pillow was pulled from underneath the head of one of the girls and thrown on her face. The maid naturally might have thought that one of her companions was playing a trick, but when, without any sound being heard, the sheet upon which she and her companion were lying, and the upper bedclothes, were drawn off the bed with irresistible force, notwithstanding a strenuous effort on their part to retain them, a mysterious and frightened feeling was at once aroused. The candle was lighted and the room carefully examined, and the four scared females went to great pains to satisfy themselves that the proceeding was not the result of a "lark." The room door was securely locked, and there was no other means of egress from the room except a skylight, which also was firmly fastened. The girls were, to say the least of it, puzzled, and after sitting up with each other until long after midnight, they again essayed rest, and this time with success.

On the next evening the performance was even more mysterious. The domestics retired to rest, two in a bed, lying perfectly still, regarding each other, when suddenly, and during a silence in which a pin could have been heard drop, the clothes were pulled off both beds, including the pillows and under sheets, as before and cast upon

the boards. A panic this time seized the occupants of the chamber, and they hurriedly made the best of their way to some fellow-servants sleeping in another part of the house. As might be supposed, the event became (and is now) a burning topic, nothing else being spoken of throughout the day. The particulars were narrated among others to a very matter-of-fact boots, a veritable counterpart of Sam Weller, and he at first thoroughly enjoyed what he looked upon as a very rich joke. A proposition was made that he should investigate the matter, and this task he undertook to perform with celerity. Towards midnight on Sunday he sat in his bedroom awaiting a summons agreed upon, and before long one of the girls hastened to his room with a frightened face to announce "It is there again." He promptly sped along the passage, the girl remaining behind, and ran up the short narrow staircase that leads to the attic. In the room were the three other kitchenmaids, all, according to arrangement, lying dressed upon one of the beds. The boots locked the door, saw that the skylight was fastened, convinced himself that there was nobody in the room besides the three girls and himself, and that no one could possibly enter. Putting out the candle, but still holding it, along with a box of matches, he laid himself down on the unoccupied bed, facing the three maids on the other bed, only three or four feet away, whose faces he could plainly see. A dead silence prevailed, broken only by the suppressed breathing of the four people. At length, for the third time, without the least warning and with no sound whatever, the pillow was torn from underneath his head, together with the remainder of the clothes, and cast upon the floor. Simultaneously with this a more intense darkness settled on the room, the bed rocked violently for a few seconds, the room shook, and then all was again still. The completely mystified boots relighted the candle as fast as his trembling fingers would allow, but only to see the clothes in a heap on the floor, and the three pale-faced, terrified girls on the opposite bed. With one accord the inmates of the apartment left it to take care of itself, and at present that part of the hotel is tenantless. It has been averred by some of those who have been thus molested that before the bed-clothes and pillows were removed there was no indication whatever to show that the action was performed by human agency, and that the united strength of two sturdy scullery maids in endeavoring to keep possession of the blankets and coverlets was as nought compared to the perfect ease with which everything from the top of the bed to the bottom was simultaneously removed. The matter has created a profound sensation. Various conjectures are hazarded as to the cause of the ghostly visitations to the hotel attic. Neighbors

who relate the facts as here set forth assert that there is no doubt whatever about the reality of this rude and unwelcome visitor from spirit-land. Perhaps the psychologists will make an effort to "lay" this ghost of Queen-square. *The Weekly Courier*, Liverpool, Eng., Sep. 24th, 1887.

### The Interests of Capital and Labor.

The language of the spirits is, that there should be a tax placed on the aggregated power of wealth, but none placed on the hand of toil; then the ability to accumulate and aggregate a large surplus in capital, whether money or property, would become a public benefit. The aim should be to make it difficult rather than easy for a man to become a millionaire. There should be no tax on the land which the farmer *cultivates*. His home should be exempt from taxation. Homes are the salvation of the country. The man who toils should be exempt from the tax collector. Then, it is advised further, that the aggregation of capital beyond a certain limit in any man's hands should be prevented by law, so that it shall not be possible for any combination of individuals to take advantage of the wants of the people, or to keep the honest producer from the reward of his labor. The existing troubles are attributable to the thoughtlessness and lack of knowledge on the part of the people. The power of capital should be limited by taxing capital instead of the land that is occupied and worked by the possessors, and never to tax labor at all. The last things to tax are the cottage of the poor man and the results of his daily toil.

The intelligence of the people should be equal to the solution of any question in which they are interested. When the people are aroused, there will be a moral force in them to compel an agreement between capital and labor. Let one man's time count for as much as another's; let labor offset capital, and let the accumulated value be shared. The strike for higher wages is a warning to capital to divide the increased profits with labor, and not to absorb all the increase. Then the laborer will have the same kind of interest in the business that the capitalist has, and this will add value to the investment. This practice is being pursued more and more widely abroad, and must become universal. Humanity is more than dollars. The surest remedy for human selfishness is the elevation of the masses. The object of the law should be the protection of the weak, but not to provide for the idler or the vagabond. The man who has inherited a fortune, but does nothing, fails of his duty in the common elevation of mankind; but if he does something with his wealth that tends to benefit the poor and to uplift those around him, he is a public benefactor.

Of course these things are not to be at-

tained all at once. The laboring man in this country is slowly but surely rising to the consciousness that he must be on the alert if the nation is to be preserved in its integrity. It belongs to every man's inheritance to vote as his intelligence and conscience dictate. Let no one think anything is to be gained by violence. The thing to do is to convince the monopolist that the interests of the people are his interests. We cannot afford to have a dissatisfied class in this country; we cannot afford to make the body so heavy that revolution will necessarily follow. This is the one imminent political question of the hour, and every man's party should be that which represents the interests of humanity, which are always the interests of the people. Capital and labor are indissolubly bound together, and must co-operate only for the elevation of labor. The great interests of humanity require that the undue accumulation of capital shall be checked, and that it shall become impossible for the individual interests of one to encroach upon those of another. Unless this whole question receive fair consideration and be rightly adjusted, there is danger of another civil conflict.—*Banner of Light*.

