



THE LOST ARROW IN THE VALLEY OF THE YOSEMITE.

# The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V.

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## California Scenery.

### Legend of The "Lost Arrow."

This romantic legend, which was illustrated in our last issue, with a beautiful engraving of the spot where the tragedy is said to have occurred, is as follows:

Tee-hee-neh was among the fairest and most beautiful daughters of Ah-wah-ne. Her tall yet symmetrically rounded form was as erect as the silver firs, and as supple as the tamarack pines. The delicately-tapering fingers of her small hand were, if possible, prettier than those of other Indian maidens; and the arched instep of her slender foot was as flexible as the azalea when shaken by the wind. The tresses of her raven hair, unlike that of her companions, were as silky as the milkweed's floss, and depended from her well-poised head to her ankles. Her movements were as graceful and agile as the bound of a fawn. When she stepped forth from her wigwam in the early morning, accompanied by other damsels of her tribe, to seek the mirrored river and make her unpretentious toilet, there can be but little wonder that the admiring gaze of captivated young chiefs, and the envious looks of less favored lassies, should follow her every foot-step.

Then, knowing this, who could wonder at, or blame, the noble Kos-soo-kah, the tallest, strongest, swiftest-footed, bravest, and most handsome in form and face, of all the young Ah-wah-ne chiefs, for allowing the silken meshes of devoted love to intertwine around his heart, and bring him a willing captive to her feet? Or marvel that the early spring flowers which she plucked for him were always the most redolent with perfume? Or that the wild strawberries which she picked, and the wild plums that she gathered, were ever the sweetest, because transfused by love? Then, who could censure him for not resisting the silvery sweetness of her musical voice, when she raised it in song by the evening camp-fire; or, for not withstanding the fascinations of her merry laugh, as its liquid cadences rung out at night-fall upon the air, when every note was in delicious and accordant sympathy with the pulsations of his own glad heart?

And that which filled both their souls with an intense and beatified joy was the con-

sciousness that the tender passion was unreservedly reciprocated by each. Nothing, therefore, remained but to select becoming presents for the parents of the bride, in accordance with Indian costume, provide a sumptuous repast, and celebrate their auspicious nuptials with appropriate ceremonies. To do this, Tee-hee-neh and her companions would prepare the acorn bread, collect ripe, wild fruits and edible herbs in liberal abundance, and garnish them with fragrant flowers; while Kos-soo-kah, pressing the best hunters of his tribe into his service, should scale the adjacent cliffs for grouse, and deer, that right royal might be the feast.

Before taking their fond and long-lingering adieus, it was agreed that Kos-soo-kah, at sunset, should go the edge of the mountain north of Cholock (the Yosemite Fall) and report the measure of his success to Tee-hee-neh (who was to climb to its foot to receive it), by fastening the requisite number of grouse feathers to an arrow thereby to indicate the quantity taken; and from his strong bow shoot far out that she might see it, and watch for its falling, and thus be the first to report the good tidings of his success to her people.

After a most fortunate hunt, while his young braves were resting, preparatory to the exacting task of carrying down their game, Kos-soo-kah repaired to the point agreed upon, prepared the arrow for its tender mission, and was about to send it forth, when the edge of the cliff began to crumble away, carrying the noble Kos-soo-kah with it.

Long did the loving Tee-hee-neh wait, and longingly watch for the signal; nor would she leave her watchful post for many weary hours after darkness had settled down upon the mountain, although resistless premonitions and forebodings were bringing a deeper darkness to her heart, that were intensified by the sounds of falling rock she had heard. But thinking at last that his ambitious wishes might have tempted him to wander farther than he had intended, and finding that his signal-arrow could not be seen in the darkness, at that very moment he might be feeling his uncertain way among the blocks of rock that strewed the Indian canyon, down which he was to come; that possibility gave wing to her thoughts and speed to her tripping feet, as she hurriedly picked her difficult way from ledge to ledge; passing this precipice, lowering herself rapidly over that, where a misstep must necessarily have

proven fatal, until at last she reached the foot of the cliff.

Finding upon her advent there that her beloved Kos-soo-kah had not yet arrived, her anxious yearnings for his safe return, made more poignant by a kind of uncontrollable prescience, led her to the spot whence he must first emerge. Hoping against hope, she could hear as well as feel the beatings of her own sad heart, as she listened through the lagging hours for the sound of his welcome footfall, or manly voice. And as she impatiently waited, pacing the hot sands backwards and forwards, she sang in the low, sweet, yet impassioned cadences peculiar to her race, that which, when translated, should be substantially expressed as follows:

"Come to the heart that loves thee:

To the eyes that beam in brightness but to gladden thine;

Come, where fond thoughts in holiest incense rise;  
And cherished memory rears her altar shrine.  
Dearest—come home!"

But, alas! finding that when the dark gray dawn of earliest morning brought not her beloved one, like a deer she sprang from rock to rock up the steep ascent, not pausing even for breath, nor delaying a moment for rest; she hastened towards the spot whence the expected signal was to be expected. Tracks—his blessed tracks—could be distinctly seen, and followed to the mountains edge; but, alas! not one was visible to indicate his return therefrom. When she called, only the echo of her own sad voice returned an answer. Where could he be? The marks of a new fracture of the mountain disclosed the fact that a portion had recently broken off; and memory at once recalled the sounds that she had heard when on the ledge below. It could not be that her heart-cherished Kos-soo-kah could have been standing there at the time of its fall! Oh! no. The Great Spirit would not be so unmindful of her burning love for him as to permit that. With agonized dread she summoned sufficient courage to peer over the edge of the cliff, and the lifeless and ghastly form of her darling was seen lying in the hollow, near that which has since been designated as the Giant's Thumb.

Spontaneously acting with a clearness and strength that despair will sometimes give, she kindled a bright fire upon the very edge of the mountains that thereby she might telegraph her wants and wishes to those below, in accordance with a custom that every Indian learns to practice from childhood; and

slow as the hours ebbed away, the entreated relief came at last, for the hoped-for recovery of her soul's jewel, even though now sleeping in the cold embrace of death. Young sapling tamaracks were lashed endwise together, with thongs cut from the skin of the deer that were to form part of the wedding feast; and, when these were ready, Tee-hee-neh, springing forward, would permit no hands but her own to be the first to touch the beloved one. She would descend to recover him, or perish in the attempt. Finding that no amount of persuasion could change her resolve, they reluctantly, yet carefully, lowered her to the prostrate form of Kos-soo-kah; and, as though strength of purpose had converted her nerves into steel, defiant of all danger, she first kissed his pale lips, then unwound the deer-skin cords from around her body, fastened them lovingly, yet firmly, to his, and gave the signal for uplifting him to the top. This accomplished, gently, yet efficiently, a reverent anxiety could be seen engraved upon the faces of those performing the kindly act, for the safe deliverance of the heroic Tee-hee-neh; but, the same undismayed fearlessness, and apparent nerve, that had enabled her to descend, did not forsake her now, and before the self-imposed task she had so unflinchingly set herself had been accomplished. Firmly fastening her foot, to prevent slipping, without other support or protection, she nervously clutched the pole with one hand, and as a signal of her wishes waved the other; and in a few moments was again at the side of her adored, though lifeless, Koo-soo-kah. Silently, tearlessly, she looked for a moment, into those eyes that love had once lighted, and at the colorless lips from which she had so delectably sipped the nectar of her earthly bliss; then, noiselessly, quivering, sinking to her knees, she fell upon his bosom; and, when lifted by gentle hands a few minutes thereafter, it was discovered that her spirit had joined that of her Kos-soo-kah, in the hunting grounds of the hereafter. She had died of a broken heart.

As the arrow that had so unexpectedly, yet so ruthlessly, brought on this double calamity, could never be found, it is believed that it was spirited away by the reunited Tee-hee-neh and Kos-soo-kah, to be sacredly kept as a memento of their undying love. The heavenward-pointed thumb, still standing there, in the hollow near which Kos-soo-kah's body was found, is ever reverently known among all the sons and daughters of Ah-wah-nee, as Hum-moo, or "The Lost Arrow."

#### A Philosophical Youth.

An old peasant was at the point of death, but the last stage of his illness was of long duration. One night his son left a candle burning near the dying man and went off to bed, saying as he left the room:

"Pa, when you think you're going you can blow out the candle!"

## The Platform.

### Anniversary Addresses.

Delivered on the Fortieth Anniversary by Mrs. H. E. Robinson, J. J. Morse and Geo. H. Hawes, at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday, April 1st, 1888.

Reported for the Carrier Dove.

#### REMARKS OF MRS. H. E. ROBINSON.

I am always glad to express my gratefulness and my happiness as the years roll by and the day comes for us to celebrate the advent of Modern Spiritualism. It is a religion that appeals to our hearts as well as to the head, and it embraces the science of all sciences—the science of life; it belongs to every department of life, and as we unfold our spirit in all directions we must of necessity bring it down into our every-day life.

And this day seems the most appropriate of the year—this Easter day; for though we do not celebrate the resurrection of the body of Christ, we celebrate the resurrection of the spirit of all humanity.

Forty years ago yesterday the telegraph cable was laid successfully that brought us into communication with a spiritual universe, and we as Spiritualists can indeed rejoice and be happy that this cable was laid between us and the other world, and that we know that if a man die he shall live again. For ages the human heart had yearned and longed to know what had become of its dead, but the great silence that fell like a pall over every heart was broken forty years ago, and there at Hydesville the tiny rap, seemingly so insignificant, was the door of the greatest truth that had ever dawned upon humanity. Now and then there had been glimpses of that other side, whisperings and communications between the two worlds, but as a scientific fact it had not been thoroughly demonstrated. Millions of human hearts have been made glad in the consciousness of this light that has dawned. As our President has said, it means more than the simple belief that we can hold communication with our loved ones; it means the cultivation of every faculty of the human heart; it means the development of our consciousness to a higher and sublimer standard; it means the embodiment of everything that goes to make up life in its highest and best attainments.

#### SHORT ADDRESS AND ORIGINAL POEM BY G. H. HAWES.

We are all familiar with the record of a remarkable event which occurred many hundred years ago, when an unknown company of beings from the spiritual world were heard by the inhabitants of the far East singing "Peace on earth, good will to men." If this one communication from the spirit world, general in its character, has been of such vast importance to the human race, what shall we say of the last forty years, when there has

been daily communication with thousands of persons in various quarters of the globe, from spiritual beings whom they know, and of such a practical and specific character as to be adapted to the peculiar and individual needs of those to whom they were addressed. When there has been not only daily and direct teaching in regard to the laws and principles of life in the spirit world, but also in regard to the laws of our mental, intellectual and moral faculties as mortals here on earth, and bringing to our notice latent powers of which we were not previously conscious, showing us the relationships existing between ourselves and all things that surround us; revealing every home to contain a prophet, and every heart the word of truth.

And after these hundreds of years the practical result and outcome of these "glad tidings," as interpreted by Christendom, is that one only out of a multitude attains to everlasting happiness; what shall be said of the gospel of the last forty years whose positive and unqualified teachings are that every human being through its manifold opportunities, gaining conquest upon conquest over self and all the weaknesses and perils of life, finally through experience and the aid and ministry of undying love, shall rise to the heights of harmony and dwell in the realm of peace.

Forty years on time's great tide,  
A radiant crown to all the mighty past,  
Behold the gloomy curtains drawn aside,—  
The grandest revelation is the last.  
Doubts were false, and strange were human fears,  
For faith knew not our glorious forty years.

