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SPIRIT PICTURES.

The Carrier Dove.

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

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The Platform.

The Realm of the So-called Dead—Where Is It?

By the Controls of J. J. Morse, of England, delivered at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, October 15, 1887.

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

We now commence another course of addresses that are in themselves the natural sequence of the course lately concluded, dealing with the subject of death, and relating to the condition of possible existence that is a matter of anxiety or curiosity to every living human being. We refer to the Realm of the So-called Dead. This Realm is a mystical one to many people, and a matter of vague speculation in a majority of cases. As to its exact location or character many entertain but a dim and most imperfect understanding. If we can in some degree, instruct you as to where it is, a very important point will have been reached. On the next occasion the topic we shall have to deal with—What is it Like?—will be the natural sequence of the remarks we have to offer in this address.

In using the words "So-called Dead" we shall use them advisedly, because in our experience and observation there are no dead in the common and conventional interpretation of that word, and if you were a personal visitor to any of the spheres of the after life, as you call it, and asked the people there if they were dead, a very broad smile would illumine their faces, and they would reply, "Well, do I look as if I was dead? Do I act as though I was dead? Do I speak as though I was dead?" You would then have no thought of death in connection with them, in short, they would appear to be a great deal more alive than many of them were before they passed through that peculiar experience. They are living people. The world calls them dead, but the world makes a most egregious blunder in so-calling them. Death is a great quickener of all the possibilities of your natures. After you have died you will discover, in the main, that you are a great deal more alive, more quick in thought, more instant in action, more acute in feeling more keen in sympathy than you were while living here below.

Therefore, knowing these things to be

true, having them as constant realities before us, we are perfectly justified in speaking of this place as the realm of the "so-called dead." Then, of course, from the experience of spirits who communicate the fact to you that they are alive, that they are just the same kind of rational people they were while living here, you have a strong argument in favor of the supposition that they are only the "so-called" dead, and that when you deal with them you are dealing with individuals that are very much alive indeed. Yet if that realm is the realm of the dead, it will be a land of shadows, a land of darkness and of night, where there are no smiling faces to greet you when you cross the boundaries from mortality to immortality, a land of silence, darkness, misery and woe, a land of blackness and of continual gloom. But if it be the realm of the "so-called" dead then shall it be a land of light, land of laughter and of smiles, a land of fair faces and gleaming eyes, a land ringing with joyful sounds, a land of love and progress. Over there under the waving trees, in the glorious sunlight, upon the verdant planes that stretch in beauty before your eyes, the living shall greet you and you shall dwell with them in a land that everywhere teems with life and activity. Then, when you have reached that blissful abode, you shall understand how true our statement is when we call it but the realm of the "so-called" dead.

Where is it? Whom shall we ask? Shall we ask the religious teacher and say, Good sir, where is the land of the dead? "Beyond the grave." Yes, truly, beyond the grave; whereabouts beyond the grave? "Oh, it is wisely hidden from us." And who hides it? "God." Why does he hide it? "Because he does." A very womanish reason, without very much sense, in the main. Do you know where that land is? "Alas! I do not know." Then it may not exist. Yes, it surely does because the Scriptures tell us so. Indeed! where is the exact location? "Oh, in general terms."

But that will not do to-day, good sir, people are not satisfied with such a vague and indefinite answer to their earnest inquiries. If you say South America is somewhere down there, they want to know exactly where down there. If a Captain was told to take his vessel through the Golden Gate to a certain place "way down there," he probably would never get there, and he

would be a foolish man, indeed, to attempt a voyage on so vague a chart. You have to confess that although you have been preaching the existence of the immortal world for many centuries, you do not know any more about where this realm is than when you first began preaching that there was such a place. Rearrange your chart and your geography and come down to the practical fact that in the nineteenth century people want to know where the realm of the so-called dead is, and something concerning that place.

But we shall be told that we have no right to challenge the teachings of the Church, and that it is not best to criticize them, that they are doing a great deal of good, that they are helping the world, morally speaking, and that minor questions should be laid on one side, let us shake hands and be friends. Hurrah! for the good they are doing, and if any little inquiry or difficulty arises, let it pass, and say nothing about it.

Have you not arrived at that degree of intellectual development wherein you realize beyond all doubt that all these pretty, eloquent and soft speaking phrases about matters of this kind are one thing, and the absolute demonstration of the existence of the realm of the so-called dead is another thing, and if you cannot have the proof whereon it is said all these things rest, then you may be gravely suspicious as to whether you are on the right track or the wrong track. We have naught but kind words for all good deeds and earnest work; those who contribute to the well-being of the world are, indeed, working in the interests of human progress, but there comes a time when sentiment must be put to one side when fact is required. If from the religious teacher you can get no definite answer or solution to your inquiry, then you may be pardoned for turning to other authorities to find out the knowledge, if possible, for yourselves.

"Well, why not let it be? When we are dead we shall get there if there is such a place, and if there is no such place, it will not so much matter, because we shall not know anything about it," says another.

That is comfortable doctrine, is it not? But some one says, "I really wish I could know. The Spiritualists say there is a place for souls to live in, the Church says the same, and certainly it seems that if there is a place for the soul to live in after death of the human body, that we ought to know

where it is." If it exists, it ought to be possible to prove the fact of its existence. If it is possible for human beings to enter into such a place after death, then it must be possible for them to know where it is, for all that affects humanity is within the possibility of humanity's acquisition.

"What! do you mean to say that we can know?"

Why, certainly. God has hidden nothing from you; it is only because you are shortsighted, or that your eyes are not yet strong enough to penetrate the covering that envelopes you. There is no fact in being, no possibility in nature, no reality in existence that the human consciousness does not latently possess the power of knowing, mastering, or penetrating, so far as the existence of this realm of the so-called dead is concerned, and this is only a question of time, experience and development.

Let us put the purely philosophical side of the question out of our minds for the present, and turn to the practical answer to the question, where is the realm of the so-called dead?

Ere we do this, one further point let us place before you, and we ask you to carry the remembrance of this point through the remainder of our argument, it is that you are naturally a spiritual being now; that while you have this outward body of matter, there is that inner body that we referred to in preceding addresses; that you are a real spiritual being residing interiorly to these two bodies, and therefore you are a triune composition now, and what constitutes you is not the body of matter, or the spirit body, but the basic and essential self. These three different departments, however, sustain a subtle relation to each other; the outward body is related to the inner, and both related to the interior self. Therefore, you as a spirit embodied in matter will be related to the subjective spirit world about you, as by your outer body you are related to the objective or matter world that you are externally familiar with. Therefore the first answer to the question is, that the realm of the so-called dead must, in the very nature of things, be the under side of the life that you are now living, the inner, the spiritual side of the material world in which you are now residing.

"How can that be?" Simply that when you throw aside the garment of flesh and stand disclosed altogether in the spiritual vesture beneath it, you are then in this world's inner condition just as much as you are now, and your ultimate disposal has nothing to do with the question at this point; you are in the inner conditions of this life while you are living and immediately upon your dying. Therefore the first condition or place of the spirit will be, in the great majority of cases, here in this world. "But surely that is not a very exalted result of the change." It is true. "Why don't we get to a better con-

dition at first?" We will tell you why. How many thousands of people have no conception of another state of existence, and if they have a conception of such a state, how limited they are in their opinions concerning it. In a word, the great majority of mankind have no definite idea of any other state of existence but the one they are experiencing to-day. Now when such people die how can they possibly go to a very much superior condition of existence than the one they have lately resided in? They have not developed up to it, they have not unfolded sufficiently to enable them to reach to it, they have not become spiritually exalted enough to profit by it, even if they could get to it. Therefore their affections, their associations, their faculties all being related to the people they moved amongst and to the world they lived in, all those ties, interests and desires combine with their own character of development and all tend to hold them prisoners for a greater or less period in the inner side of the world wherein they were living as mortal human beings.

"Well, then, if this is the case it does not seem that there is a great change in dying," some of you will say. But what proof is there of this? Several proofs may be adduced. You are all more or less familiar, of course, with stories of hauntings, apparitions, spectres and ghosts, and all such things, and no doubt some of you can remember in your own family records of appearances such as we have referred to. If this be the case, these hauntings, these apparitions, these spirits of departed human beings must be within the conditions of earthly existence, and under certain condition capable of making themselves manifest and visible to people still clothed in flesh. The mental and moral development of the great mass of humanity is of such a character that they can only find enjoyment among their old circles and familiar associations.

There may be a great many more spirits haunting the world, a great many more residing in the shadow lands of Spiritual life than you have any possible conception of. Then the love you bear your fellows being strong and continuous may be of itself sufficient to hold you to the earthly homestead after you have laid aside the garment of the material body. Therefore again we repeat that the first location of the realm of the so-called dead is the inner or spiritual side of the present world wherein you now reside. Is there anything derogatory in this? No, on the contrary it shows to you clearly and distinctly that the Wisdom and the Justice of God are concerned, since the Almighty Intelligence has so ordered existence that every character of development is capable of receiving that which it most needs at any and every stage of its career. If you are not fitted to the supernal realm beyond, but are fitted to reside in the modified spiritual

condition of the so-called natural world, then the Divine Wisdom has so arranged that here you receive all the ministry, comfort and aid that is requisite and needful for you at this particular period of your career. God cares for the meanest as well as for the greatest, and the result is all are ministered to according to their requirements and there is no room for complaint.

You will say, "Surely our state is not limited to one condition of existence?" You may reside here indefinitely, apparently, with friends and associates, and find comfort and pleasure, but your capacities and the invincible law of growth is such that your consciousness will expand, your desires increase, and though this world's conditions on the spiritual side of it, are resplendent and glorious, sublime beyond all your present powers to comprehend, yet the time will surely come when every soul will outgrow all that can minister to it here, and when it has exhausted that which this world can give, of necessity other and fresh conditions will be open to its needs, and again the Divine Intelligence asserts its just and beneficent operation. There is, of course, a condition, that rises from the one we have just referred to. This is but the Threshold that we have been dealing with, the first beginning, the borderland, and when you are dwellers upon the borderland, you are still undeveloped mentally, morally and spiritually, and are but very little above in character the humanity of the world around you. The vicious and ignorant, the depraved and undeveloped, are retained within the sphere of the influences of former earthly attractions; and those who are bound by ties of love and affection are also held down by this adamant chain which at present they are unable to break or snap.

But there is a better state beyond. But where is that? Aye, where? Up there, or down there? The realm of the "so-called" dead must have a location—where can it be?

We have described it before, as we shall describe it now, as a zone of spiritualized matter (substance would perhaps be the better term) folded around this world, to which it belongs, and from which it has been derived by a process of growth analogous to the elaboration and distillation of the spirit body that we have previously referred. This zone of spiritualized substance, sublime, glorious and beautiful, floats like a magnificent ring in the depths of ether, having the earth, as it were, for its centre, and it is on this zone that the ascended hosts of humanity first break the bonds of earthly attraction and sail up the magnetic rivers flowing from this world, and enter the greater country that lies beyond. This realm is an actual existence. The old supposition that heaven is "up there" is exceedingly vague, but yet there is truth in the statement, for wherever a person is, upon the surface of the globe, this spiritual

zone encircling it will be up there to that particular individual.