### Life in Europe.

Senator Frye, of Maine, having returned from Europe, spoke thus to a reporter, at Lewiston:

"We have taken a tour of the continent and of Great Britain; and although we have seen many places, we have seen no place like home—no place in all respects equal to America. You will find in the Old World much that is admirable, but what impressed me most painfully was the poverty of the masses of the people.

The people in Europe live on the poorest food, and mighty little of it. I found that laborers in Glasgow work for 2s. 6d. a day—sixty-two cents. I was charmed with Edinburgh, but when I saw women drunk and fighting in her beautiful streets, the modern Athens lost her charms. I cannot convey to you the picture of the degradation and want throughout Great Britain, caused by drink. I come back a stouter cold-water man than when I went away. The drink evil is a horror. Speaking of wages, I found girls in factories in Venice working with great skill for from five to twelve cents a day, the most experienced getting twelve cents a day, out of which they have to live, but how they live is a wonder. Their chief diet is macaroni. Farm hands all over Europe—women—earn twenty cents a day. Women do most of the field work. I saw no improved machinery on the farms of the continent. I have seen twenty women in one field at work—not a man in sight. The plain people see no meat to eat once a week on the continent. The condition of American wage-earners is incomparably better

than that of working people in Europe. It's the difference between comfort and competence, and discomfort and insufficient food and clothing.—*Buchanan's Journal of Man*.

### The Habits of Alligators.

A correspondent "down South" says an alligator's throat is an animated sewer. Everything which lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to eat he lets his victuals hunt for him. That is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the possum. Soon a beetle crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats, and a colony of mosquitos. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitos. Then more mosquitos and gnats will alight on the frogs. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then all at once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls; the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the entire menagerie, and opens his great front door again for more visitors.

### A Distinguished Episcopal Pulpit Orator on Spiritualism.

Rev. R. Heber Newton is one of the more distinguished of those who are at present giving the subject a profound consideration. He attends the seances of a prominent New York medium, and is investigating the phenomena with the zeal and intelligence of a man who is deeply interested and sincerely desirous of knowing the exact truth. From a late sermon of his I derive the belief that the result of his study thus far is to convince him that what he has seen proceeds from influences worthy of our highest concern. I discover it in the confession of his faith, that man (in his moral state) is rising, by slow but sure stages, closer to the confines of an unseen world; that his perceptions will be in time so refined and spiritualized that a completely new and wonderful realm will burst upon his vision; that the imperfect echoes which he now catches will become clear and intelligible accents; that the forces whose action he does not understand will enter the field of his comprehension; that many of the now invisible elements of the glowing life of the universe will be as familiar to him as the play of the lightning or the colors of the autumnal landscape, and that all the things shall be his by the virtue of the operation of a law of evolution, whose principles lay enveloped like a seed germ in the original cosmic fire mist.—*Eastern Star*.

# THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER ..... Editress

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

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, MRS. J. SCHLESINGER,  
PUBLISHERS.

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual Workers of the Pacific Coast and elsewhere, and Spirit Pictures by our Artist Mediums. Also, Lectures, Essays, Poems, Spirit Messages, Editorial and Miscellaneous Items. All articles not credited to other sources are written especially for the CARRIER DOVE.

## TERMS:

\$2.50 Per Year. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Address all communications to

THE CARRIER DOVE,

32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## AGENTS.

Thomas Lees, 142 Ontario St., Cleveland, Ohio.  
J. N. Wolf, 103 F St., N. E. Washington, D. C.  
Titus Merritt, 232 West 46th St., New York  
Frank W. Jones, 230 West 36th St., New York.  
Samuel D. Green, 132 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn.  
J. K. Cooper, 746 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.  
G. F. Perkins, 1021 1/2 Market St., San Francisco.  
M. S. Smith & Co., 1154 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.  
J. Rosenthal, Santa Barbara, Cal.  
P. Kailasam Bros., Spiritualistic Book Depot, Pophams Broadway, Madras, Bombay.  
W. H. Terry, 84 Russel street, Melbourne, Australia.  
Banner of Light Bookstore, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.  
H. A. Kersey, 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

THE CARRIER DOVE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., OCT. 22, 1887.

## "Spiritualism."

The above subject was discoursed upon at the Adventists' Camp-meeting in Oakland on Saturday evening, the 15th inst., by the Rev. E. J. Waggoner. The speaker began by reading 2 Thess., ii: 8-12, also Matthew, xxiv: 24. He then stated, "That the workings of Satan therein referred to was nothing else but the manifestation known as Modern Spiritualism."

"There is no question but that there is much fraud connected with Spiritualism; that much that passes for spiritualist manifestations is only skillful sleight-of-hand performance; but the man who will claim that there is nothing to Spiritualism—that there is nothing in it beyond human power, is either blind or ignorant. In spite of the Seybert commission, the fact remains that phenomena are presented by Spiritualism that confound human skill and human knowledge. Passing by such things as rappings and table tipping,

we take slate writing and materialization. When in open daylight a man brings a clean slate and through the mediumship of an uneducated man obtains messages in twelve languages, it is idle to say that it was not accomplished by some superhuman force. When two clean slates are fastened together, with a bit of pencil between, and are hung upon the gas-jet in a well-lighted room, in the presence of a large congregation, and taken down five minutes afterward filled with writing, with no one having been near in the meantime, it cannot have been accomplished by human power.

