



A SPIRIT PICTURE



# The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MARCH 24, 1888.

NUMBER 12.

## Original Contributions.

### JESUS AND THE CHRIST-PRINCIPLE.

A Reply to the Critique of James G. Clark,  
Published in the Carrier Dove,  
February 25.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The inhabitants of the civilized world are largely composed of two classes of persons. One of these classes consists of the prosaic, matter-of-fact, rationalistic, common-sense, practical, long-headed, scientific, analytical, critical, enquiring, skeptical, investigating, searching, reflective men and women of our globe. This class seeks for causes, probes to the bottom whatever is presented for acceptance, desires to know the whys and wherefores of everything, takes nothing on credit, resolves all things into their ultimate elements, discriminates ever between fact and fiction as far as possible, separates tradition and legend from historic fact, submits all matters to the test of established science and demonstrated truth, rejects all imaginative and ideal conceptions and conclusions,—being planted firmly upon the solid, immovable rocks of strict logical induction and indubitable verity. These are the world's true workers in the fields of intellectual, moral, and spiritual progress,—the true saviours of humanity. The thinkers, the doubters, the skeptics, the reformers, the iconoclasts, the infidels,—it is by and through these that the progress and advancement of the world has been and is being secured. This class has always been in the minority on this planet. In past ages few, very few, of the millions of the earth's people can properly be regarded as having pertained to this class; but during this present century its numbers have been very largely increased, and the spirit of the age, the trend of modern thought, the *Zeit-geist* as our German brethren call it, is ever in accord with the further enlargement and more rapid extension, in number, power, and influence, of these invaluable kind of workers,—the salt of the earth, the redeemers of the world from ignorance, superstition, barbarity, and crime.

Much exceeding these in numbers, as a rule, are those constituting the second class. The latter are poetic, dreamy, mystic, ideal, imaginative, transcendental, emotional, im-

pulsive; they are governed by feeling and sentiment more than by the intellect,—the heart, not the head, dominates their thoughts and actions; their tendencies are respectively toward the fanciful, the hypothetical, the recondite, the supposititious, the mythical, the legendary, the theoretical, the occult, the esoteric, the rhapsodical, the cabalistic, the anagogical.

This class largely acts as a drag-wheel upon the advancing movement of the car of progress. By its close adherence to antiquated fancies, conjoined with modern conceits, it impedes measurably the growth of the world in accurate knowledge, in scientific attainment, and in religious development. Its championship oft of wild extravagance and of exploded falsehood, leading otherwise good men and women astray into dark and devious channels of thought and action, is ever a subject of pity and commiseration to those with clearer heads and brighter, keener insight into the truths of nature, of history, philosophy, science. With the views and policy of this class of thinkers and workers I have little sympathy, however much I may esteem as friends and as good and worthy persons some of its members. Such parties are, unknowingly and honestly, doing much harm in the world; and, as a conscientious worker for humanity's best interests, according to my highest judgment, I am compelled in justice to antagonize the ideas and sentiments of those of this class, irrespective of any personal feeling of regard or affection that I perchance may entertain for some of them.

When I wrote the article on "Christmas and the Christ," which was published in the CARRIER DOVE of Jan. 7th last, I well knew that the truths therein contained would be unpalatable to those of the second class above described whose judgments were still clouded and blinded by the lingering relics of the old-time glamour surrounding the person of Jesus of Nazareth of which they had not entirely freed themselves. In many minds that are governed by feeling, emotion, sentiment, even though they may have been partially liberalized through the wisdom-imparting influences of Modern Spiritualism, there still exists a belief, more or less strong and active, in the ideal assumptions of the superiority of Jesus the Christ to all other human beings that our planet has ever produced. Instead of the real man Jesus, the imperfect, impulsive, enthusiastic Jewish reformer, they

treasure the ideal image of the distorted picture of Jesus as a perfect, sinless example of every human virtue,—the specially chosen representative of the divinity of the Father embodied in human form. Such persons, those who revel in the fanciful conceptions of the supra-excellence of Jesus Christ, uniting such insubstantial imaginings to the solid verities of the Spiritual Philosophy, constitute that not very numerous class of our fellow citizens who are appropriately called Christian Spiritualists,—people who professing deep reverence for the inculcations of their Leader and Master Christ, yet in this instance disobey flatly one of the injunctions of the Man of Nazareth.

Jesus warned against putting new wine into old skins (or bottles, as sometimes erroneously translated), referring to the danger of mixing new spiritual truths with old theological falsities. This is just what the Christian Spiritualists are doing. They are vainly attempting to cause the rational tenets of Spiritualism to be infiltrated with the virus of Christian error and untruth. As the genius and scope of the two movements are antipodal in many directions, the attempt to unite these two opposites can never be successfully established. As Jesus said relative to the foolish practice of putting new wine into old wine-skins, that the skins would burst and thus both wine and skins be lost, so the attempt to hybridize Spiritualism by mixing it with an emasculated, diluted, milk-and-water form of Christianity only destroys the essential, distinctive principles of each of these two mutually-antagonistic systems of thought. The salt of Spiritualism loses its savor when anything distinctively Christian is blended with it; and when ideas distinctively Spiritualistic are foisted upon Christianity in any of its myriad forms, the resultant is a mongrel production, in which the whilom Christianity is perverted into something that is really divorced from aught justly entitled to be called Christian. In so far as pertains to those general ideas, largely ethical, common alike to Christianity and to Spiritualism, harmony and union is possible; but those ideas are neither Spiritual nor Christian *per se*; they are the common property of mankind. There are certain ideas distinctively Spiritual, and certain ideas distinctively Christian; and these two have little in common, and cannot be assimilated or blended. The only true, consistent Spiritualist is he or she who absolutely divorces himself or



herself from all pre-existing forms of error,—he or she who is thoroughly emancipated from the thralldom of antiquated superstitions and every form of degrading mysticism, idealism, and transcendentalism, including all idealizations of historic characters, real or alleged, whether Jesus, Buddha, Moses, or Krishna. The civilized world has been saturated with Jesus-worship and Christ-adoration. The martyr of Calvary, from his exalted position in spirit-life, the outgrowth of nearly nineteen centuries' experience in that higher world, it may safely be asserted, has no sympathy with those of earth who are still engaged in keeping alive the unreal, ideal conceptions of his greatness and overmastering superiority with which the world has been and is cursed. Rather is he in accord with those who strive to overthrow the false views concerning him so prevalent in our midst, presenting in their stead more rational and sensible ideas of his true character, his defects and mistakes being included therein as well as his excellencies and virtues.

The foregoing remarks are pertinent somewhat to the consideration of a *critique* of a portion of my article on Christ in the holiday number of the DOVE, written by Mr. James G. Clark, and published in the DOVE of Feb. 25th. The writer of this *critique* evidently belongs to the second of the two classes outlined above. He dwells in the poetic, the ideal realm. He inhabits, to some extent, a domain of rich, exuberant fancy. Sentiment, emotion, the feelings, dominate and sway his mentality largely. He has failed to free himself from the influence of the prevalent mistaken notions concerning the personality of Jesus. He has placed this Jewish moralist and impulsive enthusiast upon a pedestal to which he should not, in justice, have been elevated. The Jesus present in his consciousness never had real existence in the flesh; it is an ideal creation, due to the strong tendency to hero-worship indwelling in the human mind. The facts of history, when carefully sifted, give us quite a different Jesus. The Jesus of Mr. Clark is a nineteenth-century conception, differing widely from any of the variant first-century conceptions of the alleged crucified Messiah. His Jesus is not the Jesus of the four gospels, nor is it the Jesus of Paul or of any of the other epistolary writers of the New Testament; nor is it the Jesus of that unique work, the Apocalypse or Revelation of John. His conception was born of nineteenth-century ideas, and is the outgrowth of present civilization, including the manifestations of present-day Spiritualism.

My article upon the Christ was intended to dissipate these false, nineteenth-century opinions of Jesus, and show, in a plain, clear light, just what true history and science demonstrate Jesus to have been, so far as pertains to his alleged Messiahship. I stated facts, not fictions; demonstrated historic verities, not the fancies and idealisms of

emotionalists and sentimentalists. What the world needs is truth, open, unvarnished truth, and not the unreal speculations and baseless surmises of religious devotees. We do not want an idealized Jesus, an idealized Buddha, an idealized Muhammad; we want to see those and all other men just as they actually were, divested of the imaginary nimbus of glory encircling them in the minds of their credulous, uncritical, and wonder-loving worshipers, adherents, and admirers. Every man, no matter how great or good he may have been, or is, in certain directions, must be placed upon his proper level. Due credit should be given Jesus and all others for all that is worthy of commendation; but to place Jesus as one above all other human beings, or Buddha above all other men, as the Buddhists do, or Muhammad above all the rest of humanity, as does Islam, is unjust and foolish. Jesus had many good qualities, and no doubt strove to do his duty according to the light that he possessed; but he lived in a dark age of the world, and he necessarily partook of the character of his environment. He was an Asiatic, a Semite, a Jew; and all his ideas, so far as can be determined, were essentially Jewish, local, circumscribed, partisan. His dominant ideas in theology pertained to the first century,—to the handful of Semites inhabiting the very small tract of country called Palestine. These theological conceptions of Jesus and of the early Christians are not pertinent to nineteenth-century civilization; we have no lot or parcel with them, any more than we have with the peculiar teachings of Gautama Buddha and the primitive Buddhists. They belong to a different world from ours, so to speak.

Mr. Clark quotes certain statements concerning Jesus's claim to the Messiahship, and asserts that they entitle me to "a high place among the humorists of the day,"—that they are "worthy of Bill Nye." This statement indicates how far Mr. Clark is from a realization of the truth about Jesus, and how deeply he is steeped in ignorance concerning the true nature, origin, and workings of primitive Christianity. Every statement made by me, and alleged by him to be worthy of Bill Nye, is an established fact, beyond all rational doubt,—known to be such to any impartial, scholarly investigator. Mr. Clark evidently is in complete ignorance of the results of the careful, candid, critical labors of the most eminent biblical scholars of this century,—not the coarse, crude unscholarly attacks upon Jesus and the Bible, many of which are as unjust and indiscriminate in opposition, as the extravagant laudations of the Christian element are unjust and indiscriminate in their ascriptions of superlative worth, to the Bible and Jesus. I have as little sympathy with the violent abuse of Jesus and the Bible, ignoring the good in each and falsely charging each with much that is mean and vile of which they are innocent, as I have with the continuous ascription of perfection and divin-

ity to those two by the Christian world. Rabid freethinkers unjustly assail world, little Jesus and the Bible; rational, scholarly, conscientious, discriminating freethinkers endeavor to do exact justice to both. The latter reject the erroneous, the evil, the foolish, the mythical, and the legendary, connected with these two, but they conserve all that is good and true. They give Jesus all which is his due, but they do not strive to unduly idealize him or endeavor to deny his weaknesses and imperfections. My article embodied the assured results of the latest and best untrammelled scholarship of the world in the realm of rational, biblical science, including such thinkers and scholars, Strauss, Keim, Zeller, Hilgenfeld, Gort, Hooymaas, Kuenen, Davidson, Tiele, Scott, and many others. Of all this Mr. Clark is evidently in profoundest ignorance. He knows nothing of what has been scientifically demonstrated in the realms of biblical criticism,—the origin and character of the several books of the New Testament, their relative ages and degrees of reliability, the essential factors of primitive Christianity, the true life and teachings of Jesus as distinguished from the prevalent erroneous ideas thereupon, the true Pauline conception of Christianity, and the conflicts of Paul with the earlier apostles, the twelve primitive disciples, etc. Mr. Clark's article proves him to be in ignorance of all this. Instead of keeping himself posted as regards the advances made in our knowledge of Jesus, the Bible, and early Christianity, arrived at according to the strictly scientific method, he is content to plod along in the old beaten track of ideal fancies and exploded superstitions. In the light of the advanced scientific biblical knowledge of to-day, Mr. Clark's glorification of Jesus and his "divinity" sounds like an echo from the resounding corridors of the dark and noisome temples of the Dark Ages.

Mr. Clark is so far ignorant of the established truths of rational biblical science as to ridicule me for having the temerity to assert that Jesus was mistaken in some of his ideas. He virtually affirms, though it is not expressed in so many words, that the ideas enunciated by me concerning Jesus's Messiahship are original with me and are unwarranted, without authority. He pokes fun at my little self for daring to say that the Christian world has been and is in error for calling the high and mighty Jesus "Lord of All," and for my effrontery in absolutely being so irreverent and in such little awe of this alleged Jewish Messiah as to honestly state the self-evident mistakes indulged in by him during his earth-life! All this despite the fact there is nothing original in any of my conclusions, for they are the common property of the rational scholarship of the world; but inasmuch as my jocose critic knows nothing of the world's rational scholarship, he may be pardoned for thinking that to be original with me which is known



to every biblical scientist. My article was simply a condensation of the well-established results of sciento-biblical criticism and research,—the only originality being the manner of their presentation and some deductions made by me consequent thereupon. The sarcasm and ridicule indulged in by Mr. Clark are, therefore, not specially applicable to me; they more properly pertain to the opinions and scholars whose conclusions were summarized by me.