Here, then, we have the facts, that there is an inner spiritual life to this world, just the same as there is an inner life to yourselves, and that there is a broad zone of spiritualized substance folded around the earth, which is the realm of the so-called dead. This inner side of life is a species of receiving ward for the dead, and wherein they find their true position, whether they shall rise beyond the plane of their previous life, or still be chained by the attractions of the life they have just emerged from. But in either case this is the first stage of the realm of the so-called dead. There are realms beyond it grander, brighter, more majestic and sublime, the glory of which no words of ours could adequately describe to you, the infinite possibilities, of which, if they are disclosed to you, would fill your souls with unbounded joy. But they are beyond, ah! beyond, far beyond, what the most exalted of humanity of earth to-day could reach if they were to pass from this world this instant.

Be content with what we have placed before you. We have found some answer to the question as to where is this realm of the so-called dead. Now let us look to one or two other questions. In accordance with the nature and needs of humanity there must be a certain scientific and definite value attaching to it. But in making the next life more real, definite and tangible to you, it brings out the old opposition argument, that if it is a "spirit" world it cannot be a real world like yours, it cannot be tangible, it cannot be substantial, for "spirit" you know is immaterial. But what is materiality? It is a question of mere contrast. The solid rock is more material than the water, the water more material than the air, the air more material than the gases and yet these are the materials that make up the solid rock. The forces in the solid material can be changed to that which is volatile and evanescent. Materiality is only a question of terminology. It has to-day a certain value, a certain influence. Water is the most tangible thing that the fish is acquainted with, and the air in which man lives would be to the fish an immaterial realm. Here in this life you have a gross condition, there you have a less gross, but it is a real condition, a tangible existence in both orders of being.

Therefore let us dismiss the sophistry that the spiritual world is an immaterial world; it is as real, as actual and substantial to the people living in it, as is this world to you who now reside upon its surface. When we take this conclusion that life goes forward naturally and rationally, that there is no great break in the continuity of life by the process of death, you are led to forget your vague ideas concerning the future state, and are prepared to consider it in its real light.

Then we have another question put before us, "If this is the case, and the realm of the so-called dead is a natural world like this, then there will be no Hells and no Heavens." This old question of Heaven and Hell is a sort of perennial question that will last through all eternity, apparently. Some have located hell in the middle of the earth, the best place for it, as then it would not be large enough to hold all the people who it is said ought to go there. But this hell, this old doctrine of an infernal region, you have grown wise enough to disregard; you have put it on one side; you have put brimstone to other purposes. Science has made it a means of present torment by the aid of gunpowder and the use of bullets. The supposition that hell is down there in the centre of the earth, and that heaven is up there beyond the clouds is an utterly erroneous, false and unspiritual conception. Metaphorically and symbolically you may say that evil is beneath your feet and good up above you. But let us disabuse your minds entirely of the argument that this hell exists or that this heaven exists, for there is only one country over there for the great family of God. The same country whatever be the character and the career of man here. In your present state does not the rain fall alike upon the just and the unjust, no matter what their moral condition may be? So over there the same divine providence prevails, and the same laws of progress are outworked there as are outworked here among yourselves.

The realm of the so-called dead, then, is on the inner side of this world. Some great evil may bind your soul here; some great love may hold you captive to the influence of mortal life; some great injury you have done may form and forge chains about your soul that shall anchor you to the realm of mortal life until you have expunged the evil of the past. You may lack development, you may have been poorly trained in spiritual things; you may have failed to accomplish the unfoldment which would have lifted you free from the confines of material thought and feeling, and so you are held here, dwellers upon the threshold. There may be others in the world, gross, material, sensual and devilish, lacking every element of spiritual greatness in their unfoldment to-day, who manifest all the vices, and who are steeped to the very lees in the evils and errors of mortal being. These are held here by leaden feet, they are chained by their evil actions, because they have not the spiritual life that would enable them to soar into the fairer realms beyond. This inner side of this world, this threshold of immortality may hold and does hold millions of departed human beings. Pray that you may be able to escape tarrying there, that you may be able to step from the realm of time into the fairer country beyond the threshold. When you reach that point of

spiritualized substance, there you shall find welcoming hands to greet you, and know that you have escaped the position of a dweller upon the threshold, and have secured an entrance into the vestibule that lies beyond, for the zone that we have described to you is only a vestibule to the grander life we have referred to.

Here, then, the answer to the question, "Where is it?" has been placed before you, not resting upon our mere *ipse dixit*, because any intelligent spirit who is interrogated will substantiate every word we have said, will tell you of the verity and truth, from his own experience, that our location of the so-called dead is absolutely correct in every particular. Nay; and he may be able to confirm it from his personal experience as a dweller upon the threshold, or as a visitor from the higher zone itself that lies beyond the confines of mortal existence. As this realm is more clearly presented to your understanding and you more fully comprehend it, you will know that it is a real, actual location, a real, actual condition. In the name of Modern Spiritualism, we tell you without the slightest hesitation that the two states we have indicated—the first condition of the dead being dwellers upon the threshold, the inner side of this mortal world, the next dwellers in the vestibule, this brighter zone surrounding the mortal world, these are the first stages of man's spiritual career, and here is where the first degrees in the realm of the so-called dead will be found.

A MIXED CONGRESS.

In color the Fiftieth Congress will be a little mixed, as it will contain White, Brown and Gray. As to temper and disposition, there will be a great variety, as one member is Gay, another is Bland, another Crisp and another Wise. In the matter of provisions it will be well off, for it will have Oats, Rice, Bacon, Hogg and Berry, to say nothing of a very large Cobb. One member is Long and another is Hale.—*Brooklyn Standard Union*.

This time his spree lasted three weeks and his brain had become whisky-logged. Passing the Post Office it occurred to him to ask for letters. He fell into line, and in due time reached the window where, he was told there was nothing for him. He started off but his memory failed him, and before reaching the door he thought he would enquire for letters. When he presented himself at the window the clerk said, "You were here a moment ago; you're drunk!" It seemed to strike him that the young man spoke the truth and he answered, "Yes I'm drunk, but I'll get over that; you're a fool; you'll never get over that." The line of letter-seekers smiled gently and the clerk appeared not to have heard the mild reproof.

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 X.

CONCERNS CULTURE, ALSO MYSTERY, AND PROMISES OF LOVE. SHOWS, TOO, THAT GOOD NATURE IS NOT ALWAYS ALLIED TO GOOD SENSE.

A nation of theorists, the paradise of plati-tudinarians, the heaven of all hobbyists; the land of shrewdness in money getting; a people of parts, for nervous energy, result-ing in rush, rush, hurry and scramble, that by turns causes them to do many things, but prevents them continuing long with any. A country where change is the rest destroying demon that demoralizes all stability that sober sense would wish established. A land of high hopes and petty politicians, but a great land, a wondrous people, a land of infinite possibilities, the land of the Stars and Stripes, the great Republic of the United North American States.

A goodly city, pulsing with quick life of trade. Here is the cradle of liberty, there a towering obelisk that the beholder seeing feels stirred with varying emotions, the nature of which will depend upon his nation-ality. A city full of historic memories per-taining to battles, broils, bloodshed, brave men, sturdy patriots, and one, who, be-loved of all, became the father of his coun-try. A city upon a bay, wherein was once poured tons of the choice leaves culled in the Celestial country far away beyond the western sea by almond-eyed children of the moon, a tea-pot made by nature, the like service to which no other bay has ever yet been put to. A city where a Parker, a Pierpoint, a Channing, a Garrison, an Em-erson, a Longfellow, have been, and whose glories and triumphs of mentality give to this city an eminence, all its own. A city dear to the hearts of all citizens of the Republic of the Free; a city of trade, progress, culture, in a word, the city of Boston, seated by the sea, dreading now no foreign frigates—for she is free!

A home in this fair city, a home of elegance and comfort, a home in the near neighbor-hood of all that is amiable and attractive in one of society's certain sets, a good set, please, one that confers a social brevet upon such as enter it. A home where means were plenty, a home where good taste was evident in all things, from the smallest to the greatest. And in this home a room containing three occupants, an elderly gentleman, a young woman, and Henry Pilkins.

The gentleman was a certain Mr. Elder-

ton, father of the young lady whose name was Alice. Mr. Elderton was one of those amiable and warm-hearted people that are often met with, who, having no sons, are frequently attracted to a stranger, whom they take into their hearts and homes, in obedience to a generous impulse, that, as often as not, betrays them to a graceless traitor. He had heard Pilkins lecture, and was charmed. He had met Pilkins in private life, and that youth's artless manner had won him a friend in the person of this good-natured gentleman, whose guest he had been now for several weeks.

Alice Elderton mistrusted the stranger guest, though commanded by her father to bestow every courtesy upon one so distin-guished. Pilkins disliked Alice, as he pro-fessed to dislike all women. It was evening, and close upon the hour of a great reception in honor of Pilkins, who, as the company came, affected strange peculiarity for one thus honored. He stood apart, would take no one's hand, and presently sat himself down upon the floor playing with a puppy. To this, many said, "How extraordinary!" or "What child-like innocence!" while some very gushy girls simpered, "He is just too cunning for anything!" which was strictly true in a sense unmeant by them.

The company was miscellaneous—very. Worked-out literary hacks, sentimental women, feminine men, masculine girls, a poet; plenty of talkers, some vocalists and readers, and a general mob, each individual member of which was taking lessons in something or the other, belonged to this, that, or the other Club, League, Order, So-cietty, Circle, Institute, Class, or Body, so that one might wonder how they obtained time enough to attend to such simple mat-ters as dress, food, and rest; so busy must they be in gaining all this culture. Seated just here are a gentleman with a pale face, deep-set eyes, and a troubled look, and a fair damsel of fifty-five at least, "banged," powdered, and be-ruffled to the full, and their theme is sweetly cultured.

"Have you," he questions, "have you, my dear Miss Markinton, considered the sublimity of the Havenness of the Whither-ward? The precious mystery therein con-tained appeals to our very deepness. Soar-ing upon its breast, the Havenness of our Whitherward is a thought that burns and glows within us like a ah—er—"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Jellyby," answered his fair companion, "I have felt it, felt it rising in my soul like the mystic waters of the fabled fountain. Then I have asked my soul—tell me, oh, ye Divine Element, where, oh, where is the Whitherward of the Was?"

"Ah, dear Miss Markinton," said a third speaker, by day a clerk in a drug store, "you must ask of the Ancients of the past, they alone can tell us; they alone can roll back the curtains, and show us our former selves. I would that the Whatness of the

Was would be disclosed, then would life be-come supportable, history intelligible, prog-ress possible, and culture, soul culture, the great aim and purpose of our life." Here he emitted a great sigh and lapsed into silence, which afforded a slim-bodied youth, who claimed to be a poet in embryo, a chance to say:

"How true, how true; but, Miss Markin-ton, have not the celestial visitors given you further revelations? Do, oh, do tell us of your marvelous experiences;" whereat the listeners, now increased to goodly numbers, gathered closer in open-mouthed expect-ancy, to listen to the narrative. It must here be said that Miss Markinton was of the genus known as old maid, rich, a trifle penurious, and universally acknowledged as certainly peculiar. A firm believer in the statements of every marvel-monger, and herself a medium, or she so imagined, which, in her case, did almost as well. In res-ponse to the general desire, she told how last night dear Pansy, sleeping in her little cot, by her own bedside, was taken ill, and her groans being awful to hear, she begged the dear Masters to advise her what to do, and, so she averred, "presently my Arabian prince, in all his turbaned glory, blazing with jewels, stood before me, and smiling most benignantly upon me, gravely inclined his head, and then with a kingly sweep of his princely arm wrote in golden letters upon the air the marvellous words, 'Too much at dinner; castor oil;' instantly, my friends, I raised from my bed, I summoned my maid, we administered the remedies, Pansy was saved, and here she is as well as ever; aren't you, my dear, my lovely beauty?" asked Miss Markinton, as she lifted the cor-ner of her wrap, and disclosed the ugliest little pug puppy eyes had ever lighted upon.