These forty years, born to the West,  
Earth greets them with a peaceful smile,  
And lives unbroken from her throbbing breast—  
Their tender love is round her all the while.  
Heaven its choicest blessings give  
When all the sweet affections live.

Bright guardians of our better life,  
Knowledge follows where thy light has shown,  
No longer weary on a field of strife,  
Thy joys and hopes are added to our own;  
We feel not age, we know not youth,  
But walk in mid-day on the shores of truth.

#### ADDRESS BY THE CONTROL OF J. J. MORSE.

Eighteen centuries ago it is alleged that the man Jesus was born in a manger; forty years ago the substantial record, which still stands, proves that Modern Spiritualism began in a cellar! Two such seemingly puny, humble and altogether insignificant beginnings of two of the greatest movements of modern times, or ancient ones, suggests a very serious reflection, for they give point to the old saying, that out of small things great events shall come.

If any one had ventured to prophesy eighteen hundred years ago that the new sect, who were called Christians, would one day dominate the civilized form of humanity and have two great divisions that would for many generations monopolize the philosophy and thought of ages, such a person venturing such a prophecy would have been considered mad.

Forty years ago had the Fox family ventured to have said that the experiences they were being made familiar with, and which were such perplexity and sorrow to learn, should ultimately run right through the realm of civilized life and lay the foundations of a philosophy that should affect the religion and morals of the present century, they would have appeared more mad than they were then supposed to be.

Yet the historical fact stands true in both cases that no two movements in like time have affected the human mind so widely and so deeply as have Christianity and Modern Spiritualism.

The result is, of course, that to-day you are here assembled for the celebration of the Fortieth Anniversary of the movement you are familiar with. That movement has gone the whole length of human life, sounded the depths of the human soul, and reached to the mountain peaks of human aspiration. Yet in its progress how many stony roads have been trod, how much of suffering has been endured, how much bitterness and misery, how much agony of soul for those who have been called to take a front rank in its work. To-day the sky is fair and the sun is shining brightly, and balmy breezes are fanning the cheeks of the workers to-day. Only a few brief years ago and the skies were overcast, and the winds were bitter, biting blasts; only a few years ago and the men and women who were then serving the angel world were a martyr's crown every day of their lives, and the nails were fairly driven into their hands.

What has brought the change? That which can alone bring change in human sentiment, that which can alone overcome human bigotry and intolerance, that which can alone make the world great and good—the invincible power of Truth itself. Had Modern Spiritualism been a lie, founded upon falsehood, arising from crazy men, or having its origin in the brain of emotional and hysterical women it would have died long since and its scattered remains been blown to the four quarters of the world. But it rested upon a truth, a truth that could not be removed, that could not be gainsaid, a truth that in spite of every opposition from pulpit and press and public has won its way to an almost universal recognition, and to-day is marching on to greater conquests still.

Let us see for one moment another result. You have been asked in former times by certain of your advisors to come our way; this is the road, if you please, the first turning to the right. You have taken this road, and on this road you have found people journeying along, and growing weary of your walking you have sat down and rested, and you have questioned one another and grown wondrous confidential, and said to each other, "Well, are you perfectly satisfied that this is the right road?" And then your

companion has said; looking around cautiously at first, to see no one is listening, "Well, I have my doubts, but I would not say so for the world."

So you have picked up your burdens and moved along the road again hoping and doubting, struggling and striving, with weary feet; you have been walking towards that bourne from whence it has been said, "no traveller returns." The dead have gone out from you, you have viewed their pallid features, impressed the last kiss upon the marble brow, seen the casket lowered into its narrow resting place, and you have said, "Ah, yes! they have gone the right road; we shall meet them by and by." But how dreary the time has been while you have waited, how bleak the prospect has been as you have anxiously with streaming eyes endeavored to gaze beyond the bounds of time; it touches the fountains of feeling to their very centers, and you begin to think that after all the first turning to the right may have been the first turning to the wrong. And when at Andover, away in old Massachusetts, the problem of probation after death begins to assert itself, and in the nineteenth century the Christian faith needs revision, you may well question whether the first turning was not the wrong road, and we can imagine what wonderful changes will occur before the nineteenth centuries more have gone by.

They have told you that this Spiritualism came from the Devil; they have told you for eighteen centuries man lived beyond the grave. Who demonstrated it? Did bishop, pope, priest or curate? Never a one. From the time of the establishment of Christian ecclesiasticism down to the present day has there come into the world a living witness, a vital evidence, of the world beyond that they so persistently preach about?

For forty years past those evidences have come to you. From whom? The Devil. God bless the Devil! He at last must have repented of his evil courses, and wanting to make amends to humanity for having brought down wrath upon their heads, says, "Now, dear children, let us shake hands and make up. I will tear down the partitions between the two worlds, and I will bring living angels to hold communication with you to-day, which priests and synods have never yet done for you; I will open the way for you to look right into the next world so that you may know that you do exist hereafter." So he laid his hands upon the seer, and behold the seer tells you of the beautiful country that lies beyond the grave, of its waving trees, of the fair faced sons and daughters gathered there, of the radiant hillsides and flowers of charming hue. He lays his finger upon the ear and the inner hearing is opened, and the hearers listen to the music of the immortal voices, and the rippling of silvery waters from beyond. He lays his finger upon the tongue of the medium, and straightway that medium discourses to you

not only of beauties and of glories, not only of divine ecstasies, not only of the possibilities of progress beyond the grave, but those you have loved and mourned as lost are here in your midst; they come trooping back with a diviner love stamped into their features, with fairer graces than ever before; trooping back to clasp your hands again, to whisper words of comfort in your listening ears, to soothe your pains and chase away the clouds from the bed of death, to dispel the gloom from the portals of the tomb; trooping back into this world to tell you that you are immortal.

A man was once asked what he thought of the doctrine of annihilation, and on a moment's reflection he replied, "Well, after all, I do not think I should like to be annihilated; I might regret it afterwards." Here was the latent soul protesting against the cruel doctrine that blots out life.

Rut when we bear in mind the message that the spiritual world has brought to you in the last forty years, that your dead are living, living with all the attributes and elements that belong to the higher and nobler human nature, there is no fear or dread within you then that you will ever run the risk of being annihilated, at least until after you have survived death in this world and once again have clasped your beloved to your breast.

Then let us say "Come back ye beloved ones; stand here before the world to-day, and let your words of truth be the inspiration of all hearts." Well has that sweet singer, Lizzie Doten, told you:

"The world has felt a quickening breath  
From heaven's eternal shore,  
And souls triumphant over death,  
Return to earth once more."

"For this you hold your jubilee,  
For this with joy you sing;  
O, grave, where is thy victory?  
O, death, where is thy sting?"

Come, then, ye bright ones from the homes beyond, and re-interpret the teaching of eighteen hundred years ago; roll aside the mists of theology that obscure the pathway of human life; turn over the pages not only of the sacred books of the Christian faith, but the pages of all other sacred books besides; remove from the records their errors, re-interpret that which men once thought was true in their days of darkness and fear, let the world know beyond all doubt that immortality does not carry with it an insult to humanity, and a reflection upon the love and justice of God; for heaven and hell, as they are popularly and theologically interpreted are an insult to humanity and a reflection upon the justice of God. An insult to humanity for even its worst natures contain latent powers of goodness and possibilities of beauty that lift it forever beyond the horrid visions of a sulphurous hell; an insult to humanity for of the noblest character can say, "I am something better and grander than the ordinary theological heaven can

present." A reflection upon God whom you speak of as our Father, our beloved Father, who could create the meanest of his children to a life of eternal misery.

The spirits come back to tell you that these things are not true; that in the place of them there is a fairer country, a nobler land; that there are neither angels or devils over there, but men and women—the men and women who have laid aside the garments of flesh but have not lost the elements of their humanity; that you shall meet them and know them; that you shall rejoice with them in the continuity of human life and thought and love, and with them journey up the mountains of eternal progress, ever nearer, but never near, to him you call the all-wise God.

If this has come from powers of evil, then have they done for you what the alleged powers of good have hitherto failed to accomplish.

But a truce to all these considerations, friends. There is no necessity for us to point a moral of the situation to any great length to-night. The fact that in every civilized country of the world and in every center of intelligent thought throughout the vast realms of modern life this anniversary is being celebrated, is quite sufficient for the occasion to point the moral that shall adorn the tale.

Spiritualism has passed out of the experimental age and stands alone upon its own feet, and is quite capable of taking care of itself; it is getting to be of age now; growing in stature, extending its power; it is now beginning to realize its strength and that it is blessed with eternal powers; it is beginning to understand that instead of having to ask favors of older communities, it will soon be that older communities will come and ask favors of it. Standing firm upon its own ground it will advance step by step and never recede, because it has the only sure foundation beneath its character and nature.

Come, then, sweet souls from the glad shores of immortal life, brush aside the clouds that still obscure the vision of many in the world, quicken their pulses so that they may feel thy presence, though perchance they see thee not. Come thou radiant featured sons and daughters of the morning land with the priceless message of immortality breathing from thy ruby lips, let your gleaming eyes like sparkling stars shine amid the shadows and darkness and doubt, dispelling the murky vapors, and help to usher in the brighter day of greater knowledge.

And, O, ye mortals! forget not that the children of humanity you have seen pass out through the portals of death, are living over there and love and wait for you still; link your hands and join your hearts with the loving ones passed on. And as you do this and invite the loving ones to come; behold! the air grows vibrant with their presence; their lute-like voices make music upon your

listening ear; your hearts thrill with joy and glow with pleasure as you feel them coming nearer and nearer to you. Listen to their voices breaking in upon the silence of your beating souls, as they whisper to you, "We are your beloved; we are those whom you are waiting to rejoin again. The providence of God has abridged the chasm between the two worlds; the providence of God has opened channels of communication by which we can come back and speak to you and give you the glad message of love and wisdom once again." And as they draw nearer to you, behold! they are disclosed to your inner eye, and you see them in the glory of the morning, shining with the starry brightness of the eternal spheres. Behold them coming nearer and nearer to you with their steady tramp, tramp, tramp; along the ways of progress, nearer and nearer down to the time of the Bochester Knockings, when the tramping grows louder, more heavy and more sure. Then those whom you have lost come tramping, tramping back again; back into your homes, into your hearts; they sit down by your side, gaze into your eyes, whisper in your ears and say, "We have triumphed over death, as you will also triumph, and the eternal justice and love of God are vindicated by our return."

And thus sanctifying your lives, satisfying your minds, and meeting your earnest questionings, giving you the proof beyond all doubt that man does live beyond the grave; the coming of the angels will ever confirm the glorious gospel you celebrate here to-day.

## Literary Department.

### CROOKED PATHS;

OR,  
THE WAGES OF SIN.

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

### CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE CRESCENT CITY.

From Baltimore on to New Orleans, our opera company traveled, stopping to fulfill engagements "for two nights" only at several other places before they reached the Crescent City. Their stay in this latter place was to continue two weeks, and their apartments in the finest hotel in New Orleans, were in readiness for them when they arrived.

The appearance of Mlle Marie Alicia, supported by the strong artistic company with which she traveled, was the signal of a great furore on the part of the gay and brilliant society leaders of New Orleans. These enthusiasts would have caught up the beautiful singer and borne her upon the topmost waves of flattery into the very precincts of their homes,

had she permitted it. As it was, her houses were crowded night after night with the wit and beauty of the city, and every appearance of the young prima donna was hailed with bursts of applause and *viva* from the brilliant throng.