The speaker continued: It is an undeniable fact that people have seen the forms of friends long dead, and have conversed with them. Now, the question is, what forms are these, and by what agency are these wonders performed? *Spiritualists tell us that they are the spirits of departed friends, but we know that this is not so, because the Bible shows that such a thing is impossible.*

Read the following statements: "The living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything." Here followed many texts of scripture to prove the unconsciousness of the dead. The speaker then said: From these plain declarations of scripture, and they are only a few samples of many, we know that it is utterly impossible that the phenomena of Spiritualism should be performed by the spirits of the departed. *The dead are unconsciously sleeping in the grave. Then who is responsible for them? It is just as the Bible says: "Satan is working with all power and signs and lying wonders."* The great truth of the Bible is eternal life only through Christ; Spiritualism attacks this fundamental truth and seeks to undermine faith in Christ. *Before one can become a Spiritualist he must deny the plain testimony of the Bible concerning the nature of man and the state of the dead. But when a man has once adopted the theory that the dead are conscious, he has no surety whatever that he will not become a Spiritualist.* Indeed, he is certain to become one if he does not give up that theory and accept the teachings of the Bible; for when a man sees the appearance of one of his dead friends, or receives a message purporting to come from him, telling of things that no one but he and that dead friend are familiar with, if he believes that the dead are not really dead, he will believe that it is actually his departed friend. And when a man has gone that far he will, of

course, accept as truth whatever is told him by these supposed visitants from another world, and their teaching is invariably opposed to the Bible. *But the Bible is the only safeguard to morality, and when faith in that is lost, an immoral life must result.*

Scripture was here quoted to prove the natural depravity of man.

The speaker charged the doctrine of the natural immortality of the soul, which is the foundation of Spiritualism, with being the cause of all the wickedness in the world. Immortality is an attribute of Deity, it is the distinguishing attribute of God. It is this attribute which makes Him supreme. Men are amenable to Him, because "in Him they live and move, and have their being." If men had immortality of themselves they would be independent of God, and would themselves be gods, as Satan said to Eve. So a belief that man is by nature immortal is responsible for all the sin in the world.

*All who do not accept the truth of the Bible just as it reads will finally become Spiritualists, and through Spiritualism the world will become corrupt as it was in the days of Noah, and, like the world at that time, fitted for destruction and good for nothing else.*

*The speaker then read selections from the most reputable religious journals of the country, showing that a belief of the possibility of communication with the dead and of the guidance and protection of spirits is held by very many who are professedly orthodox.*

What a lesson the above sermon conveys to the intelligent Spiritualist. Here is an orthodox minister admitting all the phenomena of Spiritualism as genuine, to deny which proves a person either "blind or ignorant," yet claiming that its author is Satan; and why? *Because the Bible says so!* What intelligent person will call himself a "Bible Spiritualist" or "Christian Spiritualist," when our enemies can take such a book and prove by a well-assorted array of extracts that truth is error, and Satan more powerful than good? No wonder the more enlightened a person becomes the more he shrinks from accepting the Bible as authority.

## Opinions Called "Scientific."

Some months since the *Christian Register* (of Boston) published a number of articles on "Immortality," written by men "eminent in science and literature." The arti-

cles, as a whole, presented the most remarkable array of "scientific" opinion on this important subject ever published, yet, they made apparently very little impression on the public mind, receiving slight notice in the secular press, and scarcely any by religious journals. The report of the Seybert Commission created more of a ripple on the sea of Spiritualism than did this fresh breeze of materialism on the stagnant pool of theology. The reason may be that as physical science deals exclusively with material things, it has no bearing on, and consequently is of no value in judging concerning things spiritual. When scientists become far enough advanced in their knowledge of Nature to recognize the existence of spirit, and are willing to extend their researches over the vast domain thus opened to view, their "opinions" will be entitled to more consideration. Nevertheless, the conclusions of these men are of interest as indicating the drift of modern science in the direction of modern "infidelity." The following are some of the most remarkable opinions expressed by these "eminent" men:

J. R. Leslie, at present State Geologist of Pennsylvania, was formerly pastor of an orthodox church, but retired from the ministry in 1850, and has since devoted himself mainly to scientific pursuits. He has been Secretary and Librarian of the American Philosophical Society, Professor of Geology and Mining Engineering in the University of Pennsylvania, a member of the National Academy for Scientific Research, and is the author of various scientific works. He frankly acknowledges that physical science has very little to do with immortality; that "it can neither teach nor deny it." His article is one of the ablest of the collection. He is hopeful of continuous life for man, but that his hope is not based on science is evident, for he says: "The ideas of unchangeability and immortality are inconceivable by physical science, and therefore, repugnant to it."

This may be "scientific," but when scientists learn that there is no dividing line between matter and spirit, but that the two are interchangeable states of the same thing, and that soul is over all, they will be able to see more clearly than now.

As might be expected, the "doctors disagree;" one of them, Prof. Asaph Hall, saying, "I think the discoveries of modern

science strengthen the belief in immortality." Huxley and others hold that no one can positively know that consciousness can or cannot exist after the death of the body; while Lester F. Ward, A. M., of the Smithsonian Institute, says, "It is an almost necessary conclusion that brain is the cause of consciousness, and that consciousness depends upon and varies with the nature and condition of the brain. The facts in support of this are multitudinous, not only as derived from exhaustive experiments in psycho-physics, conducted expressly for that purpose, but also as derived from common observation on the effect of drugs, intoxicants, poisons and of various injuries and diseases of the brain. It follows, that so far as science can speak on the subject, the consciousness persists as long as the organized brain, and no longer." Simon Newcomb, L. L. D., regards the question as lying wholly without the pale of science. Prof. Newcomb is a noted astronomer, and has a fine brain for mathematics, but the spiritual part of his nature as yet lacks development, otherwise he would not say, as he does, "No one now living has had any experience on the subject in question." In Prof. Newcomb's opinion, we not only have no proof of a future life derived from experience, but in the very nature of things, we cannot have such proof. He says, "our nervous systems are so constituted that they can perceive only the material in form; and thus, even if disembodied spirits exist, there is no way in which they could make their existence known to us." He appeared to be ignorant of, (or, at least, to ignore) the spiritualistic claim that disembodied spirits have a natural body, and the oft-repeated admission (that all manifestations (excepting those of a mental character) must be through matter.