As an offset to the unfavorable opinion of Mr. Clark relative to my exposition of the true nature of the Messiahship of Jesus, the following is submitted. It is a letter received from a well-known Spiritualist, of intellect, culture, means and social standing:—

So very clear and conclusive, and yet so modestly written, is Mr. Coleman's article on "Christmas and the Christ," that I feel to write my acknowledgments and thanks to you for publishing it. I do not remember to have seen in any Spiritualistic paper a better exposition of the true Messiah and its application to and adoption by Jesus.

In this article Mr. Coleman has pierced through the fogs and glory-clouds which invest the name of Jesus in the minds of certain enthusiastic writers, and caught what I think to be the exact facts and circumstances of the Messiahship of the zealous, spiritually-minded Nazarene. It is an article that I think would open the eyes of many church members and so-called Christians who are in spiritual darkness, and perplexity upon that subject if they would read it. At some future time, I hope the article, with such alterations and additions as may then occur to Mr. Coleman, may be published again, not only in the Spiritual papers, but also in a tract form; for in my judgment it sheds clear light on an important and yet wonderfully misunderstood subject.

In determining the real character of Jesus of Nazareth, so far as it is possible to so determine it, it is necessary to separate the unhistorical and mythical in the New Testament from that which is probably true and historical. There is much attributed in the gospels to Jesus, both in speech and action, which he never said or did. It is now satisfactorily established that all the four gospels were compiled or written long after the death of the Apostles, though it is probable that portions of the original writings of Matthew and Mark may be found in the first three gospels. As the discourses and conversations of Jesus were not reported phonographically at the time of their delivery, but written down many years after, from memory and tradition, it is evident that we can have nothing like the *ipsissima verba*, the very words, of Jesus. At best we can only have an approximation to his actual language. In the first three gospels, which in many particulars strongly resemble each other, with certain marked differences, it is probable that we have in places a tolerably correct account of what Jesus said and did. But as regards the fourth gospel, which bears the name of John, this cannot be said. There is no doubt that the fourth gospel, erroneously ascribed to the Apostle John, was written by a Gen-

tile Christian some time after John's death. This gospel is what would be called nowadays a forgery. It is a fabrication, a romance, from first to last, with a slight thread of history running through it,—said history being distorted and perverted to suit the author's purpose. No reliance whatever can be placed upon anything in this gospel, so far as historical facts are involved. In considering the true nature of Jesus's life-work, this book should be thrown aside entirely. Its representations of Jesus, and the long, boastful, philosophical discourses put into Jesus's mouth in this book, are alike false, the whole of these being the carefully manufactured production of the unknown writer, written for a certain well-understood dogmatic purpose. The Jesus of John's gospel is an ideal character, bearing slight resemblance to the real man Jesus, as depicted in the other three gospels. The ideal, unhistorical Jesus of John furnishes the groundwork, in some degree, for the like ideal, unhistorical Jesus of Mr. Clark. Both of these Jesuses are imaginary beings, never having had objective existence in the flesh,—they are creations of fancy, just as much as is the orthodox God-man Jesus. A careful sifting of the first three gospels gives us some idea of what the real man Jesus was; but owing to the imperfection of the record and the large admixture of mythical and unhistorical matter even in those three gospels, our actual, trustworthy knowledge of Jesus is and must continue to be comparatively scant. But the facts as regards his alleged Messiahship, about which there can be no question, were embodied in my article in the DOVE of Jan. 7th. To deny the truth of what I said thereon indicates the lack of knowledge of the one making the denial; that is all. If he will take the trouble to study the facts as I have, he will probably see how untenable are his hypotheses, and how inapplicable and pointless are his facetious attempts at sarcasm and ridicule. If our brother could divest himself of some of the super abundant idealism in his mental make-up, and learn to be critical, discriminating, practical, in matters pertaining to theology and history, it would be an improvement, in my opinion. It is significant, as illustrative of the ideality of Mr. Clark's conception of Jesus, that the only two quotations from Jesus that he makes use of in his article are both taken from John's gospel,—that is they are imaginary speeches of Jesus manufactured by the author of that theological romance. To prove that my remarks about Jesus are incorrect, Mr. Clark quotes two sayings attributed to Jesus by "John," neither of which was ever uttered by Jesus. These two sayings embody the views of the writer of John's gospel, and they in no manner correspond with the genuine words of Jesus in the other gospels. The spurious gospel of John is the fountain-head of all the ideal, mythical, transcendental conceptions of Jesus. But that gospel having

been proved to be unauthentic, and its picture of Jesus to be a product of the imagination, it follows that the various ideal and visionary opinions anent Jesus, based upon that gospel, must fall to the ground.

In contrast to the current ideal conceptions of Jesus, shared to some extent by Mr. Clark, I invite attention to the appended remarks on the true character of Jesus, recently published by a Liberal Christian clergyman. In my judgment they embody much more truth than is found in the conventional representations of Jesus as a meek and gentle, effeminate, feeble-spirited, namby-pamby sort of person:—

We never saw a portrait of Jesus which embodied what we conceive him to be, as the Gospels portray him. In the great painting of Muncacksy, which Mr. Wanamaker purchased for \$125,000, the face of Christ is that of a fanatic. But look at the image the Gospels give us of him. He was not as John, an ascetic, but came eating and drinking, was often at the feast, and took part in the social festivities. He was, moreover, capable of a great anger, taking a whip of cords and driving the money-changers out of the temple. His "I say unto you," shows a strong, positive nature; yet Christ is painted with attenuated form, womanly face, with ethereal, unearthly look. But as he is seen in all the Gospels, there is something strong, rugged, even brusque about him. We would paint him broad of brow, broad of breast, large of hand,—a granite pillar covered with roses. To us in his personality he seems born to command, strong of intellect, large in moral genius,—a being of kingly power, but who used all that power for mothering and serving. Born to rule, he walked this earth with kingly tread, yet never crushed a "flower or a poor human heart." So we look upon him who is called the gentle Nazarene as large natured, of wondrous enthusiasm, a magnificent physique, and a voice like the music of the sea.

Mr. Clark ridicules me for attributing mistakes of judgment to Jesus, and says what a pity it is that I could not have lived in Jerusalem at the time and written a book about the "Mistakes of Jesus." In this the ignorance of Mr. Clark is again portrayed. Does he mean to have us believe that Jesus was so immaculate, so divine a personage, that he was totally incapable of error? Is he not aware that the New Testament teems with errors of Jesus? Did not Jesus teach the existence of a personal devil, and of myriad evil spirits or demons? Did he not teach everlasting punishment in a hell-fire prepared for the devil and his angels? Did he not believe in an anthropomorphic personal God? Did he not accept as literally true the myths and legends of the Old Testament? Did he not regard the Old Testament scriptures as the revealed word of God? Was he not a strict Jew, sharing the prejudices and errors of his people, the Jews? Did not Jesus teach and preach, and instruct his disciples to preach, that the Messianic kingdom was at hand, and would in a short time be established on earth? Did he not tell his disciples that before they would have time to go through the cities of Israel, the Messiah would come and



rule over the earth? Did he not state that before that generation should pass away the end of the world should take place, the sun and moon should be darkened, the stars should fall to the earth, and the Messiah should come and judge the world? Did he not, on one occasion, state that there were some standing there who should not die until they saw the Messiah coming in his kingdom? Did not Jesus say, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you?"

I might continue indefinitely, were it necessary, to mention the mistakes and defects of Jesus. Though Jesus said many wise and good things, he also said and did many weak and foolish things. He had the same infirmities, defects, and imperfections that other human beings are possessed of. He was an ordinary man like the rest of the male inhabitants of our globe, and he is just as liable to, and as worthy of, criticism as any other person. It is no more presumption to criticise the faults of Jesus than it is to do the same as regards Muhammad, Moses, Jeff Davis, or John Smith. As a man, the son of Joseph and Mary, he stands on the common level of all humanity. The erroneous idea, so common in the world, that Jesus Christ occupies a different position from that of all other men and women, that he stands, in some mysterious manner, above all other persons, is devoid of truth, reason, or common sense; and the enlightened judgment of humanity is fast recognizing this long-smothered truth. The imaginary charm supposed to inhere in the name and person of Jesus of Nazareth, is being fast dissipated, and the world is learning to behold him as he really was,—a warm-hearted, loving, impulsive, God-intoxicated man, who honestly but mistakenly supposed himself to be the Jewish Messiah, the Son of God. I shall, therefore, continue in the future, as I have done in the past, to freely and justly criticise Jesus whenever and wherever the occasion warrants it, unheeded of the sarcasm and sneers of Christian Spiritualists like Mr. Clark, or of the more positive abuse and denunciation of the orthodox. Whatever I regard as truth, that shall I always speak and write, no matter what others may think or how much soever I shall be criticised or condemned therefor,—the same natural right of free expression and criticism being the prerogative of all others, no matter how opposed in opinion they may be to me. As a free thinker, I believe strongly in free thought and free speech, and I claim no right for myself that I do not fully and freely accord to all others.

Readers of my writings during the past few years are aware that I have on various occasions published elaborate criticisms of certain schools of freethinkers for their unjust and untruthful attacks upon Jesus, the Bible, and Christianity. I have many times defended

these three from the unfair and slanderous misrepresentations indulged in against them by various freethinkers, some of whom, I am sorry to say, are Spiritualists. I believe in strict and exact justice at all times to opponents as to friends. With just and truthful criticisms of Jesus, the Bible, and Christianity I am in hearty sympathy; but I shall always vigorously oppose unjust, indiscriminating, rabid, partisan, bigoted, untruthful onslaughts upon these three, as upon all things else. It is a remarkable circumstance, indicative of the narrow-minded conceptions of some persons, of their inherent incapacity to take a just and broad view of matters pertinent to their theological or speculative opinions, that a number of Spiritualists and theosophists have, within the last five years, actually been so blinded by prejudice and bigotry as to positively and emphatically charge me with being an orthodox Christian, writing in the interests or the pay of the Christian church, in order to advance the claims of the church and injure Spiritualism and theosophy. While some claim to be certain that I am a Protestant, others, in the plenitude of their wisdom, have gone so far as to express absolute certainty that I am a Jesuit, or an employee of the Jesuits. It has been asserted that the Jesuits furnish me with old books for use in the defense of Christianity, when the truth is I never to my knowledge saw a Jesuit in my life, and such is my detestation of them and their principles, that I hope I may never meet one in this world at least. And as for the books used by me, they are principally purchased by me at a heavy expense, the remainder being obtained from the public libraries in this city. I should be very glad indeed if some one would supply me with the required books, thus stopping the continued drain on my purse necessitated by their purchase; but so far no obliging Jesuit or Protestant has put in an appearance, and I have to dig and delve unaided in search of truth, and buy all the books which I need that are not procurable in the public libraries. The sole reason for the allegation of these silly charges against me has been the publication by me of the facts of history and science in disproof of various absurd charges made in connection with the origin of Christianity. I have shown by positive facts the untruth of the theories that Jesus and the Apostles are myths, never having lived in the flesh; that Christianity was derived from solar mythology,—Jesus being the sun and the Apostles being the twelve signs of the zodiac; that Christianity was derived from Egyptian mythology; that the narratives of the life and teachings of Jesus were derived from those of the Hindu Krishna; that the accounts of the life and teachings of Jesus were based upon those of Apollonius of Tyana; that Christianity is an offshoot of Buddhism; and other analogous nonsensical theories. Because, in the interests of historical truth, and as an

act of justice, I have published the truth upon these matters, I am stigmatized as a Jesuit and an orthodox Christian in disguise, sedulously and insidiously working to bolster up Christianity and ruin Spiritualism. All this in spite of the fact that I have never published one word in my life in favor of any system of Christianity or any of its dogmas, but have always in public and private opposed and denounced them in the most pronounced manner, and despite the fact that I have been instrumental in converting a number of my friends and relatives from Christianity to Spiritualism and Liberalism. My late wife was a member of the Baptist church when I first met her. Through my influence she became a rational, non-Christian Spiritualist before I married her, and as such she died, as is well known. My mother was an extreme orthodox Christian partisan, and denounced my Spiritualism at first very severely, yet she died a Spiritualist. Nevertheless, according to these far-seeing sectarian Spiritualists and theosophists, I am an orthodox Christian!! Some people seem to have no conception of justice to an opponent; fair play to those opposed to you they seem to be unable to recognize. Because I endeavor to be just to Christianity, and ventilate the nonsense and lies that are published against it, I am, forsooth, a Christian.

It is thus seen that I am exposed to the fire of both parties,—the Christians and the Anti-Christians. Because I try to be just and fair, unpartisan, unbiased, I am assailed on either hand. Because I point out plainly the defects of Jesus, stating the exact truth so far as ascertainable, our Christian brethren fall foul of me as Brother Clark has just done. Because I tell the truth about the monstrous falsehoods and rubbish published against Jesus and Christianity, I am attacked by the indiscriminating, bigoted, sectarian Anti-Christians,—Spiritual, theosophic, materialistic, and agnostic. To all of these I am alike indifferent. I shall ever speak the truth about Jesus, the Bible, Judaism, and Christianity, so far as I can ascertain it, whether in criticism of these four or in defense of them from unjust assaillment. I shall strive to be just and fair toward all; but of course my statements and criticisms are open to criticism from others, and I am always glad to have any error pointed out.