On the second night of her engagement, Mlle. Marie Alicia was destined to receive a great shock. One that tested all her powers of self-command, and proved to herself the wonderful control she held over her own nature. It was in the middle of the scene of the great opera, where, appearing as a devotee before a rosary set upon the stage, she, a saintly woman with clasped hands and upturned face all aglow with the conception of her character, pours out her soul in matchless streams of melody, to the mother of Christ, interceding for protection and mercy for one she loved. As the glowing strains rose from the lips of the kneeling woman, a hush like that of death fell upon the house. Every ear was strained to catch the sounds welling from that divine throat. In the silence and amid the most thrilling chords of her prayer, the dewy eye of the singer happened to rest upon a face in the audience that sent the blood flying back to her heart, making the pale face paler still, and robbing the voice of its power. For a moment the tones faltered, as though the burden of their prayer was too heavy to be borne; but only for a moment, when with a great effort, the singer regained the composure that enabled her voice to soar aloft as if on the very wing of light and hope. Piercing, penetrating, yet thrilling in their sweetness, the tones arose until it seemed to the delighted audience that they must reach to the ear of the great, good God, and win that answer they sought. With a glad exultant strain they paused, then softly rose again to die away into silence.

The house rang with the applause that followed and three times did the lovely songstress appear in answer to the recall, each time receiving the plaudits of the crowd with downcast eyes and hands folded upon her bosom.

Frank Thornton, from his seat beside a haughty, fine-looking, though rather overdressed, woman, even for that assembly where jewels and bright colors predominated, watched the being who stood before him in all her transcendent loveliness, with such feelings of emotion as cannot be described. When she first stepped upon the stage he had recognized the angel of his dreams, with a start of surprise and agitation, that had won for him a stare of amazement and hauteur from the woman at his side. But he did not mind; his whole soul seemed intent upon watching and listening to the one being of all the world who had ever had power to draw out his heart in emotions of love. It was the rapt expression of his face that had caught the eye of our heroine, and caused the agitation that we have mentioned. In-

stantly she recognized him; instantly she divined that he too recognized her. The look upon his face could not be mistaken. It was too full of devotion, of passionate heart yearning, of almost worship to be misunderstood.

A look that caused his companion to say in a tone of annoyance as his divinity disappeared from the stage, "You seem strangely absorbed, Mr. Thornton. The diva seems to have made a new conquest."

"Pardon me, Miss Lyman, I have been somewhat absorbed; but I am astounded at recognizing in this glorious singer, a young friend whom I have not seen for a long, long time."

"Ah! but you must be mistaken; Alicia has but recently come from Europe, and you have never been abroad, I believe?"

"True; nevertheless, I am certain I am right. I could not be mistaken in that voice."

The woman said no more, but sought to draw his attention to other subjects. The curtain again arose, and presently all conversation was silenced in listening to the brilliant strains of the score.

At the close of the performance, Frank Thornton escorted his companion to her carriage, and placing her in charge of her brother, who had come from another part of the house, bowed his adieu and hastened back to the theatre.

"There he goes," muttered Isabella Lyman in a tone of vexation. "I don't understand it. I would believe it a case of love at first sight, if he hadn't told me she is an old friend of his. I can't see how that can be. What a look of infatuation he had. The fool; I have tried for weeks to bring him to my feet, and he has never once given me such a look of devotion as he cast on that opera singer."

"What are you talking so savagely to yourself for, Belle?" called her brother from his seat opposite. "You don't seem particularly pleased."

"No, I'm not, Harvey. I would like to know who the prima donna really is. She's not a foreigner, that certain."

"How do you know, sis?"

"Oh, that's my affair. I think I've seen her before somewhere."

"That's just my feeling," and his tones grew eager as he spoke. "Her's is a face not to be forgotten. I am sure I have met it somewhere."

The carriage drew up before their hotel and the couple alighted. They found their parents engaged in earnest conversation as they entered. Gerard Lyman was saying: "I have felt badly about Henry ever since that affair in Paris where I tried to oust him from his position with Monsieur. And when on our return to Burton I found he had repaid the balance of his debt to the bank, I would have met him with open arms if I could have found him,"

"It was very well that you didn't," replied Mrs. Lyman shortly, "but as you say he is now respected, courted and honored by the very elite wherever he goes, and that his daughter is sought on every side by the first families; why it may be as well for us to resume the broken friendliness of the past with him."

A light had burst into the mind of Henry Lyman at the first words he overheard from his parents, and now stepping forward he said, "You are talking of the man you wanted to oust from his place in the banking house in Paris. Who was he, anyhow?"

"You may as well know, my son, that he was Henry Lyman, my younger brother. For certain transactions of his, for which he has since honorably atoned, he was obliged to flee the country. Encountering him in Paris, under an assumed name, and occupying a responsible position in a banking house, your mother and I thought it our duty to warn his employer of the kind of man he had been, and—"

"Yes, I blocked that little game by sending Monsieur Henri, or whoever he was, a letter, telling him of your honorable intentions." And the face of Harvey Lyman flushed at the remembrance of his secret.

His mother stared, but his father continued without heeding. "To-day I saw my brother's name registered with others on the books of this hotel. Out of curiosity I sought his presence, only to find him an invalid. He received me, and from him I learned his story. I tell you he is a noble man. He has passed through great sorrow. I want your mother and Belle to meet his daughter. She has only recently found her father, and—"

"Pooh! I don't wish to meet and know any ex-defaulter. And I claim no kinship with the daughter of such a man," scornfully broke in the voice of Miss Lyman.

"But, Belle, only this morning I overheard you wishing you could make her acquaintance," replied Girard Lyman in a tone of reproof.

"What do you mean, father? I never thought of such a thing."

"Did you not say you would like to be presented to the new prima donna, whose arrival made such a stir in the city?"

"But what has that to do with my meeting Henry Lyman's daughter? You speak in riddles pa."

"Simply this, Belle: Mlle. Alicia, the singer, over whom the whole musical world has run wild, and Mary Alicia Lyman your cousin, are one and the same person."

"Good heavens! how can that be? Well, if it is true, I shall be resigned to the acknowledgement of our relations; the daughter is a celebrity and of course society will recognize the father. It will be something to be known as a relative of the great singer, though I know I shall never like her." And Miss Lyman dashed her opera

bonnet on the table with unnecessary vehemence."

"By George! I have it!" exclaimed Harvey at this moment—"I knew I had seen her before. The girl we met passing from the house that day we went to drive over to Moulton's. Don't you remember, sis?"

"What girl? I don't understand you. Who are talking about?"

"Why the young lady I tipped my hat to, and whom you and mother said was a work girl. You nagged me awfully, you know, for persisting she was a lady and a beauty. That was this new cousin of ours, the great singer. Now, mother, honor bright?"

A flush mounted the haughty cheek of the lady thus addressed. Further explanations were in order, and Mrs. Lyman felt obliged to relate the visit of the girl to her, and of the manner in which she had met her inquiries. "How was I to know she was your niece?" she demanded, in answer to her husband's look of reproach. "She did not tell me, though I inquired her name."

"Perhaps it was as well that I was absent, else I should have insisted on her remaining with us," replied Girard Lyman thoughtfully. "Then the world would not have found out her genius, nor would she have known of her father's condition. I must tell you how she found him;" and the man proceeded to relate to his attentive family the story he had but that very day learned from the lips of his invalid brother.

In the meantime Frank Thornton had made his way to the interior of the theatre, and sent in his card to the prima donna of the evening bearing the penciled request for an interview. Pale as marble, her white face contrasting vividly with the robes of corn-colored satin that she wore, Marie received him in the privacy of her own sumptuous little dressing room. There was no embarrassment in his manner as he approached with outstretched hands. A great light of gladness, of recognition, and of—was it love? shone upon his face and beamed from his eyes.

Tremblingly she took his hand, its touch seemed to warm her into life and to enable her to answer the questions that sprang to his lips.

"Yes, I am glad to see you," she softly said. "So very happy to meet any one from home. Tell me, are they all well at Mossbank? I am dying to know."

"All well, though still concerned for your absence, and ever waiting your return. Will you not tell me what caused your flight?"

"Oh! I—I cannot. It was the discovery of a blight upon my name. I learned from an old letter I found in my mother's book that my name was not May Blake. He whose name was mine by right of birth had tarnished it so that my mother would not let me bear it. The knowledge drove me wild. I

could not look my dear ones in the face. I—  
I—”

“But whatever sin had fallen upon the name, it was no fault of yours. *You* are pure and good, and no blame should attach to you.”

“But he has atoned; he has atoned for it all. You must believe in my father he is honest and true.”

“How know you this, dear friend? You never knew your father.”

“Oh!” and the pure eyes of the lovely girl grew wet with unshed tears as she replied, “The good angels led and restored to him his child. He is feeble and worn, but noble, and we are devoted to each other.”

“Will you not tell me the story. I should so like to hear. Remember we are old friends and I crave a right to share your confidence.”

“Not to-night; the story is too long. But call upon me to-morrow and you shall know it all. My father will be glad to meet you. You must judge him mercifully.”

“I promise that. Will you allow me to escort you to your hotel? If I mistake not we have apartments in the same house.”

Consent was given and the reunited friends passed out to the carriage waiting for the prima donna. During the drive Marie learned that her companion had been spending the winter in the South with his mother for the benefit of that lady's health; and that for the last six weeks they had tarried in New Orleans, where they had had the good fortune of meeting a party of travelers, with whom they had held some previous sociability at certain summer resorts in the North. “You must meet the Lymans,” he continued. “They are people of culture and refinement, and will make your stay a pleasant one.”

(To be Continued.)

### Mrs. J. Croly, “Jennie June.”

Mrs. J. C. Croly, better known as “Jennie June,” the well known writer of fashions, and for years President of Sorosis, was one of the speakers at the Council. She spoke of a Congress she had called thirty years ago, at a time when hoop skirts four yards around were worn, for the purpose of instituting reforms in dress. Sorosis, she said, was formed to represent the ideas and purposes of women. Women's clubs had always represented the moral aspects of human life. She did not know of one that had not taken up some form of self culture. In Philadelphia, a very interesting organization had grown out of the Woman's Club. This was the “Working-woman's Guild,” with a guild house, and a membership of 700 working girls. Here they had classes of various kinds, and the most popular were the literature and language classes, and what was known as the “thinking class,” in which various questions were discussed. She said, in closing, she was glad to see, here, women meeting at last on the plane of united womanhood.

## Original Contributions.

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

### Put on the Whole Armor.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Put on the whole armor, the armor of might:  
And stand like a host in the pathway of light:  
Press onward and upward with patience and toil,  
As heirs of a King who inherit the soil!

Put on the whole armor! let justice and love  
Shine on our path like a light from above!  
Let faith, hope and charity sweetly enshrine  
Our souls with the garments of glory divine!

Put on the whole armor, the armor of God!  
That shines with the beauty and light of His Word—  
Arrayed with His helmet and heavenly shield,  
We'll bring the last wanderer into the field.

The armor of God! oh, the shield of His might!  
Like the noon-day sun it is dazzling and bright;  
Let it girdle our souls, and the sins of our day  
To the new Divine Order of life shall give way!

Put on the whole armor! the armor of love!  
Bring down the dread serpent and lift up the dove!  
Inspired with a zeal of a mission sublime,  
Like an army we'll stand against evil and crime!

### THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

#### New Series, Number Five.

Social Reforms, and the Improvement of the Present—Material—World.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Two deadly scourges afflict the world,—War and Intemperance; both of which are assailed by the Spiritual Philosophy. While recognizing the unavoidability of warfare as society and mankind are now constituted, and while fully admitting, that, in many cases, great good has resulted therefrom, as in the late slave-emanipation in this country, it yet deplors its fearful ravages, and urges mankind to a higher plane,—that of peace, amity, and fraternal love. Its inculcations are that international controversies be settled by arbitration, rather than with the sword; that the spirit of contention, ill-will, and malevolence, so conspicuous in all phases of life, be abandoned; that all pugilistic encounters and physical strife, resistance, and retaliation be repressed so far as possible; that the better principle would be,—Die rather than kill; suffer rather than inflict pain; be stricken rather than strike; returning always good for evil, blessing for cursing, love for hate; loathing the wrong done, yet loving the wrong-doer; detestation of the evil practices of enemies, but, bathed in the broad ocean of Universal Love for *all* mankind, entertaining no ill-will toward the practitioners themselves, the enemies in person,—striving, rather, to do them all the good possible, recognizing them as children of the Infinite, immortal, human souls, who, though now besmirched with guilt, or spotted with crime, will be, in the not very distant future, purified and redeemed spirits,

Temperance in all things is likewise enjoined by the Spiritual Philosophy, its whole genius being opposed to drunkenness and all other forms of intemperance. Through its mediums and lecturers, it urges men to abandon all filthy habits and lead pure, clean lives, discarding alcoholic beverages, tobacco, cigars, tea, coffee, swine's flesh, condiments, and all other injurious and polluting agencies. It affirms the spiritual body to be the outgrowth of the material body, visibly affected by all we eat and drink; that the spirit-bodies of those addicted to drunkenness or tobacco-using are, in the spirit-world, saturated with alcoholic and nicotian essences, and so with all other articles injurious to the physical system; that tea and coffee, beside their harmful effect upon the nerves, stimulate man's lower nature,—his animal instincts and passions,—and should be sparingly, or still better, never used; that the hog, being an unclean animal with its flesh possessing strong scrofulous tendencies, should not be used as food: in short, that mankind, regarding the body as the temple of the spirit, should abstain from everything in any manner inimical to its health and purity.

It can, therefore, be clearly perceived, that much good is accomplished by Spiritualism in the suppression or restraint urged by it upon those tendencies of man's animal instincts impelling him to war, contention, strife, ill-will, malice, retaliation, vindictiveness, bloodshed, and its advocacy of the total abstinence from, or at least very sparing use of, all stimulants, hurtful as they are to both body and soul.

The Spiritual Philosophy is in sympathy with all the other reformatory movements of our day, their distinctive features being advocated by it, such as Labor Reform, Prison Reform, Abolition of Capital and Retaliatory Punishments, Social Reform, etc., etc. The influence of Spiritualism is ever extended toward the equalization of labor and capital, toward co-operative industry; and is in conflict with all monopolies, all grinding and oppression of the poor by the rich, all aristocratic supremacy of capital over labor. With all means looking to the amelioration of the condition of the working classes it deeply sympathizes, and is a fellow-workman to that end with all engaged in that laudable task.

Capital punishment is specially abhorrent to it, and it appeals to the hearts and consciences of the race to abolish this disgrace to civilization, this horrid relic of barbarism. It also affirms that all punishment should be strictly remedial and reformatory, or for necessary restraint, never vindictive or retaliatory; that no punishment should be inflicted as punishment, but as the necessary result in order to protect society and reform the criminal; that all prisons should be veritable reformatories, sanatoria, with but one end in view,—the improvement of the offender,—every vestige of cruelty and barbarism

accompanying punishment being banished totally and forever, the benignant principles of pure philanthropy being the guiding star of those conducting them.

Spiritualism also takes a lively interest in the various elements of Social Reform agitating the millions of Christendom; it urging the abrogation or modification of the oppressive laws of many states and countries in connection with the subject of Marriage and Divorce, the same being a lasting shame to the enlightenment of the present century, a lingering relic of dogmatic theology and primitive barbarism. The innumerable cruelties and hardships inseparable from existing statutes and customs in our social and domestic relations, Spiritualism would obviate by wise and sensible enactments thereon, more in accord with the spirit of the age, and with true philanthropy and justice.

Sectarian creeds all point to a *future* heaven for man, a blissful state to be hereafter realized as a reward for trials and afflictions in this "vale of tears," this "fleeting show, for man's illusion given." The beauty and importance of this world is underrated, depreciated,—man merely *existing* here, while he only really *lives* in heaven. Religion is urged upon us as something to be sought and embraced as a charm to enable us to bear patiently the woes and tribulations of this sin-cursed, devil-possessed world. Mankind go through the world moaning and groaning in sore affliction, wearing long faces, and looking sour and glum, doleful and dismal, longing and wishing to be "in heaven." Such is the effect of erroneous theological teaching seen on all sides.

To correct this, the Spiritual Philosophy propounds a new gospel, declaring this world a heaven here and now, to be utilized in every possible way; that, if not in heaven in this world, you will not be in heaven in any other, heaven being a condition of mind,—harmony, peace, content; that we are born into this world to live in it as long as possible, for the cultivation and evolution of our spiritual natures, previous to our birth into the next interior state of existence, the Second Sphere; that this world is a glorious world, a paradise of beauty, in which we are ever surrounded with blessings, for us to utilize them; that the only way to prepare ourselves for the deeper joys and purer harmonies of the next existence, is the full enjoyment of the present one, in purity of heart, singleness of purpose, and buoyancy of spirit; that, instead of occupying our minds with thoughts of another world to the exclusion of this, we should know and realize that the best preparation for the other life is to live the best possible life here, making the best possible use of this world, the future one taking care of itself.

Try to improve the present world; do all you can to elevate it mentally and morally, and even to improve it physically, and your duty will be done. While in the material state, utilize that state: when you reach the

spiritual, then utilize that; thus making the best use of both worlds, but only one at a time.

### Spiritualism In California.

BY HERMAN SNOW.

The questions presented for consideration are two, the first being: "Can money be used to advantage in promoting Spiritualism?" Or, as is implied in an added explanation, can our philanthropic spiritualists use a portion of their surplus means to a better purpose by devoting it directly in aid of Spiritualism, than by awarding it in donations to humanitarian institutions already established?

The second question is. "How can, say one hundred thousand dollars more or less, be used in California to secure the best result in promoting Spiritualism.?"

As it is desired that the essays shall be as condensed as possible, let us go at once to the main point of interest.

One branch of our enquiry may be suffered to go without argument or elucidation, for, however it may be in a good time coming, it is certain that at the present stage of our advancing humanity the money help is absolutely essential to all kinds of enterprise, therefore, Spiritualism cannot get along without it; that is, if any extended effort is to be successfully carried out. Hence true and earnest Spiritualists, who believe that the world's growth and elevation depend largely upon the progress of their cause, have no need to hesitate upon this point. Money is doubtless urgently needed for the more general elevation and advancement of Spiritualism in California. But how far it may be used to advantage will depend much upon the degree of wisdom and energy that may be infused into the movement by the right kind of men.

Our Spiritualism is yet in the green stage of early work. It is growing rapidly in all directions, almost too rapidly for a healthy spiritual growth.

Its expansive spreading calls for much pruning and shaping in order that the best results to humanity may be secured. Herein lies an important preliminary work for earnest and aspiring spirits in and out of the mortal body. An intelligent appreciation of the true nature and worth of our faith should come at once to the front of our efforts. The tree of Spiritualism should be made to grow into a fruitful, as well as a vigorous shape, then the fruits of all kinds of noble humanitarian effort will crown its maturity. But when we thus speak of the philanthropic power of Spiritualism we do not refer to that form of it which finds delight mainly in the pursuit of doubtful and exaggerated forms of supramundane wonders, nor yet to that which finds comfort and wisdom solely in a conscious communion with departed friends. These are but parts our faith, the earlier step-

ping-stones, they should be, in the upward progress toward a true spirituality of character and work. Those who linger long among these lower forms and uses, though they may be Phenomenalists, or Spiritualists, yet are they not Spiritualists in the highest and most comprehensive sense of the term. While in these lower phases, the light coming to us will be too much mingled with the murky atmosphere of the border-land of spirit conditions to enable us to engage rightly in the work of the world's deliverance.

We are not Spiritualists in the largest, noblest sense of the term until we grow more perfectly developed in our own inner selfhood, and more active in works of humanity. This is the kind of Spiritualism that we should ever keep before us as the finality of our effort. Yet we would by no means oppose, or lose sight of the phenomenal phases of our faith, since it is by first attending to to these that an upward course is begun. In order to lift up man the heavens must stoop to his actual condition, and so, if to convince him that his dear ones have not vanished into nonentity, or gone into the regions of endless despair, a tiny rap, or a tipping of the table be needed, it will surely take place when conditions are rightly understood and practiced by the waiting ones of the earthly family. And if, as should be the case, such a gentle call from the unseen side of life should be the opening of a fountain of pure love in a hitherto hardened heart, leading that soul ever after onward and upward in the pathway of eternal progress, then would our Spiritualism be but working out one of its natural results. No! we would not be ashamed of, but would glorify the tiny rap and the tipping table, since such cheering words of comfort and instruction may come through them. In our efforts then, to promote the cause of Spiritualism in California, we would do all in our power to encourage the home family circle and the promotion of mediumship which should follow as a natural result. And so, if the other forms of the material phenomena: they all have a work to do in our cause, and all should claim a share of our attention. Each is fitted to meet certain individual wants in the widely varied degrees of intellectual and moral development. But, when rightly regarded, all should be recognized simply as signals from a higher life calling our attention to the wider fields of thought and experience upon which the so-called dead have already entered. They are also signal calls to the inner, better life of individual souls, saying to all "look up;—some up higher."

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And as in the individual, so in associated life: these material signals from the unseen world should be regarded as forerunners of a higher civilization and nobler methods of humanity.

Is it claiming too much for our faith that results like these should be evolved from it?

It is true that the old social and humanitarian institutions are still doing a good work for the world, but may it not be that better and nobler ones are close at hand in the natural evolution of events? Is it not probable that wiser methods of developing the best in man, as well as for curing the ills of our humanity, may result from the wider spread and greater purity of our Spiritualism? May not something like counterparts of what is now being done in the higher spheres, in man's behalf, be transferred to our world and thus the will of God be done, as in the heavens, so upon the earth?

Such is, indeed, the natural tendency of our work, if our leading claim be not a fallacy. For look at it; our belief is that a way is now opened for those in our earthly condition to directly reach and appropriate the wisdom of those who, for centuries, perhaps, have enjoyed the light and influences of a higher life far nearer to the great Source of all wisdom and love, the failure and mistakes of earth being ever open to their perceptions.

From such sources come our inspirations and often direct verbal instructions. Our best spirit clairvoyant mediums have even the power clearly to see the actual workings of the social and humane systems of the spirit world, and to describe the same to us, though but imperfectly, owing to the inadequacy of our language clearly to depict the wonders of that enlarged life.

These exemplifications of the more perfect wisdom of the Beyond, we are led to believe, are being gradually transferred to the earth to remedy the imperfect action of its established institutions for human relief, nearly all of which are kept under the leading control of the more popular religious sects, their beneficial influence being largely vitiated by false and unworthy views of God and man.

