



SPIRIT PICTURE

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V.

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Practical Spiritualism.

What Good Has Spiritualism Done?

The Spiritualist is often asked the above question by some cavilling friend, and in reply usually speaks of the comfort and consolation it has brought to sorrowing hearts, who are mourning the loss of dear ones, and the rational, sensible view of life beyond the grave it has given to humanity, in place of the old dogmas of a past age. It has taken away the fear of death and an endless hell, and given instead the knowledge of a beautiful progressive state of existence. The good it has done has not been confined entirely to these revelations for its ministering spirits have healed the sick, and taught the necessity of good, pure lives here, in order to attain the highest and best conditions hereafter. Not only have mediums healed the sick by the laying on of hands, but they have been given remedies for numerous ills that afflict the race. Among these there is one that has been given recently, and its merits thoroughly tested proving beyond all doubt that it deserves all the commendation it has received.

The spirit picture in this issue illustrates the manner in which it was revealed to the world through the mediumship of Luther L. Moore. The name of this wonderful medicine is "Moore's Revealed Remedy," and the incidents attending its discovery are related as follows by the medium:

HOW THE REMEDY WAS DISCOVERED.

"I will preface my remarks by saying I am well known on Puget Sound, both in Washington Territory and British Columbia, having lived here since 1858, and am certain that people that have known me all these years have every confidence in my integrity and veracity. I make this statement to better prepare the reader to accept as truth the facts set forth in the following narrative. In this connection I would respectfully call attention to the endorsement found herein in some of Seattle's best citizens as regards my trustworthiness.

"In the spring of 1864, while engaged in the lumber business at Port Ludlow, W. T., I met with an accident, the effects of which transformed me from a strong, healthy man, weighing 200 pounds, into an emaciated, almost helpless invalid. In attempting to roll

a large saw-log into the water, I slipped, and the log rolling back, I was crushed to the earth. I crawled to the camp, in close proximity, and the following day was taken by boat to Port Townsend, all the while suffering intense agony from terrible cramps and pains in the abdomen, thorax and about the heart. Dr. O'Brien, known as a skillful practitioner, pronounced my case hopeless; said I had strained the ligaments of the heart and could never get well.

"Not being satisfied with this eminent man's testimony, I sought other medical advice, but one and all told me there was no possibility of my ever regaining my health.

"Being yet a comparatively young man, I was not content to yield the battle so early in the day, and therefore prosecuted my search for relief from the pain and suffering I was a martyr to a good share of my time, day and night. The slightest deviation from the natural poise of the body, such as crossing my legs or folding my arms, would result in spasmodic action of the heart, accompanied by excruciating pains. I had to be very particular regarding my position in bed, as my malady, like a prowling beast of prey, would seize me while asleep, causing me to scream out in anguish. My search for health took me to every city of importance on the Coast, and put me to an expense of upwards of \$5,000.

"For eleven long years I was held prisoner by disease. No captive in his darkened cell could experience more wretchedness than I did. Dyspepsia with all its attendant miseries, got fastened upon me, and held by me night and day.

"Thus the winter of 1875 found me a broken-down man, weighing only 140, and apparently with both feet in the grave. The winter mentioned was passed in a logging camp near where Port Townsend now stands. The camp was idle that winter, and, with the exception of two companions, I was isolated from intercourse with my fellow man for nearly five months.

"One evening, as we were seated around our log fire, the conversation drifted upon the subject of Spiritualism.

"This modern philosophy found no converts in our camp at first. However, as we were ready to seize upon anything for diversion, we drew our chairs up around the fir table and improvised a seance at once. Strange as it may appear, the table showed "signs of life" the first

night. We had perfect confidence in one another's honesty of purpose, and so did not suspect any trickery.

"We soon had the table tipping in answer to questions, and were informed that I was the medium. Also, that if I would persevere I would become a "writing and sketching" medium. So we procured pencil and paper and kept them thereafter on hand. It was some weeks, however, before any writing was given through me.

"One evening, while thus sitting at the table, my hand suddenly became controlled and commenced moving backwards and forwards over the surface of the paper with lightning-like rapidity.

"Only a few seconds transpired before the control left me, when, on looking at the paper, what was our great surprise to find thereon the representation of a warrior-knight of the olden times, clad in complete armor. We were afterwards told by the spirits that it was a copy from a celebrated painting in London, Eng.

"This picture, along with many others drawn in the same manner, is still in my possession. Competent judges assure me they all bear evidence of fine artistic talent. One in particular is deserving of special mention: I had been instructed by my controls to procure a set of colored crayons. With these was produced, through my hand, a carpet or fresco pattern of a very elaborate character, both in shading and design. The work was performed while I sat alone in total darkness. It is in size 14x20 inches.

"As I possess no skill as an artist in any direction, never having given the subject a passing thought, there is but one way left to account for this phenomena, viz.: spiritual interference in human affairs.

"I do not pretend to give this to the world as something marvelous or extraordinary, for he who will take the pains to inquire will learn that spirits are to-day manifesting themselves in ways that are much more remarkable. The work performed for me was done *through my hand as a tool or machine, while in this year of 1887, spirits are drawing pictures and producing autographs of departed friends on paper and slates, without contact of human hands, and while the slate or paper is lying in plain sight before the astonished observers.*

"It is now become a common occurrence for me to ask questions of the spirits and for my own hand to write the answers.

"One evening a control, purporting to be the daughter of a Cincinnati physician, asked me:

"Why do you not stop that cough? Do you not know it is fast hurrying you to your grave?"

"I replied: 'Have I not tried every means in my power for eleven years without experiencing any relief?'

"She then said: 'You have the remedies at your very door to make you a healthy man if you will take the trouble to procure them.'

"A formula was then written, through my hand, comprising water and three vegetables, with explicit directions where to find and how to cure and compound the same, together with the manner of administration.

"In answer to an inquiry, she said:

"If you will follow out my instructions to the letter you will produce a compound that will not ferment or spoil under any temperature below the boiling point. *Alcohol employed as a preservative* factor in vegetable remedies greatly impairs their utility. Many of the vegetable medicines now in general use would be possessed of excellent curative properties were it not for the alcohol in their composition. The remedy I have given you will drive all disease from your system and place you again in the walks of health. It will do more—it will establish health and happiness in many thousands of homes where now dwell only disease and misery. It is calculated to cure a great majority of the physical ills that at present stand as obstructions in the proper development of the human race. Its efforts will be principally upon the liver and blood, producing a healthy action of the former and insuring a pure, invigorating condition of the latter. The advanced physicians yet in the earth life will tell you that when these two conditions are attained disease is impossible. There are remedies in the vegetable kingdom for the cure of every disease known to animal life, and the day will come when no sickness will be pronounced incurable. These remedies will all be disclosed to man in time. Minerals should never be used as a medicine. Their administration is always attended with evil consequences, sometimes slight, but more frequently very serious."

"I confess I was astonished at this information. I was very skeptical regarding the value ascribed to this mysteriously-obtained formula. However, the following day I went into the timber and, from directions received on the previous evening, was enabled to procure the three ingredients, one of which I could never have discovered unaided. In strict compliance with my instructions I cure and prepared the medicine. I made enough to fill four quart bottles. I was obliged to wait four months before testing its curative properties, as my instructions said it took time to mature the remedy after compounding.

"Finally, I commenced taking the remedy.

The result was simply miraculous. The medicine was to be taken on going to bed at intervals of twenty-four hours.

"Mark the wonderful effects: I SLEPT UNDISTURBED THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE NIGHT, and AWOKE WITH A KEEN APETITE IN THE MORNING, FEELING GREATLY INVIGORATED. *My cough troubled me less and less, and after two doses* DEPARTED ENTIRELY and has never returned. I had not completed taking the fourth bottle before I was a perfectly well man. I rapidly regained health and strength, and was soon at my old notch of 200 pounds avoirdupois. That was nearly twelve years ago, and I have never had a symptom of sickness since.

"I wish it distinctly understood that I was not a Spiritualist previous to the winter herein mentioned. I knew absolutely nothing of its teachings or philosophy. Neither did I then, nor do I now, know anything about medicine, chemistry or botany, except what has been taught me through spirit intercourse. I speak of my remedy as a wonderful production for two reasons. One is that it acts so thoroughly and effectively in the cure of a great variety of diseases; and the other, that the secret of its compounding is vested in me, a person altogether unfamiliar with any of the avenues of science.

"I did not hide my light under a bushel, but as opportunity presented tested the efficacy of the remedy on others. The results were uniformly successful, although it was administered for a variety of complaints. I made no effort to advertise my discovery, but at the same time I always proffered my services gratis in any case of sickness that came under my observation. This is the first scratch of the pen that has been made in the interests of my remedy, and yet, at the present writing, I am filling orders from all parts of the Coast.

"The fact is, every bottle used has been a standing advertisement. Many regular physicians, of the 'old school' at that, are using my remedy in their practice to a large extent.

"I will conclude by saying I have never tried my Revealed Medicine without beneficial results. Also that in its manufacture I have been compelled to adhere strictly to the instructions given me, for whenever I have deviated in the least from the formula, I have made a failure and produced a compound that would ferment and become worthless in a very few days. The medicine I now manufacture seals itself very soon after maturing, and may be kept indefinitely without fear of evaporation or spoiling, even though the bottle be left uncorked.

"I remain yours very truly,

LUTHER L. MOORE,

SEATTLE, W. T., June, 1887."

We make no apology for publishing Mr. Moore's narrative. It is a plain statement from a conscientious, philanthropic man, and as such is entitled to respectful consideration.

Every age, every year and every day, wisdom people in all ranks of life ascribing their speeches, writings, actions and impulses to inspiration. Many will pronounce Mr. Moore a fraud, while others will sum up their verdict in the one word "crank." To the latter we would say, that the world has ever been turned by so-called cranks while moss-back conservatism was sleeping.

Galileo, who said the earth moved, was called a crank in his day. Columbus bore the title. Faust, the inventor of movable types, was not only a crank, but a disciple of his Satanic majesty in the eyes of the simple people by whom he was surrounded. Harvey, who asserted that the blood coursed in regular channels throughout the body, in opposition to the prevailing theory that it permeated the physical organism like the juice in a turnip, was called the prince of cranks for years by all his scientific (?) medical contemporaries, and this occurred during the seventeenth century. Fulton, who declared steam could be utilized to propel water-craft, was deserted by all his friends for his cranky notions. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, had this same cry of "crank" to contend with for years. Every man who stood out for the abolition of slavery was a crank in his day, and the old hero John Brown, who yielded up his life on a Virginia scaffold, in support of the immortal principles that all men are created free and equal, was ignominiously consigned to a crank's grave, but his sublime idea, like his soul, "goes marching on."

If Mr. Moore's peculiar views dub him with this euphonious title he need not feel ashamed, for some of the greatest characters in history have held to the very same ideas.