Mr. Elderton had been a sympathetic listener to the foregoing marvellous narra-tion, and at its close he nodded his vener-able head in cordial approval, his amiable features being wreathed in smiles.

Another little group was busily dis-cussing a brand new discovery in thera-peutics, duly patented and copyrighted, by which was stated the comforting doctrine of the non-existence of Pain, and Matter, and that all our ills were but errors of the Mortal mind. Biblical quotations, discipleship with the beloved Master, and various edifying jargon of like sort being fully indulged in. The distinguished dis-ciple, a certain Doctor Whirling, D. C. S., which being interpreted meant Doctor of Christian Science, was laying down the axiom that "my dear friends, if you do not think you are ill, you are not ill! or again, if you erroneously think yourself to be ill, you have but to correctly set to work and think you are well. In the one case you are not ill, only in your thinking; in the other case you make yourself well because your thought cures you. Mortal mind has

no existence, as you clearly perceive, but as you think right, you come into harmony with the Christ sphere, into the God-mind, and so, by correctly understanding the principles of my great discovery, you can eliminate all sin, wrong-doing, disease and evil from the world, none of which things exist but in the incorrect thoughts of undeveloped beings! So by the rules of my great revelation, you can restore your natures to their pristine purity of Eden, in the full spirit of the Christ-life, wherein, surely, you can think no evil thing."

The Doctor had risen from his seat, and had delivered the above eloquent plea in an oracular manner, well calculated to impress his hearers with the wisdom and benevolence of his purposes, his modesty alone preventing him referring them to his wonderful book, from the pages of which his remarks had been bodily extracted. Standing by his side was a quite tall, graceful man, of possibly five and twenty years of age. A clear cut face, keen eyes, well-balanced head. A man nervous in action, of refined physique, and evidently a clear-minded man, though just now a suspicious pucker of his mouth, and twinkling in his eyes, showed a love of fun as part of his character. While Doctor Whirling had been speaking, this young man had obtained a good-sized pin—a shawl-pin, in fact—and bending it in a way well known to school-boys, laid it upon the seat of the Doctor's chair, unobserved by any except Alice Elderton, who smiled softly but made no sign, for Hubert Lundy was her accepted lover. The learned disciple of Christian Science, who, scorning all experience, boldly denied the reality of pain, presently sat down. Being a portly man he sat down with calm and dignified deliberation, the downward momentum could not be checked in time. The pin did its work in the most effective place and manner, and with a howl of anguish, and an exclamation that ended in 'ation, the doctor sprung like a rocket from his chair, whereupon Hubert Lundy laughingly said, "Pain is pretty real now, isn't it, doctor?" at which the thoughtless spectators were ungenerous enough to laugh to the doctor's entire discomfiture, so for the rest of the evening he sat glum and scowling in a corner by himself.

Between Pilkins and Lundy there was an absence of cordial affection, which argued great dissimilarity in their tastes. True, both were engaged in the same good work of disseminating their principles, as they severally understood them; yet it was a noticeable fact that Lundy was never serious upon the subject of Pilkins, while it seemed that Pilkins was afflicted with severe myopy whenever Lundy was present. Hubert Lundy had, confidentially to Alice's private ear, admitted that Pilkins exerted a most peculiar influence upon the flexor and extensor muscles of his dexter pedal extremity

so much so, that at times, it demanded all his self-command to keep that member firmly upon the ground. Pilkins' opinion of the handsome young man was, that he was an insufferable prig, an unmitigated snob, and he had privately resolved to break up his hopes over Alice Elderton becoming his wife, for Hubert had grievously angered Pilkins by publicly calling him an ill-bred cub. Strange two such good men were so unfriendly to each other, at least, so Pilkins' friends said.

The company proceeded to settle themselves, as Mr. Elderton advanced to the head of the rooms for the purpose of formally introducing the hero of the hour, who casting a furtive look over all present, came awkwardly to the front. He scanned the company carefully again, and then a smirk flitted across his features as he saw before him a somewhat aged lady of benevolent appearance. Pilkins was now an improvisator, alike in music and poetry as in oratory, and for two mortal hours he alternately played, sang, talked, made rhymes, and dealt in bathos, at the like of which musicians weep, philosophers go mad and poets turn green with rage. Egypt's Osiris, India's Buddha, the gods of Greece and Rome; geology, physics, astronomy, theosophy, Hindoo Nirvana, French serial lives; partial, actual, and fragmentary re-embodiments of departed souls. These and much more were kaleidoscopically flashed before the assembly, to the bewilderment, but excited satisfaction, of nearly all, but especially to the pleasure of Miss Amanda Tulbythorpe, the middle-aged lady already noted, who warmly shook Pilkins' hand as he resumed his seat.

The commotion aroused by the enthusiasm incident to Pilkins' retirement having subsided, several voices called for Hubert Lundy, who presently responded. His speech was too long for reproduction here in full, but this, in substance, is what he said: He was a Spiritualist, a medium, and an American. (Hear.) Perhaps he ought to have put it the other way? He was not a Pilkins (a laugh.) They had heard of Pilkins—for two delightful hours that night. (Scowl from Pilkins.) Pilkins was from England. England was proud of him. No doubt, America would learn to like him, easier, he hoped than most of us learned to like olives. (Laughter.) For his own part he was not an orator, a musician, a poet, even. They must pity him, pray for him, and trust he would either get converted, or be re-incarnated! (Loud laughter.) Their friend Pilkins had been reincarnated forty times! It must be becoming monotonous. (Symptoms of disgust by Pilkins.) Pilkins had told them all—that he doubtless had culled from books, whose authors he had named. Have the departed no better sources of knowledge than books published on earth? Of course they were entitled to use all our experiences, and experimental

practice and philosophy to help out their statements. He knew they could and did do this, but when they relied entirely upon such aids, his own opinion was, they were earth-bound spirits, who knew no more than we, ourselves. (Applause.) He was a medium. He was glad of it. Why? Because it had developed character, balance, aspiration, moral progress, self-reliance in him. Because the good souls that came to him urged him to stand up and be a man. (Applause.) He was a Spiritualist. What did that mean to him? This: That it was a rational determining of the present nature of man in regard to his future conditions. That loving friends could return, give us counsel, guide us, even teach us as to many important matters needful for us to know, he was perfectly satisfied. But that beneficent spirits should forsake their homes to make men mouth things that betrayed an ill-digested jumble of differing and opposing doctrines, he neither believed then, or ever expected to believe in future. Spiritual communion enabled us to meet our departed friends again, was the master key unlocking the gates of death. As the spirits told him, so he believed, that manly, useful, honest lives on earth were the best means by which to gain happiness hereafter. (Applause.) That was his idea of the ethical side of the question. Scientifically, he felt, as his unseen mentors taught him, that spiritual phenomena were in the domain of natural law, verifiable, demonstrable, and having no lot or part in the trickster's art or the sophisms of the crafty. He had hoped in vain for one word of earnest work that night. In vain! Finally he pleaded eloquently and passionately for a reasonable Spiritualism that should deal with the tremendous questions of Being, Life, Death, Immortality, Man, Deity, human progress, religion, morals, mental culture, in a manner befitting the momentous nature of these themes. "Spiritualism," said Hubert Lundy, "can do this: It tells us of our noble natures, godlike attributes, and glorious heritage. It gives us clear facts, which explain what death is, and what it leads to. It reveals our own latent powers, possibilities, and future prospects. It lives in our better selves, lifting us above mechanical conventionality alike in religion, as in morals. It is a bright and glorious presence in our midst, and, by rightly grasping its significance, we may be armed to go out and battle against the giant wrongs, falsehoods, and fears, that dominate, or enslave our fellows in matters of religion, philosophy, science, or morals. Platitudinising, wonder-mongering, playing at doing our duty—all are useless. Let us work here. Being wonderful mediums is not all. Seeing marvelous phenomena is not all. Striving to o'er top all in a voracious greed to monopolize all work and honor is not all. We must cease to play the fool, individually or col-

lectively. Why not here, in the Hub of the universe, in this modern Athens, in this city of culture, strike out a path, through the tangled forests of evil and suffering, along which our sad and weary fellows may walk to pleasant plains beyond? Undoubtedly their British co-believer would unite in such good work, in which self must be sacrificed for others' good?" Here the speaker sat down amid a storm of applause, and Pilkins viciously dropped his little pet, which he had nursed, as if indifferent to the speaker's utterances, and as Hubert passed him, pointedly turned his back upon him, but Alice Elderton smiled upon him, and that was reward enough.

(To be continued.)

Original Contributions.

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

The Ancients.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

The Ancients, who were brave and wise,
Taught many a lesson in their day,
Wherein a world of beauty lies,
For great and glorious were they,
And clear of sight—serenely bore
The discipline and ills of life;
They ate the pure and simple food
The earth did give, and quelled the strife
With which their age and day were rife,
In ways benign—the earnest good,
The honored ties of brotherhood,
The mystic rites and subtle lore
That Nature held for them in store
They most sublimely understood.

Crowned with the glory of their time,
They stand as models most sublime;
They taught us lessons, how to live
And grow divine; to sweetly give
Our spirits to the Great All Wise
Benignant Father, with their eyes
Serenely bent on Paradise.

God spake to them as by a plan
Conceived themselves, as man to man—
They made them temples in the grove,
There sought the glare of life to shun,
And by their mystic rituals strove
To call down wisdom from the sun
They strove; it gave them of its light.
They knocked, its glory led them in,
Whereby the spirit, sense and sight
Were cleansed and made intact of sin.

The moon its silvery beauty shed,
With mighty lore the stars were fraught,
Whose oracles divinely led
Into the dazzling realms of thought,
Their thirsty souls; and thus they grew,
Thus by their habits, lore and grace,
They molded, polished, shaped and wrought
A deathless portion of their race.

Indeed, 'tis glorious to know
That wisdom lived so long ago;
That Gleeman, Skald and Druid saw
The working of Eternal Law.
That Homer, Plato, Socrates,
Pythagoras, Diogenes,
And others of that olden time,
Were clothed with an immortal light;
Whereby their souls essayed to climb
Unto so fair and grand a height,

That Nature with her laurel leaves
Pronounced them gods; and from her sheaves,
Her jewels and her garlands fair
Did crown and bless them then and there.

Ah, thus she crowned them; thus she gave,
Instead of wealth and fleeting name,
Eternal Life—a faith sublime,
A future destiny and fame
As deathless as the sun; as bright,
As fair and gorgeous as the flame
Of its resplendent, golden light.
San Francisco, Nov. 1, 1887.

Psychometry.

BY A. F. MELCHERS.

Psychometry is the art or science of delineating human character by the influences sensed in connection with them. All those who are in the ranks of Spiritualism are more or less sensitive to these influences, and for the simple reason that spirit intercourse promotes its development.

It is a well known fact that selfishness repels, or that persons who are selfish repel us. Now, supposing we meet a stranger, and the same unwillingly repels us, may we not infer from this that he is selfish?

Such is sensing an influence, or the motion which arises from a cause within. If the most active cause, or the highest qualification in an individual is selfishness, it will be sensed above all other attributes or forces of the being, and so with other qualifications comparatively. The next influence sensed following the first is the next highest qualification. So a person may have a selfish qualification or force, and a virtue like benevolence, charity or sympathy beside it. In that event, we will be both repelled and attracted simultaneously, or alternately. If the selfish force is the most active, we will be first repelled, then attracted, and *vice versa*. But if there is no virtue in conjunction with selfishness, we will be simply repelled, and may take due notice and govern ourselves accordingly.