The trouble with scientists like Mr. Newcomb is the assumption that tangible matter is all we have (or can have) to deal with. This unwarrantable assumption leads to the conclusion that spirit is but a manifestation of matter, and that it ceases as the latter changes form. This is a reversal of the order of the universe; an arbitrary changing of causes into effects; a denial of the existence of God, and the deification of a senseless clod in his stead.

Perhaps this judgment is the best that could reasonably be expected of a man like Professor Newcomb. There are scientists

who are in a still more pitiable condition: Joseph Leidy, M. D., LL. D, for instance. Dr. Leidy is professor of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, and never having found a soul in his dissection of human bodies, he cannot believe there is any such thing. Man is an animal, and Dr. Leidy says: "The consciousness of an animal is only a manifestation of force, which ceases at the death of an animal." Not only is Dr. Leidy content with this conclusion, but he would not have it otherwise if he could. Existence, in his estimation, is not a desirable thing to have, for he says: "I can conceive of no adequate compensation for an eternity of consciousness." We judge from this that Dr. Leidy is a dyspeptic as well as a materialist. He will grow out of both conditions when he graduates from his present existence—the earthly school—into the higher grade of experience, which he will find in the "bright beyond."

Want of space prevents further consideration at this time of the twenty-three remarkable opinions published by the *Christian Register*.

#### Spiritualism in Oakland.

The Spiritualists of Oakland are doing a good work and considerable interest is being manifested. At Curtis's Hall, on Sixth street, they have a series of meetings each week. On Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock there is a social and facts meeting, generally closing with circles. Some of these afternoon meetings have been very interesting, as there have been some good trance and inspirational speaking and tests. On Sunday evening there is a lecture by some good speaker after which there is opportunity for social enjoyment, and circles if the "spirits" so move. Monday evening is a meeting without a programme, but friends of the cause never lack encouragement, as there is always some manifestation of the presence of the workers on both sides of the river.

Commencing the first Wednesday of next month, services will be held in German, conducted by Mrs. Ficks, and the indications are favorable for a large gathering of the German residents, quite a number of whom are beginning to investigate Spiritualism.

Thursday night Dr. Poulson lectures and gives tests. From the foregoing it is evident that somebody is at work in Oakland.

### Practical Occultism.

The above is the title of a new work it is proposed to issue as soon as the necessary number of subscribers' names are obtained. The work will contain all the lectures delivered by the control of Mr. J. J. Morse at the late advanced class of spiritual students—the sessions of which have been held at this office, verbatim reports of which have been taken by Mr. G. H. Hawes. The topics are all deeply interesting and most instructive, making many points perfectly clear and intelligible that are often obscure to students of spiritual matters. The work will contain six lessons, upon the following topics, with an Appendix containing the questions and answers arising from the students.

#### LESSON NUMBER ONE.

The Trance, as the doorway to the Occult. Dealing with the trance in its magnetic, natural and spiritual forms of induction.

#### LESSON NUMBER TWO.

(First Section.)

Mediumship: its physiological, mental and spiritual results.

#### LESSON NUMBER THREE.

(Second Section.)

Mediumship: its foundation, development, dangers and advantages.

#### LESSON NUMBER FOUR.

Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.

#### LESSON NUMBER FIVE.

The material, spiritual and celestial planes of the Second State.

#### LESSON NUMBER SIX.

The Soul World—Its hells, heavens and evolutions.

#### APPENDIX.

Answers to Questions.

The work will be handsomely printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and handsomely bound in cloth. The price is fixed at one dollar per copy, and at that rate it is offered to subscribers before publication. All desiring to possess a most valuable work should send in their names at once, which can be done, to our care, or to Mr. M. B. Dodge at Metropolitan Temple, on Sundays, or to Mr. Morse at 331 Turk street, San Francisco. Subscribers will be supplied in the order in which their names are recorded. Further announcements in due course.

### Announcement.

MRS. F. O. HYZER—MRS. ADA FOYE.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, inspirational speaker, and Mrs. Ada Foye, platform test medium, will appear under the auspices of the Young People's Progressive Society, of Chicago, on the Sunday evenings of Oct. 23rd and 30th. On the 16th inst., the Hon. Giles Stebbins and Mrs. Foye will occupy the rostrum. The public are cordially invited.

### Sunday Services.

J. J. MORSE AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

A singularly attractive series of questions was presented to the control of Mr. J. J. Morse at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday morning last. The replies were exceedingly able, quite apropos, and clothed in chaste and eloquent diction. These morning meetings are evidently extremely interesting, judging by the large attendances they attract.

In the evening a new course of three lectures upon "The Realm of the So-called Dead," was commenced by the control, who treated upon the question of "Where is it?" in an able, argumentative and convincing manner, the large audience listening attentively during the entire period occupied by the control. The topic will be continued on Sunday evening next, the question of "What is it like?" being then to be dealt with. We have made arrangements to publish these three lectures, and they will appear in the DOVE in due course.

Mrs. L. P. Howell sang in effective style, Sig. Arrilliga accompanying her as usual in his efficient manner.

On Sunday evening next the vocal exercises will be added to by the assistance of Mr. W. H. Keith, Jr., a tenor of excellent voice, who it is probable, will be the successor to Mrs. Howell, as her resignation takes effect upon the last Sunday of the current month.

The Children's Lyceum assembled as usual at the close of the morning service, a much larger number of children and visitors being in attendance. Mrs. Mitchener has been elected conductor, and Mrs. Churchill guardian. Mr. C. H. Wadsworth acts as musical director, and a season of prosperous activity is now fairly under way.