It may not come amiss to jog the memory of the intelligent reader by referring to a few of the distinguishable people of modern times who have emphatically declared in favor of spirit intercourse, claiming they possessed positive knowledge in support of the same. In America we have William Lloyd Garrison, Rev. Heber Newton, H. W. Longfellow, Hiram Powers, Secretary Stanton, Abraham Lincoln, the poet Whittier, and the great inventor, Thomas A. Edison. In England, Thackeray, Ruskin, Wallace, Tennyson, Archbishop Whately, Robert Chalmers, Queen Victoria and Gladstone. In Italy, Tasso, Mazzini, and Garibaldi. In Germany, the eminent astronomers, Zolner and Goldschmidt—the latter the discoverer of fourteen planets—Baron Reichenbach and the philosophers Fichte and Schopenhauer. In France, Joan d' Arc, Napoleon Bonaparte, Victor Hugo, the late Emperor and Empeess Thiers, Guizot, and Jules Favre. The present as well as the late Czar of Russia. Indeed Alexander the II declared that he liberated the serfs of Russia under direct spirit influence.

Socrates and Christ are among the prominent characters in ancient history, who belonged to the same class. The former asserted

ing he was constantly attended by his familiar spirits.

So, if belief in inspiration makes a crank, Mr. Moore trains with quite a respectable class both in consequence and numbers.

But, aside from all controversy regarding its discovery, Moore's Revealed Remedy speaks for itself. People in general will not cavil on this point if the medicine does what is claimed for it. The origin of the Ten Commandments does not affect their value as a moral code, as they are a pretty safe guide whether handed down by God or engraved on stone by the finger of Moses.

Literary Department.

IONE; OR, THE EGYPTIAN STATUE.

An Astral Romance.

BY J. J. MORSE.

Author of "Wilbram's Wealth," "Righted by the Dead,"
"Cursed by the Angels," "O'er Sea and Land,"
"Two Lives and their Work," etc.

CHAPTER II.

MY HOLIDAYS CONTINUED.

A year has elapsed since the occurrence of the events recorded in the previous chapter. There is no need for me to turn to the pages of my diary to refresh my memory, for all the incidents of that curious vision are as clearly in my mind now as when I wrote them down the day after their experience. I remember, too, how strenuously I tried to account for it all as a very curious and realistic dream, resulting from over mental exertion, and in a number of ways endeavoring to deprive the matter of any importance or significance, but all in vain. The despairing shriek of the woman I saw murdered in my vision, and the beautiful face and exquisite voice of the Helen of the same origin, pursued me day and night.

There was no disguising from myself the curious fact that I was in love! Practical, prosaic me in love—and with a face and figure seen in a dream! Surely my mind was giving way?

Thinking that change of scene might bring change of thought, I visited various other seaside resorts, but, though I found, of course, change in all, I found respite in none. To my excited mind it appeared as if I was haunted. If I mingled with the throng of pleasure seekers, the faces of the women seemed to resolve themselves into her face. I would suddenly catch myself looking for her coming. Remembering the pure tones of her sweet voice I would think the most beautiful singing harsh and cold. Day and night my thoughts and dreams were all of the Helen of my vision, and of whom I knew no more than that vision had told me. At times

fits of deep despondency would come over me, during which my whole soul seemed steeped in gloom and anger. Then I would presently become irritable beyond endurance. These states of mind would be followed by a vivid recollection of the murder scene in my vision, accompanied by a longing to find that man and hunt him to justice. At times I grew almost desperate, so intolerable did my conflicting emotions become. Many times I resolved to return to my scholastic studies and to break away from the enthrallment holding my thoughts by aid of the duties of my profession. Happily this was prevented, for some three months after my weird experiences I was notified of the death of an uncle, who had made me his sole legatee, he having never married. I am now wealthy as the world goes, but, shall I confess it? Wealth, without Helen, has but little happiness for me! I know I am a fool to attach such importance to a face seen in the distraction of a temporary delirium. I resolve to conquer this absurd idea by travel. I return to London and secure my tickets for a trip to the continent, resolving to make Paris my first stopping place. I have now no cares, having disposed of my school, and being unconcerned as to my future I resolve to cast anxiety aside, and, at last, feel I am succeeding in so doing.

The pleasant excitement of impending travel through new scenes is already doing me good, and as I take my seat in the smoking compartment of the night Express for Dover, I feel at last I am getting the mastery of that terrible vision, *in re* Helen, the man with the thin, white hands, and all the rest of the incidents of the nightmarish experience.

Two hours speed by, and London is nearly sixty miles away. I step on to the pier. The night air is sharp but clear and calm. I go on board the packet and in a quarter of an hour her paddles are churning the waters of the Channel. Calais is reached, then seven hours of riding and I am safely in Paris. I have but a small valise which I carry to a fiacre, bidding the coche drive me to the Grand Hotel upon the Boulevard des Italiens. I reach there a few minutes later, just as the travelers by the morning mail for England are departing for the station. I notice one man, particularly. He is declaiming violently upon the head of a porter for some blunder and takes his seat in his carriage, with an angry scowl upon his face. As he is driven off, he shakes his forefinger menacingly at the object of his wrath, and as he does so, I catch a glimpse of his face; Great God, it is the man of my vision!

I ask the porter: "Who is he?"

"*Mon Dieu!* the devil!" he answers.

Which, though likely enough, to judge by his looks, is not quite satisfactory as a means of future identity; I therefore again question the servant, to be this time informed that the irate individual is Monsieur le Mar-

quis de Boutilliac, with the addendum that he is as unlike his father as is the devil unlike *le grand* Napoleon.

I register my name and listlessly inspect the list, no one I know is here, for my circle of acquaintances is very small. I am just turning away from the big book, when I accidentally turn back a dozen pages, when the name Steeton catches my attention; why I know not. I read; the entry is Rupert Steeton, Mrs. Steeton, Hilton Steeton, the Misses Helen and Ione Steeton, of Steeton Hall, Yorkshire. There are the very names of my vision, Ione and Helen! All my old, unaccountable feelings assert themselves with redoubled force. I find the date is two months ago.

My stay in Paris is extended to a month. The change and enjoyment I experienced banished from my mind the incidents attending my arrival. I afterwards visited Spain, Italy, Switzerland and Austria, finally resting in Vienna. My rooms were at the Hotel des Nations. I spent my time viewing the sights, riding about the city and its environs, and generally enjoying myself. One day my Jehu recklessly tried to turn a corner before a rival with the distinguished result of upsetting my carriage, into which, before the aforesaid rival could prevent, the carriage my driver intended to precede crashed with terrific force. Fortunately, I was unhurt. The horses reared and plunged considerably, but by dint of much swearing by their drivers, and some assistance from the bystanders, the animals were presently released. I turned my attention to the occupant of the second carriage, who, with bloodless face, was stretched senseless upon the stones. From the driver I learned he had taken up his fare at the hotel he was staying at, so procuring another carriage, we drove back thereto with our insensible burden.

Beyond a few contusions and a severe nervous shock, there was no danger of serious consequences, the doctor said. I undertook to watch by him until he recovered consciousness, which he did in about an hour and a half. The cause of his condition was briefly intimated to him and the utmost quiet was enjoined. I found he was a compatriot, and his name was Hilton Steeton!

It was three weeks, however, before the patient was convalescent, during which time, a singular attachment sprang up between us that ripened into the deepest affection subsequently.

After due rest Hilton Steeton decided to return home, and being tired of foreign manners I determined to accompany him.

We journeyed by easy stages, resting frequently, enjoying each other's society immensely. I had cast off my morbid fancies and had quite made up my mind to return home and resume my private studies, when, one evening, Hilton commenced to talk about his sisters, praising the elder's beautiful

voice and exquisite taste in matters musical. I asked her name. He answered Helen! The name and circumstances, in spite of my resolves, agitated me deeply. He spoke lovingly of the younger sister, calling her Ione! As he named her a feeling of dread and terror took possession of my entire nature. So much was I disturbed that Hilton noticed it and asked me if I was ill. I answered no, but added I felt a nameless dread of impending evil. I dared not tell of my vision of his sisters, of the man and of Ione meeting him, of finding the family registered in Paris months ago, nor of the odd chain of circumstances that seemed to be contracting about us—about me certainly.

I urged him to pause no more upon our return, but to continue it without delay. We reached Paris and arranged to leave for London the same evening. We turned to the file of London papers in our hotel, when the following notice in the *Times* of the day before fell like a thunderbolt upon us both.

DISTRESSING DEATH.

Our correspondent at Colverton-on-Sea, telegraphs the finding of the remains of a young lady among the rocks at the above little fishing village, on the Yorkshire coast, this morning. Subsequent enquiries have elicited the fact that the remains are those of Miss Ione Steeton, youngest daughter of Mr. Rupert Steeton, J. P., of Steeton Hall, Foxthorpe. How the unfortunate young lady met her death is a mystery. The police and detectives are instituting searching enquiries.

Hilton at once telegraphed to his father, telling him of his impending return, and when, at last our journey began, swift though it was, it was all too slow for our anxious minds. I delicately intimated my intention of bidding him adieu on reaching London, but no, that would not do. I must go on with him.

Filled with terrible earnestness, I went with him—as resolved as was himself—to see the matter sifted, for I had now no doubt that Ione had been murdered. On, on, we sped, until Foxthorpe was reached at last, when after a brief drive, Hilton's home stood before me exactly as I had seen it in my vision sixteen months before!

There, too, was Helen—the Helen of my vision—and, again the old felling of extatic happiness filled my soul, as I now beheld her in the flesh. No need to describe my introduction, my welcome was most cordial, for they knew of my services to their only son in his hours of sickness.

(To be Continued.)

Girls and Their Dolls.

A lady who goes frequently for a sun bath in Rittenhouse square has noticed that most of the little girl children who congregate there have dolls that are very like themselves. If the child is pampered and spoiled and over-dressed, so is the doll; and if, on the other hand, the tiny miss is sedate and mild, the doll is likely to partake of the same characteristics. As the child is bent so the doll seems to be inclined.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Original Contributions.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

(Concluded from last week.)

WHAT IS IT?

BY ALFRED KITSON, OF BATLEY, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

II.

OUR BASIS.

In laying down a method of procedure, we recognize an important and essential difference in the conditions of the two states of being: Spiritual and physical. There they are divested of their physical bodies, and so are freed from their necessary cares, troubles, aches and pains, and all those hereditary taints, and the thousand and one difficulties we have to contend with. Here we have them to live in, protect and provide for their daily wants and sustenance amidst social and commercial conditions that are far from congenial to those who wish to deal justly and honestly; conditions in which caste and selfishness are the dominant powers. There they have them under their care, control and tuition from entering spirit-life up to becoming so matured and advanced in knowledge and wisdom, as to be capable of taking charge of and instructing other little ones that are continually being born into the spirit-world. Here we have them under our care, influence, and tuition only a few hours per week. In the meantime they mingle with the world, and all its alluring and seducing vices; tried by temptation, and receive and give innumerable provocations to anger and strife. So that the conditions between the two worlds are vastly different, and it behooves us to go about our task with a discerning eye, so as to lay our foundation sure. A foundation that will not be transitory but eternal.