Mr. Clark tells us that "Jesus, if we depend on the only record we have of him, was never known to proclaim himself king of the Jews in any temporal sense whatever. On the other hand, he emphasized the truth that his kingdom was 'not of this world.'" There is no reliable record that Jesus ever said that his kingdom was not of this world. The alleged saying of Jesus is found only once in the New Testament,—in the spurious Gospel of John (xviii. 36). Nothing in any manner equivalent to this declaration can be found in the more authentic gospels, the first three. This speech is put into the mouth of Jesus



during his examination by Pilate; and a comparison of the accounts of this examination as narrated in the three synoptic gospels with the exaggerated one in John's gospel shows that no such remark was made by Jesus on that occasion. In each of the first three gospels it is related that Pilate asked Jesus, "Art thou the King of the Jews?" and Jesus answered, "Thou sayest" which is equivalent to saying, "What you say is true. I am." This is all that Jesus said then, according to all three of the more reliable gospels (Matthew xxvii. 11, 12; Mark xv. 2, 3; Luke xxiii. 3, 4). Turning to the fourth gospel we find, instead of answering "Thou sayest" when asked by Pilate if he were the King of the Jews, a colloquy ensued between the two, extending from the 34th to the 38th verses, inclusive, of the 18th chapter; in the course of which Jesus says, "My kingdom is not of this world." John's gospel views Jesus from a different point of view from that in which he appears in the other gospels,—a much more exalted, spiritualized, ideal, transcendental position. This gospel was written, most probably, over one hundred years after Jesus's death, and it was written for the evident purpose of having a life of the Christ that should correspond with the prevalent exaggerated, mystical, and unhistorical conceptions of the nature and life-work of Jesus. In the three older gospels Jesus appears as an earthly or temporal ruler, the King of the Jews, as well as in the guise of a somewhat spiritualized Messiah. The writer of John's gospel carefully eliminated from his work everything found in the other gospels savoring of the temporal or earthly majesty of Jesus; so he omits Jesus's reply, "Thou sayest," and substitutes therefor one of his usual idealized, spiritualized conversations between Jesus and his enemies, so plentiful in this gospel, all of which are purely imaginary,—being expressive, not of Jesus's ideas, but of the ideas of the writer of the gospel. This writer represents Jesus as saying, "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence." This sentence betrays the earmarks of the author of John's gospel. His style, phraseology, and peculiar ideas are manifest all through it,—all of which are quite different from those in the approximately genuine words of Jesus, in the other gospels. The repetition of words, phrases, and ideas, as in this sentence,—the words "my kingdom" being stated thrice, and the idea that this kingdom is not of this world being also thrice indicated,—is very characteristic of this Johannine author. Another peculiarity running all through this gospel is the use of the term "the Jews" when speaking of the antagonists of Jesus; indeed, the entire gospel is the narrative of a perpetual conflict between Jesus and "the Jews," symbolized in many places by light and darkness

respectively; the writer, using his own language, constantly uses the term "the Jews." In the earlier chapters of this gospel we read the following: "after the Jews' manner"; "after the passover of the Jews"; "the Jews therefore answered"; "the Jews therefore said"; "a ruler of the Jews"; "from the Jews"; "a feast of the Jews"; "the Jews said unto him"; "told the Jews"; "the Jews persecute Jesus"; "the Jews sought to kill him"; "the Jews therefore murmured"; "the Jews therefore strove", etc. In all the expression "the Jews" (*hoi Ioudaioi*, in Greek) occurs in this gospel 68 times. Now in the sentence where Jesus is made to say that his kingdom was not of this world, Jesus himself is made to use this favorite phrase of the author. He is represented as saying, "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews." These words are certainly not those of Jesus, but of the author of the gospel. They embody the peculiar ideas of this author,—the representation of the persistent antagonists of Jesus under the term "the Jews." Jesus would never have made such a statement, as his mission was to the Jews, his disciples were Jews, and he claimed to be the Messiah of the Jews. There is no reasonable doubt, then, that this speech is a fabrication of the gospel-writer, embodying ideas foreign to the consciousness of Jesus.

In disproof of the statement that Jesus never proclaimed himself King of the Jews in any temporal sense whatever, the following may be adduced:—As we have seen, Jesus, when asked by Pilate if he was the King of the Jews, replied that he was. Previous to this, when before the Jewish sanhedrin, when the high priest asked him if he were the Messiah, he replied that he was. As I have shown in my former article, the Messiah of the Jews was to be a descendant of David, who was to restore the glory of David's kingdom, and, under God, rule over Israel forever. Earthly dominion was the very essence of the Messianic idea,—the Messiah was to be a temporal as well as a spiritual king. Jesus claimed to be the Messiah; and nowhere in the gospels, save in the bogus biography of him found in the fourth gospel did Jesus disclaim earthly sovereignty. He undoubtedly was executed because of his claim to be King of the Jews. It was as a king that Jesus made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem. His enthusiastic followers placed him on an ass and spread their clothing in the road for him to ride over; and the multitude following him shouted as he rode into the city, Hosanna to the Son of David [that is the Messiah-King]. Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed is the kingdom that cometh, the kingdom of our father David (Matthew xxi, 6-9; Mark xi, 7-10; Luke xix, 35-38). This was done, we are told, in fulfillment of a prophecy, "Behold thy King cometh unto thee." Luke tells us that when the Phari-

sees asked Jesus to rebuke his disciples for hailing him as king on this occasion, Jesus answered, "I tell you that if these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out." Jesus's promise to his disciples that they should sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, also savors of temporal power. The Messianic kingdom which Jesus hoped to establish was an earthly kingdom, with headquarters at Jerusalem. His sudden death having blasted the hopes of his disciples for a time, they got over the difficulty by proclaiming the return of Jesus in that generation, and the then establishment of his kingdom on earth. In time, through the influence of Gentile ideas principally, this idea became modified into the advent of a spiritual and non-Jewish kingdom. But there can be no rational doubt that in the minds of Jesus, the twelve, and the early Christians generally, the Messianic kingdom of Jesus was to be a temporal kingdom, a theocratic monarchy with Jesus as King and Lord.

Mr. Clark's definition of the Christ-idea or principle as "Spiritual Illumination," is not in accordance with the facts. Christ is *Christos* in Greek; *Christos* is the Greek translation of the Hebrew *Mashiakh*, the English form of which is Messiah. The Christ-principle is the Messiah-principle. What was the Messiah? Simply the theocratic King of the Jews,—the God-appointed ruler and saviour of the Jewish people. The only legitimate signification of the Christ-principle, as understood by Jesus and the primitive Jewish Christians, is the establishment of the Messianic kingdom among the Jews. Only this and nothing more. This is beyond all doubt. It was through the agency of Paul, who never saw Jesus, and whose gospel was bitterly opposed by the original twelve disciples, that the promises of the Messianic kingdom were extended to the Gentiles. The Christianity of James, Peter, John, and the remainder of the twelve was exclusively Jewish; they were strict Jews, differing from other Jews only in affirming the Messiahship of Jesus and his speedy reappearance on earth to set up his kingdom. They strenuously opposed fellowship with the Gentiles until they were forced into a partial recognition of their claims by the untiring zeal and success of Paul. The twelve were the parties to whom Jesus committed the promulgation of his Messianic teachings, and their views certainly more closely approximated those of Jesus while on earth than did those of Paul, the ideas of which latter apostle differed so widely in many directions from those of his Lord and Master, Jesus. The words Christ-Principle, then, have nothing to do with "Spiritual Illumination." The idea that it has is merely a figment of Mr. Clark's imagination,—a nineteenth-century excogitation, about as near the truth as are the nonsensical, fantastic interpretations of scriptural passages made by the Qabbalists, the theosophists, the re-incarnationists, the gnostics, and the other variant phases of nineteenth-century mysticism.



## USE OF MONEY

### In Promoting the Cause of Spiritualism.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: The enclosed essay was written in response to Dr. John Allyn's offer of three prizes for the first, second and third best treatise on the best means of using money for the promulgation of Spiritualism. An essay purporting to have been written by me was awarded the third prize. It was not mine, however, but was credited to me by the mistake of those having the matter in charge. Believing that the one I did write has an idea in it which is worth considering, I send it to you, hoping you will give it a place in your columns, as the *Golden Gate* refuses to do so on the ground that it is not practical.

Fraternally yours,

E. G. ANDERSON.

Can money be used advantageously for the promotion of Spiritualism?

If so, how can one hundred thousand dollars, more or less, be best used for that object?

To the first of these questions I would answer yes, most assuredly. No great enterprise can, as society is at present organized, be conducted without money; and, in general, the more we have to devote to a given enterprise, the more likely we are to succeed.

The propagation of the Spiritual philosophy, which includes the demonstration of a life beyond the grave and the possibility of communicating with our friends who have gone thither, is, to my mind, one of the grandest enterprises that can engross our attention. In order that mankind may fully understand and clearly appreciate the grand truths of the Spiritual philosophy, it is indispensably necessary that their moral and spiritual nature should be unfolded to a considerable degree. History, as well as observation, will fully bear me out in the assertion that no nation of savages ever were Spiritualists in our understanding of the term. Nay, more; no considerable number of undeveloped, ignorant, or grossly immoral persons, even among civilized people, have ever been influenced by its sublime teachings. Why?

In all the realms of nature, so far as we can observe, we find progressive evolutions following each other in regular order; each succeeding lower form being a necessary precedent to the more perfect one which follows it. If we turn our attention to the human mind, we first find it manifesting itself in instinct, from which is evolved the passions or purely selfish powers. Then come the intellectual faculties, and these, in turn, are succeeded by the moral sentiment; and, crowning all, as the masterpiece of Nature's handiwork, is our spiritual nature. Each of these must be developed, in turn, before its successor can be evolved.

If the foregoing is true, does it not clearly indicate the course we should pursue? Is it not manifest that we should follow the order laid down by Nature, and try to develop man in her way? Indeed, it would be folly to go to work in any other way, for we should most certainly fail. If we attempted to teach the sublime truths of Spiritualism to a Goshute Indian or an Australian native, without first developing his intellectual and moral nature, we should never succeed, be-

cause we would be violating one of Nature's most plainly revealed precepts; and success only follows the observance of her methods.

If we but look around us, we must be convinced that Spiritualism has, as yet, made no progress except among those who were developed intellectually and morally. As society is now constituted, that kind of culture is found almost exclusively among the well-to-do classes. The reason for this is plain; they are the only ones who can spare the time from the toil necessary to support life, to devote to cultivating the higher side of their natures. The great mass of mankind—those who do the world's labor in the various departments of production and distribution—have no time for anything but their daily toil and the necessary recuperative rest. They form by far the largest portion of the human family; and they stand most in need of the soul-cheering truths of our beautiful belief. How shall we bring them within their reach? Not to those whose time drags heavily upon their hands—who have but to reach out to grasp anything their hearts may desire—not to those who have to pause in their daily round of pleasure to place themselves *en rapport* with the spirit world, do we need to bring our tidings of great joy; but to the poor and lowly, who, however much they may desire it, can never hope to attain Spiritual unfoldment, as conditions around them now are. The great toiling masses, to whom we are all indebted for physical sustenance, are at present undeveloped, both morally and intellectually, to a degree which totally unfits them for the reception of the truths of Spiritualism, and yet they most need its grand teachings. That they are in this condition is no fault of their own; but is the result of circumstances of which they are the victims, and which keep them thus benighted. To reach these, and aid them to rise to a position where they may, at least, *begin* to understand the meaning of what we call Spiritualism, is an object worthy of the earnest efforts of the most devoted philanthropist; and millions *could* well be spent in bringing it about.

The lives of these toiling millions who are producing for us, are divided into periods of labor and rest—no time for anything but these. Manifestly, then, the only way to reach them with our mission of love is by first bringing about a different condition of things in their surroundings—to create for them, or rather assist *them* to create, such environments as will give them more time for recreation and study. I am quite well aware that this proposal contemplates many very radical changes in the present order of things; but if we reflect that these changes would be of value to the toiling masses, and not necessarily disadvantageous to any one, we certainly ought to strive to bring it about, radical though it be.

What has Spiritualism to do with all such things? Precisely this: Spiritualism can

progress no faster than humanity progresses. Before you can spiritualise a man, you must educate him both intellectually and morally; and before this can be done, he must be placed in such physical conditions that he will not be compelled to devote all his waking moments to the work of keeping soul and body together.

In doing this we might profitably study the methods of Christian missionary societies—especially those relating to relieving the physical needs of suffering humanity before offering food to the soul.

A case in point is the manner in which a wonderful reformation was brought about in the Five Points of New York. For years and years the Home Missionary Society had been holding meetings there almost daily, and preaching the gospel, and yet, as the city grew in size, and that particular locality increased in population, it also grew in vices of all kinds. At last, some missionary, more practical than the others, suggested that what the poor people in that section wanted most was not dry, abstract preaching, but food for their hungry stomachs, clothes for their naked, shivering bodies, and shelter from the inclemencies of the weather.

After considerable discussion by the Society on the subject, the progressive man's ideas were accepted and acted upon, and lo! a miracle was soon wrought in that locality.