### WASHINGTON HALL.

Last Sunday a large audience convened at this hall to hear the subject of Spirit and Matter discussed.

Mrs. L. E. Drake made the opening address, which was in part a plea for Theosophy, Spiritual Science or Mental Healing, and Spiritualism as the saving powers from ills which afflict humanity.

Other speakers followed and tests were given by Dr. Schlesinger as usual.

### ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

Mr. J. J. Morse addressed a large audience at this hall on Wednesday evening, August 12th. Subject, "The Claims of Modern Spiritualism upon an Intelligent Public Attention." The address was exceedingly interesting and received the undivided attention of the large assemblage until the close. A medium's seance followed which was participated in by a number of our local mediums. Mr. Morse has very generously offered to speak for this society once a month as a contribution towards defraying its expenses and assisting a very worthy effort to spread the light.

## Chips.

"Thou must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth would teach."

Education is the leading of human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them.—RUSKIN.

From a private letter received we learn that Mrs. F. A. Logan is still lecturing and healing in Utah. Her present address is Ogden City.

"What book has helped you most in life?" I asked my friend, as home we took our way one day, and he replied, "My pocket-book."—*Vox Populi*.

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 principle maintained by the Colonies was, that taxation without representation is unjust, yet in this very country, where human liberty is so greatly boasted about, a woman, our mothers, our sisters, our daughters are denied these rights.—*Industrial Advocate*.

We received a pleasant call from Mrs. Cowell and Miss Thompson, of Oakland, last week. Each of the ladies are mediums, and a seance was the result which was enjoyed by all.

The subject to be considered at Mr. Morse's advanced class on Friday evening next, the 28th inst., is: "Man—what is he? An answer from both worlds." Mr. Morse speaks in the unconscious trance, under direct control. Single admission fifty cents, commence at 8 P. M. Music by Mrs. Jennie Clark.

Let a woman go to India with an avowed purpose of bettering the condition of the natives and we call her a missionary. In any town in the state, let her show her interest in laws that may affect our boys and our homes, and the foulest, dirtiest, profanest-mouthed man pronounces her a crank, and a long-haired fool.—*Iowa Home Journal.*

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilson have returned from their eastern trip looking hale and strong. The change has evidently been a beneficial one in a physical way as they never looked better. From the brief interview we have just had we learn that they feel well satisfied with the results of their visit, the details of which will be learned in due time.

The last step, the last thought on earth, means good-bye to the last opportunity.—SAM JONES.

Not quite, Bro. Sam, for the testimony of millions of returning spirits proves that even the most depraved and abandoned of humanity have found that they had "another chance," and grander, broader opportunities "over there."

Next week we shall publish a valuable and instructive article on the "Origin of Re-incarnation in Spiritualism," written by William Emmette Coleman. This article does not constitute a portion of the series on the utility and beauty of Spiritualism, the first number of which appears in this issue of the DOVE. It is an independent article unconnected with any that he has written for our columns.

The beautiful engraving on our first page represents the death of the little orphan boy, Johnnie, and Elfine with her instrument,

soothing his last moments with enchanting music; a full description of which will be found in the story of Lily Benton in the Children's Department. Our illustrations for this story are all drawn by Mrs. Allie Livingstone when under spirit control and represent real scenes in spirit life.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.—EMERSON.

And the enthusiasts who lead such movements are usually denominated "cranks," "lunatics," etc. It is only from the heights spiritual life that reformers behold the results of their labors. The man who is persecuted and hanged to-day for opinion's sake will be the immortalized hero of a century hence.

Who is it that would apply the panacea of universal liberty to man before he learns the truth? He cannot be free unless he has the truth. The liberty that men choose who are in error is license; those who are in the bondage of the senses have no knowledge of freedom. Truth sets man free at last; and the world shall learn in the great night of war and desolation what wrongs have been wrought in freedom's name, how mankind have been sacrificed to the selfishness of man.—CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

## Special Notices.

### 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.

### 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.

### 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 7.45 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.

The class in Advanced Spiritual Science is held by Mr. Morse every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 32 Ellis street, (CARRIER DOVE office,) at 8 P. M. Single admissions fifty cents.

Tickets for the class 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 Advanced Class.

The fourth class is now meeting at the office of the CARRIER DOVE, 32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Fridays at 8 P. M. Tickets for this course of seven lectures, price \$3. Single admissions, fifty cents.

Course tickets or single admissions, can be obtained at the class room any 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 previous classes have been extraordinarily successful.

### J. J. Morse's Next Class.

The next advanced class to be taught by the control of Mr. J. J. Morse, while he is entirely entranced, will assemble at the office of the DOVE, 32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, on Friday evening next, October 21st, at 8 P. M. The late series of les-

sons was intensely interesting, and our parlors have been crowded each evening with a highly satisfied class. The list of subjects for the ensuing class is appended, their importance is so self-evident that no comment is needed to impress their value upon our readers. This new class will be Mr. Morse's fourth since he commenced this form of work in July. It will consist of seven lessons, and the fee has been fixed at the very low rate of \$3.00 for the course; single admissions to this and all other classes, 50 cents. Tickets can be had of Mr. Morse, or Mr. M. B. Dodge, at the Temple, or of Dr. Schlesinger, at this office, and as Mr. Morse limits the number to fifty students, early application is necessary to secure seats.

LIST OF SUBJECTS.

Friday evening, October 21st. "The Material Universe; its Origin in the Light of Spiritual Science."

Friday evening October 28th. "Man, What is He? An Answer from both Worlds."

Friday evening, November 4th. "Spirit Control, Obsession and Possession."

Friday evening, November 11th. "Life, Development and Death in Spirit Land."