Then what shall be our basis? We answer, The immortal nature of the child. Again the question arises, "What do you consider to be the immortal nature of the child?"

Spiritualism furnishes us with the facts of an immortal existence for all, good or bad. From these facts we derive the proposition that man is a trinity in unity, body, spirit (in the same sense as used by the chemist, a refined substance eliminated from a grosser) and soul.

The questions are frequently asked, Has man a soul? Has man a spirit? We answer, Man is a soul, possessing both a physical and a spiritual body. We presume from the way in which these questions are couched that the material body is looked upon as being the real man. The same idea prevailed thousands of years ago, for we read in the book of Eccles., "That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befall-

eth them; as the one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man has no pre-eminence above a beast. All return unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again." If such was really the case, then at death the individual would be annihilated, for science teaches that it is utterly impossible for all the elements constituting our bodies to be brought together again to fulfill the same office. The fact is, they have been, and probably will be used again and again as parts of other physical organizations. So that, apart from spiritualism, the person who denies the immortality of man has very strong grounds, both biblical and scientific, to support him. We say apart from Spiritualism, for with its facts it puts on one side the baseless assertion that man has no pre-eminence above a beast, and by its revelations it makes clear that we have no more need of the body in order to enjoy an immortal existence. So that we must invert our conceptions of man's nature and present it thus: I, the conscious individual, am a soul, possessing a spiritual and a physical body. And on this cardinal principle we take our stand in dealing with all questions affecting the development and education of the human soul. This is our central, pivotal point, and is to life what a stone is in its position on water when cast into a pond; it continues to expand its sphere of action and comprehension while it remains the unmoved centre. We thus begin to work from the soul-centre of life instead of its circumference, the body.

Now we affirm, without fear of contradiction, that hitherto Sunday School training has been based on false premises, and this being so, the conclusion cannot be other than erroneous and misleading. The premises are, "I was born in sin and shaped in iniquity." And the conclusion they naturally arrive at is, "Therefore I am corrupt from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet." This vile doctrine necessitates a vicarious atonement to make pure what is conceived to be innate corruption; which process of purification may be effected at the eleventh hour of mortal life.

What wonder that humanity receiving such teachings as these from infancy up should become lax in their daily life, and careless in their morality? Taught that nothing which they can do will save them from the wrath and anger of an offended God; that their best actions and efforts to live a virtuous life is as filthy rags in His sight; and that the one and only way to obtain eternal salvation is to believe in the redemptive power of the blood of one who was slain on account of his principles and teachings—teachings whose only fault was that they clashed with the interests of the priesthood. There is no wonder that where Christianity is most prevalent, where there are the most chapels, churches, cathedrals, and bible societies there is the greatest amount of double deal-

ing, want, crimes, and infidelity. This Total Depravity doctrine, with its complement, the Vicarious Atonement, has allowed the multitude to run wild after every alluring temptation of vice, lust, and greed that has crossed their path. It has given them sufficient latitude to follow and indulge their wildest passions the result of which play such fearful havoc among the sons of man to-day. It is administered to all both on the penitent death bed and to the murderer in his cell as a panacea for all the shortcomings, sins and crimes perpetrated by man. And its dire influence has so affected its administrators that they too have fallen victims to the very sins and vices they ought to have saved their flock from. And this has assumed such formidable proportions that the giddy multitude and the secularist pride themselves on being as good, honest, temperate, and virtuous as the spiritual pastors. While these take refuge behind the doctrine of the general depravity of human nature. So that we must accord them the merit of being as good as their creed.

It is sad to contemplate that nearly all those who fill our penitentiaries, the convict's yard, or end their days on the gallows, were once Sunday School scholars, receiving the teachings and faith thereof. And moreover, gambling in every conceivable form has grown under these teachings to such an extent that the news-boys cry at the top of their voices the latest rates, because he finds that that item of news sells his stock quicker than any other item will. But the evil does not end here. Almost every recreative game which boys love to join in, and which are innocent and harmless in themselves, are made the instrument of this insatiate gambling propensity. I make bold to charge this state of things as proceeding indirectly from the teachings of the church. It has failed to touch the affections of its pupils, and has tried so crush every noble, independent aspiration born with them, and by teaching two extremes, either eternal misery through a corrupt nature bequeathed to them, and in which they had neither part nor lot, or eternal happiness, purchase vicariously, there being no difference between the eternity of the upright, conscientious citizen, the sensual debaucher and gambler, the thief on the cross, and the murderer on the gallows, providing all possess the magic password, BELIEF. It has by this kind of teaching removed every incentive to live a goodly upright, honest, and virtuous life.

But how vastly superior are the principles we propose basing our system of training and educating the rising generation. Each child is dealt with as being a part of the Divine Father. It is pure, spotless, and without blemish, planting its feet on the shores of time to gain an experience that will form a basis for its immortal nature. And in order to fortify it against the temptations of this life, it is to be made to comprehend that

whatever of wrong, injustice or crime it commits, that it, and it alone will have the consequences to bear as truly and completely as if it puts its little hand in the fire it will have to endure the smarting pain. It must be given to understand that if it sows the garden of the heart with weeds and tares, thorns and briars, it will have them to reap; and sow the good, honest and just before it can enjoy the happiness it longs for. It must have its mind disabused from the belief that it can do evil and reap good.

OUR PLAN.

Now our work is to unfold, within ourselves and the rising generation, this Divine Good-derived inner-self. How is it to be effected? The basis of all intellectual and moral greatness is health and strength. No matter what the latent capacity of the individual may be, unless there be health and strength of organization there can be no vigor of function. And in order for a person to live his true life, and fulfil the end of his being, he must have health and strength. Then it is quite clear that we must make it one of our first duties to learn and teach the laws of health, that we may maintain our bodies in health and strength. Then we shall no longer live to "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we may all die," but eat to live, and live to learn, and apply our knowledge to the improvement of life, and the blessing of humanity, for,

"There is no death in God's wide world,
But one eternal scene of change;
The flag of life is never furled,
It only taketh wider range."

And we would also teach phrenology as the science which treats of the brain as being so many avenues or functions, by which the soul has to express itself. And if some of these be more capacious than others, it is quite logical to assume that the soul will manifest itself most readily through these avenues which offer the least resistance. And if these be in the basilar region it is highly probable that such will become a constant subject of police surveillance. Where such is the case it should be ours not to condemn, as being totally corrupt, but to point out their danger, and assist them to reform, that they may grow up good, honest, and industrious citizens. For truly it is not their fault they are born with an excess of the propensities, but their misfortune. This may be said to be physiology and phrenology in a new light, and such it is. The new light of Spiritualism. Now we come to consider

THE VALUE OF SCIENCE.

Hitherto the aspirations of the inquirer have been nullified by the injunction, "Seek not to become wise above that which is written." The priesthood and clergy have ever been the enemy of progress, have ever tried to keep all in subjection to their rule and authority, and thus keep the intellectual world in a stagnant condition. But we advise and recommend that the sciences be

taught in so far as practicable. Let there be science primers in the Lyceums, for by teaching of nature you thereby teach of nature's God. And by every fresh acquisition the affections, through the intellect, is better able to love, reverence, and adore its God!

THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE LYCEUM.

In place of the hackneyed term, "class," we prefer the more modern term, "group," as used by Mr. Davis, not alone for its fitness, but because it is used in the Summer-land in a progressive manner which makes it highly commendable. Mr. Davis says: "There the youngest group is termed "Fountain" group. Next a "Stream," flowing from the fountain. Then a "River" into which the stream widens. Next a "Lake." Then from the lake a "Sea." Then onward into the "Ocean." Now we safely gain the "Shore." Next we joyously behold a "Beacon" on the shore. Then a "Banner" of progress is seen waving in the air. At this point we look above and discover a new "Star" in the heavens. Then an aspiring "Excelsior" spirit enters the heart. And lastly, having passed upward from the "Fountain," we begin to realize internally something of the "Liberty" of the sons of wisdom, truth, and righteousness." Here is presented a beautiful symbolic picture of the unfolding of the Divine in the human soul. And by adopting this arrangement we can act in unison with the spirit world.

Mr. Davis, continuing, says: "Thus we have a complete Lyceum, composed of twelve groups, each containing twelve members. When applicants are more numerous than would be sufficient for any group, a new group is organized, and it is called the duplicate of that group. When a sufficient number of new groups come forth to form a new organization—viz., twelve duplicates—then is established an independent Lyceum, having its officers, leaders, banners, colors, and everything necessary to constitute an individual movement.

"Each group has a badge for each of its members, of a significant and appropriate color. Fountain group is represented by red, which means the first form of love; it is ardent; is the primary or basic love. Stream group has the badge of pearl, which color signifies the love that is fleeting—beginning with the senses. River group is represented by orange color, which indicates organic love, or the love which pertains to the physical being; is, in fact, a part of the mere conscious life of the child. Lake group is represented by lilacs, which means objective love, or the momentary interest of the mind in whatever affects the senses. Sea group is represented by yellow, which means filial love, devotion to superiors. Ocean group is represented by a badge of purple, which means fraternal or brotherly love. Shore group is represented by green, which indicates the freshness of youth, the useful or

first wisdom affection. Beacon group has the deep blue color, signifying love of justice—a desire to gain true and correct ideas of things. Banner group has a crimson badge, representing power—an earnest love for any congenial undertaking or pursuit. Star group has azure color, signifying love of the distant and truly sublime. Liberty group wears a white badge, which includes all the other colors, and signifies harmonious love."

THE VALUE OF VOCAL HARMONY.

Singing is to form an integral part of our method. Singing is a part of the child's immortal nature. Children are, as a rule, inveterate singers. Like the song birds of the fields, lanes, woods and glens, they must voice forth in song, and if we do not provide for this gift of nature they will pick up any stray or popular song they may hear in the streets, and have their minds contaminated with its vile sentiments. Now we propose providing the child with suitable melodies, rich in harmony, sentiment, cheerful and inspiring, by committing a verse to memory every Sunday. And especially is this necessary in the early days of a Lyceum in order that all may join in singing during marching. This is an easy and simple method, and in the course of a few months the minds of all become stored and imbued with rich poetical sentiment that will bear rich and golden fruit in due season; and also enable the child to voice forth its hymns of praise and gladness it feels urged to by the exuberance of its nature.

And, moreover, first impressions are the most lasting. All can bear testimony of the sacredness in which we hold the *tunes*, if not the words, we learned in our early days; how they point the memory back to those times when all looked bright and gay, when we had not become acquainted with the hard, unsympathetic ways of the world, when our confidence in the world was unbounded. How frequently we hear the remark: "Ah! that is a good, old tune. I always like to hear them; they thrill my soul. We have no new tunes that have the same effect on me. How is it?" The secret of their power does not lie so much in the quality of the tune as in the awakening of those old memories and sentiments with which they are associated, and especially the first dawning of religious sentiments. This being so, what joy and happiness must be in store for our children who are receiving weekly installments of both poetry and memory that will serve them through life, aye, through eternity. It will not be with them as it with us; to love the tune, but cannot endorse the sentiments. One and all will be sacred and dear to the heart.