Something of this kind of transfer has already been accomplished, especially in behalf of the young, by the establishment of Kindergartens and Children's Progressive Lyceums, both of which are claimed to be a transcript more or less perfect, from methods of the spirit world. Mental and magnetic healing, so extensively and successfully practiced by our best healing mediums, may, likewise, be attributed to a spirit origin and are fast taking the place of the old allopathic system, and conventional usages of our public hospital, into which no admission of the "irregular" practice of our spirit mediums could possibly be gained. And our State asylums for the insane, what a change in the welfare of many of the inmates would take place could our spirit method of relief be fairly brought to bear upon them. But we must not stop to enlarge in this direction. The well instructed Spiritualist will understand and appreciate the main points intended without further effort and space.

Thoughts like these which might be indefinitely extended, go to show that something

like a positive revolution is needed in our public humanitarian systems and methods of action, and should cause our monied Spiritualists to pause and ponder before exhausting their surplus means upon the old, when there is so bright a promise of a new and far better system of beneficent action to be developed as one of the fruits of an advanced Spiritualism.

In turning our attention now to the especial work to be done here in California, it may be remarked, for our encouragement, that from precedents of its history, this State become a peculiarly promising field for the growth and influence of our faith, also that Spiritualism is already here to an extent not often equalled in other parts of the world; and that it must rest with its true friends as to how far it shall prove to be a blessing to this energetic and fast growing community. The enterprising independence of the pioneer population for the East, together with the freedom from old religious creeds, which they thus accomplished, and which has, in a large degree been inherited by their descendents; the purity and salubrity of our atmosphere, rendering it especially favorable to mediumistic development; these and other marked peculiarities of our condition, give decided promise of widely-extended prevalence of our faith upon this Coast.

We will now hasten to unfold, very briefly, owing to the limited space assigned us, the especial scheme of action we have to propose in our essay. Let the "one hundred thousand dollars, more or less," be made the beginning of a permanent fund, to be hereafter enlarged, or diminished, according to the prevailing liberality of our monied helpers, or the exigencies of important enterprises in hand, this permanent fund being under the care and control of an association of the ablest and most devoted of our California Spiritualists.

This might be called the Spiritualists Aid Fund, and might be made a sure and safe deposit for all donations and bequests in aid of the cause, especially from such as have warm hearts and large means under their control. There should be a legal incorporation, with the best safe-guards, equal at least to those of the most reliable of the public Savings' Banks. The Trustees should be not only men of business capacity, but also of unflinching integrity, persons not only willing but happy largely to devote their capacity for the good of the cause.

It will be seen that in proposing such a solid basis for our operations reference is had largely to the future more so than to the immediate mending of the present fragmentary condition of our cause. It will doubtless take much time to bring order out of the chaos in which we are now involved and to get Spiritualists, as a body, into shapes of efficient action in financial and humanitarian affairs. But, in due time, after our basis of

supplies should have become rightly strengthened and regulated, there would arise a great variety of worthy calls upon it like a wise, sympathetic, and something would be a necessity.

Homes for disabled mediums, lecturers and other faithful workers, who have devoted the strength of their lives to the cause with no adequate pecuniary support, also institutions for the different kinds of spirit healing, including attentive care of the sick in body and mind.

Such enterprises of philanthropy would differ widely in their methods and in their results from the institutions, somewhat similar, which have, for so long a time, been established and supported by the general public. And at all important points of our State, temples of harmony, of spiritual instruction would have to be erected, including beneath their domes, suitable apartments for all the uses properly belonging to our faith. For these and other similar purposes, the strength of our Spiritualist Aid Fund should be amply sufficient for encouraging support, either in donating, or in the shape of loans liberally arranged according to the importance or necessity of the case.

Nor should we doubt that under a wise and beneficent spirit guidance our treasury would be steadily replenished as the worthy calls upon it increase. A watchful spirit guardianship would be surely extended over it, and as men should become more unfolded and impressible they would be led by our spirit helpers ably to succor our efforts.

The gold unearthed among our California foot-hills and mountains, was not intended for personal uses alone, and some of our earnest Spiritualists are beginning to feel this and to act accordingly.

They do not wish their gold to cling to them as a hindering weight when they put off the mortal, nor yet to wait till the Death-Angel wrenches it from their grasp, and they are ready to make a rational and noble use of their surplus wealth.

The immediate uses of our funds would be for such purposes as giving aid in the employment, only occasionally, perhaps, at present, of traveling lecturers and test mediums of the right stamp, in the more distant and isolated parts, where the expenses could not be wholly borne by the people to be helped and enlightened.

Also there might be occasional calls for individual aid of a specially worthy and pressing character. But we must pass by topics like these and devote the rest of our space to the elucidation of one particular enterprise, which we regard as the very spring-time effort of our work, especially upon this Coast, where the liberal thinkers and reformers are often so widely separated as to be unable to come together for sympathetic action. All of them, however, have access to post-office facility, and to the columns of

some widely-circulated newspaper, which not only contains a summary of the news, but also many advertisements of general interest. Now let our Association, as a legitimate use of their funds, appropriate largely for advertising in the most desirable of such papers.

Something like this might be inserted, in the usual advertising form, "Is Spiritualism true?" Those who wish to know about it will be largely helped, free of expense, by sending name and post office address to the Spiritualist Aid Association, Post Office Box, San Francisco, Cal.

It is believed that such an advertisement, widely extended would call forth a response demonstrating that Spiritualism has a large and important work to do in these parts. It would show, also, that the course now recommended, is a most important preliminary step toward the advanced progress eventually to be achieved.

The names and address of the enquirers thus reached would of course be duly recorded and kept at the rooms of the association, and would be of great value in the future. It is not improbable that a small, paying business of our best and most generally approved publications might be an ultimate result, as but very little additional expense need thus accrue to the fund. From the large number of books and pamphlets already published, such might be selected as would be deemed worthy of the noble ends in view and be kept on hand in limited amounts and at reduced prices, perhaps, to supply the calls of applicants, especially those who live in distant quarters, and who may have been led on in their investigations through our advertised call.

But we must first have a pioneer pamphlet for free distribution, prepared under the best supervision of the association, and published out of appropriations from the fund. It might be well, however to have this partly made up of some generally approved pamphlet already in print; Prof. Wallace's San Francisco lecture for instance, then in an appendix, all that we should require as the specialty of our effort, might be given out at a somewhat reduced expense.

Some of the more important requisites of this pioneer pamphlet would be an abridgment of the best wisdom thus far published in regard to the holding of home circles and the development of mediumship. There should also be a concise definition of the aims and methods of the association, including a condensed list of such of the published works on Spiritualism as might be deemed worthy of the especial attention of honest and intelligent investigators, not forgetting a notice of our leading periodicals.

Is not this a worthy and feasible scheme of action? It should be remembered that it is a leading purpose of these essays to find out how to secure the best results to Spiritualism in California. How could this be better

helped on than by thus scattering, as widely as possible, the seeds of our best thought upon the subject, particularly in regard to the right methods of investigation? At present, Spiritualists and other persons of liberal thought in this new and fast-growing State are too widely scattered for concentrated action, in the shape of organized societies, excepting in central and favored localities; but eventually there might grow up, from the kind of effort we have suggested, a united Spiritualism, with all its salutary influences in religious and social reform, which would do much toward sweeping away the long existing evil results coming from the ecclesiastical sway of the past and establishing in their place something of the purity and brightness of the higher spiritual sphere.

#### The Spirit Side.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Memory brings back the days of our childhood and again we hear our mother sing that simple song of joy.

It is said Bishop McKendee murmured on his dying bed:

Bright angels have from glory come,  
They're round my bed; they're in my room;  
They wait to waft my spirit home;  
All is well! all is well!

We approach the dark river or death alone, but we are not to cross alone. We may be blind to the light of the celestial sphere in the full pulse of health; we may be insensible to the presence of the nearest and dearest of our departed, yet when death loosens the bands which unite the physical with the spiritual body, what is known dimly as clairvoyance, the full possession of the spiritual senses bursts upon the awakened spirit. Then the dying find that death is life, and to leave earthly friends is to find the hosts of heaven.

That there are guardian angels has been taught from immemorial time, and in some dim form is a belief of all except the lowest races of mankind.

It is a beautiful belief, full of consolation, of assurance, and comfort to the struggling and striving. How hard may press the iron hand of fate, how sharp the flinty stones beneath our bleeding feet, we think of these blessed messengers by our side, and feel that our burdens are for the purpose of giving us strength, else they would turn us aside to more pleasant paths. We know that they are with us in the darkest hours, and enjoy with us the days of our sunshine. We delve in the toil and smirch of the world, and the physical being obscures and overlaps the spiritual to such a degree that our horizon is shut down on that side by thick clouds and only at long intervals can a ray of light penetrate the darkness.

Our lives might be so well ordered that we might be as conscious of the presence of these guardians as of earthly friends. What is possible at rare moments of lucidity is possible at all times under like conditions. The

fault is not on their side, but on ours. The sun forever shines in the heavens, just above the thin veil of clouds, and if the sea does not reflect the starry night, it is because of the agitated surface.

We do not see through the thin veil, which shuts down between the world of men. We cannot see the air which surges a profound and agitated ocean above and around us. Without material rays of light we could not see material things, and would be practically blind.

If we ascended a mountain in the night we could only perceive the gray and mossy rocks a few yards around us, bordering the path, beyond which would be impenetrable darkness, gloomy abysses seemingly unfathomable, and above the dark night-clouds without a star. On the summit we rest awaiting the morning, seeing nothing, but scenting the faint odors of pine and the fragrance of flowers borne upwards on the gentle air. Patiently we wait until the gray East blushes with a long horizontal line of light flaming upward, toward the clouds with crimson, and the distant mountain tops with the silver flood. Lo! the orb of day pushes the clouds aside, and flashes over the world in triumph. What transformation! What grandeur and beauty! Valleys of Eden loveliness at our feet, and snowy summits above our heads! Grand forests clothing the hillsides, bloom and flower everywhere; gem like lakes, and flashing torrents, endless perspective of mountains on one side, and of plain on the other. All night we were in the midst of this grandeur and beauty yet saw it not. We seemed suspended between earth and sky, and around us only blackness, yet that wish existed the same during night as morning; the light made it visible.

Thus the world of spirit exists all around us, unseen, unfelt, except as we perceive the odor of asphodels, or hear the faint murmur of angel whispers, for our eyes are blind to the light by which it is revealed.

#### The Peculiar Case of an Allegan Spiritualist.

ALLEGAN, Mich., April 10.—The most peculiar conditions are following Dr. Howard Simonds' death. The body remains warm, the color of the face natural, the limbs relaxed and the expression of the eye, when opened, bright forty-eight hours after death. The deceased's spiritualistic friends believe him in a trance, which condition was frequently assumed by him in his medical practice. The funeral was fixed for to-morrow, but will be deferred until his death is unquestioned. The doctor was one of the most distinguished Spiritualists in Michigan and his case is being followed with the greatest interest.

Earth has nothing more than a tender woman's heart when it is the abode of pity.—*Luther.*

# THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

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

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MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, }

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SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 28, 1888.

### WHO WILL HELP HIM?

We append below a letter just received from an old man who is quite well known among the Spiritualists of this city and Oakland. Comments are unnecessary; and yet there comes to mind this man's parting words as he came to bid us good-bye before taking that last unpleasant journey of "Over the hill to the poor-house." We reproduced them once in this journal, but will give them here again. As he took his leave his voice was tremulous with emotion; and tears stole down his aged and furrowed cheeks. He said, "I have always worked hard, and been temperate and frugal. I have had reverses and misfortunes which have swept away all my savings, and now in my old age I am homeless and penniless. I have paid enough in taxes to this Government that I should now be provided with a comfortable home for the remainder of my life; but instead of a decent, respectable home I must be housed and fed among those the world considers a thriftless, improvident class for whom any kind of fare is good enough."