Believing it to be just as true to-day in regard to the great mass of humanity, in their ability to appreciate Spiritualism, as it was with the denizens of Five Points, I do not see how we can be successful in promulgating our faith unless we begin in the right place, and that right place is certainly in bettering physical conditions. At least, this work should go hand in hand with the preaching of our truths.

How can this be done? There are many ways we may aid in bringing this about, all of which have more or less merit.

My plan—the one which above all others seems to me the most feasible (and I do not pretend that it is original with me)—is something like this: Let a society be formed whose objects shall be to attempt the amelioration of the physical conditions of *all* human beings.

Having secured the donation of \$100,000, more or less, go to work by writing, printing and public lectures, or any other available means, to teach the great mass of common *i. e.* the poor people, how they may improve their surroundings. These efforts, while first and mainly directed towards obtaining better temporal conditions, should, of course, always be accompanied by moral and spiritual teachings. These objects, in my judgment, could best be obtained by teaching the laboring people to co-operate among themselves in producing and distributing all the necessities of life.

To my mind the civilization of to-day, if it is to continue, must be radically changed in



the matter of production and distribution.

If it is not, the day is very near to us when all the wealth, refinement, moral and spiritual culture—nay, more, when all the means of procuring these things will be in the possession of an exceedingly small minority of our people, and the rest, the great majority, will be doomed to a condition beside which the old-time bond slavery would be infinitely preferable.

To prevent such a culmination should be the object of all who are sincerely interested in human development. Now the only way to do this is by teaching people how to make the most of their opportunities by combining together for the common good.

To this end, my plan would be to use the sum proposed in the organization of societies all over our country analogous to our old-time Anti-Slavery societies. They preached freedom for only one class of people. I would bend our energies toward emancipating all humanity from that far worse form of slavery begotten by economic dependence, whose task-master to drive us to ceaseless toil is the FEAR OF WANT. And I am sure that this method, faithfully and energetically carried out, would soon result in far more rapid spiritual unfoldment than the world has ever yet beheld.

For ages past preachers and teachers have told us about the beauties and glory of the other life, but have utterly neglected to instruct us how to make *this* one better.

Here and now is what should most engross our thoughts; and the sooner we quit prating about the infinite happiness to be enjoyed "Over There," as the reward of miseries endured here, and go to work to bring better conditions around men while still in physical form, the sooner we will achieve that state of things which our philanthropically inclined friends so earnestly desire.

Perhaps some will say that these reforms are not in the line of Spiritualism. Then Spiritualism itself needs reforming until it conforms to the needs of humanity, for these reforms are a necessity to the welfare of untold millions of humanity. But to my mind they who think these things do not concern Spiritualism, do not understand its true mission. It should be long enough and broad enough, and deep enough in its mission to cover the needs of every human being born upon this planet, or it can never be what most of us believe it should, the coming religion of the world. Fraternally,

E. G. ANDERSON.

Crime cannot be hindered by punishment; it will always find some shape and outlet unpunished or unclosed. Crime can only be truly hindered by letting no man grow up a criminal—by taking away the *will* to commit sin, not by mere punishment of its commission. Crime, small and great, can only be truly stayed by education—not the education of the intellect only, which is on some men wasted, and for others mischievous; but education of the heart, which is alike good and necessary for all.—*Ruskin.*

### Dangers to the Spiritual Movement.

BY DR. DEAN CLARKE.

No great world-wide movement, such as Modern Spiritualism has made in human thought, can sweep along in the tide of human events without meeting obstacles and dangers. Spiritualism, fundamentally, is so radically opposed to many popular forms of error as to alarm those who have a vested interest in institutions which promulgate the latter, and it is but natural that the chief beneficiaries thereof should either violently oppose what is fatal to their selfish interests, or that they should endeavor cunningly to capture and appropriate its forces to their own uses. The history of Primitive Christianity illustrates this point, and should be a warning to all faithful votaries of this modern revival of "spiritual gifts." Primitive Christianity was Judaized and Paganized by the priestcraft of that age, which, finding it in vain to suppress, craftily appropriated, while it corrupted its new currents of power. That the history of Christianity in the early days of its formulation will "repeat itself" in the Spiritual Movement, unless the efforts of its enemies are resisted and check-mated by its true supporters, goes without saying as especially probable, if not positively certain.

From the testimony of seers as well as manifest phenomenal evidence, there is little room for doubt that the Christian Church on earth has a powerful auxiliary in a similar organization in the spheres, and that Jesuitical power is persistently working in every possible way to harass the army of progress and overcome its forces. As it has been impossible to stop the march of the powers of light, the hostile spiritual forces have resorted to strategy and have sought to distract and disrupt our ranks by inciting internecine discord, preventing organization, and dividing us into weak, incoherent and often hostile factions. No doubt they have often thrown into our seances the "bone of contention" in the shape of suspicious if not fraudulent phenomena, producing bogus manifestations themselves and prompting weak mediums to perpetrate deception.

Again, these "powers of darkness" have used their psychological power to excite prejudice against the progressive work, both by acting on the minds of the opponents, intensifying their bigotry and fear for self-interest, and by inciting mediums to disgrace themselves and our cause by cranky, fanatical and immoral conduct, etc. Another "device of Satan" to seduce the weak and unwary from fealty to their duty to sustain the new truth, has been their sophisticated claim that "Spiritualism is not designed to become a concrete movement, but only a new leaven of truth to existing churches." This has been one of the most successful decoys to mislead those who covet "respectability" and popularity, and those who want the patronage of the "powers that be" in Church and

State, have been and are being easily captivated by this artful device of "Seducing Spirits," and largely have they abandoned all open connection with our movement, and have fallen into the meshes of church organizations where they pretend to find "all the Spiritualism they want!"

Against this "delusion and snare" of the Jesuitical "fishers of men" on earth and in the Spirit realms, we most emphatically protest and most urgently warn the unwary and deluded believers who think they can "serve two masters" whose purposes are so diametrically opposite!

The latest strategy of the enemy shows its chameleon hues and hydra head under the aliases of "Christian Science" (?) "Spiritual Science of Healing," "Metaphysics," "Mind-Cure," *et als*, which is deluding hundreds with its plausible and sophisticated pretensions of wisdom and wonderful power. It is a conglomeration of mysticism, *stolen* Spiritual philosophy, puerile nonsense, and brazen quackery, which masquerades as a "new science of healing" (!!), which is seducing, misleading, and deceiving many former believers in the genuine Spiritual Science and philosophy of life here and hereafter, into the ranks of fanatics and mountebanks whose affinities are far more with the Old Church than with true spiritual Reformers and Philosophers! Against this artful and unscrupulous enemy of Spiritualism, which has already captured many of the "weaker vessels," that have held a little of our spiritual truth, with this "Christian Science" chaff, all loyal and level-headed advocates of pure, undefiled Spiritualism should raise a warning cry, and a most determined front of opposition! The claims of this brazen impostor to having "the true science of Spiritual healing" while discarding the method and the means by which divine power has always operated, is in keeping with the ignorance of physical and pathological science its principal supporters evince in their *bizarre* theories. As a student of Medical Science, and for many years of Spiritual Science and Philosophy, I speak with assurance of truth and knowledge in condemning the irrational, contradictory and wholly unscientific theories of this arch enemy of our Spiritual Movement.

Take warning and beware of this snare which is set by the Spirit enemies of our cause. "Christian Science" with its various aliases, has *no* power of healing that Spiritualism has not taught and illustrated. It is shining with *borrowed* light, parading before the public in *borrowed* or *stolen* clothes, and proclaiming its magic powers with "*stolen* thunder," and shows its mendacity by hostility to the very movement and its prompting power which alone has made it possible for this modern Elymas to deceive the progressive and spiritually minded seekers after truth and health.

Beware of "Seducing Spirits and the doc



trines of devils" that lead you to discard mediumship, magnetism and true Spiritual Science to follow this Jesuitical *ignis fatuus* whose false light decoys to bonds of superstition, and "Science *falsely* so-called" which is delusive, and as hostile to true and scientific therapeutics as to our Philosophical Spiritualism.

### True Friendship.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

True friendship is eternal; germinating simply in the transitory nurseries of earth, until transplanted to bloom in divine perfection in the gardens celestial. It rises above the clouds and storms, and survives all the disasters of earth life. Distance cannot diminish, nor circumstances mar it, but on the contrary they intensify and weld more closely those indissoluble cords that bind true hearts together. In the darkest night of our despair it shines the brightest, and as the glad dawn of relief touches our suffering souls, this white-winged messenger brings us sweet peace and renewed and increased pleasure. Through all the changing scenes of life it breathes a charmed and refining influence. It augments our happiness, and mitigates our pain. It proves a talisman in temptation and an amulet in danger. It soothes, sustains, stimulates and succors, ever drawing and training upward the finer tendrils of our natures toward that infinite centre and source of all love and virtue. Death may sever the material connections, but loving spirits are ever free to hold sweetest communion until their reunion immortal. Cultivate and nourish this most priceless boon bestowed upon mortals immortal, cherishing ever all that is best and noblest in its desires and expressions; uprooting all that is deteriorating and unprogressive in its result, and it will prove an ever gleaming, ever brightening beacon through the mazes of earth life, to continue throughout the numberless ages of the eternal future.

ELLA L. MERRIAM.

310 Temple street, L. A.

We did not make the world; we may mend it, and must live in it. We shall find that it abounds with fools, who are too *dull* to be employed, and knaves who are too *sharp*. But the compound character is most uncommon, and is that with which we shall have the most to do. As he that knows how to put proper words in proper places evinces the truest knowledge of books, so he that knows how to put fit persons in fit stations evinces the truest knowledge of men.

Depend upon it that if a man talks of his misfortunes, there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him; for where there is nothing but pure misery there never is any recourse to the mention of it.

"But, Paul, how can the Spirit be in us and we in the Spirit at the same time?" said the young man to a venerable darkey. "Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like dat poker; I puts it in de fire and it gets red hot. Now, de poker's in de fire, and de fire's in de poker."

### The Search for Truth.

EMMA TWAIN.

I sought for truth afar,  
O'er stormy, rolling wave;  
'Neath many a beaming star  
And softened evening shade.  
'Neath sunlight's golden beams  
I thought to grasp the prize  
More precious than earthly dreams,  
More pure than cloudless skies.

I roamed through sorrow's vale,  
Within the realm of tears;  
I gazed on the vision pale  
That marked the broken years.

I sought the wondrous spot  
Known but to joyous youth;  
But, alas! I found it not,  
The purer, higher truth.

At last I ceased to roam,  
And sought my native hearth;  
And there, 'neath the light of home,  
I found the pearl of worth.

I learned the shrines above  
Of purest buds and flowers  
Are built of the precious love  
Of these earth homes of ours.

I learned that day by day  
We live 'neath angels smile:  
That heaven's not far away—  
But with us all the while;

That we've not got to die  
To cross that throbbing sea;  
That now is the by and bye,  
And here the golden key.

O, holy truth of life,  
That saves from sin and vice,  
And makes of the realm of strife  
A blessed paradise!

O, living power divine,  
That formed the open door,  
We bow at thy wondrous shrine,  
And praise thee evermore!

Merry college jest:

"Your professor has given you some elementary instruction as to bodies?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. What is a transparent body?"  
(Silence that would reflect no discredit upon a Trappist or a deaf-mute.)

"Well, what is a transparent body?"  
Don't you know?"

"Of course, I do; I recollect the words in the book. A transparent—body—is—is—"

"It's a body through which you can see light. Now give me an example of a transparent body?"

"A lock."

"A lock?"

"Yes, sir; you can see light through the key-hole."

A teacher once put the following question to his scholars:—"What is a syllable?" Judging from the gesticulations they made, they appeared to know what it was, but were unable to express themselves accordingly with the exception of one little fellow, who exclaimed, "A mouthful of letters, sir."

### OBSESSION.

#### A Fiction or Fact—Which?

BY JOHN B. WOLFE.

After a careful examination of the argument, I find myself compelled to dissent from the conclusions of William Emmette Coleman. The style is fine, his power of description eminent, but logic is awfully wanting. The great object of all research should be teaching, and of all truth the impartation of truth. Individual opinions without the emphasis of fact or demonstration, settle nothing save in the mind of the writer.

Mental science is yet largely an unexplored country. We have made great strides in the present half century, but have only gone far enough to know how little we know, how supreme is our ignorance. How far mind is influenced by mind in and out of the body is not determined, nor can it be by a flourish of the pen, or the mere say-so of any spirit in or out of the body. What we need is positive knowledge, which can only come from demonstration. Even with self-evident propositions and facts, we are not sure of the exact truth, owing to the limitations of our own capacities. Authority has no authority to compel credence. The angel world is by no means infallible, and what they say about this or any other subject should be treated as we would treat the teachings of spirits in the body.

In conceding the return of spirits, their power to control mediums, and the necessity for the control of the undeveloped by more-developed spirits, Mr. Coleman practically concedes the possibility of obsession (adverse control). The few solutions cited cover a multitude of cases, but to my mind fall short of covering all the facts. Then when he adds the concession that some spirits who attempt to control mediums are not gifted with the highest wisdom, that they undertake too much, and make mistakes, he leaves his deductions without logical conclusiveness.