As well as selfishness has its definite effect on the sensitive or psychometrist so-called, all other evils or discords have a like definite effect, and by which the same may be detected in the one possessing them. Observation, experience and comparisons with other sensitives have led us to discover the following *modus operandi* as the most universally suited to all persons who are in the least psychometric or sensitive to influences, and through which no mistake can be made in delineating character, or at least in discovering a person's most active qualifications, whether good or bad.

As before stated, selfishness in a being repels, while love in any form attracts. In like manner arrogance disturbs, either physically or mentally, according to circumstances. If the arrogance is accompanied by other virtues in conjunction with it, it simply perturbs or causes one to become

uneasy or fidgety, but if not, it makes nervous, and sometimes to such a degree as to cause nausea. Active sensualism, or lust in a being, *offends, i. e.*, causes a momentary avoidance of glances, and which, when unaccompanied by propriety or deference, is regarded as impudence. Very sensitive persons manifest a shudder when pierced by the glances of a lustful individual, although the average sensitive simply feels like avoiding such, and intuitively get out of their way.

Such are the three principal effects experienced by the three principal evils in man. On the other hand, their opposites, the three prime virtues, love, humility and purity, have an opposite effect. As before stated love attracts, but humility becalms, and causes one to feel as if enveloped in a sphere or aura of peace—humility being will-power freed from arrogance or animal impulsiveness. Purity, involuntary, inspires with respect, and causes the sensitive to feel no reluctance whatever of coming in contact with such an individual—the opposite being most readily detected by shaking hands. To feel a chillness, a reluctance, or like touching something unclean in the hand-shake, is a sure indication of passion. If followed by a shudder, the passion is sensual; if it appears clammy, or as if something has stuck to it, with an involuntary disposition to wipe it off for sometime after, indicates selfish passion, or will-power perverted by selfishness, or misused for selfish or arrogant purposes—passion being a misuse of intelligence, will or love, for sensual, arrogant or selfish purposes.

Intelligence misused for sensual purposes leads to lust, intemperance, gluttony, etc. Will-power misused for vain or material purposes, leads to arrogance, haughtiness, false pride or self-righteousness. Love misused for selfish purposes, leads to avarice, jealousy, envy, hatred or malice. But misused for arrogant purposes leads to vindictiveness or revengefulness, and for sensual purposes to sentimentality, love-sickness, so-called, and to melancholy. But will-power misused for selfish or malicious purposes constitutes crime. Such is selfish passion, and manifests itself as anger, an unsteady or bleached eye, timidity, cowardice, fear, suspiciousness, untruthfulness, and often a scowling or sullen expression of countenance—the latter two, though only when crime is intended, or has been committed, and not yet followed by regret, remorse or a stricken conscience. The aforementioned are mostly indications of a guilty conscience, even if the crime has only been one that is regarded as such in the eyes of morality or Divine Law. Anger is a human development of animal emotion—a continuation of the same in self-conscious form, and those who possess it, will always be found to have more or less irascibility, impetuosity, impatience or nervousness with it, indicating that it is per-

verted will-power, or will-power made impotent by some means or another. Whether through past excesses, unlawful indulgences or other encroachments on divine nature, is indifferent—crime it is in the eyes of God, and those who carry such a burden on their shoulders, not only feel the weight thereof, themselves, in the form of oppression, or a disposition to sigh, but affect sensitives with a similar stifling sensation, and when forcing their hand-shake on them, affect them as above described. The former may be offset to the degree that the sensitive is positive in nature, or reached positively through moral or spiritual unfoldment, but the physical touch always leaves an aura which may be very consciously felt for sometime after, and, therefore, the inclination to wipe off the hand after a shake.

But this is not all. Every article coming from a human being partakes of his or her aura, and in handling this, the sensitive may psychometrize accordingly. If a letter, particle of clothing or lock of hair feels clammy to the touch, or causes a reluctance to handle it, the same judgment may be formed as above. But if it has an opposite effect, it is in accord with nature, and as such may be handled without fear of being contaminated.

An involuntary sigh occasioned by the touch betrays selfishness simply, a disposition to yawn indicates sensuality, and a tremulousness tells of arrogance, the various auras affecting the physical body in this way. A combination of these evils creates the various effects in rotation, or according to the activity of the evil, the greatest being sensed first. On the other hand love causes a sudden feeling of joy to be experienced, a momentary bubbling up of soul happiness, but as suddenly leaving again, because the medium's normal condition cannot be disturbed or brought out of its equilibrium for more than a moment at a time, and also, because in most cases, the object becomes charged with the medium's aura during this moment's interval and thus destroys its virtue. Therefore in psychometrizing an article, it is well not to touch it until in a condition ready to receive impressions from the same, i. e.; to sense the aura. Larger objects, like a dress or a coat, may be psychometrized a great many times before the owner's aura becomes neutralized by the touch of another.

As love is known by a feeling of joy, humility is sensed by a feeling of calmness or momentary placidity coursing through the whole being, and purity by a feeling of delight in handling it, the same appearing to gratify the touch. Involuntarily rubbing one's hands in glee, is very often due to being *en rapport* with some delight-infusing condition or influence; whereas when feeling as if one's hair were standing on ends, or overcome by a disagreeable and extremely delicate or slimy feeling, betokens the *rap-*

port of just the opposite, and often occasioned by an animal, snake or reptile, or by a person who has such inclinations.

Feeling suddenly disturbed in one's meditations or labor indicates that the thought of another person is upon us. If it *irritates*, the thought is selfish, or the person's intention towards us is selfish, and by practice one may be able to distinguish by the influence who the person is. If it makes *restless*, the thought is arrogant, or that person's demands on us are impertinent. If it causes *languor* or an unwilling laziness to overcome us, the thought is commingled with sensualism, or that that person has some very active sensual force in connection with his being. If it causes us to yawn besides, it betokens sensual passion, and if discontent, selfish passion.

The latter also indicates that spirits of this category are present, only that such cause drowsiness or sleep to overcome us besides yawning, or a listlessness, which amounts to the same thing. When accompanied by a tremulousness, it indicates the *control* by such spirits, whose special passion may be psychometrized as above. But if accompanied by nausea or a mental perturbation it betrays the control of an arrogant spirit, or a so-called mocker.

Such are the rudiments of psychometry, and those who master a comprehension of the above-named influences will obtain other information in connection with it, which not only lead to a comprehension of self, but of human nature generally, and as man is an epitome of the universe, the study of man leads to a knowledge of Divine Nature, or God so-called, the first cause of all life in the universe or the real life within, the absolute, the immortal.

CHARLESTON, S. C., October, 1887.

The Spiritual Philosophy.

No. 2.

DEATH AND THE AFTER LIFE: WHAT THEY ARE NOT, AND WHAT THEY ARE.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The fear of death has been sedulously fostered among men by a corrupt and corrupting theology, thereby fastening its tyrannic gripe upon the souls, the consciences, and the pockets of creed-cursed humanity, until the process of physical dissolution has verily become to many, what in popular parlance it is often called, "the king of terrors." The inspiring, beneficent principles of the spiritual philosophy, however, dethrone this monster grim that has for ages held despotic sway over heart and mind of man; and lo! instead of the hideous visage and fiendish glare of the relentless demon, erst clamoring ever for the best and brightest of earth's children to glut his insatiate maw, we now behold a fair

and loving maiden, wooing, with gladdening smile and sweetest song, to soft repose and ever-blissful dreams.

The change called death is shown, by Spiritualism's soul-cheering teachings, to be an inestimable blessing in the economy of nature; the pathway to the brigher glories and purer felicities of the "sweet bye-and-bye," than which a richer boon can scarcely be vouchsafed mankind. By and through it we rejoin those so long considered as "our loved and lost," but who are now, thanks to the glorious evangel of Spiritualistic truth, "not lost, but gone before;" ever watching, ever waiting, for the gladsome time when loving friends and kindred souls, still dwellers upon mundane shores, shall, by angelic zephyrs, be wafted along the meandrous, magnetic streams circulating for aye in spacial depths, in an unending rhythmic ebb and flow, between subastrial polar circles and shimmering summer lands, within which latter joyful reunions incessantly are seen of child and parent, wife and husband, friend and friend, never to be severed more.

What a heavy load of fearful dread and dire expectancy, at thought of sure-coming death, has been lifted from the minds of hosts of true-hearted, loving souls, through the deep-seated joy and lasting peace, blissful, beatific, sweet, imparted to them, one and all, by the full realization of the divine import of the spiritual gospel. Relief from fear of death constitutes a gleaming jewel in the diadematic circle crowning the laurel-entwined brow of Modern Spiritualism.

Eternal punishment, another monster ghastly and gaunt, has fallen to the earth, transfixed by the piercing dart of spiritual revelation. Long has he reared his haughty crest, traversing far and wide our planet's broad area, scattering on every side despair and gloom, bitterness and woe. Spiritualism, with its ministering angels from the better land, is following in his wake, dispelling the anguish, doubt, and fear, the torturing sorrows and hopelessness forlorn, engendered by this fiend malevolent. Who can depict the woe immeasurable, the agonizing martyrdoms, undergone from age to age, consequent upon the confident acceptance of this diabolic dogma. How many sensitive hearts, and warm, affectionate souls, have mourned and moaned over the irremediable loss, in Satan's malefic clutch, of loving kinsmen and of dearest friends,—mothers for their offspring, wives for their husbands, sisters for their brothers; but since the light of Spiritualism's benignant truths have flashed athwart their darkened minds, irradiating their beclouded understandings with their heavenly teachings, with "good tidings of great joy to all people," the eye is dried, the tear is checked, the sob is hushed, the sigh is smothered, and happiness reigns supreme where wretchedness and heartache

were ere now paramount; delight ineffable now fills each buoyant soul erewhile sore burdened with misery and care, affliction, desolation.

Through Spiritualism's eternal verities, we know that progress unending is the primal birthright of the human race; though scarred with sins innumerable, though seared with imperfections manifold, the scars will disappear, the imperfections vanish, through patient effort and persistent struggle to reach the purer state. No heart so black with hate and fierce malignity but what in time will be attuned to purest harmony and sweetest love; no soul so blood-enstained, so thickly crusted o'er with vice and crime, depravity and villainy, but what is destined, as the ages roll, to be redeemed therefrom,—to walk arrayed in robes of purest white, symbolic of abiding virtue, purity, and truth. No child of Father God, no scion of Mother Nature, can ever be situate beyond their all-embracing arms,—the arms of Infinite Beneficence engirding every universe.

The same exalted destiny inevitably awaits all men and women, whether on this or on the myriad other earths and globes infilling space; progress in wisdom, love, and truth through sempiternal ages; all evil, viciousness, and pain being transient, fleeting, and all good, all truth, all love, imperishable, eternal. Realizing this, what a well-spring of joy perpetual springs up within our hearts and souls, making life even here below a heaven, the prelude to those deeper joys, those purer raptures, of the second sphere. Welcome, thrice welcome, thou blessed Spiritualism! revealing as thou dost, a life in store for all beyond the tomb, rational, free, and natural, yet such that neither tongue nor pen can ever portray to our undeveloped, embryonic minds and consciousness, unable as they are, in their present immaturity, to comprehend, save in faintest gleam, the inconceivable yet absolutely veritable realities awaiting one and all "over there."