Music possesses a wonderful, harmonizing power. By it the reptile and savage of the forest are charmed, the civilized and most esthetic are held as if enchanted by its thrilling potency. To the martial strains whole

regiments will march right up to the cannon's mouths as they are dealing death and destruction all around. It will move to tears or send into ecstasies of delight; it will call forth the deepest and holiest sentiments of our natures and fill us with reverential devotion; or fill the heart with low, sensual, debasing passions. Such a factor for weal or woe must not be overlooked. There should be a choir in connection with every Lyceum to train and cultivate the talents of its members, and induce all to take part in rendering hymns and anthems whose sweet, harmonious powers will hush the wild tumult of the troubled, tempest-tossed heart, and wed the two worlds in one.

PHYSICAL EXERCISES A NECESSITY.

The Lyceum taking cognizance of the physical nature of the child recognizes the importance of exercise as the basis of intellectual and moral vigor. All animal nature requires a certain amount of exercise. It has been the effort of Sabbatarians to set aside this law one day in seven. The child has been taught to look upon the Sabbath in an unnatural light—as if it could do with impunity on the Monday what would be a moral sin to do on the Sunday. It must curb the natural buoyancy of its youthful heart. It must not laugh or be merry; such an act being looked upon as levity for the "Lord's Day." It must not run to or from church, but walk so modest and saint-like, and hold in restraint all the natural signs of juvenility. Such a system is unnatural, and repels rather than attracts adherents. Hence, when the Sunday-school scholars reach the years of manhood, or obtain the liberty to act as they choose, only a few remain in the church, while the majority, carrying with them their sectarian ideas and bias, betake themselves to the by-ways and hedges, to the tap-room and card table, and only think of their creeds and faiths as an eleventh hour necessity.

This unnatural system was perhaps evolved when the people, led by Martin Luther, protested against the sale of indulgences by the Papacy. And the Sunday afternoons devoted to fairs, feasts and demoralizing pastime games that prevailed previous to the Reformation. And so they swung from one extreme of the pendulum of religious observance of the "Lord's Day" to the other; but as extremes are not only unnatural, but even dangerous and mischievous, we propose remedying this evil by providing exercises of a pleasing, graceful, attractive, and efficient nature and style. Thus we have our beautiful marches in single and double file, and chain march when the magnetism of the members are interchanged with each other, the weak and suffering often strengthened and benefited, and the strong and hearty refined in nature and sentiment by the calm, gentle influence they have got in exchange. And besides this interchanging of hands is

symbollic of "good will" and "fraternal love," signs given by Lyceums in the spirit world when visiting each other, as witnessed by Mr. Davis. And experience proves that happy-hearted spirit children visit us and take part in our marches, and for the time being the two worlds are joined in one; and the unity is strengthened by the beautiful and melodious hymns that are sung while the marching is progressing. At their termination all are arranged in due order, and a few light gymnastic exercises are executed to exercise, strengthen, and bring under the prompt control of the will the upper members of the body, and also throw off the listlessness and *ennui* consequent on inaction. These exercises send the blood coursing through the body, and all feels full of life and animation, and are then in a fit state of mind and body to study the lessons their leaders have prepared for them. The marching and calisthenics being executed when the programme is gone through, they derive its full benefit, and all are kept lively and cheerful to its close.

The fore part of the programme being devoted to silver and golden chain recitations, singing, reciting, and reading of select and choice pieces by the members, all are interested, edified, and developed to think, reason and decide for themselves by making these selections, and ultimately become imbued with high moral principles.

LESSONS SUITABLE FOR THE LYCEUM.

After marching and calisthenics are over, and groups are duly arranged, what kind of lessons shall we present to them? is a question that presents itself for consideration. We would recommend short conversational lessons on such topics as duty, man's moral responsibility, behavior, the value of trials, the spirit world and its denizens, the influence and value of guardian angels, the value of health, sunlight, and fresh air, and cleanliness, the evils of keeping bad company, smoking, drinking, gambling, and profane language, and so on, too numerous to specify. By this means all may be gradually induced to think, reason on vice and virtue for themselves, and be a law unto themselves without pinning their faith to any man's coat. To these we would add lessons on physiology, phrenology, botany, geology and astronomy.

We know we are appealing to the working class on behalf of the working class, the future men and women; and that they have been left in entire ignorance of these sciences and some reluctance may be experienced to engage in them. But works on them, both primers and manuals, are so cheap, clear, lucid, and concise that any man or woman of average ability may lead a group intelligently through them. And every effort made to teach benefits the teacher more than the taught, and what is thus gained is not for a week, month or year, but eternity.

Formerly the injunction has been:

far shalt thou go and no further." This we desire to supplant with the angelic injunction of: "Come up higher, ye sons and daughters of God, and learn of your Heavenly Father; through His mighty works, who doeth all things well."

Then to the question of "The Children's Progressive Lyceum." What is it? We answer: It embodies a revelation from heaven of how the little ones who have been taken from us are received in the spirit world and instructed in the truths and principles of life and the ways of wisdom and righteousness; it is an effort to instruct the rising generation in accordance with the immortal nature of their being, as revealed to us through Spiritualism, so that they may grow up intelligent, industrious and virtuous men and women; a blessing to their parents, an honor to their country, and worthy to be called the children of God, and be the recipients of heaven's divine truth and light.

The Spiritual Philosophy.

NEW SERIES, NO. SIX.

The Encouragement of Rational Amusements

BY WM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The human mind naturally and inevitably seeks amusement, though narrow-minded sectarists denounced all such as wiles of the devil, leading men astray. Nature evidently intended the human race to find delight and pleasure in rational, harmless amusements: and all such the Spiritual Philosophy encourages and patronizes.

The church levels its maledictions at dancing, the Drama, the Opera, billiards, card-playing, and similar sports and pastimes; yet, despite its fulminations, many of its members engage therein openly or stealthily. Instead of denunciation, such amusements should receive patronage and encouragement from the moralists of the land; correcting, so far as possible, the perversions and excesses many times characterizing them, refining, purifying them in place of abusing and vilifying them. Not one of these does Spiritualism condemn in itself, though, of course, all abuses and misuses thereof are discounted and opposed.

Dancing it always encourages in old and young, it being almost as natural for some people to dance as to breathe, and to repress it is the refinement of cruelty and a crime against nature. Nearly all Spiritual societies have dancing sociables given under their auspices, and in the Sunday Lyceums for the children the beauty and gracefulness of dancing are often pointed out. The late hours, late suppers, and excessive indulgence therein accompanying the terpsichorean art, are incidentals, not essentials, and are not encouraged; but the utility of dancing *per se* is ever set forth, and its exercise promoted. Dancing forms a part of the amusement of the spirit-world, and as long as man re-

mains man he will dance, most likely, in any and all worlds.

So with the Drama, another natural element in the constitution of the human race. The stage can be made a more effective school of moral instruction than the pulpit now is, through the great influence it exerts upon the emotions. To see a thing represented in actual life is more effective than a mere description of the same, however graphically and eloquently depicted. It is natural for men and women to act in this world; it is so in the next, and theatres dot the land in all directions in the spirit-clime.

The foregoing remarks are also applicable to the Opera, the lyric stage; it being a department of the drama, combining music and poetry with the expression and characterization of passion and emotion. Music, we know, is an integral part of the mental structure, destined to be developed in every soul in the future life to an extent beyond our present highest conception.

"The music of the spheres" is an actuality, in a different sense from that contained in the expression of the ancient sage. All the former great masters of composition are in the spirit-world, Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, and a host of others; and the grandeur and beauty of the symphonies and oratorios oft heard in the higher spheres of spirit-life, no one in the flesh can conceive, or in their thoughts distantly approach.

Games of chance, billiards, cards, etc., though often abused by gambling risks and alcoholic drinking attending their exercise, are in themselves harmless, and should be encouraged; with due care, however, to eschew all financial wagering thereon, or other things of a debasing or demoralizing nature. So of base-ball, nine-pins, and other athletic sports, provided they do not become a passion, and engross the time and attention to the exclusion of more important duties. All these should be considered and exercised as a means of amusement, recreation, in leisure moments, not as a regular business constantly followed, wherein consists one of their greatest abuses.

Winter and Summer.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

I find in the DOVE of date May 26th, a lecture by the control of J. J. Morse, on "Poverty; its Cause and Cure," which contains some bottom truths. I see also, in that and a previous number of the DOVE, articles from A. K. Owen on co-operative life. Agreeing with the control of Mr. Morse that "co-operation will scarcely meet the difficulty," permit me to give some of my reasons why!

The heading of this article does not seem, at first sight, to have any connection with the subject in hand, but let us suppose for the sake of the illustration, that mankind have the power to change winter into summer. In that case, would it not be foolish

for people to spend their time in trying to protect themselves and others from the storms of winter. Why not abolish the winter?

Taking the question out of the atmospheric into the economic sphere, we find that we have economic winter, have a condition of society—of property relations that pinches a large proportion of the race with the black frost of property.

This being true, shall we direct our efforts toward bringing economic summer, or shall we try to adapt ourselves and others to this terrible winter. Shall we try to house and warm large numbers just to show how comfortable they can be made in the midst of this winter, thinking our example will cause others to do the same, and that the question of escape from poverty will thus be settled, or, as before asked, shall we direct our efforts toward changing our whole economic system, toward bringing justice, toward abolishing interest, land monopoly, and all other methods that put into action the freezing currents of poverty and turn them upon the masses?

We do not question the correctness of Mr. Owen's figures, nor doubt that with such co-operation as he recommends, things could be purchased very much cheaper, but to me, the thought of co-operative relations for the purpose of escaping poverty is degrading. It is like marrying for a home. We want a state of society in which neither will even be thought of. One may plan and count the cost for a *winter housed* colony, and such colonies may multiply, but they are after all, but collective monopolies against those who are still out in the cold.

In the lecture to which we have referred, the speaker says: "Philanthropy is only a plaster over an ugly wound that men call poverty. If justice was done, philanthropy would be unnecessary." The same can be said of co-operation when entered into from the motives of saving expense, when in order to secure this cheapness those who reap the benefits thereof must agree to certain methods, rules of living which hamper their freedom; such co-operation is also a plaster which will not be needed when we have economic justice, economic summer. Then co-operation, to such as desire it, will be a voluntary thing, and between people of like tastes and desires, while those who do not desire to join with others will be equally free from the whip of poverty. I have by me a letter from one who has taken stock in Mr. Owen's colony enterprise. She says:

"What do you say to coming and going with us? You are getting along in years and need rest."

Those who think they will get rest by going into such a colony, will, in my opinion, find themselves mistaken, and, as to rest for myself, either in this or in the next life, I want none of it till earth finds her economic summer. That is the kind of "summerland"

I am seeking, working for and find my rest in so doing.