The power of mind to control mind, and the power of return are generic, and are no more dependent upon moral attributes than are works in art or mechanism. It is a fact that spirit in the body can control (obsess) spirit in the body. No well informed person disputes this proposition. I can cite thousands of instances. A man may psychologize a single subject, an audience, or a large community. The same is true of an idea, as seen in the fatality of epidemics, the success of revivals and the propagation of errors of all kinds. Reason is subordinated and the dictum of the propagandist substituted.

Mr. Coleman concedes that evil spirits "exist in large numbers in the lower circles of the spirit land;" and the good angels doubtless do all they can to restrain evil propensities and uplift these unfortunates. But, if "death makes no change," leave them with all their evil propensities, which may be kept in check "so far as practical"



not there is no absolute guarantee that some of the more refractory may not escape the vigilance of their guardians, and so gravitate to earth for which they have not lost their affinity, and invade some poor mediums.

We are taught that unfoldment is from within, outward and upward; that we cannot progress here or hereafter until impelled from within; that we must first have the desire.

If this be true, and it is very plausible, then all compulsory control and help would be its reflex effect hinder rather than assist.

Mr. Coleman first says that they are restrained "as far as practicable," and then, in the same paragraph, that it is impossible for an unprogressed spirit to escape the watchfulness of the more progressed. The more progressed here are unable to restrain

the less progressed; why should they be there? If the power of the progressed is increased by the change called death, pray why may not the power of the unprogressed? What is there in death to change the ratio of control or power? He says "it must be so by the nature of things." The protection of society demands that criminals shall be restrained. Verily; but they have not been restrained. And if there is a superior power "over there," I would suggest that they try their hand on reforming before the criminals govern. As I understand, there is only one law of growth or unfoldment for intelligent beings, and that is, the exercise of their own faculties in freedom. Restraint may repress, but it cannot uproot inherent defects of body or mind. There is and can be no transfer of virtue. There can be no instruction or education out of error or evil until the mind is capable of receiving and acting on the matter conveyed. All faculties grow by exercise; the control of another cannot make my faculties grow. The criminal in prison does not reform, and as a rule is made worse. This is the logical effect of the means employed by society to protect itself. The same means of control will have the same effect over there. We are free here to obey the laws of our own being; we disobey, and the penalty is self-inflicting. Freedom there is just as necessary as here, unless our nature is changed by death.

Suppose we go back to the first spirits who left our planet. By what means did they unfold? Who was there to prevent their return if so inclined? If they were left to unfold under the law of their own being, why should not all who come after? That there are helpful influences which may be made available, but only through reason, we may admit. How often do we hear from the other side of spirits who remain in darkness, (negation of progress), is born the upward impulse? In nature does the light shine for the blind. In nature are all efforts to compel the acceptance of conditions by those who have not chosen for them. Restraint may repress but does not eradicate the mental distemper;

and, as I have said, we have no guarantee that some of the more refractory may not escape the vigilance of even the more advanced guardians, or indeed that the advanced guardians are engaged in the business of restraining the lower grades precipitated from this world in a state of unfitness for the higher life. Some disembodied spirits being unfit for the new life, may it not be necessary for such to return to earth sphere to take up here the thread of life as a condition precedent to their progress there?

In my next I shall cite some pertinent facts, which I think are conclusive as to the verity of obsession.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

### Not Dead, but Risen.

The *Banner of Life* in an editorial under this title, presents the following, among other equally pleasingly expressed sentiments, which embody much sound truth as taught by the Spiritual philosophy:

"It is the old, old story. LIFE AND DEATH. The two great, silent, all-powerful and mysterious influences that for countless ages have walked hand in hand and have worked side by side; but, although we gaze with pleasure on the action of one of those influences, we must not forget the sombreness, the grim terror of the other. All over the world there broods a certain dread suspense; the mighty dread volcanoes of FORCE and PROGRESSION moan low, and the earth shudders, so that no one can tell when the vast crater of ADVANCED THOUGHT and REASON may break forth into thunder and flame. And still the holy bells chime "Good will and peace—peace and good will!" Amid the harsh roar of their own utterances demanding that all men shall hear as they hear, shall see as they see, there comes a sombre ground-bass that tells with boding tones of alarm, that unless those gates of the Great Beyond are opened with the key furnished by the particular creed from whose bell the chimes were heard, that *all must be lost*. What a dreadful thought. "All hope abandon ye who enter here" was not more vividly portrayed by Dore when illustrating the entrance to Hell which the vivid imagination of a Dante had created, than the commands of the countless churches and creeds to mortals who are bold enough to cross the "dead line" and seek for themselves another solution to the problem of life after death. A strange race of mortals are we, and a strange course we run! The kindly man asks in an agony of regret: "Why can not these Religions, Creeds and Beliefs dwell in unity. Why can not each man choose for himself?" Say what we will, think what we may, the magic chain of one sentiment binds them one and all to the distant home beyond the grave. Links of bygone hours taken from Memory's Casket are softened as each one remembers even the dullest hours that he spent in his kindly home with the loved ones passed away."

Written for the Carrier Dove.

### The Ways of the World.

BY LILLIE BINKLEY.

A gay young man went out in the world,  
To learn of the world its ways;  
To seek his fortune easy and soon,  
And spend his "wild oat" days.

He was handsome, manly, polished, and gay,  
And dressed in the latest of style,  
His bow it was more than perfection itself,  
And his face never wanted a smile.

He reveled at balls in the gayest of life,  
He drank from the wine-cup's rim;  
He spent his wealth and he spent his health,  
And he lived by the license of sin.

Yet the world bowed low as they passed him by,  
And every one gave him a smile;  
And old folks sighed as they saw him pass,  
But said: "He'll reform after while."

\* \* \* \* \*

A fair young girl went out in the world,  
Driven by poverty's hand—  
Went out to work for her food and home,  
In a strange and distant land.

She was honest, noble, and pure of heart,  
And wore a home-spun gown—  
She was bashful and timid, and feared the world,  
And dreaded its merciless frown.

Hunger and cold were hovering round,  
And pinching her half starved frame,  
And driving her on from an honest life,  
To a life of sin and shame.

The fair girl fell, as the snowflake falls,  
To be trod by the passing feet;  
And the world only sneered as it passed her by,  
And left her to starve in the street.

\* \* \* \* \*

As years rolled on the man reformed  
And turned from the paths of sin;  
The church and the world threw open their doors  
To welcome the "lost sheep" in.

The woman returned from the follies of youth,  
And tried to reclaim her past;  
But a woman's name and a woman's shame  
Are things that the world holds fast.

They let him in, but they passed her by  
With many a half breathed sneer;  
And they who had walked in shielded paths  
Spoke never a word of cheer.

The woman had sinned and the man had sinned,  
But the sin of Eve, *they say*,  
Is the reason why a woman's sin  
Is the greater sin, to-day.

ATCHINSON, Kansas.

Elderly spinster (who is being measured for a pair of boots): "And mind that you make one larger than the other." Attendant (with astonishment): "Then they won't be fellows, ma'am?" E. S. (with asperity): "Certainly not; I do not like fellows, and I [will have nothing whatever to do with them."



## Literary Department.

### CROOKED PATHS,

OR  
THE WAGES OF SIN.

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

#### CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

Among the friendships revived by the Blunts was that with the family of Judge James Thornton, the head of an old aristocratic family whose members had held high literary honors before the world for many years. Mrs. James Thornton had published several works descriptive of life in the various countries through which she had traveled. She was a woman of keen observation and mental ability, and possessed of delicate taste and discernment; consequently her productions were eagerly sought after by the cultured. Her husband rested his intellectual laurels on one ponderous but valuable book of law he had brought from the printing press; a work that is still referred to and consulted by more than one legal aspirant to fame.

Grace Thornton, the only daughter of this interesting couple, had been a promising child, whose lovely poetic effusions had gained the commendation of her circle of friends, but who, at the early age of nineteen had been transplanted to a better world, leaving her parents almost inconsolable at their loss, and with but one remaining child, a son, who had now arrived at the age of twenty-eight.

Frank Thornton was a man of magnificent figure, tall, commanding and impressive. His keen, gray, eagle eye was full of fire and strength; his closely cut brown hair revealed a well shaped head, and the fine features of his bronzed face denoted character and force. Young Thornton, like his father, had chosen the law as his profession. He had studied early and late, and had made such good use of his opportunities as to be offered the professorship of the law school in one of our Northern universities. He too was somewhat literary by nature, which he expressed in the forcible contributions to science that he occasionally wrote for magazine and journal, and which were perused with interest by more than one studious mind who admired their depth of thought.

While Frank Thornton's duties confined his presence to Boston the larger part of his time, he made it a practice to spend his Sundays and holidays at home in his father's house. At Christmas time he found himself at leisure for a week, which he took advantage of to, as he expressed it, "become better acquainted with his parents."

It was during these seasons of recreation that the young lawyer met and became inter-

ested in the youthful May Blake. The two families enjoyed a degree of intimacy which brought them into frequent association, and it was not only at her own, but also at his father's home, that Frank occasionally came in contact with the lovely girl. The winning manner, the wonderfully gifted voice, the delicacy and charm of beauty, and more than all, the gentle disposition that moved the dainty creature, won upon the heart of the man who had formerly been so engrossed in his studies, and in carving out for himself a career, as to give no time for attention to young ladies, who, in consequence, considered him quite unsusceptible. But now the spell of indifference seemed broken, for, to his own surprise, he found himself only too willing to frame a pretext for seeking the neighborhood of the gentle girl who had attracted his regard.

Mrs. Thornton had been in delicate health since the death of her idolized daughter, seven years before, and being unable to go out a great deal, or to visit often, made it a rule with her friends that they should come to her home twice to her once going out to them. She and Mrs. Blunt had always held a strong affection for each other, and now the pretty and graceful invalid insisted that her friend, whom she had missed so long, should often seek her home, bringing the child of her adoption with her, for Mrs. Thornton had taken a wonderful fancy to May.

At first the girl felt no especial attraction toward the son of her invalid friend, save taking an interest in him because of his relationship in the house where she ever found so warm a welcome; but before she had met him many times his frank and genial manner and his avoidance of the silly compliments that had palled upon her sensible mind, his delicate but unobtrusive attentions, and his evident enjoyment and appreciation of her musical talents, began to have weight with her and to lead her heart out toward him unconsciously to herself.

To simply be in the presence of the thoughtful but not severely silent man; to know, as she did, that he could understand and interpret the feeling that crept through the cadences of her song in minor tones of pain, or rang in the exultant strains of triumphant joy that recognizes the supremacy of life over death, of good over ill, as the mood might lay upon her—came to give to the sensitive girl a sense of peace and gladness new to her inexperienced heart. In a measure, the tranquility thus awakened seemed to flow from her to him, and he, too, grew more content and satisfied with life and its powers when with the fair creature who seemed capable of calling out the deepest impulses of his soul.

Thus matters stood with the young friends when it was decided that Mrs. Thornton should spend the month of March in Boston. Her malady was one of the nervous system,

its principal phase being insomnia, attended with neuralgic pains. A celebrated physician, whose study and course of treatment lay entirely with the nervous organization, was located there, and Frank had been very anxious that his mother should place herself in the hands of this specialist. Mrs. Thornton adored her son, and it was more to please him than with the hope of reaping any benefit that she consented to accede to his wishes, provided she could induce May Blake to bear her company to the city.

The Blunts were unwilling to part with their ward for even a few weeks, and when it was decided that they would accompany their friends to Boston, taking May along. The first of March found the two families established in one of the finest hotels in the city. Frank Thornton forsook his bachelor quarters for the time, taking apartments in the same house, that he might be, he said, as near his mother as possible during her stay. The four weeks that followed proved full of pleasure to the party, but to none were they fraught with such exquisite delight as to the sensitive girl. She was filled with life and spirits, and enjoyed thoroughly the theatrical entertainments and the symphony concerts that she attended under the escort of Frank, while the brisk, bracing rides over the snow-covered Brighton road, with the attentive lawyer by her side, brought the roses to her cheek and a sparkle to her eye.

In these happy days two hearts became more firmly knit together, and love, ever young and tender, found an abiding place in the souls of each. Of all the manly qualities exhibited by the man, none so attracted the being who watched him as his rare and child-like devotion to his invalid mother. Many an hour, when he might have been one of a gayer throng, he passed at her side, reading aloud from her favorite works, or conversing with her on themes she most enjoyed. Many a moment, when the extreme sensitiveness of her pain-racked head rendered it necessary to darken her room, and to exclude all but him from her presence, he remained to bathe and soothe the tortured temples into rest, while none but himself would be permitted to adjust the shawl around her graceful shoulders, or to lead her to the table when she could descend to the dining room. The new treatment promised relief, and it was with a measure of gratification at the close of the month that the party returned to their homes, feeling that in point of decreased sleeplessness and diminished nerve pain, the invalid had gained by her journey. The eminent specialist promised to continue his treatment, permitting weekly visits to her country home for that purpose.

A lady who had company to tea, reproved her little son several times, very gently. At last, out of patience, she said, sharply, "Come my, if you don't keep still, I'll send you from the table!" Looking at her in surprise, he asked, "Didn't you forget to use your company voice then, mother?"