Friday evening, November 18th. "The Realm of Bondage in the Land of Souls."

Friday evening, November 25th. "The Pursuits and Pleasures of the Arisen Man."

Friday evening, December 2d. Class conference directed by the control.

EXAMINATIONS AND ADVICE UPON

Life, Health, Mind, Psychological Power, Marriage, and the General Unfoldment of Body, Mind, and Soul,

ARE GIVEN BY

J. J. MORSE, of England,

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. With the chart is included

THE MANUAL

which contains a complete explanation, including a 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.

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.

Mr. Morse is quite remarkable as an Inspirational Examiner; often giving very wonderful readings to those consulting him. For a complete examination marked

upon the chart, and including the manual.....\$ 3 00

Ditto, ditto, with examination and advice written out in full..... 5 00

Examination No. 1 to members of Mr. Morse's Classes..... 2 00

Examinations at all times, or by appointment, which can be made in advance, either by letter or personally, as below, or at Mr. Morse's class on the evening of Friday, in each week, at the office of the CARRIER DOVE. Mr. Morse's office is 331 Turk street, San Francisco, Cal.

Aug. 27, f. t.

Advice on Health and Character.

We should call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Morse in another column, where he announces his ability to give examinations and advice on the above matters. We know a number who have consulted him, and they report themselves astonished and benefited by the accuracy of his delineations, and the value of his advice. The system Mr. Morse uses is entirely new, and has been elaborated under the inspiration of his controls. It presents many marked peculiarities, all of which are duly set forth in the elaborate chart contained in the manual of explanations. Mr. Morse has fixed his scale of charges at a very moderate rate, viz.: \$3, for a complete examination, and full advice upon development of character, protection and maintenance of health, development of psychological powers and spiritual faculties—all most important topics. Having full confidence in Mr. Morse's skill and judgment, we can fully recommend our readers to avail themselves of his services.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

San Francisco.

J. J. MORSE, THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH trance speaker lectures for the Golden Gate Society, Metropolitan Temple, Fifth street, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Answers to questions in the morning, a lecture in the evening. Mrs. L. P. Howell soprano, Sig. S. Arrilliga, organist. Admission free to each meeting. All are invited.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meets every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 P. M. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission free.

Chicago, Ill.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE Society of Chicago, meets in Avenue Hall, Wabash Avenue and 22d St., Sunday evenings at 7:45.

The Reviewer.

THE HIDDEN WAY ACROSS THE THRESHOLD, or the mystery which hath been hidden for ages and from generations. An explanation of the concealed forces in every map to open the temple of the soul, and to learn the guidance of the unseen hand. Illustrated and made plain with as few occult phrases as possible, by J. C. Street, A. B. N., Fellow of the Order S. S. S., and of the Brotherhood Z. Z. R. R. Z. Z. 8vo, cloth, 587 p. p., Boston, Mass., Lee & Shepherd. Price, \$3.50; postage 25 cents.

In no other period of this era could the above lengthily entitled work have found either publisher or readers. That it appears to-day, finds an eminent publisher, and hopes to appeal successfully to the practical American is a notable sign of the times. Its appearance may be truly accepted as one of the results of the mystical literature inaugurated by the publication of "Art Magic," "Ghost Land," "Isis Unveiled," and other works of like character. This book is one of those terribly perplexing productions that often do more harm than good to superficial readers, and are not over esteemed by the well informed, for to such there is nothing new stated in its pages. That fact need not be urged in condemnation of the work, for it is a compilation from existing materials, rather than a treatise upon original experience or research.

The omniverous reader upon occultology will, of course, find reflected in this work much he already believes in. Such a one will praise it highly. To all interested in

the collection of this peculiar class of literary products a goodly addition to their shelves is now procurable. The active man will look with dread upon nearly six hundred pages, closely printed, too, and mildly wish the author had condensed, as easily he could. From a literary point of view proximity is manifested from first to last, which, in itself, is a serious blemish, now-a-days, in any book.

Eighteen chapters make up the body of the work, but what the "Hidden Way" is, or where it is, or what is the nature of "the threshold," or to what it leads are all too indistinctly stated to be clearly grasped. Statements of spiritual phenomena, psychic experiments and clairvoyance are there; quotations in abundance from the New Testament, adjurations to purity of life, aspiration, morality and spiritual mindedness are there, also, but nothing fresh, or different from the various communications stored up in the literature of Modern Spiritualism is observable in such connection. Sentimentally inclined readers will consider the work wonderful, sublime, profound, and full of spiritual meaning. The average practically minded reader will consider it diffuse, verbose, at times inconsequent, and frequently involved to the verge of obscurity. It will sell, that is almost certain for the public mind has a craze at this time in favor of such works, but it will scarcely become an authority, even within its own field. Dr. Street is himself an "adept," and a medium, and he would have done society a greater service, if he had placed on record the facts he is acquainted with free from the affected mysticism of language, often too dangerously near the line of jargon, that unfortunately mars so many of his pages. The work is beautifully printed, and handsomely bound, in which respects it is an unqualified credit to its publishers. To sum up in brief, as a compilation the work exhibits patience and industry; as a text book it is far too diffuse for practical service; as a guide to the "Hidden Way" it lacks distinctness, while those familiar with the Hermetic writings, the works of Blavatsky, and other occultists, will be already in possession of about all the book contains. The new school of metaphysical and occult Spiritualists will find it a treasure house, but practical, scientific and rational Spiritualists will read it with a regret that may deepen to hostility. Unquestionably an intelligent criticism will place it in its true position, when a calm judgment asserts it is among the curiosities of literature, and as such it will ultimately rest in the select nooks of the library of the curious collector, rather than in the hands of the general reader.

J. J. MORSE.

October 14, 1887.

Subscribe for the CARRIER DOVE. Ten cents per copy, or \$2.50 per annum.