What is heaven? A place in some obscure corner of God's universe, where a few sanctified and sanctimonious pietists will wear golden crowns, play golden harps, wave palm branches, and chant interminable psalms around the throne of the Great I-Am forever and for aye? Such is the popular conception of what some are pleased to call heaven, but such a place or condition the spiritual philosophy knows naught of. Instead of this soul-dwarfing, spirit-benumbing conception of the Radiant Beyond, it tells us of a rational, natural, human existence in the realm of souls, a solid, substantial world, a purified and beautified earth, so to speak; with undulating hills and verdant valleys, purling streams and fragrant flowers, meandering rivulets and glassy lakes; with wealth of field and forest, grotto and bower; with sportive lambkins and paradisaical birds; with towns and cities, hamlets

and villages, brotherhoods and associations, schools and sanatoria, colleges and laboratories, museums and observatories, newspapers and libraries, theatres and art galleries, temples and towers, *chateaux* and palaces, rural cottages and stately mansions. A sphere where each and all have homes, real, substantial, true, unincumbered with deed or mortgage, but held in fee simple by each occupant; where each soul has all things for its use and benefit, according to its desire and needs; where no one may possess more than can be utilized for his or others' benefit; where hoarding and the miser's occupation are unknown; where the only poverty seen is poverty of soul, of mind, of virtue, of intelligence; the only riches, wealth of purity, wealth of wisdom, wealth of love, wealth of right thoughts and right deeds.

Contrast this reasonable heaven, where every legitimate desire finds, in time, its full fruition; where all the ties of affection and consanguinity are doubly cemented; where all true-mated souls—husbands and wives—are joined in union rapturous, eternal; where parents and their children meet in glad, harmonious families; where kindred souls and bosom friends each finds his *fidus Achates*, heart to heart and soul to soul, in one vast brotherhood of love!—contrast this with the aristocratic, seven-by-nine, psalm-singing, golden-streeted elysium held up for our attainment, offered as a reward for self-debasement and groveling lickspitlism, a royal bounty vouchsafed to those feeble-minded, tremulous souls who, conscious of their own paucity of virtuous endeavor and poverty of worth and righteousness, hope that, by confessing reliance upon the vicarious merit of a holy scapegoat, they will, thereby, secure for themselves a front seat in the select Jehovistic choral band,—“that tuneful quire” making the Judæan Olympian Heights resonant with the twang of thousand-stringed harps, the doleful caroling of the Lamb's redeemed, and the melodious warblings of the four great beasts encompassing the throne, singing both day and night in an indesinent strain of bestial godliness.

The heaven of the Spiritualist is largely devoted to intellectual and moral culture, to development of the soul in all possible directions. The various powers and faculties of the mind will be fostered and cultivated, trained into full exercise and vigor. The arts and sciences, poetry, oratory, music and every accomplishment, mental and spiritual, inherent in greater or less degree in each human soul, in due time will be thoroughly nurtured and cultured by all; and, keeping pace with the intellectual, the moral nature will be fully expanded in all directions, the whole character thus being rounded out into perfect proportions,—charity (in its true expression), purity, aspiration, truth, fraternity, adorning every

soul, and heaven indeed an Eden of joy and peace, unity and love.

For the better elucidation of the point in hand, it has been deemed fitting in the foregoing to use the term “heaven” in its generally received acceptation as expressive of a locality or place, rather than in its true spiritual signification as indicative of a mental condition, harmony of mind, as usually employed in spiritual literature.

The next article in this series will consist of an exposition of the evolution of the spiritual universe, as revealed to us from *savants* resident in the second sphere, or the spiritual world proper pertaining to our planet.

Woman's Mission.

BY MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD.

How all-embracing is this theme! Is there anything in this life that woman's sympathy, tenderness, and love, does not hallow, and he who will not admit this is less than a man. Can we imagine aught that would be the better by woman's exclusion?—on the contrary, we know that wherever woman is placed on an equality with her brother man, there is the most perfect work. This is the natural order of things. But how far is this generation from approximating even to this condition? Our sisters have been treated more like toys, to be used, played with, then put aside, than as God-given co-workers, lifelong companions. Here and there are noble men far in advance of their time, who can see and appreciate this idea of woman's equality with man. But the masses, oh, how benighted! And yet, I believe there are untold numbers, who need only to have thought awakened to this subject, to see the unjust role they have played.

Would they believe that at man's door lies the degradation of woman? that debarring her from the right to labor in occupations to which she was adapted by nature to fill, they have forced her into those which, from being overcrowded, were scarcely remunerative enough to keep soul and body together? And so she has been driven to sin or starvation, for it is a well known fact that men will pay very liberally to degrade woman, who would not give a penny to help her honorably to maintain herself.

I thank the good angels that I can see a glimmer of light for the oppressed. Public opinion is being formed that will tell in the future. I believe there is a wave sweeping over the world, permeating everywhere it can find entrance, inciting the people to think, to act. May justice and love rule in the future, then all will have their rights and woman's mission be understood.

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The Signs of the Time.

There seems to be a general feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction among all classes of people throughout the civilized world. To a looker-on from another sphere it has the appearance and similitude of the stir and bustle of morning after the night of slumber has passed, and the people are aroused to the duties and activities of another day. So humanity seems to be just waking up from the lethargic condition of the past and realizing that "life is real, life is earnest," and it is time something should be done. The masses have been so long accustomed to being ruled by the few, and those few the more cunning and crafty of their kind, that they have not realized to what extent they were becoming enslaved by the wily ones in church and state who have been steadily drawing the lines closer and closer until the liberties of the people have become endangered, and the money king developed

into a heartless tyrant crushing beneath his iron, despotic heel the rights of the people, until want and beggary are the heritage of millions who should have comfort and plenty. In Europe a crisis is imminent. A recent dispatch from London says:—

"Pauperism is on the increase in the metropolis. Last week relief was given to 53,164 indoor and 35,110 outdoor paupers. The total shows an increase of 2,011 over the corresponding week last year. Trafalgar Square pavement is half covered nightly with houseless vagrants, and church steps, benches, and doorways in nearly all parts of London have their compliments of destitute people after midnight. Many resort to the parks in the daytime to obtain on the grass the sleep which they are unable to get on the stones by night, and begging cannot be suppressed by the police."

What a spectacle for a city boasting of its wealth and refinement; the capital of one of the proudest monarchies upon the globe! No wonder that the herds of starving human cattle are driven through the streets by armed police to keep them from deeds of violence in order to appease the pangs of hunger. And what must eventually be the outcome of all this wrong and oppression by titled rulers and inhuman, avaricious landlords? *The outcome will be the inauguration of the reign of Justice.* Too long already has she been dethroned, while vile usurpers have reigned instead. This happy consummation will not be the result of a single effort for freedom. It will come through the gradual development, growth, and progress of liberal thought among the ignorant masses, who, when fully realizing their deep degradation, and understanding the natural, inalienable rights of humanity to the products of the planet whose offspring they are, they will speedily set about reconstructing governments until equity shall have been established.

The signs of the times indicate this general awakening of the people. They indicate as surely as the hand upon the dial, that it is high noon for humanity. And in this noontide splendor of spiritual illumination which is pouring floods of light into the hitherto darkened understandings of the millions of earth's children they are beginning to awaken to a comprehension of the principles of justice, and when once fully aroused the battle cry of freedom will resound throughout the earth, and fetters shall be broken, and captive humanity set free.

Mrs. L. P. Howell.

This accomplished and talented singer closed her services at Metropolitan Temple last Sunday evening, where she has been singing for the past four months. Before rendering the closing piece Mr. Morse made the following appropriate remarks, and presented resolutions which were heartily adopted by the large congregation present.

"I have a little duty to perform, friends, which is partly pleasant and partly sorrowful. I perform it on behalf of the management of these meetings and on behalf of you who attend, and on behalf of myself, as well. The services of our good friend, Mrs. L. P. Howell, as you know from the resignation which was read from this platform in the early part of the month, takes effect from this evening. It is always a sorrow and a regret to part from those we have become acquainted with and feel attached to. Partings, however, are the lot of mortals in this world, and when such occasions as this arise we feel within our hearts that parting is such sweet sorrow we could say good-bye until to-morrow morning. I will relieve you from the necessity of staying the next four hours by submitting just a brief resolution to you on behalf of the entire congregation and society. I put all my sympathy, all my feeling and personal good will into this resolution, and shall put it in when it is carried by the audience, as I have no doubt it will be unanimously. It is a very poor and inadequate resolution, it is true, but we know it will be accepted by our good sister in the spirit in which it is given.

Resolved, "That in parting with our accomplished soprano, Mrs. L. P. Howell, whose resignation takes effect to-night, we beg to assure her of the pleasure we have derived from her vocal contributions to our services, and extend to her our assurances of hearty good will and most cordial esteem."

As Mrs. Howell was about to leave the platform she was presented with a magnificent basket of flowers, sent up from the audience, amid enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman contributes another deeply interesting article this week, upon "Death and the After Life," which we are sure will be highly appreciated by the DOVE's readers.

"Dress."

We are in receipt of several numbers of the above named magazine edited and published by Annie Jenness-Miller, New York. It is devoted to the practical and beautiful in women's and children's clothing, physical culture and kindred subjects. It is a book that every woman should subscribe for and carefully read, as it contains suggestions of great value to women who are desirous of lightening the burdens which fashionable attire imposes upon them. Mrs. Miller has invented a system of dress which is not only healthful and beautiful but also conforms in its outward appearance to the most elegant and fashionable styles. We shall make extracts from this journal frequently.

A reform in dress is of the utmost importance before women can successfully meet the emergencies of life with any degree of comfort, health, or happiness. We know that the greatest obstacles in the way of woman's advancement are the physical disabilities imposed upon her by the torturous, abominable manner in which she is accustomed to clothe herself.

The tight, narrow-soled, high-heeled shoes, excruciating corsets, long, heavy skirts which are supported by many bands around the waist, causing a dragged-out, tired feeling that is almost insupportable at times, must be exchanged for comfortable, common-sense garments which allow the perfect freedom and full play of every organ and portion of the body, before anything like health or comfort can be obtained.

How frequently we hear unfavorable comments upon the physical degeneracy of the women of the present day when compared with the women of our grandmother's time. Some eminent physicians declare that a few generations more at the present rate of decline, and Americans will be reduced to a nation of invalids. For, with the injurious habits of chewing and smoking tobacco, and whiskey drinking by the men, and the unhealthful dress of women, the children of such parents will become mentally and physically weaker until such hereditary conditions of ill health are established, as will result in the chronic invalidism of the people. Women have become so accustomed to consider it an evidence of refinement to be "small and delicate, pale and intellectual looking" like the heroines of

trashy novels, that they take particular pains to obliterate the traces of health they might possess, by artificial methods, until round, full, well-developed forms, glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, tall, commanding figures, are rarely seen.

In place of these we see tired, care-worn faces, sallow complexions, (unless concealed by paint or powder) small, scrawny figures with an unnatural breadth of shoulders and hips, and a waist like a wasp or an hour-glass, compressed out of all naturalness by a constant and idiotic system of tight lacing. We have seen fashionably dressed woman in the streets of this city who appeared like caricatures of the female form. Some Spiritualists decry the agitation of this, or any of the reform movements, upon spiritual platforms, or through the spiritual press; clamoring for a "pure Spiritualism" uncontaminated with "side issues."

Such people have very narrow, contracted views of Spiritualism, if they think it can serve its mission to humanity when confined to glowing descriptions of a beautiful Summer Land, and the congenial occupation of floating around on clouds by its inhabitants.