Bitter thoughts arose, as the old man turned away, and the same old question "What can a woman do?" came with full force upon us, and we knew that with our own great burden of care, we could do nothing in that instance; but we resolved then and there that until the close of this earthly career, tongue and pen should be devoted to the service of humanity in its struggle for equal human rights.

The old man went, and after six months he writes thus:

"DEAR FRIEND:—Oh, how shall I write? Has there been anything done in regard to a home for aged Spiritualists as you proposed in the DOVE of Aug. 20th, 1887? I am in a rough place for one like myself who would enjoy having some one to speak to. There are forty old, worn-out miners here who never heard a word of our philosophy until I came among them; and but six of them are Americans, the rest are foreigners and mostly Catholics. There is not a woman to speak to, and it is lonesome enough. I have just partaken of our *very rich* dinner, and two meals a day at that. I write to you, for I know of none as able as yourself to push this matter, and see if anything can be done among the Spiritualists for me. I am aware what I am asking, but I cannot help it. I have clothes enough to last a long time and could do the most towards my board, and if I had a room to live in I would be all right. Please, good sister, see what can be done for me. I want so to attend the campmeeting in June. I want to be where I can hear, see, and learn something once more. I can work at almost anything a little.

Oh, Sister, do help me out of this. My poor old heart is so full I cannot write more. God bless you. Good-bye.

J. F. HINKSON, Poor House,  
San Andreas, Calaveras Co, Cal.

What do you think of his letter army of toilers? Are you prepared to give a lifetime of honest toil for a mere subsistence, and in your old age, when unable to work any longer, be *supported* in this manner by the Government you have helped maintain? Is there not need of plain speech when men dream on and let the bands of steel be more and more firmly welded which bind them all together, one common lot of slaves? Who makes things as they are? Men. How? *By their ballots.*

If you desire a change, combine your forces and select and elect *honest men* for your legislators. Do not not seek them in the palaces of wealth, for they dwell not there. Do not seek them among the patrons of your many thousand saloons and dens of vice, for they dwell not there; go not among the broadcloth brigade who serve in God's houses one day in seven, for they are not of that number; but go, rather, into the cheerful cottage of the honest mechanic, the man whose head is clear, whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean with honest toil, whose life is blameless and whose children are provided for "by the sweat of his brow," whose evenings are spent at home with his family, where the wife, the sons and daughters, all combine with the father and make one of the most interesting and instructive *clubs* to be found anywhere; where all the social and economic questions are read about and discussed by the intelligent family group. Select such men for your law-makers, and then by force of numbers elect them to office. Can you expect that the money-princes, the aristocrats of America, are going to legislate in favor of the working classes? Have they ever done so? Nay; but year after year the burden grows heavier and heavier; the gulf between the rich and poor grows wider and deeper, until it has already become a social barrier dividing the people even as the barrier of caste divides the people of European nations.

Let the men of the country arise in their might and soon their would be no disgusting "poorhouses" for the aged and helpless, nor luxurious palaces for the wealthy and indolent; but everywhere homes of comfort and plenty would adorn the land.

### THE COMING CAMP MEETING.

By reference to the advertising pages of this week's issue of the DOVE, our readers will find particulars of the State camp meeting, to be held in Oakland, Cal., during the month of June next. The last two pages of next week's paper will constitute a campmeeting supplement which will be so arranged that it can be easily detached for reference if desired. An examination of the arrangements announced will disclose the fact that the Board has determined to eclipse all previous efforts in this direction, by providing an array of talent greater than has ever before been presented. Alike from private and public report we understand Mrs. R. S. Lillie—who is retained as the principal speaker—to be a capable and able instrument in the hands of powerful inspirers, while her husband, Mr. John T. Lillie, is reputed as a sweet singer. No doubt they will each receive a warm welcome on their first appearance among us. Mr. Edgar W. Emerson stands high in the esteem of Eastern Spiritualists as a test medium of remarkable powers, as well as a genial gentleman. He will assuredly obtain a cordial reception, and will without doubt win many friends among us.

Dr. J. V. Mansfield, so well known as "the spirit postmaster," will also be present during the entire season.

The other visiting speakers this year are J. J. Morse and W. J. Colville, each too well known to need recommendation.

It is earnestly desired that a full attendance may be secured so that a season of personal enjoyment, mental expansion and spiritual development may be experienced by all. The season promises well so far, and the DOVE will give its hearty co-operation to all that can ensure success, so that the camp meeting this year shall be the largest and grandest of the gatherings of Spiritualists ever held upon the Pacific coast. Let mortals and spirits unite, and success is assured. The DOVE will have more to say on this matter later on.

### BENEFIT SOCIAL.

There will be a musical and literary entertainment concluding with a dance, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, on Monday evening next, April 30th, for the benefit of the Misses Maud and Stella Suits, assisted by Mrs. Eugenia W. Clark. These little misses are well known as two remarkably talented aspirants for public favor, and never fail to please in their charming personations, songs and dances. They created a decided sensation at the recent entertainment which was given by the Progressive Spiritualists in the same hall. Mrs. Eugenia W. Clark is also a universal favorite, especially among Spiritualists, whom she is always willing to assist on all occasions, contributing time and talents in aid of their work. She is regularly engaged by the Union Spiritual Society of this city, and also by Mrs. Ada Foye, at her Sunday evening meetings, to lead the musical exercises. Her sweet

songs proving a great attraction at those meetings.

We hope there will be a large attendance at this social as a good time is guaranteed for all.

#### CORRECTION.

In the ad. of Dr. Pierce and Son appearing among the special notices of last week's DOVE was an error concerning the price of Electric Belts, which it stated cost \$16. The correct price, however, is \$10.

## Ghips.

John Slater has returned to his home in Philadelphia.

Many of our best mediums attended the social at Washington Hall.

We often impute to chance what is but the natural consequence of our own conduct.

There are sparks of divinity in every man's nature; yet, like the sparks of flint, they must be *struck* into life.

By reference to our Special Notices department, the readers of the DOVE will find a full advertisement descriptive of the arrangements made for the forthcoming camp meeting.

Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school, supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the church and state forever separate.—U. S. GRANT.

The beautiful legend of "The Lost Arrow" should have appeared with the engraving of last week, but owing to one of those wonderful complications which sometimes occur in printing offices they "failed to connect."

Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, Chairman of the Temple meetings, was a participator in the festivities at Washington Hall, on the occasion of the Library Benefit. His genial presence was like a gleam of sunshine everywhere.

A mistake was made in the report last week of the election of officers of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists. It should have been Mr. S. B. Clark was elected Treasurer and Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Secretary and Librarian.

Mrs. S. B. Whitehead is now fully established in her position as librarian at the free reading room, and is ready to smile a welcome to all who call. Her genial, sunny presence is an additional attraction to our already attractive library and reading room.

We have received many letters of commendation of our "California Scenery" from Eastern people who are anxious to learn about our magnificent State and its glorious climate; and we have almost concluded it is just as well to give pictures of this world of which we know something, as to attempt to illustrate the glories of the country we have not yet reached.

The following works of J. J. Morse are regularly on sale at this office, and at Metropolitan Temple on Sundays: "Practical Occultism," \$1; "Immortality; its People; Punishment and Pursuits," 50 cents; "Life of J. J. Morse" 20 cents; also fine cabinet photos of Mr. Morse, price 25 cents.

Dr. J. V. Mansfield, the "Spirit Postmaster" to whom we have several times referred recently, is soon to be among us, and will be a prominent character at our coming camp meeting. His remarkable success as a medium for answering sealed letters, has given him a world-wide reputation and no encomiums from our pen are needed.

The primary conditions of health and happiness are within us; we have only to conform to them the secondary and accidental influences. With our health, we generally trust all to nature and too little to ourselves. With our happiness, we are too little mindful of the essential within, and pursue too eagerly the non-essential without.

The DOVE has received from John B. Alden, New York, copies of *Literature*, an illustrated weekly magazine, *The Library Magazine*, a monthly. They are both issued at \$1 per year, are marvels of cheapness and miracles of literary completeness. The publisher's address is 393 Pearl street, New York City, and a dollar cannot be better invested.

The generous friend in an Eastern city who sent a liberal donation of books and pamphlets to our free spiritual library, will please accept the sincere thanks of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists for his very acceptable gift. We would be glad to give the name of this friend of the cause, but have been requested to omit any mention of it. May he be prospered in all his good works is the DOVE's earnest wish.

"A great deal is being said about Madam Diss Debar, who has, it is alleged, extorted large sums of cash from Lawyer Marsh for her services as a medium, and she has been arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses. At the same time priests and ministers are allowed to go on extorting millions from their dupes under pretenses as false as those of spiritual mediums can possibly be if all that is charged against them is true. If the fees of frauds are to be cut down the reduction should be made horizontal."—*Freethought*.

The DOVE has received a visit from Mr. W. Mackenzie Gill, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng., who has recently arrived in California. Mr. Gill brings letters of introduction from H. A. Kersey, the English agent of the DOVE, who cordially commends our visitor as "an earnest Spiritualist and a genial gentleman," which our impressions quite confirm. Mr. Gill will probably remain sometime in this State, as he is anxious to gain a practical understanding of life out here, with a view to undertaking business on the Pacific Slope. He is an acquisition to our ranks.

We received a pleasant call from Mrs. S. N. Kingsley, who was stopping in the city a few days before going to her home in San Luis Obispo. Mrs. Kingsley has been bravely trying to live on a ranch for the last six months in Tulare county, where she had taken a homestead, but finding the isolation unbearable any longer sold her claim and has returned to her old home. She is a bright, social little lady and quite unfitted for ranch life.

Miss Sawyer, who is poor, was introduced at a lunch party to Miss Taylor, who is rich, and was coldly received. Miss Sawyer is bright and knows her own antecedents, and Miss Taylor's also. She was unabashed and spoke cheerily: "I'm so glad to meet you. I've often wanted to. It's so funny—my name is Sawyer and my grandfather was a tailor, and your name is Taylor and your grandfather was a sawyer. Mine used to make clothes for yours, and yours used to saw wood for mine."

The following kindly notice of the DOVE is clipped from the March issue of our Australian contemporary, the *Harbinger of Light*:

"The CARRIER DOVE keeps up its standard of quality both in matter and illustrations. On January 7th, a holiday issue was published, of thirty-two pages, with three large and several small illustrations. This is a really excellent magazine, and well worth retaining for binding."

The closing sentence is equally true of our esteemed antipodean contemporary.

Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman at the solicitation of the Vice-President for America, has recently become a member of the Egypt Exploration Society of England and America. This Society was founded in 1883 for the purpose of rescuing the monumental and other records of ancient Egypt from the destroying agencies now so busily at work in that land; and it has already been eminently successful,—among its more important discussions being the sites and ruins of Pithom, the treasure city of Exodus; Goshen, the chief city in the land of Goshen; Tahpanhes, where was found the only Egyptian building specifically named in the Old Testament; Odnias, a city described by Josephus; Zoan, the great Northern capital of the Pharaohs; Am, the city in "the fields of Zoan;" Naukratis, the Greek emporium before the rise of Alexandria; and Bubastis, where were discovered the great temple mentioned by Herodotus.