## Correspondence.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: You have earnestly put forward your best efforts since the little DOVE spread its tiny wings as a messenger for the Oakland Lyceum. The larger grew its wings, the greater its influence. May its pages still continue to give the bread of life to those that hunger and thirst after its knowledge. Angels have watched the unfoldment of this little winged messenger safely through the long weary months of toiling and waiting. Its growth has been such that now it is able to come out weekly. In this way you are teaching life's lessons to many.

If our hearts are all right, and we desire the best good for the greatest number, then, indeed, can we be a blessing to mankind. There are times, perhaps, when every heart feels lonely and sad. May such feel the gentle presence of loved ones gone before. May our souls quicken to their good influence, and may we feel renewed energy to dare and endure all of life's cares and trials.

At this moment my mind is brought to external influences—my little girl stands behind me with her pet cat, which she has put upon my shoulder, while she is laughing with delight. These are the conditions under which I am writing. Not so bad as they might be, but rather ludicrous. Some may ask, "Why write under such conditions?" My answer is, I write when the spirit moves me; and while I am writing this I feel a soothing influence, which says, "Never mind; be brave, just, and generous; and, above all, be truthful, and we will guide you aright. We come to bind up the broken hearts, and guide your weary feet in paths of pleasantness and peace."

Our purest and best thoughts ever reach out towards suffering humanity. May they be guided with wisdom and love. While our thoughts are purifying and harmonious, the light that is in us will be edifying, and good for the soul.

There are some things in your paper that I wish were different; but I realize that it is better than I could make it; and that it is impossible to edit a paper to suit everyone; so I bid you God speed. May you live long to promulgate the truth as you see it, is my earnest wish. Yours, for truth,

MARY E. BARKER.

SAN JOSE, Cal.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I am surprised and delighted at your editorial success. That a woman can do, and dare, and achieve as a journalist, is a foregone conclusion that you, with others of your sex, have proved. That woman can keep within her proper sphere, and outstrip many of the other sex, needs no further argument. I rejoice, with many others, in your success. I should be

glad to contribute something good, beautiful, and true to your magazine, but I can not do much now, though I am pleased to see the names and thoughts of some of the best of our spiritual writers.

I am now nearing my seventieth year. I am like an old door, much worn by years, and by the slams and bangs of the thoughtless. One hinge is gone, and the other is loose; the knob has been jerked off by some strong hand impatient at my apparent obstinacy to open and close. The lock is broken off, and the key is lost; the panels are split, and all the joints are loose; the painting, which was once a pride, is now worn, faded, and changed to a smoky brown; the openings and closings are fitful and creaky; it sticks hard at the bottom and is all wrong at the top. In fact I am but little better than no door at all. What shall be done with the old door?  
WARREN BOYNTON.  
ROCKFORD, Ill.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I send herewith \$2.50, as I do not wish the DOVE to forget to fly this way the coming year: besides, its weekly visit, in place of monthly, has quadrupled its welcome. Yours for the Cause,  
J. E. S.

CUCAMONGA.

DEAR OLD FRIENDS: God bless you in your good work. I find your splendid CARRIER DOVE everywhere I go of late, bearing sweet messages of "good news" to thousands. I hear it commended generally, and think it a credit to your ability, and an honor to our Cause.  
DR. DEAN CLARK.  
BOSTON, Mass.

## Our Exchanges.

Among the most able writers in our ranks to-day is Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, who is better entitled to be considered a present day philosopher than many others to whom that title is inaccurately and loosely given. The Doctor's magazine, the *Journal of Man*, is always ably edited and its contents are invariably excellent. In the last number its scholarly editor thus speaks of its position and policy, his remarks evidencing a comprehensive grasp of his duties as a journalist in certain fields almost peculiarly his own. The annexed remarks may serve as a text for others of our craft, as well as the journal from which they are extracted:

A truly good and wise man would feel an interest in the condition of society and progress of nations everywhere. He would desire to find in his Journal the best and latest news of human progress in liberty, prosperity, virtue and happiness—in science, art and philosophy. He would desire too, to know what is being done to remove existing evils, intemperance, gambling, poverty, crime, monopoly, corruption, ignorance and bigotry. It would require a large Journal to satisfy his hunger for such knowledge. And finding it impossible to keep up with the chronicle of progress or the discussion of all reformatory measures, he would look with still greater eagerness for some basic philosophy, some fundamental and comprehensive

science that would explain the sources of all evils and the rational measures that would remove them. This he would recognize in the all comprehensive Science of Man, and would therefore deem Anthropology the chief theme for discussion and illustration, never forgetting for a moment that Anthropology is supremely important only because it promises emancipation from all evils by showing the pathway of progress. It is for this ideal reader, good and wise as aspiration can make him, that the *Journal of Man* is published, to satisfy his craving for beneficent knowledge, which favoring circumstances and half a century of disinterested pursuit of truth have placed in the possession of its editor. It is some consolation for the present narrow and inadequate limits of the Journal, that its readers express so much regret and disappointment at the postponement of its enlargement, and this gives evidence that they cherish the sentiments of the ideal man for whom it is published.

In the course of an editorial note of advice to a correspondent who had written upon the matter of circle holding, the editor of our English exchange, *The Two Worlds*, presents some useful advice that may prove of value to many on this side of the planet. Says our contemporary:

The first thing our correspondent has to do is to remember that spirits are still human, and must be dealt with as human spirits. Christians have been so shamefully deluded concerning the conditions of the spirit life—the second stage of mortal existence—that they are disposed to dream of spirits—if they have any conscious existence at all—in the fabled heaven or hell of man-made theology, perfect as the Deity, or wicked and utterly lost as the imaginary Satan. Spirits are just what earth has made them, and the door of communication once open between mortals and spirits, the "roughs" and "rowdies," the ignorant, criminal and undeveloped natures, all of whom society has manufactured in the city streets, come back to wreak on society again the wrongs for which it is responsible. It is not at the spirit circle alone they come. They are in our midst continually, invisible, it may be, but silently tempting, afflicting, and injuring the world, which has afflicted and injured them.

When spiritual investigators are aware of these unwelcome visitors, they should be treated precisely as you would treat human beings under similar circumstances. Always commence your sitting with prayer and the singing of a sweet hymn; you thus attract to you the good and holy, and inform the evil-disposed that this is no place for them. If, despite this warning, the mockers, idlers, and undeveloped will press in, address them firmly but frankly. Try to reform them; advise them to spend their time better than by annoying others. Preach to these spirits in the prison house of ignorance and wrong. Thousands of unhappy spirits have thus been lifted up and reformed at earthly spirit circles in America. In the meantime, if they will not manifest penitence and humility, instantly break up your sittings, and declare you shall continue to do so as long as they continue to annoy you. They will soon get tired, and either become reformed and helpful or quit you altogether. Such has been the experience of many others similarly situated. When kindness fails, firmness in breaking up the circles has soon driven the intruder away.



# THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER . . . . . EDITOR.

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

Address all communications, "CARRIER DOVE," 841 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

\$2.50 per year. Single copies, ten cents.

## AGENTS,

J. K. Cooper . . . . . 746 Market Street, San Francisco.  
Banner of Light Bookstore . . . . . 9 Bosworth Street, Boston.  
Thomas Lees . . . . . 142 Ontario Street, Cleveland, Ohio.  
Titus Merritt . . . . . 232 West Fortyninth St., New York.  
Samuel D. Green . . . . . 132 Jefferson Avenue, Brooklyn, N Y.  
A. L. Coverdale . . . . . 79 Thirty-fifth Street, Chicago, Ill.  
E. T. Jett . . . . . 802 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.  
J. H. Rhodes, 722 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
H. A. Kersey . . . . . 1 Newgate St., Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.  
C. H. Bamford, 87 Little Collins St., Melbourne, Australia.  
P. Kailasam Bros., Spiritual Book Depot, Madras, Bombay.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 24, 1888.

## PASSED ON.

Mrs. Margaret N. Nichols, a pioneer in the early days of California, and a long time a resident of this city, passed to the higher life on Sunday, March 18th, from the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. B. Whitehead.

Mrs. Nichols was born in Salem, Mass., and was 81 years and 10 months old. She was a woman of sterling qualities, and universally beloved among her large circle of friends. During the last two years she had been a confirmed invalid and a great sufferer, during which time she was faithfully cared for and ministered unto by her devoted daughter, Mrs. Whitehead, who alone kept the nightly vigils by the sick bed, through the weary months of pain, cheering and comforting the aged mother, and making her last days peaceful and blest. Together they had many sweet, tender communions with the dear ones gone before, whose angel presence cheered the lonely night watches, and made the hours of pain glide swiftly by. To mother and daughter, Spiritualism was a grand truth, and angel communion a blessed reality; so, when the parting hour arrived, it came as a long-expected and desired event, which had been the theme most frequently discussed between them—an event which each realized would be but the opening of a door through which the patient spirit could pass to a larger liberty, into a higher and diviner life. The funeral services were held at Washington Hall, and were conducted by Mr. H. C. Wilson and Mrs. Amanda Wiggin; Mrs. Hattie R. Wilson concluding the services at Laurel Hill cemetery,

where she made a brief, but touching and beautiful address under spirit control.

To the dear daughter who is now left alone, the loving and true sympathy of many fond hearts is extended. Yet we know that, with us, she can say:

We see in death no dark and gruesome thing;  
We hear no monster's tread; but the soft flutter of a wing  
Cleaving the gladsome air; and the clear notes of song,  
On whose sweet waves, to its bright home, is borne along  
The new-born spirit; there, amid ambrosial bloom,  
She dwells in light and love, far, far from pain and gloom.

## J. J. MORSE'S THIRD SOCIAL.

The third of the monthly socials of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse eventuated on Thursday evening, March 15th, at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Schlesinger, 32 Ellis street. As usual, the spacious double parlors were crowded, and a most agreeable and happy time was had by one and all. At the last social previous to this, the musical element predominated in the exercises of the evening, while at this one recitations artistically rendered by talented ladies seemed to be in the ascendancy. We are sorry to say that this most enjoyable series of festive reunions is rapidly drawing to a close. There will be only two more prior to the departure from our midst of our esteemed brother and his interesting family.

Mr. Morse, as on former occasions, officiated as master of ceremonies, his apposite and pithy remarks, sparkling with ready wit, sandwiched between the various courses of mental food served up for the delectation of the assembled friends, being heartily enjoyed by the appreciative auditory.

Mrs. Eugenia Wheeler Clark again favored us with choice music, both vocal and instrumental, her rendition of "Only To-night" being specially noticeable. Later in the evening Mrs. Clark appeared in a new role at these socials. She gave an excellent rendering of the very difficult and touching recitation "The Prisoner." Mr. W. H. Mills entertained the company with some of his quaint and original jocosities. When Brother Mills begins to speak all his hearers begin to laugh, for he possesses the happy faculty of diffusing good humor among, and exciting the risibilities of his listeners. As most of the exercises of the evening, aside from Mr. Morse's genial pleasantries, were of a staid or pathetic character, it was well that Mr. Mills was with us on this occasion, to assist Mr. Morse in presenting the lighter phase of the evening's entertainment.

The charming and vivacious Oakland blonde, Miss Valerie Hickethier, who recited so well at the last previous social, gave another equally well-rendered recitation,—"The Engineer's Story." Following his fair and talented Oakland lady-friend, Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman indulged in some remarks on "Discrimination." Mr. Morse took occasion to introduce "Brother Coleman" as the "champion humorist," and indulged in sundry facetious observations concerning Mr. C.'s membership of various learned societies in England and

America, his recent installation as his (Mr. Morse's) "boss" at the Temple, etc. Mrs. Florence Morse next sang, in a sweet, expressive manner, the song "No, sir." The well-known professional actress, Miss Selma Cohan, who possesses a rich, full voice, and marked power, which she knows how to use with effect, favored the assembly with a stirring emotional recitation admirably rendered. Later on, she gave, with equal success, comic recitations, one of them including the dialects of the principal nations of the globe. The Temple organist, Senor Arrillaga, entertained the friends next with a piano selection grand and inspiring. As a lady remarked, it seemed to make the piano talk; and the musical critics present pronounced this to be the feature of the evening.

At the conclusion of the literary and musical exercises the well-pleased throng repaired to the "lower regions," where ice-cream, cake, and other edibles had been bounteously provided, of which, it is needless to say, were partaken with great gusto. After these had been disposed of some of the guests danced to the sweet strains of appropriate music evoked from the piano by the deft little fingers of Mrs. Clark. At a late hour the happy company dispersed, a few "choice spirits" not being able to tear themselves away till the stroke of one A. M.

WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

## SPIRITUAL MEETINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

### METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

On Sunday morning last there was a very satisfactory attendance at the Temple service. The session was devoted to answering written questions from the audience. A wide variety of topics was presented, each receiving careful attention from Mr. Morse's control.

In the evening there was again a large audience. The controls of Mr. Morse had announced their intention to review the lecture upon "Spiritism," lately delivered by the Very Rev. Dr. J. J. Prendergast, V. G., in the Catholic cathedral of this city. The reverend gentleman's deliverance was subjected to a close analysis in every part. Every consideration was granted him for his honesty, ability and moderation; but nevertheless he was subjected to a merciless criticism as to his conclusions and opinions. The Spiritualist side was ably and fearlessly presented, and as point after point was made, the continuous applause demonstrated the appreciation of the delighted audience. One very pleasant feature of the address was its entire freedom from acrimony and its thorough gentlemanliness throughout. It was an able and dignified address, and one of the best we have listened to for a long time.