We need something more practical to enable us to get through this life properly. We must take hold of the live issues of the day and make physical conditions better before we can spiritualize people. Hungry, half-clothed, homeless ones can be made far more spiritual by good food, clothes and shelter than they can by sermons or tracts, whether they come from orthodox pulpits or spiritual rostrums. There are no "side issues" to Spiritualism; it is all-embracing as the sunlight, penetrating and permeating all true reform, of which it is the soul and inspiration.

A Spiritualism that is confined to the seance room or lecture hall can never reach the masses any more than a Sunday religion which will not bear the wear and tear of every day life.

Let us first lay a solid foundation in physical perfection, and the spiritual structure will grow as naturally as the fragrance is emitted from the perfect rose. But some people think they must have the spirit—the fragrance—developed first and the rose afterwards, but it is not according to nature, consequently does not work that way.

The explanation of the spirit portraits appearing in this issue, will be found on another page under heading of "Description of Spirit Pictures."

Spiritual Meetings.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

The usual services were held in this place on Sunday, Oct. 30th. The morning service was devoted to answering questions from the audience by the control of Mr. J. J. Morse, and in the evening to a lecture upon "The Spirit World; Its Punishments and Rewards. Excellent vocal music by Mrs. Howell and Mr. Seeley.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The services held at this Hall under the auspices of the Progressive Spiritualists are usually devoted to conference and tests. Last Sunday afternoon Dr. Paulson of Oakland made the opening address upon the subject of "Happiness." He was followed by Mrs. L. E. Drake and Judge Collins. Mrs. Eggert Aitken gave platform tests and Mrs. Rutter sang in a very touching manner, "Oh, Where Is My Wandering Boy." Dr. Schlesinger gave sittings to sceptics in the usual satisfactory manner.

The Union Spiritual Meetings at 111 Larkin street continue to attract crowded houses of earnest investigators. Good speakers, good mediums, and good music are the attractions.

Chips.

"An infidel! how easy said; but wherefore comes the name?
What is 'infidelity' I ask? And is it cause for shame?
Is it to take for truth and right what reason has weighed well?
To prove all things—hold fast the good? Then am I infidel!
Is it to trust with fearless faith the light within the soul,
Heeding the voice that speaks within, spurning all false control?
Trusting in inspiration past, in inspiration now,
Selecting wheat from out the chaff, where'er it comes or how,
Believing heaven oft fills our souls with promptings pure and high—
If this be infidelity, then infidel am I;
Unflinchingly I face the scorn, freely accept the shame (?),
For if an infidel mean this I glory in the name.
With angel breathings round me oft, with hopes most bright and clear;
With earnest soul-pants after truth, I cannot stop to fear.
With love to God, and love to man, to justice, truth and right,
Heaven grant I ne'er be infidel to past or present light.
To creed-bound dogmas, false though old, I've bid a last adieu
Your fetters ne'er can bind my soul—I'm infidel to you."

The interested might do well to see what is offered on our page under heading "Spiritual Science University."

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.

A beautiful poem from the pen of Mrs. E. L. Watson will appear in the DOVE next week. We have also a biographical sketch of the veteran Spiritualist, Herman Snow, by the same gifted lady, which will also appear if our engravings are completed in time.

Mrs. J. L. York's letter from the City of Brotherly Love will be found full of interesting items. We are pleased to hear of the success which has attended the labors of our friends in the cause of mental liberty since leaving California. May they return in safety to their sunset home is our sincere desire.

Mr. J. J. Morse and Dr. Schlesinger left the city on Monday last for a brief visit to Tulare, in response to the urgent request of friends in that section. We trust the trip will prove mutually beneficial to all concerned, and we have no doubt it will, as Mr. Morse is unequalled as a trance-speaker and intelligent exponent of the spiritual philosophy, while Dr. Schlesinger is unrivalled as a test medium by any on this coast. We know of no two persons more eminently qualified to expound and demonstrate the truths of Spiritualism.

France has taken a very important step in emancipating education from the power of the church, completely secularizing education. Under the present law religious associations are no longer allowed, as such, to give instruction in public schools, and all schools taught by priests are to be superseded by public schools. The Ultramontanes are bitterly hostile to this law, and call it religious oppression, but it is firmly maintained. The Minister of Instruction says that in public instruction there cannot be two authorities, church and state, with equal sovereignty. There is but one sovereignty, that of the State.—*Journal of Man.*

Emily S. Bouton says: "In England a society has been formed of young women,

some of them belonging to families of wealth and distinction. Each member binds herself upon entering to learn some one thing, whether art, profession, or trade, so thoroughly, that if misfortune comes she will be able to maintain herself by its exercise. It is the beginning of a realization by women themselves, that for any work that demands wages, there must be, not a superficial knowledge which is sure to fail when the test is applied, but a training that will give the mastery of all the faculties, and enable the worker to labor to a definite purpose."

"Traditional ideas, when examined in the light of truth and reason, are found to have little to recommend them. They would, doubtless, have been discarded long before this had it not been for the moral teachings with which they have been cunningly interwoven. Although these facts have been pointed out, over and over again, by those who could have had no other object in view but the emancipation of their fellow-men from error—no personal interest to serve in running counter to public opinion—yet the generality of people, though professing to be lovers of truth, still cling tenaciously to that which is self-evidently false; thus proving that, in reality, they hate the truth. As said of old, "They honor it with their lips, while their hearts are far from it," preferring the darkness of the dead past to the light of the living present. The transparent humbug of such conduct must be evident to every reflective and unbiased mind. But, as the poet truly observes:

"Faith—fanatic faith—once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

HUGH JUNOR BROWNE.

Description of Spirit Pictures.

The outline pictures contained in this number of the CARRIER DOVE are presented as an illustration, and interesting phase of independent spirit power, and "spirit photography or transference," by a chemical process known to and used by spirits.

The originals of these pictures were obtained Oct. 1st, 1887, in the presence of Mr. Fred. Evans, medium, and the writer and his wife, during an interesting and very satisfactory sitting for "Independent Slate-Writing."

After having received several messages from departed relatives and others, at the

request of Mr. Evans, the writer took two sheets from a tablet of common, unruled white paper, put our initials on the corners of the two sides of each, which were then placed on the carpeted floor in plain view, the sun shining into the room at the time, one on top of the other, without a pencil, and within three to five minutes the sheets were placed upon the stand by the medium, before us, for examination, when upon turning them over we found these outline pictures upon the sheets containing my initials, with the name of "Elizabeth Allen," on the picture representing a female, the other being without a name—the writer thinks being purposely omitted—to give him an opportunity to recall the one it was intended to represent, and which he did, and does, as being a picture of his grandfather Allen. Subsequently the following was written independently on a slate: "The picture represents your grandfather, G. Allen."

While to the writer these pictures are specially interesting and assuring evidence of spirit return and identity, the fact of their production may be regarded by the reader and the public of sufficient importance to warrant a public record of the manner of their production. And as a fact and illustration of spirit power, they are as remarkable as the production of writing on a wall, recorded in ancient Scripture.

Our grand parents never had their pictures made in earth life, and at the time these pictures were made we were not expecting pictures, but hoping to receive a message from a spirit brother. The name of our grandmother had not been recalled by us for many years. To the writer this manifestation is a demonstrative and affirmative answer to the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" To materialists these facts are presented for reflection and solution. REUBEN HARMON ALLEN.

32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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.

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.

Cleveland, Ohio.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS FOR THE PEOPLE, at the Columbia Theatre, Euclid Avenue, every Sunday evening at 7:30. Speakers, Rev. Samuel Watson, Mrs. Ada Foye, Charles Dawbarn, J. Frank Baxter and others. Thomas Lees, Chairman. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, meets at G. A. R. Hall, 170 Superior Street, every Sunday, 10:45 A. M. The public invited. E. W. Gaylord, Conductor.

Children's Dept.

Little Foes of Little Boys.

"By-and-by" is a very bad boy;
Shun him at once and forever,
For they who travel with "By-and-by"
Soon come to the house of "Never."

"I Can't" is a mean little coward,
A boy that is half a man;
Set on him a plucky wee terrier,
That the world knows and honors, "I Can."

"No use trying," nonsense, I say,
Keep trying until you succeed;
But if you should meet "I Forgot" on the way,
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"Don't Care" and "No Matter," boys, they're a pair.
And whenever you see the poor dolts,
Say, "Yes, we do care; and 'twould be great matter,
If our lives should be spoiled by such faults."

Lily Benton.

BY JULIA SCHLESINGER.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONITA'S MEDIUM.

Onita and her father, Eagle Eye, were very successful in developing and controlling mediums on earth, and thus sending many messages of love to those who were in sorrow for friends in spirit life. To show our little friends what a noble work this was we will tell them of a seance where Onita first spoke through her medium, who was also a little girl named Clara White.

Clara's parents were very liberal, progressive people, and when they first learned of Spiritualism they determined to investigate the matter carefully at home. They gathered around the table in the early evening hours and sat quietly and passively waiting for some manifestation of the wonderful power of spirits of which they had heard. At the first sitting nothing unusual occurred; but after a few trials their earnestness was rewarded.

They had attracted around them a band of spirits who perceived their integrity of purpose, and determined to assist them. Eagle Eye and a number of his tribe were attendants, and soon discovered that they could produce various manifestations through the mediumship of little Clara. They first began to rap on the table, and impressed the child to ask questions, until they made known the conditions they wished observed in order to procure the best manifestations. Then Onita, who was also a frequent visitor, began to manipulate the child until proper magnetic conditions were established and she could control the organism of her "little medy" as she called Clara.

It was a joyful occasion in that home

when Onita first entranced Clara and spoke to them of the dear friends who were eagerly waiting to send them messages of love and remembrance, and tell of their bright homes in the spirit world.

Sometimes when friends of the family were invited to the seance, there would be various convincing demonstrations. After Onita had given some tests she would tell them to join hands and lower the lights a little, as her father wished to try some scientific experiments with the "white chief," whom she described as a very wise and advanced spirit. When all was quiet the large table would be lifted from the floor, loud raps heard, and bright lights would flash around the room, the piano was played upon, and bells of different sizes were rung in harmony with the music of the piano. Sometimes, when the most perfect harmony prevailed, Eagle Eye would take Clara in his arms and carry her around the room over the heads of the people, and they said she was "floated in the air" because they could not see the spirit who held her up.

After these seances had been continued for some time, and little Clara became susceptible to the influence of other spirits, the "white chief," as Onita called him, began to control her to speak on subjects quite beyond the range or comprehension of a child.

This attracted so much attention that from the small gatherings in her own home public meetings resulted, and great good was accomplished, and new truths given to the people. It was considered marvelous that a young, uneducated girl could go before a large audience and speak fluently upon any subject given her, and answer the most difficult questions that could be propounded.

A "medicine man" from Eagle Eye's tribe would sometimes prescribe for the sick, and many wonderful cures were wrought through spirit agency. When their work of developing and preparing this medium for public service was completed Onita and her Indian friends went to other places where a similar work was needed, and developed other mediums. They frequently visited Clara, and when she was weak or ill, they imparted strength and vitality; they encouraged and cheered her, and made it possible for a great work to be accomplished through her for the enlightenment of the people; for Clara was destined to become a teacher of the spiritual philosophy, and visit other lands bearing the good tidings to many people and nations.

Into many homes among the poor and distressed, and among the rich and proud went the sweet spirit messengers of the "Golden Chain" with their helpful inspiring influence. Into by-ways and alleys in the great cities, where thousands of little children live who never know what comfort is, these bright ones went, carrying gleams of immortal sunshine into the sad lives of

the little, neglected ones, causing smiles to brighten their tear-stained faces, and the echoes of their sweet songs to awaken a response in the little sad hearts who knew not what music was, except as they felt it intuitively.