If Brother Coleman goes on joining societies as he has been doing of late years, ere long he will have compassed all, or nearly all, the Oriental learned societies of the globe.

All woman are good—good for nothing, or good for something.—*Cervantes*.

The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.—*N. P. Willis*.

All the reasoning of men are not worth one sentiment of woman.—*Voltaire*.

## Spiritual Meetings.

### SAN FRANCISCO,

#### METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

The morning service at Metropolitan Temple was largely attended on Sunday morning last. The control of Mr. Morse replied to a large number of questions in his usual apt and satisfactory manner.

There was a good attendance at the evening meeting, when the control of Mr. Morse discussed the rather startling question, "Is God a failure?" The lecture was deeply interesting and was listened to with closest attention.

Miss E. Beresford Joy sang in her finished manner two fine solos, which were loudly applauded.

Services as usual on Sunday next at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. The evening lecture will be the sequel of the one delivered last Sunday and will be entitled "Is man a success?" Admission free.

#### ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The usual exercises at the above named hall on Wednesday evening, the 18th inst., were prefaced by a trance address through Mr. J. J. Morse, the subject considered by the control being: "What has man done for God?" A very broad-minded address, full of sound and radical ideas and sentiments was delivered, and it was frequently and warmly applauded by a fine audience which packed the hall.

The usual medium's seance followed with satisfactory results to all. These meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Admission free.

#### WASHINGTON HALL.

An interesting conference meeting was held at this hall on Sunday last, which was opened with an able address by Mr. Bouton upon the announced subject: "Has Society the power to abolish poverty and its consequent evils?" Mr. Bouton argued that co-operation was the only remedy. He was followed by Dr. Aspinwall, Mr. Davis, Mr. Mead and others whose remarks were interesting and instructive. The president, Hon. Jno. A. Collins briefly outlined the policy of the new Board of Directors in regard to the future direction of the meetings. He also stated it as the desire of the Directors to have the doors open free to all and that the new order of things would begin next Sunday. This announcement was received with enthusiastic applause and quite a sum subscribed for the purpose of defraying the expenses.

It was proposed to continue the discussion of the same subject next Sunday when other speakers would participate who were then absent.

### OAKLAND.

#### FRATERNITY HALL.

On Sunday evening last Fraternity hall was crowded to its utmost capacity by an appreciative and most intelligent audience.

Mrs. M. Miller, of this city, gave the opening address, which was in her well-known enthusiastic vein, and was most heartily received by her highly pleased listeners.

A large number of mediums were present and participated in the exercises by giving tests, readings and communications; among those thus assisting were Mme. De Roth, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Wier, Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. Turner.

Mrs. Rutter sang three solos which were cordially received and loudly applauded.

Next Sunday Dr. S. N. Aspinwall will lecture in the evening. Fine singing will be provided.

## Fortieth Anniversary.

### Boston, Mass.

The celebration of the Fortieth Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism, by the Boston Spiritual Temple, held in Berkeley hall on Saturday and Sunday, March 31st and April 1st, was an occasion long to be remembered by those who participate in it.

The speakers were Mrs. A. H. Colby-Luther, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Dr. J. L. Paxon, J. B. Hatch and others. Captain Richard Holmes, president, in the chair. It was a joyful occasion. The attendance was immense for, not only was every available seat occupied, but many were unable to get more than very limited standingroom.

### New York City.

The fortieth anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated by the First Society of Spiritualists at Adelphi hall on Sunday afternoon, March 25th. Mr. Henry J. Newton, the president of the society, conducted the exercises. The exercises included addresses from Mr. Henry J. Newton, the esteemed president, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and the Hon. A. H. Dailey, the event was a gratifying success.

### Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Spiritual Society of Brooklyn held its anniversary exercises on March 25th, and in the evening Conservatory hall was packed to the utmost with old friends and new investigators to enjoy this fortieth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

Judge Dailey made the opening address, in his usual felicitous style, and among many cheering statements concerning our spiritual outlook in the future said, that within a few

weeks he had a conversation with a prominent politician of Brooklyn, who remarked that the time is soon coming when there will be only two parties, the Spiritualist and Materialist.

Mrs. Lillie then gave a logical and eloquent discourse upon: "The Past, Present and Future Outlook of Modern Spiritualism," followed by an improvised poem upon "Heaven." Mr. Lillie sang: "Do Not Drink To-night, My Boy," in a pathetic and exquisitely touching voice. Others participated in these exercises which were highly enjoyed by all present.

### Portland, Me.

The Fortieth Anniversary was duly celebrated in Portland on Saturday evening, March 31st, at Mystic hall.

For this occasion a committee of ladies had most tastefully decorated the platform. On one side was a rustic basket filled with beautiful flowering plants and trailing vines; on the other side tables with bouquets of rare, cut flowers tastefully arranged. From the auditorium the whole stage looked like a most exquisite floral design. On the right, partly hidden by trailing vines, was suspended that picture, dear to all Spiritualists on account of its sweet associations—"The Dawning Light."

The exercises commenced at 8 P. M. Mr. H. C. Berry presided. He opened the meeting with brief remarks appropriate to the occasion. A most beautiful and impressive invocation was pronounced by Mrs. Berry.

The address was then given by Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., of Dover Mass. The speaker chose for his subject: "The Origin and Progress of Spiritualism." The discourse was elaborate and was listened to most attentively by the large audience, which taxed the seating capacity of the hall to its utmost. The exercises were interspersed with appropriate songs beautifully rendered by Mrs. Woodman.

### Philadelphia, Pa.

The Fortieth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated on Sunday, April 1st, with even greater spiritual inspiration than many of its predecessors. The interest manifested by Spiritualists and those not recognized as such was of the most decided character.

The attendance in the morning was large, and in the evening unusually so—filling the hall to its fullest capacity. The decorations were of impressive character, and—particularly in the display of plants and flowers, natural and artificial, which graced the platform—especially noticeable. The choir gave appropriate voice to songs and hymns arranged in the programme for the day and evening.

The order of exercises was adhered to, and met with a responsive fervor, which, under the inspiration of two lectures by Mrs. H. C. Lake, of Boston, gave the whole an *eclat* that

fulfilled the hopes of those who contributed to the occasion their labor and material aid, which in their spiritual sense doubtless were acceptably appreciated by the attendant and controlling spirit intelligences.

The theme of the morning lecture was: "The Distinctive Features of Modern Spiritualism." The poem of the morning, from spirit dictation, was entitled: "The Land where our Dreams come True."

The evening lecture exposed the dangers that menace spiritual mediumship and Spiritualism, and was listened to with earnest attention from the beginning to the end. The poem entitled: "The Three Preachers," was read with an emphasis and duly appreciated by the audience.

The Lyceum also had part in the programme. The children marched with flags, each prepared with a badge, while the conductors and officers had banners. There were recitations, singing, drill by young men's class, and dumb bell exercises by young ladies class.

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At 7:30 o'clock, Captain John Abbott opened the service. Dr. Allen offered up a fervent prayer for the future welfare and happiness of all present.

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## Selected Articles.

### The International Council.

[The International Council of Women recently held in Washington, is reported as a great success. Of its opening, *Woman's Tribune* contains the following account.]

"Victor Hugo's prophecy seemed fulfilled as one looked upon the scene presented at Albaugh's Opera House this morning. Under the shadow of the Capitol made historic by the patriotic men who have led the advance guard of the world's onward march to liberty were assembled the women patriots, whose sacrifices and demands for liberty have entitled them to recognition in the parliament of the world. Amidst the flags of all nations, with flowers which speak the universal language, with hearts attuned to the significance and opportunity of the hour, sat representative women from England, Denmark, France, India, Scotland, Norway, Canada and Finland. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, regal in her seventy years of service, and Susan B. Anthony with the light of duty done upon her face, the central figures around which this historic group was placed."

The following extracts from the addresses of Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton are well worth reproducing here. Miss Anthony stepped forward to call the meeting to order, and was received with great applause. She said:

"As you have noticed in the call and in the various announcements for this Council,

the specific purpose in calling it during this very year and in this very country, was because of the fact that forty years ago, during the year of 1848, the first convention ever held in the world, the first convention of women called by women, was held just forty years ago.

The notice that was issued forty years ago for that first convention, if I remember rightly, did not have any signatures attached, but, nevertheless, the two moving spirits in originating the call for the meeting and in carrying forward the meeting were those of our sainted Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who is with us to-day. Without any particular words that shall call to your mind the vast change in the world these last forty years for women as well as men, but especially for women, I will say that forty years ago women had no place anywhere except in their homes, no pecuniary independence, no place of position in life save that which came through marriage, save that which came through the home. From such a change, as many of you can remember, when no woman thought of such a thing as earning her bread by any other means than sewing, teaching, cooking or factory work. During those years there has been almost a perfect sesame of every avenue of industry, to every profession, whereby woman to-day stands almost the peer of man in her advantages for independence. What is true in the world of work is true in education, is true everywhere.

Men have granted us in law, in the privileges and civil rights of society, which we have been demanding, everything almost but the pivotal right, the one power that underlies all other rights with which citizens of this Republic may protect all other rights.

I have the pleasure of introducing to you this morning the woman who not only joined with Mrs. Mott in calling the first convention, but who for the last twenty years nearly has been President of the National Woman Suffrage Association—Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

[With enthusiastic clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, the audience arose to honor Mrs. Stanton.]

Mrs. Stanton said: "In the great National and State Convention for education, temperance, and religion, even thirty years ago, woman's voice was never heard. The battles fought by the pioneers in the suffrage movement to secure a foothold for woman on these platforms have been eloquently described many times by Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone and Antoinette Brown, and I hope during this Council they will be rehearsed once more for the benefit of those who, while holding the vantage ground they secured, are afraid of the principles by which it was gained. The protracted struggle through which we have passed, and our labors not yet crowned with victory, seems to me in

fulfilled the hopes of those who contributed to the occasion their labor and material aid, which in their spiritual sense doubtless were acceptably appreciated by the attendant and controlling spirit intelligences.

The theme of the morning lecture was: "The Distinctive Features of Modern Spiritualism." The poem of the morning, from spirit dictation, was entitled: "The Land where our Dreams come True."

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review like a painful dream, in which one strives to run and yet stands still, incapable alike of escaping or meeting the impending danger. The civil and political position of woman, when I first understood its real significance, was enough to destroy all faith in the vitality of Republican principles. Half a century ago the women of America were bond slaves, under the old common law of England. Their rights of person and property were under the absolute control of fathers and husbands. They were shut out of the schools and colleges, the trades and professions, and all offices under Government; paid the most meager wages in the ordinary industries of life, and denied everywhere the necessary opportunities for their best development. Worse still, women had no proper appreciation of themselves as factors in civilization. Believing self-denial a higher virtue than self-development, they ignorantly made ladders of themselves by which fathers, brothers and sons reached their highest ambitions, creating an impassible gulf between those they loved, that no magnetic chords of affection or gratitude could span. Nothing more common forty years ago than to see the sons of a family educated, while the daughters remained in ignorance; husbands at ease in the higher circles, in which their wives were unprepared to move. Like the foolish virgins in the parable, women everywhere in serving others forgot to keep their own lamps trimmed and burning, and when the great feasts of life were spread, to them the doors were shut.