The point I wish to make is this: If those who go to Mexico or to any other colony, simply for the purpose of bettering themselves, will be willing to suffer half as much and spend half as much in helping to scatter, right here in our midst, the idea of economic justice, they will bring our whole nation forward on the path of progress much faster than to run away and set up house-keeping by themselves.

Which is better, to remodel this nation, or to withdraw its best element and leave it to die. We want all our workers right here, for our national patient needs heroic treatment.

Selected Articles.

I am Going Home To-Night.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Kiss me when my spirit flies;
Let the beauty of your eyes
Beam along the waves of death.
When I draw my parting breath
And am borne to yonder shore,
Where the billows peep no more,
And the notes of endless spring
Through the groves immortal ring.

I am going home to-night—
Out of blindness into sight;
Out of weakness, war and pain
Into power, peace and gain;
Out of Winter's gale and gloom
Into Summer's breath and bloom;
From the wanderings of the past
I am going home at last.

Anger's frown and Envy's thrust;
Friendship chilled by cold Distrust;
Restless night and weary morn;
Toil in fruitless land forlorn,
Aching head and breaking heart;
Love destroyed by Slander's dart;
Drifting ship and darkened sea,
"Over there" will righted be.

Sing in numbers low and sweet
Let the songs of two worlds meet.
We shall not be severed long;
Like the fragments of a song,
Like the branches of a rill,
Parted by the rock or hill,
We shall blend in tune and time,
Loving on in perfect rhyme.

Kiss my lips and let me go.
Nearer swells the solemn flow
Of the wondrous stream that rolls
By the border-land of souls.
I can catch sweet strains of song,
Floating down from distant throng,
And can feel the touch of hands
Reaching out from angel bands,

When the noon-tide of your days
Yields to twilight's silver haze,
And the world recedes in space,
Heavenward lift your tender face.
Let your dear eyes homeward shine,
Let your spirit call for mine,
And mine own will answer you
From the deep and boundless blue.

Swifter than the sunbeam's flight
I will cleave the gloom of night,
And will guide you to the land
Where our loved one ones waiting stand,

And the legions of the blest
There will welcome you to rest.
They will know you when your eyes
On the Isles of Glory rise.

When the parted streams of Life
Join beyond all jarring strife,
And the flowers that withered lay
Blossom in immortal May,
When the voices hushed and dear,
Thill once more the raptured ear,
We shall feel, and know, and see
God knew better far than we.

We Must Be Free.

Every prompting of the soul says, "Strike out boldly for yourself; stand squarely on your own feet; neither beg nor borrow. Pursue your own line of native thought, asking permission of no one, seeking endorsement of no one; leaving results to take care of themselves. Find out by actual experiment to what height of intellectual and moral independence a woman may attain."

Reject everything that binds or hinders the free flow of truth in your soul. Let the highest law operate in your mind to the highest ideas. Respect these ideas above the ideas of other people until you have proved them. Those among them which are false reject; but never reject even the falsest upon the commendation of another person until you have submitted it to the crucial test of experience.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," says Tennyson. Knowledge can be gathered from others, but wisdom is the result of individual experiment; and knowledge without wisdom is baseless. It is the clipped flower, while wisdom is the same flower rooted in rich soil, and not only blooming, but bearing fruit.

But, suppose in this attempt to actualize your freedom, you meet hunger face to face. How dare you flaunt a challenge in the face of want?

I nerve myself to reply. Who cares for want? I say. Moments of supreme heroism as well as moments of deepest desperation, have proved that WANT is but an ass in a lion's skin. Here is the giant WILL which says, "You shall not stand between me and that which I mean to accomplish."

What is bread and meat unless it feeds a life that means something; unless it feeds the intention of the man in feeding the man? It should never coerce a living soul to a mere form of existence, lacking the force to make that existence valuable. I have reached that point where if I cannot have life on my own terms I do not want it. And this is not the desperation of despair; but of RESOLVE. The ordinary hopes and fears that move in the narrow grooves of existence are beneath my feet. I am walking on the thrones that hedge a universe of freedom. I know that in time I shall be free.

Friends, do you know what freedom means? It means to be no longer controlled by the thought of money or the fear of hunger. It means a purse like that of Fortunatus, empty

of everything but the one essential coin for immediate use. It means not only freedom from the burden of want, but from the burden of wealth. It means emancipation from the thralldom of what we call necessity—by putting a compulsion upon necessity that binds it in perpetual slavery to our needs instead of holding us slaves to it. It means going ahead instead of following behind. It means leading the lower forces instead of being led by them. It means the recognition of the majesty and potency of my own womanhood and of your manhood, and the assertion of that majesty and the test of that potency. For I am the champion of human force arrayed against the lower and baser force of circumstance. I mean to assert my independence of circumstance, and to persuade you to come with me, and do the same for yourselves. Too long have men and women been slaves to that great inorganic, dumb, blind, unintelligent and terrible force called "necessity." Man has many evils from which he should declare himself free, but when he arises to the majesty of his legitimate will power, and swears that necessity shall no longer control him, he has declared his independence of them all. And I say that he who has so risen not only declares himself free, but is free. When Christ said that faith moved mountains, his words implied the immensity of the will power on which alone faith can rest. Christ was the champion of freedom; his life was an embodied freedom. He was buffeted by circumstance and by men who were the tools of circumstance, and being too great for the age—being master of the world through being master of herself, there was no way by which unorganized human power could meet him on his own lofty plane, and so he was murdered. Was Christ a failure in consequence? who shall so declare it of one from whose birth a world was redated? Did he consult the rich and influential? Did he uncover the golden beauty of his noble head to the accidental aristocrats of his time? "Ah!" you say, "he was a God, and who are you?" It is my pride and my glory to believe—nay, to know, to absolutely know that he was a man even as I am a woman, and that through him grew the godhood of unconquerable manhood even as through me shall grow the godhood of invincible womanhood, even as it may and must grow through every son and daughter of the race.

People make the mistake of seeking God outside of themselves. God is within; evolution must bring him forth. The personal God about whom the world prates is only a shadow and prophecy of the God embodied within every human breast. It is that undying and unconquerable strength that begins to be projected by the growing will power of the race. Too great for their present conception in their own depreciated opinion of themselves and their infinite capacity, they place it above and beyond themselves. They

call it limitless, and rightly, too. They call it omnipresent and omniscient' as it is indeed; they see rightly when they see it so great, but they do not know that the seeing is not only in, but from themselves, and that the infinite thing they call God is but the foreshadowed prophecy of their own manhood. If they knew this, how they would be elevated! no longer creeping things prone on the ground, but risen as eagles to the clearest empyrean heights. I have said before, I will say it again, that the damning heresy of the people is their ignorance of their own value; their ignorance of the fact that this limitless being whom they worship as outside of themselves resides within them. If they could only know this, and arise in the strength such knowledge would confer, would they meet together to whine over their oppressions? No, they would obliterate every form of oppression as the tempest sweeps straws from its path. Would a man or a woman guided to the pitch of sublimest thought and hope dodge around the portals of "wealthy and influential men" to beg endorsement for the ideas they know to be God-begotten? Would they not rather scatter those ideas with lavish hand, knowing that what comes from the God within their own breast cannot fail to reach the God within other's breasts?

Like seeks like. I will say the best I know, and trust the unerring law of affinity to call it home to the men and women of the world; knowing perfectly well that no exterior will send a thought where it does not belong, and even if so sent, that no force in this life or the life to come has power to make it stay there, until receptivity though the potency of thought has built a home for it.—*Woman's World.*

Mediumship.

BY S. B. NICHOLS.

REMARKABLE PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A few years ago there was temporarily residing in Brooklyn, a lady in whose presence remarkable physical manifestations would occur. She was the daughter of a physician of ability and character, married and residing in New Jersey. The Doctor had in former years been a physician of extensive practice in Louisville, Ky. While residing in Louisville, he was bitterly opposed to Spiritualism, and in a little volume which he published at the time, had denounced it as the sum of all villainies. In her presence raps and strange sounds would be heard, tables and other objects would be tipped, and musical instruments float about the room and be played upon. Independent spirit writing with short messages was given. What to me seemed the most remarkable feature of these seances was that the lady appeared indifferent as to what took place, and would give no outward or visible sign that she was the medium. One evening I went to the Doc-

tor's home with an old friend and veteran Spiritualist, Mr. Newman Weeks, of Rutland, Vt. We found there, Messrs. Wm. R. and Thomas S. Tice, of our city. They had been having a few circles to see if they could get paraffine casts of spirit hands, and on that evening the hot paraffine was on the range in the basement. After the usual manifestations had occurred, the long dining table was extended, a leaf in its centre was taken out, and a pail of cold water and the pail of hot paraffine brought up and put on the floor in the centre, and we sat around the table. I had been directed to change my seat in the circle and to sit at the left of the medium, my right hand resting on her left hand. Mr. Wm. R. Tice sat at my left. If I remember rightly, there were five persons present beside the family, making in all nine persons. As soon as the light was extinguished spirit hands seemed to be all over me, and the touches were not gentle by any means. The hands would clasp my legs and arms, touch me on head and back. I felt them unbuttoning my shoes. My stockings were the ordinary half-hose, and were fastened in front; the pins were taken out by these spirit hands and placed between the fingers of my right hand, with heads down. They began to wash or bathe my right foot with cold water. As they were doing this I remarked that "my feet did not need washing, as I had taken a bath the night before."

The next thing for them to do was to take a cast of my foot, giving it several coatings of the stuff. When the seance was over it took the mother of the medium nearly half an hour to scrape the stuff off with a knife. Had it not been for the natural warmth of the body, I should have had a perfect cast of my foot made by invisible hands. In the pail of water was some fifty or more fingers; some almost perfect, others crude and jagged. I brought some home with me, and kept them until, after many months, they crumbled to pieces.

While I sat by the medium her hands did not move or shake in the least; she seemed as deeply interested as any of the rest. One of my socks was found on the top of a picture frame, high above the reach of any one present; my shoes in different parts of the room. It is nearly two years since I have had an opportunity to sit with this medium, but I believe that she gave some sittings last winter at Judge Dailey's home, which were even more remarkable than what I had witnessed.

Of course it is impossible to note my experiences with the very many mediums that I have known, in a newspaper article, or to give an account of their powers. I think I have already written enough to show that all mediums who are honest and sincere will be cared for, guided and protected. I know many have learned to love their controls or guides very much.

"All this is fair and rosy as you tell it," says the enquirer," but can you not also tell us what you know of

EVIL, MALICIOUS AND MISCHIEVOUS SPIRITS?"