Once, when they were about to depart on these errands of love, little Johnnie Allyn desired to accompany them that he might visit poor Bidly McFlynn who had been so kind to him when he had no other friend. He had found a happy home awaiting him in spirit life, where his sweet sister Rose and dear parents lived. Accordingly Johnnie joined the band of little workers, and together with their guardians they visited the humble home where want and wretchedness held sway.

They found the industrious Bidly bending over a tub of foaming suds washing clothes, in order to procure food for her little brood of hungry babes who were clamoring for something to eat. Soon the confusion was increased by the appearance of drunken Pat, who began to curse both wife and little ones, dealing brutal blows promiscuously about upon the unfortunate ones who chanced to come within his range. "Oh, Pat, Pat," said Bidly, "it was a sorry day for meself and the poor childer when I married the likes o'ye. There's poor Ted, a dyin' almost from the blows ye gave him last night, and not a bit o' meat or bread or a mouthful o' broth for the cryin' childers, and ye a spendin' ivery penny for drink."

Poor Bidly sat down and wiped the snowy foam from her hands on the corner of her checked apron, and took the crying babe in her lap, while Pat staggered to a bed in one corner of the room and was soon in a deep sleep. Then little spirit Johnnie went to Bidly and whispered his name in her ear, and laid his hand upon the brow of the fretful babe. Rose, Lily, Onita, and Sunshine, Willie Ware and Elfne, gathered around and scattered fragrant flowers over them, and Bidly wondered why the babe grew so quiet and opened his great blue eyes so widely as if seeing something she could not discover; and when he reached out his chubby little hands and jumped and crowed with delight, Bidly reverently crossed herself saying, "Shure, an it's an angel that's spakin' to the child." Then she thought of little Johnnie, who had died in the street, and how fond of him the babe used to be; but she did not know that the "angel" was indeed Johnnie, who was seen by the child as he stood beside him caressing the little brow.

When the little band left this humble home, peace and quiet reigned, and their gentle influence was felt by all. Johnnie was now determined to bring someone to aid Bidly and save Pat, and how effectually he performed this task will be seen later on.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

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

Editress CARRIER DOVE:—

We are enjoying most lovely weather here in the mountains. October has put on her most fantastic colors and every tree and shrub bears witness of the Frost King's touch.

These glowing colors against the dark green of the fir, cedar and pine produce a most charming effect, and were it not that we should like to drop in to some of the many good meetings you are having on Sundays—we would say we were enjoying ourselves very well.—May success attend you and yours is my earnest wish. M.

Letter from the City of Brotherly Love.

Editress CARRIER DOVE:—

Leaving Pittsburg with its rattle and clang, its furnaces fed by natural gas, which rival Sheol in the intensity of heat, with its hundreds of chimneys which compete with church steeples for height, but are dedicated to man, leaving also the pleasant acquaintances and good friends we had met there who had exacted a promise from Mr. York that he would return for two Sundays before leaving for the west—we take the Pennsylvania Rail-road, and soon find ourselves in the Alleghany Mountains amid beautiful scenery. In every valley is a little hamlet, the business of whose inhabitants is easily discovered. Iron mills and coal and oil trains, tell of the hidden wealth that nature's laboratory has silently forages, been preparing, as we had foolishly believed for the use of man; but we learned recently, that a preacher had explained the causes of all the coal and gas found stored away in the earth. He said: "God had prepared it to use so that when the time should come to destroy the earth it would be ready to burn it with." Strange that God's plans are so easily frustrated; but it was ever thus, even from the beginning, as we have ample proof in Genesis.

The broad Susquehanna, dotted with many islands, makes a beautiful picture as we near Philadelphia. Here we were met by George Longford, Secretary of Friendship Liberal League, and Prof. Seymour, who kindly adopted us, and made us feel at home under his hospitable roof.

Philadelphia is a city of magnificent distances, being twenty miles long, and eight broad. It contains much of historical interest. Independence Hall, on Chestnut street, near Fifth street, is the birthplace, and cradle of Liberty, and from its walls look down the faces of those brave men

who dared to say: "We will be free." There hangs the old cracked bell that rang out the joyful peal, telling to king George, and the rest of the world, that the white men of the United States were free; and that child named Liberty, was baptized with blood, but it was deformed, and was not well proportioned;—again another peal resounded through the land, telling that the black man was free—and another baptism of blood completed the ceremonies. The child, Liberty, is still weak—and must there be another bloody baptism ere woman can take her place in the councils of the nation? May reason and wise councils forbid!

It was long since discovered that a bachelor's house was not managed in the best manner, and so with our government—it will in the future as in the past—be badly managed until it gets married, and woman's voice and wishes are heard and heeded.

Then there will be some house cleaning done—and Liberty shall have a new dress, and the bandage shall be taken from her eyes so that she may handle the scales of justice more evenly—then we may hope for laws for the benefit of the masses instead of tricks for the protection of rings, syndicates and the monied man.

Many interesting relics of revolutionary days are to be seen: the chairs in which the delegates to that convention sat, the table on which was signed the Declaration of Independence, the silver ink-stand, tray, and sand-box bought new for the occasion, costing twenty-five pound, sixteen shillings; the chair and desk at which Washington sat, and the room in which Thomas Paine wrote the brave words which incited to nobler deeds of daring. There we saw a baby dress and cap worn by John Quincy Adams, made by his mother; and the old flint lock rifles, the spinning-wheels, reels distaffs used by the mothers of the nation.

What man can visit those halls and his heart not swell with pride that he is a descendant of those brave men and women? We also saw the grave of Benjamin Franklin and Deborah, his wife, in the old Quaker burying-ground, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Streets. The marble over them has begun to crumble back to dust. We also visited the largest store in the United States; it covers one whole block and is six stories high including the basements. It includes all lines of trade; a person can enter there and purchase everything needed to eat, drink, or wear; furnish his house or carry on business. Four thousand employees are busily engaged in this immense structure. The proprietor is said to be a good Christian of the Presbyterian persuasion. He has built a church and hires his own minister, and has the largest Sunday school in the city. He is said to be a liberal man, as he gives twenty-five thousand a year to the Young Men's Christian Association, and a thousand here or there

as the city's needs require. He pays fifty cents a dozen for the making of white shirts, from one to two dollars for a coat, fifty cents for a pair of pantaloons, twenty-five cents for a vest, etc., etc.

The New City Hall has been twenty years in building and is yet far from completion. It is built of light grey granite, and covers an area of four and one-half acres; from north to south 486 feet 6 inches, from east to west 470 feet, height 537 feet 4 inches, the highest building known; total number of rooms 520, total amount of floor room 14½ acres. It has already cost forty-five million dollars. From its immense size it does not look as high as it is. It is composed of iron and stone.

Girard College is an object of interest to every lover of humanity. It was commenced in 1833, two years after the death of the noble donor. It consists of a large number of buildings built entirely of stone and iron, making it fire proof.

In the front vestibule of the main building, looking out upon a beautiful lawn, stands a statue of Stephen Girard, done in marble, and life size, directly over his resting place. At his left you enter the library, a princely room. Between the book-cases are arranged a large number of meritorious drawings, some of them by 13-year-old pupils that an artist need not be ashamed of. The guide then conducted us to the third floor, up a stairway built of marble, and their own mechanical structure suspends them built on the principle of the arch, with nothing to support them but their own weight. We were taken to a room dedicated to the private property of Mr. Girard, the bedstead he died upon, his household furniture, sofas, chairs, cupboard of dishes, hand irons and fenders, bureaus, the gig he used to ride in, etc. On one side of the room are a large number of sea chests, each chest containing a ship's papers during one year, and as he owned several ships, for many years, their several records are here stored. The value of the monument he has built to his name is not in human power to determine. The large number of fatherless boys that have and will receive educations fitting them for usefulness in life will be legion. Fifteen hundred and eighty-boys are now in the school. They are received between the ages of six and ten years, and remain until eighteen. It was a sight to be remembered when that large army of boys, in squads of about sixty each, graded in height, marched into the dining-room to dinner. They were bright, clean, and well-clothed, all wearing blue cloth caps, looking healthy and happy.

A monument has been erected in the grounds near the main hall, dedicated to twenty or thirty former pupils, who lost their lives in the late war. One building has been erected—a chapel—which looks like a violation of the spirit of the will, which stipulated the teaching of the

purest morality, but no religion. In this chapel at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. the boys are assembled to listen to Bible reading, singing and prayers, the management claiming that that is the bed-rock of morality. The grounds are beautifully laid out with lawns, flowers, foliage-plants, etc. The walks are all laid with a sort of granite brick. A large, bare playground gives full scope for exercise. The fine conservatory is surrounded with a stone wall, twelve feet high which is hidden on the inside with vines. Fairmount Park, situated on both sides of the Schuylkill River, is the largest improved public pleasure grounds in the world. It contains 2791 acres, in which there are 36 miles of foot walks, 30 miles of carriage drives, and 8 miles of bridle paths. There are 22 statues, 16 decorative fountains, 20 drinking fountains and 50 large flower vases in the park, etc. The city contains 568 churches. A striking feature of the city is the large number of cemeteries, in all parts of it; the living and the dead are near neighbors. The Spiritualists have several societies here. Mrs. Lake has recently finished an engagement with the first spiritual society and C. Fannie Allyn is now occupying their platform. Many thanks for the DOVES you sent me, I gave them the use of their wings at a spiritual conference, with an earnest request for subscribers for the DOVE and *Golden Gate*, that, as we of the West had long been dependent upon the East for our Spiritualistic literature, we were now able to furnish a prime article, and hoped for their patronage, and Prof. Seymour, President of the meeting, kindly offered to act as agent. Hope you may hear from them.—

Yours for truth,

MRS. J. L. YORK.

In Other Lands.

Slate Writing in England.

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Wilson, "psychographic medium," gave a select slate-writing seance at his apartments in Newcastle, to which representatives of the Newcastle press were invited. Mr. Wilson states that the manifestations given by him are given under the control of Dr. Davis, who was a physician at Manhattanville, now New York, above 100 years ago, and that he is also controlled by other spirits. Our reporter gives the following account of what took place: The slates used were sent direct on Wednesday from the North of England School Furnishing Company, and the table at which the visitors and the medium were seated was an ordinary deal table, about three feet by three. The parties having joined hands, silence reigned for a few minutes. It was broken by the medium, who stated that spirits were then in

the room. This was confirmed by a Spiritualist present, who, being a clairauditor and clairvoyant, stated that he saw the spirit of the venerable Wesley present, and that he also saw a gentlemanly-looking man in a frock coat, and otherwise beautifully dressed, standing by the side of the medium. The latter remarked, "Yes, that is Dr. Davis." "Will you consent to write for us?" was the question put to the spirits, and there was an immediate knock underneath the table. The next question was, "How many are present" and the correct answer was rendered by a number of knocks. The medium then proceeded to arrange for slate-writing. A couple of slates, which were first of all critically examined by those present, were placed together, one on the top of the other, a piece of chemical pencil, about a quarter of an inch in length being placed between them. The slates were entirely new, quite dry, and absolutely free from marks or writing. They were held at arm's length by the medium, in the full light of day, and placed with one end on the shoulder of a gentleman present. Meanwhile, the company had entered into a conversation on Spiritualism, in the course of which the doubts of the public, and even the shams that had been perpetrated in the name of Spiritualism, were discussed. The medium stated, in the course of this debate, that he had often to complain of the suspicions aroused in certain minds regarding manifestations such as that taking place that afternoon, but he hoped to show to those present that there was no trickery in what he was about to do, but that it was the work of powers beyond him. While he was talking, there was, to the astonishment of every one present, the sound of vigorous writing between the slates. It was impossible that the medium could be writing, as both his hands were to be seen, and it was equally certain that the sound of the writing proceeded directly from between the slates. It proceeded rapidly for a time; there was the sound of a stroke being made, and then again the writing went on as rapidly as before. "There are several doing it," was the remark of the medium, and the finish of what was evidently another stroke was supplemented by a knock indicating that the writing was done. The slates were removed from the shoulder of the gentleman on which they had rested, were laid on the table, and one was removed from the other. When this had been done, the under slate was found to be covered with expressions, divided by almost straight lines. The wording of these expressions were as follows:

Un homme sage est au-dessus de toutes les injures qu'on peut lui dire.—L. de Mond.