## Children's Dept.

### Remember, Boys Make Men.

When you see a ragged urchin, standing wistful in the street,  
With torn hat and kneeless trousers, dirty face and bare red feet,  
Pass not by the child unheeding; smile upon him.  
Mark me, when  
He's grown he'll not forget it; for remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits overflow in boyish freak,  
Hide your child in gentle accents; do not in your anger speak.  
You must sow in youthful bosoms seeds of tender mercies; then  
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage, when the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire, with his eyes aglow with joy,  
Bring to mind some act of kindness, something said to him a boy,  
Or relate some slight or coldness, with a brow all clouded when  
He said "They were too thoughtless to remember boys make men"—*Iowa Home Journal*.

### Lily Benton.

BY JULIA SCHLESINGER.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE "GOLDEN CHAIN" VISITS EARTH.

Our little friends composing the "Golden Chain" were informed by the beautiful lady, (whose spirit name was "Guiding Star," because she was a guide and care-taker of little ones, both in earth and spirit life, and a star because of the light and brightness surrounding her, the reflection of her pure, perfect soul), that she would accompany them on a visit to some dear little children in earth life who needed their assistance, and that they would also visit Lily's parents and endeavor to comfort them. Accordingly they gathered many beautiful spirit flowers and together they started on their mission of love. They passed through lovely cities, pleasant valleys, over crystal streams and shining lakes, through golden fleecy clouds, like billows of light, swiftly and lightly, until they came within the earth's atmosphere, which seemed dark and dense in comparison with the beautiful, ethereal world from whence they came.

Arriving at Lily's home, they passed noiselessly in and found Mrs. Benton alone in her room engaged with some light needlework, endeavoring to forget her grief in constant employment. She looked pale and sad; and was thinking of the little girl whose presence used to make her home so bright and happy. Tears of grief dimmed her eyes and fell in crystal drops upon her thin, white hands, and the delicate fabric which she was sewing.

Lily glided to her mother's side and put

her arms about her neck and kissed her many times. She called her "mamma," but the weeping mother heard not the sweet voice, neither did she feel the fond caress.

Then the little ones formed themselves into a chain or circle around her, and showered their flowers over her, and sang softly and sweetly a song of hope and trust.

The tender, soothing melody of the song, the spiritual fragrance of the bright buds and blossoms, seemed like incense from an unseen censer, which permeated the interior consciousness of the mother, dispelling her grief, and bringing a feeling of holy calm, of quiet, sweet content and resignation. Lily felt so rejoiced at the magical change wrought upon her mother that she longed to go to her papa and see if they could not lighten his sorrow and dispel his gloom also. She kissed her mother affectionately, and together the band of young angel missionaries departed for other scenes.

They entered a large business establishment, and passing rapidly by the many employees, entered a private office, where sat a middle-aged man with bowed head and sad expression on his care-worn face. He, too, was thinking of his lost child, and the business of the day was for a time forgotten, as the vision of a sweet face came before him, and he fancied he could feel the loving arms twining around his neck as in the happy past. He closed his eyes, and for a brief time yielded to the delightful fancy. Was it fancy? No, indeed! It was a blessed, blissful reality. Seeing the impression she was making upon her father, the delighted child called him, "Papa! papa!" and with a start Mr. Benton roused himself, exclaiming, "How absurd! why, I really believe I am losing my senses, for it actually seemed to me that I could hear my Lily's voice calling me, and that I could see her dear face."

Ah, proud man! You do not know that your own conceit and stubborn will are the obstacles which form the veil between you and your loved one.

Lily placed a bouquet of sweet forget-me-nots, violets and lilies of the valley upon her father's desk, where their perfume would be felt, if not perceived, and they again departed, for others were in need of their gentle ministrations.

Among the number of bright spirits belonging to this band was one we have not before mentioned, a child twelve years of age named Rose Allyn, whose parents were both in spirit life and whose only relative on earth was a young brother aged eight years. Little Johnnie Allyn's mother had been a poor sewing woman and when she died he was left alone in the world with none to care for him.

Biddy McFlynn, a kind-hearted Irish neighbor, took him home with her after the funeral of Mrs. Allyn, and although she had six small children of her own she said that Johnnie should share with them. Her



husband, a coarse drunken creature, declared he would not support the boy, that he must be taught to take care of himself by selling matches, papers, etc. So, in spite of the protests of Mrs. McFlynn, who did washing to support the family, little Johnnie was driven out into the bitter cold and storm to sell matches or papers to get a few pennies to take home to the wretch who spent them all for drink, and cursed the trembling child because he did not bring more. And when blows were threatened, Mrs. McFlynn would hurry the child off to his miserable bed, and the enraged animal she called husband would turn upon her and her broad shoulders received many a blow that would otherwise have fallen upon the defenseless boy. Upon this day when our little missionaries were about doing good they were drawn to visit little Johnnie. He had been quite ill and was unable to go out, but had been driven forth by the wretch, who, insane through drink, would listen to no pleadings from Bidly, and the poor woman was obliged to see the pale, delicate child thrust into the street with the command to bring home some money or take a good beating. Poor little Johnnie staggered along, weak and faint from illness and hunger, until exhausted he sank down, unable to go farther. The keen, frosty air and cold ground soon caused a numbness to creep over him, and when he tried to rise, found that his limbs were powerless to obey his will, and sinking down again he sobbed, "Oh, mamma, dear mamma, come and take your little boy to live with you and sweet sister Rose. I am so tired, mamma, I want to rest in your arms once more. I was cold but am getting warmer now." It was thus the beautiful spirit band found him, dying by the wayside. His angel mother was beside him, soothing with magnetic passes the little aching body and assisting the spirit to release itself. They formed a bright circle around the prostrate form, while Elfine drew near his side and with her exquisite instrument in hand, sang softly a sweet song whose strains caught the ear of the dying child, and clasping his thin hands he murmured, "Rosie, is that you? How sweetly you sing; will you take me home with you, sister? Do, please let me go." Elfine sang on and soon the "silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken," and little Johnnie, free at last, was clasped in his mother's arms and borne away by the shining band.