Certainly, I know there are some who delight to come back to earth to mislead; who come with high-sounding names and are always making great promises that are never fulfilled. I think mediums themselves are largely to blame for this deception. Many of them, and this was specially so in the earlier days, desired to have some name for a control who had figured in history, and there are always spirits mischievous enough to assume the name of Pontius Pilate, Julius Cæsar, George Washington, or Tom, Dick and Harry, even if they generally give truthful and valuable communications. In the earlier days we had such an experience in the home of a family by the name of Comstock living at the time, 1852 or 1853, at Shelburn Point, Vt. The daughter had been brought to our home bolstered up in a carriage by her mother, a few days after Mrs. Nichols became a medium. Through her medial powers the young woman was restored to health after she had been given up to die by the ablest physicians at home and abroad. After her restoration to health we would occasionally drive down to their home, some eight miles, and stay over night, and when we did we usually held a circle. The young lady had a brother who died in California a short time before. What purported to be his spirit came to warn the young lady of the habits of a young man with whom she was engaged to be married and to whom she was married later on. The information was valuable and of much benefit to the recipient, but things were given which led some present to doubt if it were the spirit of "Orville Comstock," her brother. So I said to him one evening "I am convinced that you are not the spirit of Orville Comstock. We wish to have you inform us if you are taught to deceive in the Spirit-world; if so, we do not wish to have any more to do with Spiritualism." After considerable pressing he said he came for a good purpose; that he could get *en rapport* with the young man to whom the lady was engaged, and that the information and the warning he had been able to give were of much importance to her. He gave his name as a young man who had formerly worked on the farm and knew the brother and sister well; as also the young man whom she was to marry, and said they would accept as the truth what he gave them if they thought it came from brother Orville, but not from him. He promised that in all future communications, he would use his own name, which he did. Immediately another spirit controlled the medium and expressed great joy and thankfulness that the promise had been made by the previous spirit control, asserting that she was the mother of the young man who had assumed the name of Orville Comstock; and that he could date his first step of advancement in the Spirit-world from his making the promise to us. It certainly was a valuable lesson, and has saved me from many a mistake in dealing with spirits through mediums.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal,*

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 9, 1888.

MR. J. J. MORSE'S CLOSING SOCIAL.

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"And now the last farewell must be said, the parting words must be spoken. We must say good-bye forever, in all probability, to the sweet delights and joyous scenes attending these festive gatherings. No more shall we assemble in these hospitable parlors to greet our friend and his estimable wife and daughter. It is the last time, the last time! How sorrowful the thought! In the coming months how we shall miss these gladsome meetings; how oft shall our memories revert to the many pleasurable moments, the many happy hours, that we have spent at the socials of J. J. Morse, and how some of us at least shall long for their recurrence.

"What a debt of gratitude do we owe Bro. Morse and family for the privilege of participation in these little reunions. I think it the duty of each one of us to personally thank him and them for the great treat he has given us so freely month after month. For my part I now do in this public manner. He and they deserve all the appreciation and thanks that you can give them. Well and faithfully has our brother done his work, alike in public and in private, in our midst. No one I think, could have done it better than he; and I am glad that by your presence here this evening, you have testified your appreciation of his labors. The best wishes of you all, I am sure, are given for the continued happiness, success, and well-being of Mr. Morse, Mrs. Morse, and Florrie. Wherever they may be, whether on land or sea, whether in our own land of the free, or in his own dear native land, may they be blessed with health, prosperity, and joys innumerate.

"And now, good-bye, Brother Morse; good-bye, Mrs. Morse; good-bye, Miss Morse. Sorry are we to part from you so soon. Would that you were going to remain with us for a twelve-month longer; ay, and more than that. But though you may be absent from us in material form, we shall often be with you in spirit; and the thought of the many joyous evenings spent with you at 32 Ellis Street shall long remain with us as one of our most pleasant memories."

Mr. Morse made a short reply to Mr. Coleman's valedictory, in testimonial of the appreciation of himself and family of the kindly sentiments expressed therein, which had been so cordially seconded by the friends present. He and his wife and daughter had only done their duty in the matter of these little gatherings, and the many pleasant associations connected therewith would ever dwell with them among their most cherished remembrances.

After a period of social intercourse, adjournment, in sections, was had to the regions below, where eatables and drinkables were bounteously served up to one and all. Dancing was also instituted and continued for the remainder of the evening at appropriate intervals. A number of the guests dispersed in the neighborhood of midnight, but quite a goodly company remained until two o'clock A. M. A very enjoyable time was had by those who thus remained. In addition to dancing, a literary

and musical programme was presented, as follows: Mrs. Eugenia W. Clark sang the love ditty, "Avanera," from the opera of "Carmen." This she followed with Kate Castleton's song, "Excuse me, I'll tell you no more," concluding her vocal efforts with a comic Chinese song. The printed programme included an oboe solo by Prof. Henry R. Austin, and a violin solo by Mr. F. V. Austin. These gentlemen did not arrive in time to fill the places allotted them on the regular programme, but having subsequently arrived, they rendered their respective solos as part of the supplementary programme. Mr. W. W. T. Berrill sang "Forbidden Fruit," and for an encore sang the ballad of "Marguerite," in conjunction with Mrs. Clark. Mr. W. Coombs Austin gave a tragico-burlesque recitation called "The Alarm;" and Miss Valerie Hickethier recited "The Woman's Question." Each and every feature of the supplementary programme was excellently rendered, and was the recipient of hearty applause.

The last farewells were regretfully said near the hour of two, as above stated, and thus terminated the series of delightful socials instituted by Mr. Morse in January last. That their non-continuance will be much missed by a portion, at least, of those who have participated in them during the past five months, goes without saying. Mr. Morse announced on Tuesday evening, that the total number of attendances upon the series had aggregated nearly four hundred,—an excellent showing. Good-bye and Godspeed to J. J. Morse and family!

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

On Saturday evening last, June 2nd, a pleasing and most harmonious company assembled at 8½ Hill street, this city, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Dodge, to celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of their wedding.

The evening was spent in social converse of a most genial nature, interspersed with music and song. In the course of the evening Mr. J. J. Morse made a few congratulatory and sympathetic remarks upon the occasion, paying many well deserved tributes to the worth, earnestness and integrity of the host and hostess of the evening. His remarks were very heartily concurred in by all present.

A choice collation of ice cream, cakes, candies and lemonade was served to the guests, who at 11:30 reluctantly dispersed. Among those present were Mrs. Hibbard, Mrs. Dodge's venerable mother—Mr. W. M. Rider, Mr. and Mrs. Hofeld, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mathews, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Morse, Mrs. Irvin, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, Jr., Mrs. Joy and Mrs. Gould.

OUR CAMP MEETING.

The readers of the WEEKLY DOVE will find the reports of the Camp-meeting in the first number of the DAILY, which we mail this week. It will be impossible to send away a daily mail to all of our subscribers, as the amount of extra labor required to get out a daily report

of the Camp-meeting has so overtaxed us already that we cannot undertake so great an amount of work.

We felt that you would all be pleased to receive this specimen copy of our enterprise; and we will preserve complete files of the entire month's DAILY issues, and at the close of the Camp-meeting will furnish them to those of our subscribers who desire them for one dollar. This will barely cover the cost of preserving and mailing. Send in your orders early, and your names will be entered upon our list, and the complete set mailed about July 1st.

GROVE MEETING.

The Spiritualists will hold a grove meeting at Linn's Valley, Kern County, commencing July 27th, and continuing one week or ten days. The originators of the movement are David T. Hughes and Mrs. Eccleston, the symbol mediums whom so many will remember having met at the State Camp-meeting in Oakland last year. Speakers and mediums who desire to attend should write to David F. Hughes, WHITE RIVER, Tulare Co., Cal.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

We have just received from the Publisher, Mrs. Nettie P. Fox, the following books, which are for sale at this office: "Mysteries of the Border Land and Golden Key," \$1.50; "Phantom Forms, or Mysteries Beyond the Veil," \$1.00; "Quina's Canoe and Christmas Offering," \$1.00; "Biographies of Bible Characters," 50 cts.; "The Death Penalty," 10 cts.; "Spiritualism—What Is It?" 15 cts.; "Camp Meeting Address," 10 cts. Sent by mail to any address.

Chips.

The DOVE adds its congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Dodge.

We have copies of that deeply interesting book "Beyond" for sale at this office, price, 50 cents.

Mr. John Slater, the celebrated medium, will occupy Metropolitan Temple on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and evening at 8 P. M.

We apologize for the absence of editorial matter this week; but our duties have been so many, that we could do no more than our best, and we trust the many good things from other and abler pens will compensate for all that we may lack.

The article by Wm. Emmette Coleman in this issue of the DOVE concerning "Rational Amusements," although not written expressly for the purpose, is quite *apropos* to the literary and social entertainments and dance to be given at the camp-meeting on Friday evening of each week.

THE CARRIER DOVE (San Francisco) has a notice of "M. A. (Oxon's)" "Vision's," recently published. Mr. Morse, who notices the tractate, commends it as "just the work to put into the hands of those who, religiously inclined, are yet intuitive enough to feel the truths expressed."

The same paper reproduces, with all due acknowledgment, Mr. Barkas's address to the London Spiritualist Alliance on March 5th ult. The DOVE is exceptionally good in respect of type and paper, and its contents are of decided interest.—*Light*.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. ADA FOYE'S MEETINGS.

Last Sunday evening a large audience greeted Mrs. Ada Foye at her public seance in Washington Hall. The speaking was good and the tests as usual excellent. Miss Lina Cruse, the inspirational musical medium, presided at the piano.

Next Sunday evening, June 10th, is Mrs. Foye's birthday, and the services will be unusually interesting on that occasion.

There will be many friends of this gifted medium, who will make short congratulatory speeches. Mrs. Foye's age is "sweet sixteen" and she is as sprightly, vigorous and handsome as ever. We will just whisper one word to our readers, for she must not hear; let us all take our love offerings of beautiful flowers to the hall to-morrow night, and give her an agreeable surprise. I am sure her guides will be pleased as well as herself.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

John Slater has returned to San Francisco, and resumed his meetings at Odd Fellows' Hall. Last Sunday was the first since his return, and a large audience was present to welcome him back. The floral offerings were profuse and elegant. The tests were, as usual, excellent and convincing.

Correspondence.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: While reading the lecture of J. J. Morse on Poverty, and Facts for Thinkers, by Albert K. Owen, I felt glad that these wrongs are being more and more looked into. It is nice to soar aloft, but while we are soaring we should not forget those that are in no way to soar, or the cause that makes poverty on one hand and millionaires on the other. There is something wrong when a great part of God's children are deprived of the necessaries of life, when there is more than enough for all. We

need more practical work. How can people become spiritualized under poverty-stricken conditions, and if they become drunkards and gamblers through the force of events and ignorance, who is to blame? Surely, not they who are born and raised under such adverse conditions. We must break the yoke that makes such evils a fact. We must unloose the chains that bind them, and prove to them they have the power to demand better conditions. That this world was made for the people and not for a monopoly of money in the hands of a few when the waged workers earn all the money. It is a sad state of affairs, when so many idlers, both young and old, are living off the products of labor. We must teach these men and women to think and learn the causes that makes them poor and ignorant. No one would rejoice more than myself, if there could never be made another drop of the deadly poison that makes men brutes; but who are the men and women that are crowding prohibition? Are they spiritualized? Do they love the dear people or is it another way to get control of the people's rights? If they mean the best good for all, why do they stick to the old creed that binds the people's rights and liberties? But I am told it is the only party that sets women free, then why not adopt it?