The best answer that can be made to such outrages in moderation and patience. DR. DAVIS.

Davis.—Sie haben nicht unrecht.—J. S.

Quanto sinio felici di avere un tempo evoi-bello la preyo de muii rispetti a tutta la di lei cara famiyli.—Z. E.

The writing was of a good kind, and it was clearly in different styles of caligraphy. The first and second sentences had a direct bearing on the conversation that had previously taken place, and referred evidently to the part where the suspicions of the outside world had been referred to. Other slate manifestations followed. At times the hand of the medium shook as if he could scarcely hold the slate, so great, stated he, was the spirit influence upon it, and at another time it was removed from his hand under the table and transferred to the hand of a person sitting opposite. A question, "What profession are two of the inquirers present?" brought the words on the slate, "They are all present." This, however, was not the right answer, and the slate after being under the table again, held nearly fast to the corner by the finger and thumb of the medium returned with the word "Pressmen," which was correct. The question was written, it should be explained, by one of the sitters and was handed to the medium, with the writing downwards, so that he could not possibly see it, or know what it was. While these manifestations were going on, a heavy iron bed suddenly shifted its position to the extent of about three feet, a chair was thrown from a position near the wall in the direction of the table, and raps were experienced on their legs and knees by the sitters. One of the Spiritualists present, after throwing his hands up in an agitated way, suddenly had his eyes closed, and stated that he could not, despite all his efforts, open them again. He stated, however, that Wesley and other spirits were still in the room, and that he was asked by one to state that these manifestations were given by the spirits to people on earth in order to prove that mind could never die, and was eternal. He was also asked to thank the gentlemen of the press for their presence, and to state that the spirits had often received great favors at their hands. One of these gentlemen, he said, was both a healing and a seeing medium. When this question, however, was put to the spirits, the answer on the slates was, "He is not a medium," and with respect to another gentleman present the words written were, "He can be a medium." The slate was taken from the medium's hands and transferred to a person in the room, but the latter, it is only fair to state, expressed the belief that he could transfer the slate, if he placed it on his foot, to the medium at the opposite side of the table, and succeeded in doing so at the second and third attempts. The slate had been previously transferred to persons seated in a position that it seemed impossible for the medium either with his legs or his hands to reach. A most remarkable thing in connection with the proceedings was that, when any of the sitters put their hands

under the table, a strong current of air was felt—a current that could not be perceived at any other part of the room. The manifestations, in short, seemed in several instances to be beyond the power of the medium, and it is equally certain—for the visitors were particular in examining everything—that Mr. Wilson had no confederates whatever in the room. Everything was done in open daylight, and the removal of the bed and the chair, together with the writing on the inside of a slate, covered with another, and held openly to view, contributed considerably to baffle the thoughts of the non-Spiritualists present. There was mystery in nearly all they saw and heard, and unless the doctrine of Spiritualism has more in it than the majority of people allow, they were unable to form any conclusion whatever for the things they had witnessed. Whether the results were due to natural or supernatural means, the sitting, which lasted about an hour and a half, was full of interest to all present. It is the intention of Mr. Wilson, we believe, to remain in Newcastle for a few days longer, and any communications for him are to be addressed to Mr. W. H. Robinson, bookseller, The Market, Newcastle, secretary of the Spiritual Evidence Society.—*The Daily Chronicle*, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

[We regret that it is necessary for Mr. Wilson "to use his present cognomen, but as that was the only means to avoid the unrelenting hostility of a certain English scientist," Mr. Wilson, "no doubt considered his course wisest." The results are, to all appearance, quite satisfactory, and one of America's most noted mediums has again proved his remarkable powers are capable of confounding the wise among our English cousins.—Ed. C. D.]

Our Exchanges.

Priest vs. People.

Truth, London, Eng.

"It is strange that even so solemn a function as the funeral of the victims of the Exeter calamity could not be got over without a burial scandal," says *Truth*. The scandal on this occasion appears to have arisen from the officiating priest, Rev. Mr. Ingle, insisting on performing the service in one way, while the relatives of the deceased persons wanted it performed in another. As he remained obstinate, the crowd hustled the reverend gentleman and knocked him over.

The Alcohol Question.

The Open Court, Chicago, Ill.

Temperance advocates miss valuable assertions made in their favor by specialists, because such things are not sought for in the scientific writings where they abound. Michet accredits one-half the insanity in France to heredity, and Guslain places it at thirty per cent. Anstie ascribes the origin of this heredity largely to alcohol excesses. So that if we take the lowest figure and assign one-half of it as intemperate ancestry causation, then we have fifteen per cent. of inherited insanity caused by drunkenness

in progenitors. Lunier, after careful compiling of records, asserts that fifty per cent. of the idiots and imbeciles in Europe had notoriously drunken parents.

Lord Shaftesbury, who was for fifty years head of the English lunacy commission, claimed that fifty per cent. of the insanity in England was caused by intemperance. Directly and indirectly forty per cent. is a figure adopted by many asylum experts as loss of mentality due to alcohol out of the total. The calculations of penologists and almshouse statisticians are appalling, and need elimination of error probabilities. They variously assign fifty and ninety per cent.

Drunkenness will be Stamped Out.

Temperance Advocate.

The following rule in regard to drinking habits has been posted at the Edgar Thompson steel works, the principal establishment of the Carnegies at Pittsburg:

"No person under the influence of intoxicating liquors will be allowed to work, and any and all persons found to be in an intoxicated condition will be promptly discharged, no person being allowed to leave his work to secure liquor, nor bring liquors to the works. Any person engaged in the sale of liquor will be discharged. Drunkenness must be stamped out at these works, and all men known to be habitual drunkards must be discharged. The police force must report all men who leave the works to procure liquor, and all men whom they have knowledge of coming to, or being at work, under the influence of liquor. Police will make report to the general superintendent in writing."

There is probably no large corporation in this country whose employees entertain a better feeling for the management than this. The management has always succeeded in demonstrating to their men that they have their best interests at heart, and in many ways have exhibited their kindness and good will.

The West Reforms the East.

Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.

The Juggernaut has so declined in popularity in India as to render it necessary for the priests to hire coolies to drag the car. This change in sentiment is attributed to the destructive solvent of western thought. The car of the great god of Poree was one of the most sacred of Brahminic "properties," and the Rath Jatra, a festival which, in importance, yielded to that of no other deity in the Hindoo Pantheon. From every part of the vast empire of Hindostan pilgrims flocked to share in it, and when the car of Juggernaut was dragged once a year from the Temple in order to bathe the gods in the cool water of the tank, a mile and a half distant, the wildest enthusiasm seized the vast multitude of devotees. Thousands rushed to seize the cables, and so eager were the volunteers for this holy service that the best and greatest men of Orissa struggled with each other to obtain a hold upon the ropes. To use the language of an old writer who witnessed the Rath Jatra in its palmy days, "They are so greedy and eager to draw it that whoever, by shouldering, crowding, shoving, heaving, thrusting, or in any insolent way, can but lay a hand upon the rope, they think themselves blessed and happy. And when it is going along the city there are many that will offer themselves as a sacrifice to the idol, and desperately lie down on the ground that the chariot wheels may run over them, whereby they are killed outright. Some get broken arms, some broken legs, so that many are destroyed, and think to merit heaven."

Onwards and Upwards.

Eastern Star, Bangor, Me.

Putting aside the individual aspect of the case, what are the lessons of it? That because Spiritualism declines to be guided by "Christ the fountain head," or uphold a modified theological system, or be entirely in bonds to Moses and the prophets, Spiritualism is to be considered as a drifting away into a wilderness, and all the live pulsing evidence of immorality it presents to the mourning and suffering are to be rejected because spirits do not ask us on

whom do you believe; but, instead, what comfort can we give you? If an inclination towards Christian (?) Spiritualism means going backwards, or standing, then our lists of subscribers from such will never exhibit any substantial increase for we

"Cannot backward look"

we go onward and upwards. We will take all there is worth having to us in Talmud or Pentateuch, Koran or Shaster, Jesus, Peter, Paul or any seer, prophet or thinker. We will do this not to be bound by any, but to unite all the truth obtainable from each to the truth we find to-day, to the end that thought may be broadened and life made happier.

With good will to all the *Star* will ever hew to the line, nor ask, where fall the chips? We respect the honesty of our good Pennsylvanian brother, and that of all those who think with him, but we cannot share his convictions. Our motto in such matters is onwards and upwards.

The Treatment of the Insane.

Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia.

Statistics go to show that a very large percentage of insanity is traceable to intemperance; and, though in many cases the unequal distribution of the blood and nervous fluid over the surface of the brain, induced by excessive stimulation, may be adequate to account for the erratic conduct of individuals, we are convinced that in many instances obsession by low and violent earth-bound spirits is a frequent cause of the persistence of the state and its non-amenability to ordinary methods of cure. But whatever the cause (where there is no mal-formation of the brain) there is one sovereign remedy which our medical men know nothing of or ignore, and that is human magnetism, now being largely experimented in by medical men in France, and freely talked about in England under the guise of Hypnotism.

The earlier investigators of animal magnetism, Drs. Esdaile, Elliotson, Gregory, Ashburner, Teste, and others, went over nearly the same ground forty years ago, and although their experiments were recorded in scientific detail, they were persistently ignored by the faculty at large, whilst attempts to introduce mesmeric treatment into hospitals or private practice were met with active opposition by the medical fraternity on *a priori* grounds. Even now that public opinion, stimulated by successive remarkable results obtained by eminent medical men on the continent and elsewhere, compels the recognition by them of the potency of mesmeric force, they will only consent to receive it in its two aspects as "Massage" and "Hypnotism."

Statistics of cures through its agency are to be found in the *Zoist*, edited by the late Dr. John Elliotson, some time principal of North London Hospital, and alluded to in Mr. Daniell's article. Recent experiments by Dr. Voison fully corroborate the efficacy of the hypnotic treatment in the restoration of sanity in severe cases of mental derangement.

His own experience in this particular direction has been limited, the asylums being closed to all but orthodox practitioners. Some fifteen years ago, however, we made the acquaintance of a gentleman whose wife was an inmate of the Yarra Bend, and having given our opinion that her case was remediable if she could be thrown into the cataleptic state by mesmerism, he engaged an attendant and had her removed to his residence in Carlton. On account of her excitability great difficulty was experienced in bringing her under mesmeric control, but she gradually succumbed to it, and on the thirty-third day a condition of cataleptic rigidity was produced, from which she awoke a changed woman. The harsh, hard voice and violent demeanor had disappeared, the emotional nature returned, and with it all her normal reasoning powers. She subsequently became a good clairvoyant, giving some excellent tests.

A five-year-old boy returned from his first day at school not quite satisfied with his teacher. "Why," he said, "she kept asking questions all the time. She even asked how many two and two are."