Miss E. Beresford Joy sang two solos, an Ave Maria, and "Spring," with her usual ability. Sig. S. Arrillaga presided over the musical department in a manner that left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Morse, under the control of his inspirations will answer questions at 11 A. M. and deliver



an address 7:45 P. M. on Sunday next. All are invited. Seats free.

## WASHINGTON HALL.

On Sunday afternoon, March 18th, a very spirited discussion of theosophy was engaged in by a number of speakers. Mr. H. C. Wilson presided, as usual. Owing to our keeping the library open at that hour, we were unable to attend until near the close, and consequently have failed to get a complete report of all that was said.

At the same place in the evening Mrs. Ada Foye held another of her interesting public seances. On this occasion messages were written in four different languages—German, French, Italian and Spanish—all of which were read and interpreted by parties in the audience.

## ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

John Slater's public seance last Sunday evening was largely attended, and the tests were remarkable. Mr. Slater announced that next Sunday evening (the 25th) would be the last of his Sunday meetings in this city at present, therefore all who have not yet witnessed his wonderful mediumship will have but one more opportunity of doing so.

THE NEWLY-ELECTED OFFICERS OF THE GOLDEN GATE SOCIETY.—The following was inadvertently omitted in our report, in last week's DOVE, of the meeting of the trustees of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society: The remaining officers were then unanimously elected as follows:—Vice-President, Mrs. H. E. Robinson; Secretary, George H. Hawes; Corresponding Secretary, Wm. Emmette Coleman; Business Manager and Treasurer, M. B. Dodge.

On motion, Mrs. H. E. Robinson was continued in office as Manager of the Jessie-street Kindergarten.

Mrs. Ada Foye held another seance in Ham-  
ilton Hall (upper hall) Tuesday evening, last. The hall was crowded before the time to open the meeting; and at the hour of eight all available standing room was occupied. The tests were excellent, and convincing, as they always are. Mrs. Foye will hold another meeting at the same place next Tuesday evening, March 27th. The folding doors of the hall will be opened to give more room and air.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Butler, of Boston, Mass., have been tarrying in the city during the past two weeks. Mrs. Butler, better known as Mrs. Folsom-Butler, has for many years been a well known and earnest medium and worker, and has been an active supporter of the Lyceum work in Boston. Mrs. Butler visited the various meetings in the city on Sunday last, including the Lyceum at the Temple. On hearing Mr. Morse's appeal on behalf of Mrs. Foye, Mrs. Butler generously handed him a five dollar gold piece as a contribution to the fund. Our Eastern visitor thinks San Francisco spiritualists meet in halls that are unexcelled in the Eastern States.

## Chips.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* of Monday last contained a brief but appropriate notice of Mr. Morse's lecture at the Temple on the previous evening.

Spiritualism teaches us to work out our salvation here. We begin to get into heaven when we commence our work. Those who return from the other side corroborate this.—*J. E. Small.*

Dr. Joseph Simms writes us a chatty letter, and among other good news promises another valuable article for the DOVE upon "Alcohol." Those who have read Dr. Simms' previous contributions know what a "treat" awaits them.

Theological religion is doled out on the insurance plan. The preacher issues a policy to the convert, takes his money and keeps it: the convert never sees the heaven his policy calls for, and very wisely returns from spirit spheres, to repudiate the whole system.—*J. E. Small.*

Mrs. Jennie R. Warren has sold volume 1st of "New Revelation," and has about two hundred copies of the second volume, and she hopes that the Spiritualists of California will buy the second, as the time is drawing near to print the third. The third will be printed as soon as the second is sold. Address J. R. Warren, C st., between Seventh & Eighth, San Bernardino, California.

We have received the initial number of a new Spiritual monthly, entitled the *Banner of Life*, published by W. E. Reid, at Grand Rapids, Mich. It is a handsomely printed quarto of 16 pages. It is published at the low rate of fifty cents per year. We extend a cordial welcome to this new visitant to our sanctum, and shall present occasional gleanings from its pages in our Exchange Department.

The beautiful engraving of the Spirit Child, which appears in this issue, should have been in the DOVE of last week, but was omitted through mistake or misunderstanding when bound. It represents a picture drawn by Mrs. Allie Livingstone, when entranced and securely blind-folded. It was done in the presence of a large circle of investigators, and was not drawn for recognition, but as a test of spirit power.

Mrs. Mayo, a well known and former resident of this city, called at our new sanctum during the present week, and we enjoyed the pleasant visit very much. Before leaving, Mrs. Mayo presented us with her young grandson's card, upon which was inscribed "Joseph E. Steers, Helena, Mont., Jan. 13th, 1888." This young gentleman is the son of Clara Mayo Steers, who is well known in this city, and was at one time one of its best young mediums. The DOVE congratulates the happy parents.

It is said there is not a negro in Richmond who can be induced to go near Libby Prison after nightfall. They have a tradition that the cellar of the old warehouse is a huge pit of human bones, and they believe that the spirits of the dead men stalk about at night.

Whom men extol as great, because great in human aggrandizement, are found to be paupers in the kingdom of real salvation. Whom men despise as outcasts, and whom society has driven to crime, in the light of the moral realm can not be found as poor as those whom the world may praise.—*Cora L. V. Richmond.*

Miss Annie Tysen, of Jacksonville, Florida, who was stricken with illness just before her wedding day, which had been set for January 25, died a few days ago. She had a presentiment that she would not live to have the marriage take place, and declared to her mother that her wedding dress would be her shroud. Weeks ago she selected her pall-bearers, and made the solemn request that she be buried in her bridal dress and veil.—*Religio-Phil. Jour.*

Valorous deeds are the outcome of magnanimous thoughts inspired by the highest principles. All along the path of human history are recorded those bright, shining deeds, to be honored by following generations. They are the living monuments established as guides for us. We should endeavor to set many such along the pathway of our lives, and not go down to oblivion unknown.—*J. E. Small.*

The Spiritualists of Cleveland, Ohio, will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism with a two-days meeting, commencing Saturday, March 31st, and continuing Sunday, April 1st, and concluding with a grand anniversary ball, Monday evening, April 2nd. Mr. J. Clegg Wright, and Mrs. Carrie E. Twing, trance speakers, have been engaged for the occasion. Local speakers and mediums are invited to participate.

Mr. M. B. Dodge, the efficient manager of the Temple meetings, has prepared an excellent programme for the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism, which will be held at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday, April 1st. Mrs. E. L. Watson will be present on that occasion, and will participate in the exercises. All should unite their efforts with that of the manager to make this celebration one long to be remembered.

Mrs. Ada Foye dropped into our "Dove Cote" for a pleasant little chat, and informed us that she intends to hold a Medium's Celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the "Rochester Knockings" (as the advent of Modern Spiritualism is called,) at Washington Hall, Sunday evening, April 1st. The local mediums, she informed us, are invited to participate in the exercises, which will consist of brief remarks by each, and to conclude with one of her public seances, at which the raps, as heard forty years ago, will be heard again.



## Children's Department.

### A Dog's Epitaph.

The pet dog of a Harlem man died recently, and a local paper, taking cognizance of the loss, said his death was due to "gastronomical indiscretion," and wound up the obituary by printing these lines, which are said to have been written by ex-Governor Hoffman when he sustained a similar loss :

He was only a dog, but  
He was refined and gentle;  
Loving and affectionate as a child,  
Faithful and true as the best of women,  
He was nearly human, but not  
Near enough to have any of the  
Imperfections of humanity.  
'Tis said he had no soul;  
If so, he was better than many men,  
For, if there was no hope for heaven,  
There was no fear of hell."

Written for the Carrier Dove.

### The Guardian Angel.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Of all the imposing spectacles furnished by art, perhaps none are comparable with the Ocean Steamship. The ocean, itself a grand unwritten epic, every line of which is of beauty, and whose waves are the poetry of motion, is complemented with the ship, so like it in its lines of grace and strength, and endowed with an energy seemingly borrowed from the element on which it floats.

With what throbbing hearts we wave our last farewell to those who stand on her deck, and hear the command to cast off the last line that binds her to our shore. Then, with what conscious strength she swings out on the tide, and how we are thrilled by the first deep breath of the engines confined beneath the deck like gigantic genii! The great arms revolve, there is foam and rush of water, The ship vibrates with life, and with her prow turned dauntlessly oceanward, for her port on the other side of the world, black volumes of smoke wreathing over her, she leaves a shining path behind like a bank of snowy daisies on the emerald pastures of the sea.

We wistfully gaze after her retreating form bearing away our treasures of love, until a cloud of smoke is all that breaks the monotonous water-line, and that soon is gone. Then in loneliness we go our way.

Of the steamships sailing from Liverpool, none were superior to the Adriatic in strength or beauty. A favorite ship was she, and on that May morning when she left her dock, of the hundreds who shook the friendly hand, or gave the more intimate kiss of love, all congratulated themselves and each other on the felicity of the voyage to New York.

When the passengers had somewhat recovered from sea-sickness, and were gathered on

deck or in the cabin, in social parties, the ocean extended like a gently undulating mirror, and a most lovely Summer sky bended overhead. The weather was delightful, the captain rejoicing, the crew full of enthusiasm, and the passengers in the best of humor.

Among the latter was a lady and a little girl. The lady was sweetly beautiful and attractive in her manners, and soon became endeared to all who approached her. She was a pure blonde, with the blue eyes and light golden hair of Germany. Her daughter Mabelle was the image of her mother, with the same clear blue eyes, golden hair and soft complexion.

She was playing on deck one afternoon, when an elderly gentleman with whom she had formed an intimate friendship attracted her attention.

"Oh! when," she exclaimed, "shall we arrive at New York. I am dying to see grandpa?"

"You look as much like dying as a rosebud," said the gentleman, laughing, "and if you will call me grandpa, you will not need to go to New York."

"That would not do," she replied seriously, "we have not seen grandpa in five years. I was only two years old when he left England. Grandpa had a great misfortune; that is, he lost all his fortune. He went to New York to get that fortune again, mamma says, and it has all been bad enough."

"Yes, I dare say, and he will be pleased to see you, little wise woman."

"He has a nice house now, mamma says, and he will be glad, I know, when he meets us."

"Then your grandpa has been prosperous?"

"Of course, he has. He always does well. He has a fine house, as I said, and servants and coaches, just as he used to have in dear old England, and he wanted mamma to come and take care of them for him, for grandma died a year ago, and he is lonesome."

"Ah, ha, now I see how it is; your father is also dead?"

"No, no, he is still in England, attending to grandma's business. In three months he will join us, and then, altogether, in grandpa's great house, we shall have a happy time."

"Undoubtedly you will, and because I have no little granddaughter, you must tell him that I envy him his happiness."

The sun went down into the ocean, sharp and clear—most charming sight for the voyagers—and, like the fleecy folds of a garment, the scattered clouds gathered around through which he passed. Then the moon arose in the east like a queenly sultana on a throne of silver, and her light broke in myriad reflections on the crested waves. With her mother, Mabelle sat on the deck, enjoying the strangely fascinating scene.

"What are the stars?" she asked, interrupting the silence.

"They are suns, my child, like our own, so far away they appear small."

"No, no, they are not. The moon is their mother, and they are her children."

"Who told you that pretty tale?"

"No one; I always knew it. The sun is the ugly old giant who, every morning, makes breakfast of the moon's children, and that is why there are no stars in the day time."

"Your prattle might be less sensible, but my mood is serious. I am oppressed by a feeling of danger. I should not tell you, yet I would press you close to my breast, if any thing should happen, my precious Mabelle, and we should be separated, remember all I have said to you." Overcome by her feelings, she folded her child in her arms and wept. Mabelle was alarmed by her mother's tears, and began to sob. Thus recalled, she said: "I should not alarm you. Perhaps nothing will happen. I am nervous from sea-sickness. Let me place this locket on your neck. It contains your father's and mother's miniatures. And now we will forget our unpleasant thoughts, and you may call the stars children of the moon, lamp along the streets of heaven, or little lambs pasturing in the meadows of the sky, as you please."

The passengers sought their berths, and at midnight all was still, except the measured throbbing of the engine, the tramp of the water and the splashing unrest of the waves. Timely and unswerving as destiny, the ship kept on her course through the night, watched by the stars. That day, those that were skilled in the art, had computed to a second the exact place of the ship on the ocean, and the sleepless eyes that watched the quivering compass directed her course by the knowledge thus afforded. They knew that the Grand Banks of New Foundland were to the north, and dense fogs of the gulf stream were the only danger.

The morning rose red and for a time shone clear and warm, though the horizon was hazy. About 10 o'clock, a white cloud or rather wall arose out of the water. The ship plunged into it, and became enveloped in the thick and blinding mist. One could discern objects only at a few yards distance. The engines slackened speed, and, at brief intervals, the fog-horn, deep and mournful, sounded, and was echoed from the clouds envelop. They feared meeting another ship, and the watch listened attentively to every sound.