Four years ago at a reception in Liverpool, given to Miss Anthony and myself, the question of an international convention was discussed, and so favorably received, that committees of correspondence were appointed to ascertain what the general feeling might be. While the response from the different countries was encouraging, the general feeling seemed to point to America as the country to make the first experiment. Accordingly the National Suffrage Association assumed the responsibility of calling this International Council.

Those only who have been behind the scenes can estimate the herculean undertaking which the correspondence has involved. Though we cannot all share in the honors of the toil that has made this grand gathering possible, we can share in the joy of welcoming to our shores the noble women from foreign lands. We can benefit, too, in the broader interests and more liberal opinions that association with the people of other countries must necessarily bring to us.

"The world is my country and all mankind my countrymen" is a motto that cannot be echoed and re-echoed round the globe too often, to keep our sympathies alive to the weal and woe of the human race. In welcoming representatives from other lands here to-day, we do not feel that you are strangers and foreigners, for the women

of all nationalities, in the artificial distinctions of sex, have a universal sense of injustice, that forms a common bond of union between them.

Whether our feet are compressed in iron shoes, our faces hidden with veils and masks, whether yoked with cows to draw the plow through its furrows, or classed with idiots, lunatics and criminals in the laws and constitutions of the State, the principle is the same, for the humiliations of spirit are as real as the visible badges of servitude. A difference in government, religion, laws and social customs makes but little change in the relative status of woman to the self-constituted governing classes, so long as subordination in all nations is the rule of her being. Through suffering we have learned the open sesame to the hearts of each other. There is a language of universal significance, more subtle than that used in the busy marts of trade, that should be called the mother-tongue, by which with a sigh or a tear, a gesture, a glance of the eye, we know the experiences of each other in the varied forms of slavery. With the spirit forever in bondage, it is the same whether housed in golden cages, with every want supplied, or wandering in the dreary deserts of life friendless and forsaken. Now that our globe is girdled with railroads, steamships and electric wires, every pulsation of your hearts is known to us. Long ago we heard the deep yearnings of your souls for freedom responsive to our own. Mary Wolstonecraft, Madames de Stael and Roland, George Sand, Frederica Bremer, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and George Eliot have pictured alike the wrongs of woman in poetry and prose.

Though divided by vast mountain ranges, boundless oceans and plains, yet the psalms of our lives have been in the same strain, too long, alas! in the minor key; for hope deferred has made the bravest hearts sometimes despairing. But the same great over-soul has been our hope and inspiration. The steps of progress already achieved in many countries should encourage us to tune our harps anew to songs of victory. It is with great satisfaction we also welcome here to-day representatives of our own countrywomen from thirty different associations of moral and philanthropic reforms.

Although all these are the natural outgrowths of the demands made, and the basic principles laid down by those who first claimed equal, civil, and political rights for women, yet this is the first time we have met on the same platform to advocate the same measures in carrying on the varied reforms in which we are mutually interested. I think most of us have come to feel that a voice in the laws is indispensable to achieve success; that these great moral struggles for higher education, temperance, peace, the rights of labor, religious freedom, international arbitration, are all questions to be finally adjusted by the action of Government,

and without a direct voice in legislation woman's influence will be eventually lost.

Experience has fully proved that sympathy as a civil agent is vague and powerless until caught and chained in logical propositions and coined into law. When every prayer and tear represents a ballot, the mothers of the race will no longer weep in vain over the miseries of their children.

The active interest women are taking in all the great questions of the day is in strong contrast with the apathy and indifference in which we found them half a century ago, and the contrast in their condition between now and then is equally marked.

Those who inaugurated the movement for woman's enfranchisement, who for long years endured the merciless storm of ridicule and persecution, mourned over by friends, ostracised in social life, scandalized by enemies, denounced by the pulpit, scarified and caricatured by the press, may well congratulate themselves on the marked change in public sentiment, that this magnificent gathering of educated women from both hemispheres so triumphantly illustrates.

#### The Women's Council a Success.

At the close of the session on Thursday, Miss Anthony took occasion to remark as to the successful outcome of the convention. This council, she said, had surpassed her most sanguine expectations. Out of it would come a more perfect association of all the organizations of women of the world. Some organizations at first were afraid of them because they were women suffragists.

## 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, Senor S. Arrillaga, organist. Admission free to each meeting. All are invited.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. 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.

THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH Meets every Saturday, at 7:30 P. M. in rooms 106 McAllister street. Interesting and instructive papers and essays are read by the members, and no subjects are excluded from discussion. Free Library, and free admission.

**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.

**It Beats the Doctors.**

DR. PIERCE AND SON—*Gentlemen:* I take great pleasure in writing you that the Electric Belt, which I bought at your office last fall for my son, has cured him of a severe attack of neuralgia, which the doctors could not cure. They examined him and said he had the "hip disease," or something of the same kind, and that it would cost me from \$400 to \$500 to have him cured; but one of your \$10 belts cured him and he is now a strong, healthy boy, with no sign of "hip disease" or anything else the matter with him. Electricity is the remedy for me and the rest of my family. You will probably remember that one of your Electro-Magnetic Trusses cured me of rupture after I had suffered with that complaint for several years. I consider Dr. Pierce's Electric Belts and Trusses to be the best ever manufactured, and will heartily recommend them to all sufferers.

Yours truly, CHARLES S. COLLINS.

The afflicted should read Dr. Pierce & Son's advertisement in another column of the CARRIER DOVE.

June 3, 1888, July 1.  
**The California Spiritualists Camp Meeting,**

will be held at

**Lake Merrit Park, East Oakland, Cal.**

(Same place as last year.)

Commencing on

**SUNDAY, JUNE 3d, 1888,**

Continuing over five Sundays.

President, I. C. STEELE, Pescadero.

**The Meetings.**

Lectures, Test meetings, Conferences and Experience meetings will be held every day during each week. The very best talent has been secured.

**The Speakers.**

Our foremost advocate this year is the well-known Eastern Inspirational Speaker.

MRS. R. S. LILLIE,

of Boston, Mass., who will be assisted by

J. J. MORSE,

England's Celebrated Trance Speaker, and

W. J. COLVILLE,

the Celebrated Inspirational Lecturer. With the above-named able advocates, and the services of such workers as W. W. McKaig, W. E. Coleman, J. J. Owen, Dr. C. C. Peet, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, and others of our home talent, the platform will leave nothing to be desired.

**The Test Medium.**

For this season the exclusive services have been secured of the celebrated and highly recommended test medium,

EDGAR W. EMERSON,

whose reputation in all the leading cities of the East justly place him in the front rank among those in his peculiar line.

NOTE: The public is informed that Mrs. Lillie and Mr. Emerson will not appear at any other place during their visit to this State. They leave the Coast immediately at the close of the camp.

DR. J. V. MANSFIELD,

(the Spirit Postmaster),

will also be with us during the camp meeting.

MRS. ADA FOYE,

will attend the Camp, giving her marvelous "ballot" seances, which have astonished and delighted thousands.

**Music.**

The musical arrangements are of the most satisfactory nature, and include the services of

MR. J. T. LILLIE,

who is an able and pleasing soloist, with others whose names will be announced as soon as negotiations are completed. The San Francisco Cornet Band, brass and string, unexcelled for its rendition of pleasing selections, will furnish concerts each Sunday, both outside and inside the grand pavilion.

**Special Assemblies.**

These will include a MEMORIAL Day, a CHILDREN'S Day, and a LITERARY entertainment and DANCE every Friday evening.

**A Developing Circle.**

Mr. J. J. Morse will hold another of his successful Developing Circles every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings during the Camp. Fee for the series of twelve sittings \$5. No single admissions.

**Spiritual Science Classes.**

A class will be held by W. J. Colville every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings during the Camp. Fee for the course of twelve lessons \$2.50. Single admissions 25 cents.

The above gentlemen have generously agreed to donate half the proceeds of their respective meetings to the funds of the Association.

**Times of Meetings.**

Sunday meetings will commence at 11 A. M. and 2 and 7:30 P. M.; week day meetings will commence at 10 A. M. and 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

**Tents.**

Tents will be rented at the lowest price, which will only cover their cost to the Association.

**Restaurant.**

There will be a good Restaurant upon the grounds where excellent meals can be had at a reasonable price.

**Circulars and General Information**

can be obtained from Mr. Geo. H. Hawes, Corresponding Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

**English Milk Weed.**

J. H. Greensill's English Milk Weed is adding scores of lovely complexions to San Francisco's already large quota of pretty women. Its name suggests what it is, and as it contains no injurious mineral substance, it can be relied upon as being absolutely harmless. It is in powder form, delightfully perfumed, and when properly applied to the skin it is invisible and produces that soft, velvety appearance so much desired. It is cool and refreshing to the skin and stays on without permitting the face to grow shiny. Being invisible it imparts a delightful complexion without the loud, glaring artificial effect that is the inevitable result of the average cheap powders that do not assimilate with the skin. Greensill's English Milk Weed is in four colors; white, flesh, cream and pink. But one size. Price fifty cents. For sale in San Francisco at Edwin W. Joy's, 552 Market street and L. C. Ellerts, corner California and Kearny streets. See that the name is on the box; J. H. Greensill, Wellington Road, London.

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.

**A Fortunate Druggist.**

Mr. Edwin W. Joy for many years and now a prosperous druggist on the corner of Stockton and Market streets in San Francisco, probably never dreamed of rivaling in wealth the medicine kings of the country. But various rumors having been floating around to the effect that he has struck it big, an *Examiner* reporter was detailed to unearth the cause, and after much difficulty unraveled the following story:

It seems that about seven years ago an English physician, a great student of botany, located for a brief season in this city. His practice was not extensive, and yet the few cases of a general nature that came to him attracted little attention. His greatest success seemed to be in the treatment of liver and kidney disorders, and vitiated blood. In fact his ability to cope with these common complaints was little short of the marvelous. He seemed almost infallible, and his quiet, modest methods and his well kept secret was as much a mystery as himself. After his departure about a year later Mr. Joy determined to fathom the secret, and copying all the prescriptions he had filled for the erratic doctor, he began a systematic analysis. In his examination he discovered running all through the prescriptions for liver and kidney troubles, vitiated blood and stomach disorders a couple of vegetable extracts indigenous to California, so simple and so well known under homely every day names to every school boy as to entirely dissipate the suspicion that they were the active principles involved. So certain, however, was Mr. Joy that he had discovered the secret that he embodied the new elements in a preparation of Sarsaparilla to disguise the taste, and put it before his customers under the modest name of Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. Immediately the same marvelous stories came back of its astonishing effects, and the mystery was solved, and the talk it has created has already caused it to step into prominence, and orders pour in daily from all over the coast. People seem to be taking it and writing and talking about it throughout the State. And thus another California industry leaps into existence.—*S. F. Examiner.*

**THE PSYCHOGRAPH,  
or Dial Panchette.**

This is the perfection of the instrument used by Prof. Robert Hare in his investigation of Spiritualism, and has gained astonishing results, both as to communications given, and development of mediumship. A well-known lady in San Francisco writes that she obtained valuable communications at the first sitting, and has by the means become a writing medium. Numerous letters of commendation might be given. The psychograph is endorsed by such eminent writers as Dr. Samuel Watson, Dr. Eugene Crowell, Giles Stebbins, W. H. Terry of Australia, etc.

Full instructions with each instrument. It is admirably designed for the home circle. Sent post paid for \$1.00. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

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

**EXAMINATION AND ADVICE  
UPON**

**LIFE, HEALTH, MIND, PHYSIOLOGICAL POWER,  
MARRIAGE, AND THE GENERAL UNFOLD-  
MENT 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

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