[To be continued.]

The world always estimates men and women by what they have done, not by what they dream of doing.

"Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love."—"And you men," replied his wife, "are the grave-diggers."

## Our Exchanges.

### The Power of Imagination.

*Oshkosh Northwestern, Oshkosh, Wis.*

The following is the substance of what a leading dentist said the other day: He was engaged with some gentlemen in discussing the virtue of remedies used to avoid the pain caused by the extraction of teeth when a lady who wanted one of her molars pulled entered the office. The dentist in order to prove what he had been saying told her he had some of the new remedy and would use it so that she would not feel any pain. She was well pleased and, after being seated in the chair, he rubbed a little water on her gums, and pulling her tooth tossed it up to the ceiling, exclaiming, "There! that didn't hurt any, did it?" The lady was positive that she felt no pain, and went away praising the new remedy.

### True and to be Remembered.

*Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.*

Inaccurate interpretations of man's nature after death have been the main cause of false theories in regard to faith and futurity. Such have given us the transcendently good, or the irredeemably bad, as the two divisions of life beyond. As a result certain sorts of inquirers approach the subject of spirit intercourse with a natural but entirely false preconception concerning the character of spirits. That preconception is yet further entangled in a generally accepted thought that either class of spirits—good or bad—is endowed with almost miraculous powers. It cannot be too strenuously asserted that no spirit can transcend the laws of nature: therefore, whatever a spirit can do in the material world, with material agencies, can also be done by human beings under like harmony with natural law. The results of an intelligent study of spirit communion plainly leads to the conclusions: that spirits are neither absolutely good nor bad; that they are not semi-omnipotent, and that their human character continues with them. In a word, that the great majority of spirit communicants are upon about the same moral and spiritual planes as the great majority of mortals.

### Fatal Christian Science.

*St. Paul, [Minn.], Globe.*

A PRETTY MINNESOTA GIRL SUCCEUMBS TO THE FALLACY.

Nellie Bryant, the pretty New Boston girl, is dead, a victim to the mind cure. Her distracted parents, once converts to the theory of Christian Science, now curse the name, while the neighbors, who loved and admired the beautiful girl, are both loud and deep in their denunciation of the quacks who parade under the name of Christian scientists.

"The girl died," said Dr. Ripley last night, "of want of care, typhoid fever and Christian Science."

Nellie Bryant was attacked some time ago with virulent typhoid fever. Mrs. Moore, a scientist, was given the case and conducted it as usual with her peculiar creed. She gave no medicine, ordered no diet and took none of the steps known to the profession, but she worked the mind cure. In the meantime the patient was allowed to eat such laxatives as watermelons, grapes and other fruit, and, indeed, what she pleased. The result was that she grew rapidly worse. The neighbors saw how the case was tending and some of them wrote to the City Board of Health asking it to interfere and save the girl from certain death. This, of course, the Board could not do. The girl grew steadily worse and finally, her father, four days ago, dismissed Mrs. Moore and called in Dr. Martha Ripley, but it was too late. The sufferer was then beyond aid and slowly sank until death relieved her.

Besides being a shock to the community, this will be a sock to the numerous credulous people who firmly believe in Christian Science, but the awakening may do no harm.

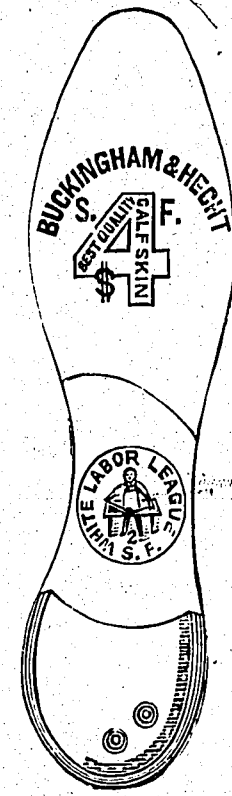
### Dress.

*The Woman's Tribune, Beatrice, Neb.*

DRESS REFORM is securing much attention in Scandinavia. A society exists in Stockholm. Its committee has exhibited models of dress at the Swedish Art Exhibition. The society offered a prize for the best hygienic boot, for which nine shoemakers competed. The dress approved is similar to the reform dress known in England. The Scandinavian ladies have taken the matter up with great zeal and are pushing it in all parts of the country. A letter was recently sent to all the doctors in Sweden soliciting their support. Several publications are enlisted in the reform.

DRESS IN RELATION TO BREATHING.--Dr Mays, of Philadelphia, has been making a scientific examination of the mode of breathing found among the Indian girl students who had not yet been subjected to the restrictions of civilized dress, and has come to the conclusion that abdominal respiration is the original type for both male and female, and that the costal type in the civilized female is developed through the constricting influence of dress around the abdomen. The importance of this investigation cannot be overestimated, as it shows that it would be possible for women to recover the abdominal type of breathing by a proper mode of dress and thus prevent the stagnation of blood in the lower part of the trunk, which tends to produce disorders peculiar to women and which only can be obviated by a free return of the blood through all the veins to the heart. It has frequently been asserted by physicians that women were intended by nature to use the costal breathing and this one theory has done more than all else to encourage women in persisting in a pernicious mode of dress.

We have sold enough of our \$4 Shoes all over the State to warrant us in simply calling attention to them by this advertisement, relying entirely upon those who have been and are now wearing



them, to speak of their good quality. Remember they are made in all styles, widths and numbers. Give them a trial.

BUCKINGHAM & HECHT,

For Sale in every first-class Shoe Store in the State.