I tell them to be set free in one way, and bound tighter in another, is only another loophole against the freedom that all true lovers of humanity are working for. I want the freedom to think, and act out the dictates of my conscience. I cannot conscientiously adopt a platform that in any way hampers my personal freedom in becoming an independent citizen. What is the matter with the Prohibitionists, that they cannot have a platform so broad, so liberal, that all can put their shoulder to the wheel, and not feel that it is another way to enforce the old dogmatic creeds upon us, that kings and priests may rule. I do not object to the true Christ principles, for if followed out they would make better men and women. But I do object to a creed that will not allow mankind to think and act for themselves. Your last DOVE was especially interesting, and I am glad you have such able contributors, for your effort is a noble one, and one that the angels will bless.

MARY E. BARKER.

EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE: I am almost ashamed to address you, for I have been receiving regularly the CARRIER DOVE, and find so much sterling worth that I have learned to love the DOVE, and were it my lot to do without it, I should feel sadly and miss it greatly. I must, however, try in the future to make some amends of appreciation. I have loaned some of the numbers with the hope of your obtaining their subscription. I wish every success for the DOVE, and may its wings take flight and bear away to the utter-

most parts of the earth joyful tidings of the ones on the "evergreen shore."

I am much interested in Woman's Suffrage and if friends of the W. S. did not take the CARRIER DOVE for the Spiritual parts of the page, they should for advocacy of Woman's Suffrage.

Yours in sincerity,

MRS. ELIZA P. KEMMEL.

TORONTO, Canada.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Parkland excursion grounds are the largest and most beautiful grounds in Pennsylvania. It is fast prospering. The amusements are flying horses, swims, boats, baseball, shooting ranges and numerous others. The dancing pavilion is one of the largest of its kind. Shade, shelter and refreshments all on the grounds.

PARKLAND, Eden P. O., Bucks Co., Penn.

Children's Department.

Little Sunshine.

BY CONTENT WHIPPLE.

"Why, Mattie, aren't you going to the party this afternoon?" inquired a finely dressed little girl, as she called at the door of Mattie Thurston's home, on her way to a party given by a school-mate.

"No," answered Mattie, who was dressed in the plain garments which she wore to school. "Mother has the headache, and I have got to stay with the baby."

"That is too bad," said her little friend, in a disappointed tone. "Something almost always happens to keep you at home."

"Well, I would like to go," said Mattie, "but never mind. You can have just as good a time at the party, and I will have just as good a time helping mother. Baby will be so glad to have me stay, for she does not see much of me when there is a school, and I shall take her to ride in her carriage. I can do a great many things for mother, and I sha'n't be very lonesome."

"That is just like you," says Mattie's little friend, as she gave her a good-bye kiss. "You always find pleasure in everything. I wish I was so."

The little girl spoke the truth, for Mattie Thurston was one who seemed always happy, and, by her cheerful ways, made happy every one around her. Her mother calls her "Little Sunshine," for she said Mattie made brightness wherever she went.

Not far from Mrs. Thurston's lived a family who were very poor—a widow and her children. That humble cottage was poor and plain, and Mattie's home, with its pretty tasteful furniture, its pictures, flowers, and carpets, seemed a paradise to the widow's little girls, who often visited at Mrs. Thurston's, and if Mattie had been less kind, they would have envied her so many beautiful things.

Mattie sometimes visited at the little cottage, and when she did so she left its inmates feeling happier and more satisfied with their own home.

"How white your floor is," she would say, for the little cottage was always scrupulously neat. "When I come here I want to go home immediately, and puts things in order. How industrious you must be to always keep so nice. Then what a lovely view you have from this window. How beautiful these large, shady trees are by the door. I think this is one of the pleasantest places I ever saw."

Thus she found beauty where some would have thought only of plainness and poverty.

Fannie Morton, one of Mattie's little school mates, was afflicted with red hair. It was soft and curly, and really very pretty, but was a source of great trouble to its owner, because the children *would* make fun of it, and hectored her until she felt as though her hair was abominable.

When she commenced going to the school where Mattie attended, the latter, noticing how the children teased her, went to her one day and said, passing her hand over the soft curls, "Fanny, what pretty curls you have."

"Pretty! Do you think so?" exclaimed Fanny in surprise.

"Yes; it is beautiful, I think, it is so soft and curls in such large, round rings. I always did admire hair like yours."

Fanny looked up with tears in her eyes and said, "Thank you for admiring my abused hair. You are the first one that I ever heard speak a word of praise for it."

An old lady who was lame and half-blind lived in the village where Mattie resided. She was not attractive, like some old ladies, for she was petulant and fault-finding, and it was no pleasure to most young people to be in her society. Mattie, however, improved every spare opportunity to visit Aunt Waity, as she was called, and read to her, or take her some little delicacy to tempt her appetite, for the old lady's health was not very good. Nothing brightened Aunt Waity's countenance so much as the sight of Mattie's pleasant face, or the sound of her playful voice, and, impatient as she might be to others, she always had a kind word for Little Sunshine.

If there were any neglected children in the school, Mattie sought them out and gladdened their hearts by her sympathy and gentle words.

As may readily be believed, her kindness reacted upon herself, and the happiness she created for others made a double measure for herself. She was only a little girl, but her influence reached far and wide, and showed how good a world this might become with a great many children and men and women in it as good as Mattie.

Miscellaneous.

At Bay.

This is the end, then, of striving; this is what comes of it all;
Darkness and foes just behind one; before an impassible wall.
What does it matter how staunchly one may have battled for truth,
When with his weapons all broken he sits by the grave of his youth?
What did it profit in past years that one did the best that knew,
When in the gloom of the present virtue herself seems untrue?
Why should one fight any longer when nothing remains but defeat?
Surely the labor were useless and idle the stirring of feet,
Ah! but the soul that is faithful knows it is good to have fought;
Knows it is good to have acted, whatever the doing has brought,
This is the crown of the conflict, this the reward of all strife—
Faith in one's self and one's motives, no matter how dark and the life.
Flesh may be bruised and defaced, but spirit is never disgraced;
Spirit is always triumphant, whatever sharp pain it has faced.
Here at the end of my conflict I counsel not yet with despair,
Though to all seeming my struggles are his who but beateth the air.
Darkness and foes are about me, yet I stand with my back to the wall,
Facing whatever fate sends me, and facing fate thus I shall fall!

—Oscar Fay Adams.

New York Working Girls.

The third annual report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of the State of New York, for the year 1885, makes a special feature of the subject of "Working Women; their Trades, Wages, Home and Social Conditions," which is claimed to present a wider and more diversified field for inquiry, study and classification in New York City, than can be found even in the large European cities. The number of females employed in that city is estimated at over 200,000, and the trades and occupations at which they work are broadly classified as follows: Artificial flowers and leaves, awnings, bedding supplies, blank books, paper boxes, collars and cuffs, boys' clothing, brushes, buttons, canned goods, caps, cards, carpet sewers and weavers, cases for jewelry, cigars and cigarettes, cloaks and suits, clothing, confectionery, copyists, cords and fringes, corsets, dressmaking, embroidery, envelopes, essences and extracts, fancy boxes and fans, feathers, flannels, flags, fringes, furs, gimps, gloves, gold leaf, hair dressers, handkerchiefs, hat sweats and trimmings, labels, laces, laundries, lead pencils, linen and ladies' underwear, mats, mattresses, medicines, morocco goods, milliners, neckties, paper bags, parasols, patterns, perfumeries, pocket-books, pearl work, preserves, printing offices, quilters, rags, ribbons and ruffles, shirts, shoes, skirts, silk factories, soaps, slippers, straw goods,

spices, suits, suspenders, tags, tassels, teachers, tuckings, tobacco, toys, trimmings, twines, umbrellas, upholstery, watch cases, wax works, weavers' white goods, wigs, willow-ware, window shades, woollen goods, wrappers, worsted, yarns, telegraphers, saleswomen and washers and ironers. A further subdivision increases the list to 247 classifications.

Among the occupations in which the largest number of female employes are found may be mentioned carpet making, the figures being put at 1100, and the rates of wages from \$5 to \$12 per week. The report states that as a rule women's wages are very much less than those of the men, and though it is true that to a large extent they are not engaged in the same callings, requiring the same grade of skill, intelligence and business energy, yet even in the instances of salesmen and saleswomen, or men clerks and women clerks, the remunerations are widely different, even when the work performed is the same. There are some professions or trades in which women receive equal pay for equal work with men, but it is a significant fact in nearly all such cases the women are organized, as for instance, printers, cigarmakers and hatters. On the other hand, in those trades in which organized female labor commands the same wages as men, the fact also furnishes the proof that the men receive very low pay.

In the cigar-making trade it is estimated that in the New York tenement house factories the number engaged will reach 4000. The wages paid are about the same as those for men; but it is claimed that a large proportion of the female cigarmakers are employed in the lowest paying branches, such as stripping and binding. These seldom average over \$5 per week, and even then the work is not steady the year round. At cigar-making a fair worker can earn \$12 per week, \$9 being the lowest actual earnings reported and \$20 the highest. In the manufacture of cigarettes experts in the factories can make \$15 per week, the hours of labor being from 7:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.

WAGES PAID FOR MAKING CLOTHES.

There is perhaps no branch of trade that women are engaged in to the same extent as that of making clothing, and there is none in which they receive more beggarly wages. In reference to this point the testimony of a manufacturer taken at Buffalo is quoted as giving a general idea of the subject. He stated that his business was manufacturing pants, vests, shirts and overalls; had but few men, the bulk of his employes being women; work paid for by the piece; for making pants from \$1 50 to \$3 per dozen; for vests from fifteen to thirty-five cents apiece; for shirts from seventy-five cents per dozen up to \$1 50; overalls from seventy-five cents per dozen to \$1 25. He claimed that wages were about ten per cent. higher than they had been; that is to say, the wages of men

had been advanced. The men generally made a better class of work, but at any rate, they would not work as cheap as women. When pressed for averages of earnings of the women, he stated that on pants there are women who get from \$2 50 up to \$15 per week, but the latter have assistants. On vests \$5 or \$7 can be earned; on shirts, from \$3 50 upwards, according to their help. He estimated that on an average a woman could make six or eight pairs of overalls per day.

Even worse is the condition of those who sew for a living for the large manufacturers of woollen shirts, clothing, ladies' underwear and cloaks, for few of these manufacturers pretend to have the goods made up in their places for business, and the women are therefore put in competition not only with others of their own sex who work for mere pocket money, but they come under the oppression of the middle man or "sweater," who actually lives on the hard earnings of the women under him, by taking a large share of the small amount paid for work done for the manufacturer.

The reasons for thus giving out the work are alleged to be the difficulty of providing accommodations for the large force required; but there is another side to the question, and that is the saving of expense. While the manufacturer, the contractor and even the "sweater" avoid the necessity for paying rent and insurance, the poor working woman is indirectly burdened with both. The goods are made up in her wretched home, for the rent of which she pays more than a quarter of her entire earnings. It is the half-starved, overworked seamstress who pays for the machine by which alone she is enabled to make pants for \$1.50 a dozen. And it is the same unfortunate over-toiling woman who pays for the fuel and the oil to warm and light her attic room, while wearily yet unceasingly she toils on, sewing together vests at fifteen cents apiece. It is this slave-ridden and driven woman who in case of fire is held responsible for the goods that may be destroyed in her awful rookery home.

Commissioner Charles F. Peck, who makes the foregoing remarks in his report, adds that to such extremities of want are the people pushed that they are not only compelled to work long and excessive hours, but their children are dragged in and compelled to labor as well. He states that he has personal knowledge of this, and also quotes testimony to the effect that children of from four to six years of age have been sitting on the floor of tenement houses, pulling threads out of clothing.

THE HIGHER RANKS OF LABOR.

Turning to the spheres in which nervous energy and power of brain are the implements of toil, comparison between the pay for women's and men's work is shown by

the testimony of Mr. O'Reilly, president of the Telegraphers' Union of America. He says: "Women are engaged in the profession of telegraphy to a considerable extent, but the average salary for female operators, although they are required to work the same number of hours a day, is much less than the average salary for male operators." In reply to the question as to whether, generally speaking, females are as good operators as males, Mr. O'Reilly said: "Well, with all due deference to the capabilities of the opposite sex, I do not think so. While there are many capable and expert female operators in the profession, their numbers are limited, and even in cases where female operators do equally as good work, they do not receive the same remuneration, although I am decidedly of opinion that they should. In fact, one of the stipulations in the bill of grievances in 1883 was equal pay for both sexes. Female operators are not usually as successful as those of the opposite sex, but it is because of their physical inability only, and not from any lack of skill. It is not to be expected that their powers of endurance would enable them to perform the excessive work done by male operators."

The Commissioner in connection with this subject remarks that there is one calling, indeed, in which it might be thought that the woman is the equal to the man—that of the teacher, but there she receives notoriously a much less rate of salary, an inequality which may perhaps be remedied when her talent and fitness are admitted to be equal to those of her male competitor. A recent attempt to grade the salaries of the teachers in New York City was generally understood as placing the man at two-fifths higher than the women.

On the question of hours the Commissioner reports that the working hours of women in the factories and large workshops of New York are quite regular, and range from 7 A. M. or 7:30 A. M. until 5 or 5:30 P. M. In busy seasons there may be an extension of hours, but in such cases it is a well-established custom that employes receive extra pay for overtime and piece-work. In small establishments the hours are much longer; bakeries, candy-shops, millinery and fancy stores are open both earlier and later. In such stores there is reason to believe that workwomen serve the longer hours without increased wages, such an occurrence being regarded as a part of the hiring, although it is an obvious injustice, since the employer gets the profits and the employe the loss.

LETTER FROM A WORKING GIRL.

"I wish to tell how we poor working girls get along on wages of five dollars a week. I and my sister keep house by ourselves, and out of ten dollars a week we pay rent, buy and prepare our food, and purchase our clothing, such as it is. We do not starve, and will not, unless work gives out or sickness comes. Of

course we are poorly dressed, but we try not to be absolutely shabby. We were born in New York. Well, we are two alone in the world, and neither of us is twenty-four years old. We have no relations since our parents died. We had a good education, which we owe to our poor father. We live in a small attic room, for which we pay four dollars a month. The little cook stove and bed take up most of the space. We buy our food in the morning before going to work, or in the evening when we come home tired enough to drop. My sister is a good cook and can dish up something nice in a few minutes, as we like something hot before going to bed. In the morning it is awfully hard to get up, but we have a fifty-cent clock with an alarm which rings us broad awake at six, when we cook and eat breakfast and put up something for the midday meal at the shop. If it rains we wear rubber cloaks and shoes, for we find that sitting at work with wet shoes and skirts gives bad colds, and to be sick is to lose wages. On Sundays we make, mend, wash and iron our clothes. Of course we have no company, we have no room for them, but we know some other people in the house. Evening amusements we cannot go to for want of clothes and beaux, and in fact we do not care for the company of that class of young men whom we can know. Of course we are not laying up a cent, however much we stint ourselves, and perhaps that is just as well, for we know of people who lost their all by putting it into a savings bank, but it is awful, and makes us shudder when we think of the day when sickness and death will come to us. Abused we are every day in the workshop, and we are always glad to get to our little room, where we are more comfortable than many others. Mr. Editors, we see around us so many unhappy sufferers so much worse off than we are, that we often cry ourselves to sleep in each other's arms pitying them.

"REBECCA."

Two Sides of Life.

There is a shady side of life,
And a sunny side as well,
And 'tis for any one to say
On which he'd choose to dwell;
For every one unto himself
Commits a grievous sin,
Who bats the blessed sunshine out
And shuts the shadows in.

The clouds may wear their sad (s) roles,
The sun refuse to smile,
And sorrow, with her troop of ill,
May threaten us the while;
But still the cheerful heart hath power
A sunbeam to provide;
And only those whose souls are dark
Dwell on life's shady side.

Special Notices.

Call on Wadsworth, the Chairman of the Temple meetings and let him make you shirts that will fit you. His store is at 150 Eddy st.

The fourth association of Spiritualists are located during the summer at Parkland, holding circles every Sunday afternoon and evening in the Eureka tent. This Association was formed June 7th, 1887 by the Guide and its medium (Eureka) with 13 members. Present membership 25, with 13 applicants. Cash in hand to date, \$250.00. Property value \$70.

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.

Annual Meeting Notice.

The regular annual meeting of the California State Camp-meeting Association will be held at the camp grounds cor. of 12th. street, and 1st. Ave., East Oakland, on the 25th day of June, 1888. A full attendance of the members is desired as the annual election of officers takes place at that time.

The Psychograph or Dial Panchette.

This is the perfection of the instrument used by Prof. Robert Hare in his investigation on 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.

Lookout Mountain CAMP MEETING OF SPIRITUALISTS, NEAR CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

This Camp-meeting Association has achieved much in the four years of active labor it has enjoyed in propagating Spiritualism. Its sessions have been held so as not to conflict with other camp-meetings and on an altitude where the temperature is pleasant.

There are no sultry nights in the South, and on Lookout Mountain bed-covering is in demand even in mid-summer.

Our next meeting will be held during the entire month of July, 1888.

There will be daily sessions for

LECTURES AND TESTS,

participated in by the following noted speakers and mediums: Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Adeline M. Glading, Mrs. S. A. H. Talbott, George H. Fuller, Esq., Dr. H. F. Merrill, Dr. Samuel Watson, Geo. W. Kates and wife, A. C. Ladd, Esq., and several others.

A large number of well-known

TEST MEDIUMS

are expected to be present, who will give personal test sittings and hold test seances, in the phases of trance, clairvoyance, psychometry, slate-writing, materialization, spirit photography, production of flowers, numerous physical phases, etc., amongst whom may be mentioned Mrs. Zaida Brown Kates, Mrs. C. P. Clancey, Mrs. A. M. Glading, Mrs. S. A. H. Talbott, Mrs. Barnett Mayer, Dr. H. F. Merrill, Geo. P. Colby, Mr. Green, the Keelers, etc.

Many others will find ample opportunity to hold private seances. Correspondence with mediums is solicited, to whom favors will be granted.

Excellent music will be furnished by Mrs. Ross and Orchestra.

The Association owns the camp-ground, hotel, cottages, tents, pavilion, etc.

There are numerous springs of pure and mineral waters upon the grounds—Also many noted wonders of nature.

The views of the valleys extend into the States of Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, with distant views of Kentucky, the Carolinas, Virginia, Mississippi, etc. Whichever way one turns the mountain is full of grandeur.

Up the rugged sides and along the rocky crest run two railroads—one an incline and narrow gauge and the other a broad gauge tramway (now being constructed) that will connect at Union Depot in Chattanooga with trains from all parts of the country. There will be

SPECIAL HOTEL AND RAILROAD RATES.

All the guests will be comfortably housed in the hotels or cottages.

There will be no stowing away in tents.

This camping-place is a summer resort and Spiritualists' meeting-place. Those who attend will find both pleasure and profit.

As a health resort Lookout Mountain is famous.

Special terms will be given to Spiritualists desiring to erect or rent cottages.

Tenting space given free.

For further particulars, railroad rates, etc., address

G. W. KATES, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Or C. H. DONAHOWER, Manager of Natural Bridge Springs Hotel, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

June 3, 1888, July 1. The California Spiritualists Camp Meeting, will be held at Lake Merritt 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.

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

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

A CHART

Upon an entirely new basis, which contains a systematized statement of the organs, functions divisions, attributes, and physio-psychological composition of the human being, has been prepared for the purpose of marking out the relative powers, capacities, characteristics and development of the individual as ascertained by the examiner; thus enabling all to obtain a tabulated statement of great value in all the relations (duties and engagements) of life. With the chart is included

THE MANUAL

Which contains a complete explanation, including a concise description of the divisions of the chart, over eighty in number, and is in all cases given with the personal examinations. It contains the chart above referred to,

THE MARRIAGE TABLE

And the advice it presents will prove invaluable to many in the selection of their conjugal companions, and other domestic matters of importance to happiness and morality.

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

For a complete examination marked upon the chart and including the manual..... \$3.00 Ditto with examination and advice written out in full..... \$5.00

Examinations at all times, or by appointment, which can be made in advance, either by letter or personally, at 331 Turk Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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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.

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The Eureka Chemical Co., of Detroit, Mich., are the manufacturers of a medicine that is in reality the ladies best friend and one of the greatest medical discoveries of the age. Write or call upon us for circular, etc. Consultation free. Eureka Chemical Co., Parlors 7 & 8, 930 Market St., S. F., Cal.

A LUCKY TRIAL.

DEAR SIR: It affords me great pleasure to send you this voluntary statement of my experience in testing the merits of Joy's Sarsaparilla. For the past five years I have been troubled with an exceedingly sluggish liver, and within the past two years it has brought within its trail a thoroughly disordered stomach, including loss of appetite and distress after eating, pains in the back and kidneys, and boils around my neck and face. I have tried several remedies which are advertised as specially for the liver, and never could get more than temporary relief of about a week or two. I was recommended to try a bottle of Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla as a test, and while taking the first bottle I became convinced of its merits for I could feel it was working a change in me. I have taken five bottles, and during that time my troubles have left me. Everything is working full and regular, in fact it has cleansed, purified and braced me up generally. I feel like a new man. You are perfect liberty to use this as you see fit, or you can refer whom you please to

Clas Lee

With Deamish, corner Third and Market streets, San Francisco.

Ask for Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. One pint of the juices of Vegetable alteratives peculiar to California, combining the most effective liver and kidney remedy, blood purifier, stomach regulator and vegetable laxative in existence. All druggists. \$1 per bottle; 6 for \$5.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

San Francisco.

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.

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