It was noon, and the fog seemed constantly thickening. The officers consulted, for well they knew that the dense fog concealed the bergs—mountain masses broken from Arctic cliffs, and drifted by currents southward. There was safety only in going ahead, and running out of the fog. The engines, though instinctively warned of danger,



worked slow and carefully, with deepened breath. Now and then came puffs of frosty air with the chill dampness. The watch on the low strained their eyes in vain endeavor to pierce the cloud. They did not fear concussion with ships, for the fog-horn warned them away, but the dread iceberg would not move aside for the blast of the fog-horn, and gave no warning. No ship could withstand for a moment, the concussion with its jagged walls. Hour by hour, as they sailed on, their apprehensions grew less, and the sailors began to jest at each other for their fears. The fog would be passed by night, and a star-lit evening was predicted. They were startled by a fearful cry from the watch, too horrified for articulation. It was a shriek of despair. Out of the mist came the murmur of a low surf, and while the watch listened, scarcely realizing what it was, out of the gloom, cold, glittering, phantom-like, projected a precipice of ice not ten fathoms away, coming with the soft, undistinguishable tread of the tiger, yet unyielding as adamant. To cry out was mortal, though to avoid the danger was beyond mortal power. The pilot's hand instinctively touched the wheel, the engines were reversed, but too late, for the ship and the ice mountain went together with a crash, and quivering in every beam and plank, she careened on her side, righted, and obedient now to her engines, backed away from the foe. The passengers scrambled on deck, terrified beyond expression, and ignorant of the danger, the extent of which no one knew. It was quickly seen, for the water rushed through the broken hull so rapidly that it was certain the ship could not float an hour. The boats were made ready by the sailors who, with their oars, at this trying moment, were as calm, and obedient as on a quiet sea far from dan-

ger. The gentleman who had taken such interest in Mabelle grasped her and her mother by the hand, and hurried them to one of the boats. He placed Mabelle in one of them, when the imperative order came to cut away, and already had more passengers than safety would allow. The crew stood to their oars, and in a moment were lost in the fog. One other boat was launched, and then there were difficulties in getting the others ready. The stopping of the engine was not noticed. At this most critical time, the giant failed. The concussion broke some bolt or stay, and the strength was gone. The ship paused, and with the pause again out of the clouds arose the spectral ice mountain, moving irresistibly upon the defenseless ship. She presented, this time, not her strong prow, but her yielding side, and receiving the full force of the blow, arose, and with the wild murmur of despair echoed over the waste, came a sudden plunge, and the Adriatic breasted the waves no more. Numberless arms were raised above the sparkling surface, and some of the passengers gave not up without a strug-

gle. They reached the icy wall, and, with desperate endeavor, clutched the smooth surface which gave no hold, no ledge for rest, but overhanging, smoothly perpendicular, the tantalization of hope aggravated the despair of death. One by one these brave men, as their strength failed them, sank into the abyss. The ice mountain plowed on its way, and the ocean gave no trace of the lost ship or her precious freight.

Of the the two boats, one was never heard from. It was undoubtedly lost in the storm which arose before it was possible for it to have reached the shore. That storm long will the fishermen of the New England coast remember. Those who fished for cod on the Banks, or for the rainbow tinted mackerel far off the coast, if they did not take warning and secure a harbor, were indeed fortunate if they escaped to tell the tale of their perils.

The boat in which Mabelle was placed was a life-boat of the best pattern, and although the waves broke completely over it, it continued to float, and while the crew could maintain their strength, all were safe. But the constant wash of the sea and tension on the oars rapidly overcame their endurance. In the grey light of the morning, they saw a coast before them and a long line of breakers. There was a little fishing village, and to the south the coast swept in a beautiful curve, formed by a low ledge or wall of rocks. The water was deep to the very shore. In one place the ledge was broken, and the waves went over and laved a sandy beach. This was noticed by the mate who steered the boat, and he thought he could take advantage of this gap and be driven directly on the sandy beach without harm. It was a desperate venture, but there was no alternative. The storm was unabated; their strength was failing, and they were without food or drink. They approached the shore, and, at the command, bent to their oars, alas! with insufficient strength. The set of the current bore them to one side, and with a tremendous blow, the boat struck the rocks. Mabelle and some others were thrown instantly overboard by the shock, and, caught by the next wave, were carried high up where they had designed to land the boat, and left among the sea-weed which strewed the beach. The others with the boat were drawn back into the hell of waters, and dashed again on the cruel rocks. A group of fishermen gathered, but they could give no assistance. Mangled and torn by the crags, they were drawn away by the tide into the abyss of the deep.

Rough but kind hands raised the apparently lifeless Mabelle, and gave her in charge to an old woman who was noted for her motherly kindness; she, poor dame, had lost her father when a child, her husband and her son, all in the storms of the remorseless, merciless ocean. Thus schooled by bitter suffering, she was sympathetic with others in their grief, and the many widows and or-

phans of the village always found her a tender and true friend.

Mabelle, when restored to health, was confused in memory. The terrors of that hour and the suffering in the boat nearly obscured her past. She only remembered her name, and with her mother she was to meet her grandpa—somewhere.

Mabelle's mother had become a spirit, but her love and affection were the same, and with a holy devotion she could not enjoy the delights of the angel spheres until she knew the fate of her loved child. By the assistance of others she discovered the abode of Mabelle, and often came to her. The sensitive child felt her presence and wept. Then her mother would throw around her a gentle influence, which would make her very happy as she played by the waves, gazing away over the waste of waters, fascinated by the sea.

The spirit mother sought her husband and endeavored to impress him with her presence. Her opportunity came in sleep, negative side of life, and twin brother of death. He dreamed that he saw his daughter on an ocean coast. A fishing village was there, with the shore to the south, sweeping in a beautiful curve. She stood on the rocks, extended her arms over the sea, and called to him. He awoke greatly agitated, but recovering himself, he again fell asleep, and had the same dream. This time her mother stood by her side, dim, shadowy and cloud-like. He awoke still more agitated, and impelled by an irresistible impulse, the next day secured passage to New York. From there he went to Boston and northward, along the coast, constantly inquiring for the nameless village with its sweeping coast, until the fishermen thought him insane. At last he came to the object of his search. He recognized at once the reality of his dream. The village was there, and the coast and on a ledge of rocks, gazing over the sea, was a little girl whom he knew to be his daughter. Oh, what delight! Perhaps her mother was also safe! He ran to her and clasped her in his arms. The locket fell from her bosom. He had placed it on the neck of his own Mabelle, with the promise that it should never be removed. It spoke of fate, and he knew that she was dead. Dead, but living, present with them; ecstatically happy over the union her gentle influence had accomplished.

Then with many thanks to the generous fishermen, the two visible, and the one invisible, sought the home of the grandfather, where they were to have enjoyed so much happiness.

As they gathered close, Mabelle sitting on her grandfather's knee, he said in a trembling voice: "Our meeting is not as we planned, but last night my wife and daughter both came to me. I know they are now present with us. They are happy, and if we are not, we may reflect pain on their angel lives. Our family circle of five is not broken, we are all present, and in this reunion we must all be happy."



## Special Notices.

### NEW BOOK! JUST ISSUED! PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.

This work, 16 mo. of 159 pages, contains all the lectures delivered by the control of Mr. J. J. Morse at the late Advanced Class of spiritual students, which met in this city during September and October of last year, verbatim reports of which were taken by Mr. G. H. Hawes. The topics are deeply interesting and most instructive, making many points perfectly clear and intelligible that are often obscure to students of spiritual matters. The work contains seven lectures, upon the following topics, with an Appendix containing the Questions and Answers arising from the students.

PREFACE—By William Emmette Coleman.

LECTURE NUMBER ONE.—The Trance, as the Doorway to the Occult. Dealing with the Trance in its Magnetic, Natural and Spiritual forms of induction.

LECTURE NUMBER TWO.—Mediumship: its Physiological, Mental and Spiritual results.

LECTURE NUMBER THREE.—Mediumship: its Foundation, Development, Dangers and Advantages.

LECTURE NUMBER FOUR.—Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.

LECTURE NUMBER FIVE.—The Material, Spiritual and Celestial planes of Second State.

LECTURE NUMBER SIX.—The Soul World—its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.

LECTURE NUMBER SEVEN.—Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land.

APPENDIX.—This consists of answers to Questions.

The work is printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and handsomely bound in cloth. All desiring to possess a most valuable work should send for copies at once.

For sale by CARRIER DOVE publishers, 841 Market street, San Francisco, Cal. Price one dollar.

### 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 8 P. M. Answers to questions in the morning, a lecture in the evening. Miss E. Beresford Joy, soloist, Sig. S. Arrilliga, organist. Admission free to each meeting. All are invited.

JOHN SLATER, THE WELL-KNOWN TEST medium, will hold public seances every Sunday at three and eight o'clock P. M., in Odd Fellows' Hall, Market St., cor. Seventh St. Admission 10 cents.

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. 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.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM No. 1 meets at G. A. R. Hall, 170 Superior St., every Sunday, 10:45 A. M. The public invited. E. W. Gaylord, Conductor.

### PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL SCIENCE, The New System of Character Reading.

#### EXAMINATION AND ADVICE

UPON

LIFE, HEALTH, MIND, PHYSIOLOGICAL POWER, MARRIAGE, AND THE GENERAL UNFOLDMENT OF BODY, MIND AND SOUL.

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.

THE MARRIAGE TABLE

And the advice it presents will prove invaluable to many in the selection of their conjugal companions, 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 with examination and advice written out in full..... \$5.00

Examinations at all times, or by appointment, which can be made in advance, either by letter or personally.

### TAPE WORM

REMOVED ALIVE, IN 1 or 2 hours, head and all—or no charges—at the office. No fasting required—no sickness caused. My medicines are simple and harmless. Thousands of people who are suffering with dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, nervousness, general debility, pain and dizziness over the eyes, a weak, tired feeling, etc., are afflicted with the tape worm or stomach worms. Over 1200 TAPE WORMS removed on this coast in the past six years by PROF. R. K. SHIPLEY'S CELEBRATED TAPE WORM MEDICINE. Hundreds of people here can testify to my wonderful cures, and their restoration to health. Send for circular giving symptoms. Medicines sent by Express C. O. D. all over the world. Circulars and directions in ENGLISH, SPANISH AND GERMAN. Special attention given to children afflicted with worms and fits. Consultation free to all. Call at my office, or write for circular. PROF. R. K. SHIPLEY, 930 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., PARLORS 5 AND 6, near the Baldwin Hotel.

required—no sickness caused. My medicines are simple and harmless. Thousands of people who are suffering with dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, nervousness, general debility, pain and dizziness over the eyes, a weak, tired feeling, etc., are afflicted with the tape worm or stomach worms. Over 1200 TAPE WORMS removed on this coast in the past six years by PROF. R. K. SHIPLEY'S CELEBRATED TAPE WORM MEDICINE. Hundreds of people here can testify to my wonderful cures, and their restoration to health. Send for circular giving symptoms. Medicines sent by Express C. O. D. all over the world. Circulars and directions in ENGLISH, SPANISH AND GERMAN. Special attention given to children afflicted with worms and fits. Consultation free to all. Call at my office, or write for circular. PROF. R. K. SHIPLEY, 930 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., PARLORS 5 AND 6, near the Baldwin Hotel.

### PIANOS.

1st Premiums. 25,000 in use, 20 years Established. New patented Steel Tuning Device, in use in no other Piano, by which our Pianos stand in tune 20 years, good for 100; not affected by climate. No wood to split, break, swell, shrink, crack, decay, or wear out; we guarantee it. Elegant Rosewood Cases, 8 strings, double repeating action; finest ivory keys; the Famous ANTISELL. Call or write for Catalogue, free. T. M. ANTISELL PIANO CO., Manufacturers, Odd Fellows' Hall, Market and Seventh Streets, San Francisco.

### MISS SELENA E. COHAN, Elocution and Voice-Culture.

Special Rates For Classes of Six.

1622 Laguna St., cor. of Sutter.

### M. FRANK, SPECIALIST, CURES

STUTTERING, STAMMERING,  
AND ALL OTHER IMPEDIMENTS OF SPEECH.

ITALISED AIR TREATMENT  
Given.

CURES ASTHMA, CATARRH AND ALL NERVOUS  
Kidney and Urinary Diseases.

Office: 841 Market St., S. F.

HOURS—1 to 3 P. M.

### E. A. ANDREWS,

134 11TH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

DEALER IN

### TEAS and COFFEE

AND

A Variety of Fancy Crockery.

JOHN A. MCKINNON,

DUDLEY C. BROWN

### BROWN & MCKINNON,

Merchant Tailors,

1018 BROADWAY,

Bet. Tenth & Eleventh Streets,

OAKLAND, CAL.

### New California Oyster Co.

UNITED MARKET, Cor. O'Farrell and Market

DEPOTS

3261 Mission Street, 1055 Market Street, and  
1013 Market Street, Corner Jones St. and Golden Gate Ave.

Hotels and Families supplied at wholesale prices.

Clams, Shrimps, Prawns, Crabs, etc.,  
FRESH EVERY DAY.

Goods Delivered Free to any Part of the City.

H. MOORS, Proprietor.

### MRS. J. HOFFMAN,

CLAIRVOYANT

—AND—

MINERAL PSYCHOMETRIST

Readings Daily, \$1.00.

Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Evenings and Sundays by appointment. Circles Monday and Saturday Evenings and Thursday Afternoon at 2 P. M. Satisfaction given or no Compensation.

380 HOWARD STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO