



CHARLES DAWBARN

The Carrier Dove.

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

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Biography.

Charles Dawbarn.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn, whose portrait we present to our readers this week, is a well known thinker, writer and lecturer, whose life and labor is that of a level headed Spiritualist. Ornamental Spiritualism has had little attraction for him. To discover a fact, then learn and teach the lesson of that fact, has been his object; and carried out so fearlessly that he often startles and alarms the worshipper of phenomena.

Mr. Dawbarn is from England and from old Baptist stock. His ancestors of three generations have preached many a solemn sermon warning sinners 'to flee from the wrath to come.' Born in 1833 amidst the narrowest of all religious surroundings, he grew to early manhood unconscious of the scientific agitation that was even then bringing light out of darkness. He was trained to accept 'faith' as divine; but 'human reason' as a deadly snare.

It is now more than thirty years since Mr. Dawbarn came to America, where for a year or two he did Sunday work in Baptist pulpits at the request of the church he had joined. He says that it was reading "Buckle's Introduction to the History of Civilization" that first stirred him to independent thought. Carefully reviewing the grounds of his religious belief, he became convinced that a personal devil and an endless hell were not taught in the Bible; so he left the Baptist and joined the Universalist church.

Of course his old friends were wounded, and left him to win a position as best he could amongst strangers. But he soon gained favor, and once again lectured and preached and was active in Sunday School work. Phenomena occurring in his own home induced him to investigate Spiritualism, with the result that some fifteen years ago he became an avowed believer. Once again he was almost friendless, for there is a bitter antagonism to progressive thought amongst many so-called liberal Christians that was not surpassed by the 'May Flower' puritan. Even by the most charitable of his Universalist friends he was counted as afflicted with softening of the brain. But such animosity neither embittered him, nor caused him to swerve from avowing his

belief, although for a time it destroyed his domestic happiness.

Mr. Dawbarn has now been a widower for fourteen years, and has devoted his leisure to a most earnest investigation both of phenomena and philosophy; but a very active business life held him from public work until about six years ago. He then gave a winter course of lectures in Frobisher hall, New York City, on social and religious subjects, which led to his being invited to lecture at the well known Lake Pleasant Camp the following summer. He at once proved a favorite there, and we notice that he is enrolled for the present season as their lecturer for the two Sundays usually deemed most crowded. Mr. Dawbarn early attracted attention amongst thinking Spiritualists by his articles published in various papers; but chiefly, we think, in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal of Chicago*. Series of verses on 'Manhood versus Anthood'; 'Mistakes of Investigators'; Gospel of True Manhood; 'Unborn Man,' etc., and a lecture published by *Banner of Light* on 'A Warning from East to West; or Spiritualism in India' have had wide circulation and aroused earnest thought. His recent anniversary address 'A Review of Modern Spiritualism,' as reported for the CARRIER DOVE, is an admirable specimen of his fearless criticism, and outspoken indignation against every thing that he deems unworthy of the cause.

We hope the Spiritualists of the Pacific Coast may induce him to give us a course of his earnest, instructive and philosophical lectures. Mr. Dawbarn is reported to us as a very attractive speaker who holds his audiences in eager attention to every word of his lectures; whilst even the skeptic accords praise to his fearless presentation of our faith from the standpoint of scientific investigation and research.

Matthew Arnold's will, which is dated July, 1883, and which consists of a single clause, leaves everything to his wife. The estate is valued at £1,0140.

Punditi Ramabai returns to India very soon, accompanied by her little daughter, who comes from England to join her. Her appeal for funds to open a school for the child widows of her native land has been so successful, that the school will open next January.

The Platform.

Future Punishment.

An Address Delivered by Dr. W. W. McKaig, at the Camp Meeting in Oakland, Tuesday Evening, June 12th, 1888

We all take some interest in reading how pre-historic man dwelt in caves and hollow logs, and wonder how the wild Indian manages to live in his smoky hut of twigs and turf. Travelers tell us how the Lazzaroni of Naples and Rome creep and burrow about old tombs and ancient ruins with the owls and bats, and yet seem to enjoy themselves. In like manner as a scientific curiosity, we can hardly fail to take some interest in the way so many people contrive to get along for ages in ideas of gloom and despair. It is a marvel how any one can enjoy life who believes the universe is a dice-box, and death a trap-door to nothingness. Perhaps the endless punishment of a soul in hell is the most terrible thought that ever cast its baleful shadow over the world. It does not belong to a superstitious past, for most any of our orthodox clergy will tell you that it is one of the cardinal doctrines of the church, and should be rigorously maintained. It is true they are a little shy about it in the pulpit, but they manage to brace each other up in the belief in their Monday conversations. This was the case not long ago in San Francisco. Some of them seem to think that it might be well to soften and tone down its expression a little, but the most of them seem to be like the Irishman who advertised his horse as being fifteen feet high, and who, when some one suggested fifteen hands, stuck to the fifteen feet on the ground that it looked inconsistent for a noble mind to be drifting about from one position to another. Others, no doubt, see that this doctrine is part of a vast circle reaching from the fall of man to the cross of Calvary, and that if but one stone is allowed to drop from its place, the whole structure will come down with a fearful crash. How this awful nightmare of theology ever got into the world and obtained such a hold upon its convictions, is one of the problems of history that no thoughtful mind will care to pass lightly by.

I.

In our study of this question, the first thing we should remember is, that just as soon as

continued existence beyond the grave had fairly shaped itself in the mind, the moral sense would suggest that there must be some difference in the allotment and experience of people in that world. It would hardly be fair and right that the idler, the fool, the knave, the sot, the murderer, should occupy the same degree of happiness and knowledge with the studious, the pure and good. Justice demands that there shall be some line of discrimination between the evil and the good. It would invert the whole moral order of the universe to suppose they both stand on the same plane. The true and the good must be higher up the scale of knowledge and beatitude than the false and ignorant. The good or ill that men do follows them into the unseen world. The belief in a heaven or hell was born of that idea.

Then it would naturally follow that the condition of the more unfortunate in that world would be largely colored by the conception of God that happened to be dominant. Now it is well known that primitive people, at least, supposed their God to be a good deal like themselves, partial, jealous, fickle, and especially inclined to be revengeful. They naturally caressed their favorites and tortured their enemies. When their favorites or enemies passed into the other world, their blessings or curses followed them. It was natural to suppose that God reflected their own feelings. He had his favorites whose cup he filled to the brim with joy and gladness; he had his enemies he delighted to torment and punish. The notion of hell as a locality of retribution and woe was merely an expansion of this conception of God. His love made heaven. His wrath made hell.

When once this idea had obtained quite a firm lodgment in the mind, the unbridled fancy of poets, priests and orators would tend to intensify and exaggerate the horrors of that world. A Talmudic writer says, "There are in hell seven abodes, in each abode seven thousand caverns, in each cavern seven thousand clefts, in each cleft seven thousand scorpions, each scorpion has seven limbs, and on each limb are seven thousand barrels of gall. There are also in hell seven rivers of rankst poison, so deadly that if one touches it he bursts." This bit of barbarous rhetoric is founded on the cabalistic meaning of the number seven, so common in the old Hebrew literature. Most of the old poets, Hesiod, Homer and Virgil, for instance, seem to take a special delight in giving minute delineations of hell, both as to its geography and unspeakable agonies. And you no doubt are all aware how Dante, Milton, Pollock, and such hymn-makers as Watts seem to revel in the most vivid and terrific pictures of the infernal kingdom, and it would be easy to show that the popular theology of Christendom has been largely colored and shaped by their giddy imaginations.

Good and Jeremy Taylor, one of the most

saintly fathers of the Church of England, deliberately enumerates some of the most atrocious cruelties in human history, and says they are surpassed by the tortures inflicted by the Deity. A few instances will suffice. "Certain persons," he says, "put rings of iron stuck fast with sharp points of needles, about their arms and feet in such a manner as the prisoners could not move without wounding themselves, then they compassed them about with fire, to the end that, standing still, they might be burnt alive, and if they stirred the sharp points pierced their flesh. What, then, shall be the torment of the damned, where they shall burn eternally without dying, and without the possibility of removing?"

"Alexander, the son of Hyrcanus, caused eight hundred to be crucified, and whilst they were yet alive caused their wives and children to be murdered before their eyes, so that they might not die once, but many deaths. This rigor shall not be wanting in hell. Mezentius tied a living body to the dead, until the putrid exhalations of the dead killed the living. What is this in respect of hell, when each body of the damned is more loathsome and unsavory than a million dead dogs. We are amazed to think of the inhumanity of Phalaris, who roasted men alive in a brazen bull. That was a joy in respect of that fire in hell." What must have been the preaching of the rude and illiterate when so good and learned a man as Jeremy Taylor indulged in such rot and raving as this? St. Gregory described how a monk, who, though apparently a man of exemplary and even saintly piety, but who had been in the habit of secretly eating meat, saw on his death bed a hideous dragon twining its tail around his body, and with open jaws sucking his breath; and how a little boy, five years old, who had been taught blasphemous words by his father, saw, as he lay dying, exulting demons waiting to carry his soul to hell. In the calm, still hour of evening, when the peasant boy asked why the sinking sun, as it dipped beneath the horizon, blushed with such a glorious red, he was answered in the words of an old Saxon catechism, "because it is then looking into hell." There is a fresco in the great monastery of Pavia, which Mr. Lecky says might be regarded as the emblem of the age. It represents a monk with clasped hands, and with an expression of agonizing terror upon his countenance, gazing over into the gulf of woe, straining his vision to catch sight of the sufferings of the lost. Now I have grouped these few specimens gathered from the wilderness of dole, not with a feeling of irony or levity, but to explain as a problem in psychology, how an unchecked and licentious imagination in poetry, wit and literature, may have warped and colored the popular faith for so many ages.

Another cause of the appalling horror that has so long clothed the popular notion of

hell may largely be found in the gloomy pessimistic theories of certain philosophers whose cold and heartless speculations tinged and molded by their solitary and anthropic modes of life. For instance, the pale, haggard asceticism of the East, the dogma of transmigration. According to this theory, once so popular in oriental culture, the soul of a bad man was sent on a journey through the animal kingdom, doomed to put on and wear for a season the form of animal life, down to the vilest and wriggling in offal and decay. Out of the story of the fall of man came the doctrine of original sin or total depravity which drove the entire race to hell, except the few who were saved by the curious invention of a rigorous atonement. In a half-civilized age when the milk of human kindness was thin and badly soured at that, metaphysical fancy produced all sorts of literary monstrosities. Banished from the sweet and amenities of society by vows of celibacy, the dreary seclusion of the desert or the age solitudes of the mountains, the philosophers gave themselves up to visionary speculations and hair-drawn logical spinning. Under such circumstances it is not strange that they worked themselves into a belief of endless future punishment, though in reality it was only a horrible abstraction spun out of a gloomy and churlish imagination. Once the theory was wrought out by the great leaders of thought, the mass of the people in their loyalty to the church authorities, could hardly help accepting it. Indeed to call it in question would have been blasphemous. The utterances of the church were infallible and not for a moment to be doubted. Hence this appalling dogma, along with many others akin to it, became part of the established creed. To doubt it was heresy. It required a great deal of courage to be a heretic in those early times. Heretics were excommunicated, loaded with pains and penalties for many centuries, often put to death with the most excruciating tortures. Hence the doctrine was taken out of the province of reason and common sense. In free thought, no honest criticism was anywhere allowed. Taught by authority, it was at first submissively received, and time and education made it a fixed habit of thought.

And it is a strange and noticeable fact that this dogma has been more developed and intensified in horribleness by Christian than pagan teachers. You will find some faint traces of the doctrine of hell in all the classic mythologies. But among the old pagans, future torment seem to have been reserved for extreme and exceptionally wicked characters. Sisyphus, forever rolling his stone up-hill; Ixion, forever turning his wheel, or Tantalus, forever reaching after fruits that ever eluded his hungry touch, were exceptional cases that were never brought forward as the possible doom of all bad people. It was Christian

teachers, the followers of gentle and merciful Jesus, who first turned the idea of hell into a place of unspeakable agony for the larger part of the race. It is very easy to see how this came about. The church offered salvation upon certain conditions. She naturally felt herself insulted and aggrieved if those conditions were spurned or neglected. It was like having your well-meant charities flung into your face. Hence it is no great wonder that her zealous defenders, full of bigotry and rage, should hurl fire and brimstone at the heads of those who dared to neglect her overtures of mercy. It would seem that many Christian writers actually revelled with a sort of infernal glee over the sure damnation of the wicked. John Calvin, who has had more to do in shaping the theology of Christendom than any other man, writes, "Forever harassed with a dreadful tempest, they shall be themselves torn asunder by an angry God and transfixed and penetrated by mortal stings, terrified by the thunderbolts of God, and broken by the weight of his hand, so that to sink into any gulfs would be more tolerable than to stand for a moment in these terrors." Jonathan Edwards, the great Achilles of Calvinism in America says, "The world will probably be converted into a great lake or globe of fire, a vast ocean of fire, in which the wicked shall be overwhelmed, which will always be in tempest, in which they shall be tossed to and fro, having no rest day or night, vast waves or billows of fire continually rolling over their heads, of which they shall forever be full of a quick sense within and without—their heads, their eyes, their tongues, their hands, their feet, their loins, and their vitals shall forever be full of glowing, melting fire, fierce enough to melt the very locks and elements."

It may be said that this is a specimen of orthodox theology a hundred years ago, but within the present generation Dr. Gardner Spring, for fifty years pastor of the old brick church in New York, says: "When the omnipotent and angry God, who has access to all avenues of distress in the corporeal frame and all the inlets to agony in the intellectual constitution, undertakes to punish, he will convince the universe that he does not gird himself for the work of retribution in vain." The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the great leader of the Baptist Church in England, in his sermon on the "Resurrection of the Dead," uses the following language: "When thou diest thy soul will be tormented alone, that will be a hell for it, but at the day of judgment thy body will join thy soul, and then thou wilt have twin-hells, thy soul sweating drops of blood, and thy body suffused with agony. In fires exactly like that which we have on earth thy body will lie, asbestos-like, forever unconsumed, all thy veins roads for the feet of pain, every nerve a string on which the devil shall forever play his diabolical tune of hell, "Unutterable Lament." Great volumes of such stuff may be collected from Christian

writers from the days of St. Greneous, Bishop of Lyons, down to the late Nehemiah Adams, Congregational preacher in Boston, who said, "It is to be feared the forty-two children who mocked Elisha are now in hell."

There is an unmerciful glare of vindictiveness about all this that transcends anything that can be found in pagan literature in its most barbarous ages.

II.

The fact that this awful religious terrorism has lost its hold upon the popular mind, and is fast passing away, is apparent to every thoughtful observer of the times. Indeed, the whole scheme of endless future punishment with all its modern amendments is everywhere rapidly falling into decay. The pulpits are generally silent upon the question, and great doubt hangs over all the pews. It may be interesting to notice some of the indications of this decay.

The gradual decline of the spirit of persecution is one of the most early signs of the decay of the dogma of endless torment. The monks, the inquisitors and clergy of the middle ages, present a very curious type of character. We know that many of them, perhaps the majority of them, were very honest men, but they were strangely lacking in the humane qualities of tenderness, sympathy, love, natural affection. In piety, zeal, courage, and noble self-sacrifice they have no superior in these modern times. And yet these are the men who chanted *Te Deums* over the massacre of the Huguenots in Paris and the bloody atrocities of the Duke of Alva. They were the men who fanned the fanatical zeal of the Crusaders, and exulted in the rivers of blood that flowed around the sepulcher of Jesus. They were the men who invented and put into operation a horrible system of persecution that stained every province of Europe with the blood of *Jews and heretics*. For cold, merciless and elaborate cruelty, the age of persecution is unrivaled in the history of mankind. From the Emperor Julian, who observed that no wild beasts were so ferocious as angry theologians, down to Montesquieu, who discussed as a strange psychological phenomenon the inhumanity of monks and priests, showing itself in the studied and atrocious methods of persecution, has been the constant theme of the historian. And do you ask for the cause of this appalling phenomenon? It is not far to seek. The whole explanation may be found in the words of Bloody Mary, preserved by Bishop Burne; they are these: "As the souls of heretics are hereafter to be eternally burning in hell, there can be nothing more proper than for me to imitate the Divine vengeance by burning them on earth." The whole philosophy of persecution is in those words. It was whelped by the dogma of an endless hell. Believing as they did, God lavished his blessings upon the members of the church, and had determined to punish forever all who were found without her pale,

and that his chosen ones would forever contemplate the gulf of misery, and with unalloyed delight mingling their songs of praise with the wailings of the damned, why, in the very nature of the case, they were prepared to use every form of persecution that human ingenuity could invent. Now it must be very clear to every one that the decline of the persecuting spirit marks the gradual decay in the belief of an eternal hell. Men become just, tolerant, tender and charitable just so far as their conception of God is one of love and pity.

You may find another proof of the decline of this ancient horror in the growing humanity of the Penal Code. A lawyer was once engaged in impaneling a jury to try a man for murder, that he was employed to defend. He excused a deacon of one of the churches, a man of grave demeanor and unblemished reputation. Some one said to him, "what did you do that for? Should think you would like to have such a good and influential man on the jury." The lawyer replied, "that man earnestly believes in the doctrine of endless hell torment. Such men are unmerciful; they believe in hanging." There is a deal of sound philosophy in what he said. It is a well-known fact that the constant contemplation of suffering blunts and chills the sympathetic sensibilities. Surgeons at first are excited in the presence of intense pain, and hold the knife with a nervous hand, but they gradually become indifferent and often seem to take a positive enjoyment in a terribly mangled case, as it enables them deftly to display the fine art of their profession. The most tender-hearted soldier will soon learn to walk unmoved over the battle field, and laugh and joke as he helps dig a trench to bury a comrade. In the same way the dogma of eternal torment naturally tended to produce indifference to the human suffering. Indeed it seemed, as we have already seen, to have produced an actual relish for acts of fiendish cruelty. How could this be otherwise? The aim of all religion is to become like the object of worship. Deity was represented as having a penal code that punished souls in everlasting woe for every sin, no matter how trivial it was. Surely you could hardly expect the penal code among men to be any more merciful. You could not expect men to be better than their God. Hence for ages the whole penal system of Europe was a reflection of its dark and cruel theology. In no period of the world was there so much studied legal barbarity. The use of the rack and other instruments of torture as a means to extract evidence, was carried to a refinement of cruelty that has never been paralleled. God tortured men in hell for their sins. The magistrate tortured them on earth for their crimes. God did not discriminate between sins, but punished the smallest offense as well as the greatest eternally. Why then should it be thought wrong to burn men for

an error of belief; chop off their heads for horse stealing, or hang them for shooting rabbits on a rich man's ground or stealing a loaf of bread. The history of the criminal code will show that just in proportion as the popular idea of God became one of love and mercy, and religion put on sweet and gentle manners, the ferocity of the criminal code was mitigated, and that mitigation is bound to go on, till all punishment in the shape of penal retribution and social vengeance is banished from the world.

In the decline of the missionary zeal, you will find another evidence that the dogma, eternal punishment, is dying out. When this doctrine is earnestly believed, it will produce great zeal, self-sacrifice and heroic effort to save men. No one understood this better than Loyola, the founder of the Order of Jesuits. He required his followers to spend one entire day in each week meditating upon eternal damnation. The consequence was that he was the means of starting a missionary movement that for enthusiasm has never been surpassed in the history of the Church. The zeal, the patience, the heroic devotion of the preaching friars, who left the ease and comfort of home to live and die in heathen lands, is one of the grandest pages in the whole range of heroic biography. Protestant churches lit the torch of their evangelism at the same flame. And what was that flame? An American missionary to China said in a public address on his return, "Fifty thousand a day go down to the fire that is not quenched. Six hundred millions more are going the same road. Should you not think, at least once a day, of the fifty thousand who that day sink to the doom of the lost?" The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, in one of their appeals say, "To send the gospel to the heathen is a work of great exigency. Within the last thirty years, a whole generation of five hundred millions have gone to eternal death." The same Board in a tract entitled "The Grand Motive to Missionary Effort," say "Six hundred millions of deathless souls on the brink of hell! What a spectacle!" This is the doctrine that once made the church in earnest to save men. Some of us can remember when the preaching of this doctrine went over the land like a storm of fire. Every heart was stirred and the fondest hope of every mother was to raise a son for the missionary work. Now that men no longer believe such appeals to terror is evident by their attitude of apathy and indifference. How is it possible for a man who believes that the heathen are sinking into an eternal hell at this rate, to spend every week more money on his pleasures than he gives in a year to save a priceless soul from everlasting torment. Why there is only one conclusion,—in his secret hear the either believes the whole thing is a grim fiction or he is as selfish as a demon. You can come to no other conclusion. If men

really believed this dogma they would live in huts, live on bread and water, work their finger ends off to raise money to send missionaries to help enlighten the heathen. You are likely aware that the annual reports of the great missionary Boards show that their receipts fail to keep pace with the increasing wealth of the population. In short, the people do not give according to their means as they once did. They mourn over this apathy. They wonder why there are so few young men of ability in the seminaries preparing to go to pagan lands. They pray for the days of Judson, Martyn and Brainard, but those days have passed away never to return, for the simple reason that the mass of the people do not believe the heathen are exposed to such a remediless doom. The missionary spirit is dying out, because the old dogma of eternal punishment no longer burns and flashes as vividly in the imagination as it once did.

Then the ancient doctrine of endless future punishment is evidently dying out, for the reason that those who profess to believe it, do not act as if they believed it. A man who sincerely believed that doctrine would be unutterably miserable. How is it possible for a man with one spark of generous feeling in his soul to look on his wife, children, friends, neighbors and fellow-citizens, dangling on the brittle thread of life over eternal woe, and take one moment's pleasure. Why, only a heart of stone could do this. What would be thought of a man who in a banquet hall could dance and sing, drink wine and indulge in laughter, while in the next room were men and women, his own parents and children, lacerated by surgical instruments, blistered and cauterized, their shrieks and wails falling on his ear? Why, a tender-hearted man can hardly stand by and see a tooth pulled, and we all shun the scenes of the amputating table. And, yet, only think of what the preachers, elders, deacons, and a host of other very good people are doing. According to their theology the way to heaven is narrow and few there be that find it, while the way to hell is broad and crowded with travelers. That the whole heathen world is lost; that nine-tenths of all the dead are wailing with the damned, and a majority of the living are liable soon to join in the infernal chorus. And yet they go about these streets and places of business, laughing and joking with people on the road to eternal horror. Perhaps there is no one thing that delights the average preacher more than to be invited to perform the marriage rite. There is not only a fee in it but a chance of making two souls happy. But if their doctrine of the future be true, it is their duty to discourage the whole business. To beget a child, forcing it to run the fearful risk of endless punishment with the chances so much against its safety, is a crime that outweighs in enormity a thousand murders. Think of it; if the doctrine of endless punishment be true,

an eternity in hell is a loss the extent of which the mathematics of men nor angels can calculate. Over the awful midnight of that world there never dawns a star of hope. Now I say with deliberation that the man and woman who thrusts a child into this gulf of eternal woe, has committed an evil, an act of diabolism that weighs down the aggregate crime and guilt of the whole human race. Better let the marriage altar die out; the oranges and lemons wither; no children adorn the cottage; the race grow old and perish; the earth roll a desolate sepulcher among the stars resonant with the shriek of winds and the howl of storms.

Why, if men sincerely believed in endless future punishment, it would put an end to progress, all inventive genius, all enterprise and industrial activity. One moment on earth, and, then, according as we spend that moment, an eternity of felicity or an eternity of misery. Why, if that be true, no book should be read except the Westminster catechism; no pictures painted except pictures of hell; no schools supported except schools of theology, and no business followed save the business of salvation. What men, who are in danger of being eternally lost, and when from their depraved and sinful environments the chances are so vastly against them, what have they to do with science, literature, art, political economy or social ambitions. Away with them all! They are lures of the devil to snare souls. If the world from every corner reflected the glare of eternal torment, who could do anything else than shudder and groan. The fact that such a universal stultification of activity in worldly affairs does not take place, shows that after all these ages of preaching this doctrine has a very light upon the convictions of men.

It is plainly evident, then, that this horrent dogma is dying out, that it cannot exist much longer in the light of human rational inquiry. It still has its place in the creed and the hymn book, but it is kept there only by timid sufferance. It is kept alive among the curious relics of a superstitious past, merely by the force of power, tradition and authority.

The world is rapidly coming into the thought uttered by Origen centuries ago, "each one kindles the flame of his own appropriate fire." The sudden unveiling of secrets, the quickening of the conscience, the sense of shame and regret at having made little out of one's opportunities in this life may most likely be the chief cause of man's piety hereafter. It is so here, why should it not be so there? But this is a subject of things that is remediable by moral growth, culture, the formation of better tastes, habits and habits. What is the law of growth in this world. Why should not the law continue the same hereafter? Did

Jesus teach us that the love of God was like that of the good shepherd, who left the ninety and nine sheep housed in the fold, and went out upon the dark mountains to hunt for the one that was lost. The love of God will rest till it has searched every corner and cavern of the universe, and brought home the lost wanderer. In short, my philosophy of the future condition of man is summed up in the words of the poet:

I can but trust that good may come,
At last, far off, at last to all;
And every winter change to spring.

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 IV.

A FRUITLESS HUNT.

During our journey to London I learned from Hilton that he had left the family party at Paris, he, visiting Germany upon a walking tour, and they, going on to Italy and Switzerland, and that until he returned with me he had not seen any of them since their separation in the French capital. As to the acquaintances the family made after he left them he knew nothing, as they had not corresponded, so he was utterly devoid of any information likely to be of service.

It appeared very curious to me, at this time, that I should revisit France on the slender assurance that the irascible nobleman I accidentally encountered on my arrival there, months ago, was the reality of the figure I saw in my vision, and therefore the cause of Ione's death, yet such was, indeed, the only foundation of my journey and my hopes! As we sped on our route, these, and thoughts, hopeless ones then I thought, concerning Helen, occupied my mind. Across the Channel, under the gleaming stars, out into the night, on through the fruitful fields of France, and in the early morning we arrive at the Grand Hotel, once more.

During the day we make diligent enquiries as to the residence or present whereabouts of the marquis. The last point we are unable to discover, but we find our man comes from *Vevy-sur-Sarzens*, near Lyons, where is the family chateau. We start by the evening Express for Lyons. We arrive in due course, our landlord assures us the marquis lives here, when he is at home. Our next question, "is he at home now," elicits the answer that he is not.

The next morning we call at the chateau,

a tall and stately retainer receives us, whom we question as to the present whereabouts of the marquis.

"Monsieur the marquis is abroad."

"Where?"

"No one knows where."

"Has he been gone long?"

"He has been gone a year."

As this is all the information obtainable we withdraw, the retainer bowing us out with a stately dignity that would do even his master credit.

There was nothing for it but to return to Paris to seek further clues if possible. My thoughts during our return journey were curious and oppressive. In spite of all I felt like a detective hunting down a murderer, the murderer too, I was convinced, of the sister of the woman I loved. What if she should look upon me as a murderer, too, if I succeeded in tracking this man to his doom? I smiled at this morbid fancy, for at present she did not know I loved her. Easy enough, then, I thought, if I discover she should so look upon me, to continue to conceal my love. Hilton lit a cigar, he remained silent for a long time. The train whirled on, afternoon deepened into evening and evening into night. Presently, after one of Hilton's fits of silence, he said:

"I dreamed last night we found our man, the same man, too, of your vision, but he was dying over there in the old hall. Curious, wasn't it?"

"Quite," I answered, then added, "I am sure we shall find him, why, it is impossible for me to say, but yet I am certain of it."

We were too anxious and excited to sleep, too worried even to talk, and were more than glad to once again re-enter Paris at our journey's end.

Resting a day we re-commenced our search. Now we resolved to go over the route travelled by the Steetons after Hilton separated from them, making careful and minute enquiries at each point. A tedious process, in truth, was this, trying at times almost beyond endurance owing to the stupidity of people and the natural difficulties belonging to such a quest as ours. Three weeks were thus consumed and still nothing had been discovered that could in any way assist us. We readily traced the Steetons, of course, but always with the same result, they had none but themselves in their party.

We were getting discouraged, and I feared, at times, that, may be, after all, my vision had but been a curious coincidence and nothing more. Hot, tired and dusty we at last entered the sleepily little Italian town of Huerro where we at last found trace of our quarry, for there, on the hotel register, was the name of the man we had journeyed so far to find! Our spirits revived at once, and the result of our enquiries was that we traced the route of the Steetons and the Marquis steadily from town to town until the frontier was reached, then all trace of him was

completely lost. Baffled, we disconsolately return to Paris, where, on arrival, we, in a fit of desperation, hunt up the porter again, eliciting from that not too astute personage the fact that the Marquis left Paris for London on the very date of my first arrival in the gay city. He took the brother of the porter with him as his valet.

Close questioning disclosed the fact that the brother was in London. Where? His last address Rue Compton, at Monsieur Ralphettes, which meant off to London again, Rue Compton, evidently being Compton street, likely enough in Soho, where the French congregate.

I said to Hilton, "we will return to-night," to which he agreed.

The next morning we breakfasted at the Golden Cross in Trafalgar Square, in London.

(To be continued.)

Original Poem.

Merlyn.

BY IDA C. WHITTIER.

At midnight, when sleep soothed the troubled world,
Two angels, with their broad, white wings unfurled,
Passed slowly through the heavy, clinging air,
And where they went a radiance brightened there,
Piercing the blackness of the lowering night
With light that flashed from their broad pinions bright.

A strong yet saddened brow, one angel bent
Against the wind that sighed in forced content,
When beaten by his broad propelling wing;
The other to her strong guide seemed to cling,
And hid her face and let her white plumes rest,
While she clung close to her companion's breast.

"Nay, weep not so, Merlyn," he gently said,
"Droop not in such despair thy bright, young head;
Be thankful, rather, that thy Lover's arm
Is near, to guard his tender dove from harm.
Thy tears, entreaties, prayers, are all too late,
Thou canst not soften grim, unyielding fate;
Remember that thyself hath craved this doom
That now appals thee with its awful gloom.

With voice of softest music, sweet and low,
She murmured, "Ah! but then how could I know
That I should meet thee, and shall learn to love
Thee, Brightest Star in all the realms above;
'Twas pity made me crave this awful fate;
These mortals' suffering are indeed so great,
I thought to live a mong them for a night,
And help them all as a pitying angel might.
This night they call a life will pass away,
But, oh! the awful trial I essay!
If I should fall,—it is a world of wrong;
Can I keep pure? Alas! I am not strong;
My spirit faints; my heart is sad and sore,
To think that I may see thee nevermore.

The angel sighed: "Merlyn, this is thy goal,
The new life waits but for thy shrinking soul;
The hour has come, beloved, we must part;
Oh! must I banish thee from my fond heart?
My love, my love, I cannot bid thee go
Into this world of want, and crime and woe!
Oh, God! have pity on thy stricken child,
Force her not hence, as thou art strong, be mild,

Unanswered was his will, despairing prayer;
The moment passed, and still he lingered there.
The radiant spirit who had been his pride
Was gone; no soft plumes nestled at his side;
A mortal now, and in another sphere,
His love was dead to him, though still so near.

Original Contributions.

Dr. Stockham on Temperance and Prohibition.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

I have just finished the perusal of a work recently published in Oakland, Cal., entitled "Temperance and Prohibition," by G. H. Stockham, M.D. The work is quite comprehensive in its scope, comprising a good deal in a small compass. It includes a history of the origin of the temperance movement and of the growth and progress of temperance societies; the origin and history of wine, the history and properties of beer, and the history and constituents of spirituous liquors; the comparative effects of fermented and spirituous liquors; the action of alcohol as food, as a medicine and a poison, and as a stimulant and narcotic. It also treats of American liquor laws, local option, sumptuary laws, prohibition, etc.

The author says that having "seen with regret the failure of all license and prohibitory law to crush out the leviathan of intemperance," he has been moved to submit the conclusions and suggestions contained in his little book. The evils of intemperance are fully recognized by Dr. Stockham; but he strongly opposes the policy of the prohibitionists. Strict prohibition he regards as an infringement of individual and personal liberty; and as a substitute therefor he recommends the adoption of some such system as this: license to be granted to saloons for the sale of pure wines, beer, and cider only,—the sale of spirituous liquors and fortified wines to be prohibited therein. So far as the manufacture of the latter classes of liquors and their sale in other than saloons are concerned, no restriction seems to be provided for.

While it is probable that such a system as this, if it could be legally enforced, might be productive of some good in the lessening of the greater evils of intemperance, in my judgment it would be very inadequate to suppress, to any considerable degree, the prevalent widespread drunkenness. Some more radical treatment of this great evil must be resorted to.

While it is true that prohibition does not fully prohibit, still it renders some valuable assistance to that end. Education, growth in public sentiment, is essentially requisite for the establishment of temperance in the land. Prohibitory legislation alone cannot accomplish it, but as an aid in the formation of an enlightened, conscientious public sentiment in this matter, such legislation is of service. Every effort, every means that may be employed, to cripple and ultimately destroy the hydra-headed monster, drunkenness, should be fostered and encouraged; therefore, while not in sympathy with the fanaticism of cer-

tain prohibition "cranks" and hobbyists, I am in hearty accord with the objects sought to be attained by, and the principles involved in, the prohibitory movement. At one time I was partially misled by the plausible fallacy so often heard, that prohibition was a violation of the personal liberty of man, and doubts were held of the expediency and justice of prohibitory legislation, but sober reflection has shown me the delusive sophistry of these views. Although I have never been, in practice, an *absolute* teetotaler, and still take a glass of wine once in a while with a friend, yet, undoubtedly, total abstinence is the only safe and true policy. It would be a blessing to the world, of untold magnitude, if not another drop of alcoholic liquor of any kind were ever drunk. All stimulants are injurious, and wines, beers, and the lighter alcoholic beverages are, strictly speaking, only lesser evils than whisky, brandy, rum, and gin. As a choice between two evils, the system of licensing saloons for the sale of the lighter kinds of intoxicating beverages is, of course, preferable to the present unlimited license system; and in those sections of the country where it is impracticable to establish complete prohibition, it would be well if the system advocated by Dr. Stockham were put in practice. In places where prohibition has already been placed in operation, I should assuredly never sanction so retrogressive a step as the substitution therefor of the modified license system above adverted to. The trend of public sentiment is evidently in favor of prohibition. The growth of the sentiment favorable thereto, in all parts of the United States, has been of late steady and strong; in fact it is quite remarkable. It is, I think, only a question of time, when prohibitory legislation will be universal in this country. Of course such legislation will not totally suppress the liquor traffic, at least for a long time to come; but it will, as before remarked, be a valuable assistant to that desirable end.

Some of the readers of Dr. Stockham's book have called it the best work on the subject that they have ever seen. It is certainly in many respects an excellent production, and we hope it may meet with extensive circulation. With the spirit of the book and with the objects sought to be attained thereby I am in cordial sympathy. Our principal difference lies in the means by which may be realized the ends which each of us seeks to promote. The book may be obtained from the author in Oakland, also from the publishers of the CARRIER DOVE.

Professor Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

BY CAMERON KNIGHT.

The Professor says in his preface, which is very extensive for so small a book, that the subject matter of the work is Law. Instead of which, we find a few sermons which are

built upon a number of passages from the New Testament.

These texts are assumed to be beyond criticism. No attempt is made to show they are genuine, nor to place upon something like a firm basis, should have been the first step, very well attach much importance to concerning such a great subject as Law, unless the writer give some terms. The long preface and explanation or introduction, lead the reader to the exposition of the author's views on the next life, its people and its laws. His idea of the Spiritual World is supposed daily experience of a Christianing his sojourn here below.

The whole of the Spiritual Philosophy ignored. The Phenomena are treated in the same manner. How any man can write upon the vast subject, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and not refer to a query which will be partly answered in reading the work.

The learned Professor states that while delivering his lectures on some previous occasion, he "discovered himself enunciating Spiritual Law in the exact terms of Biology and Physics." It is not, however, to see how the terms of Biology and Physics can be properly applied to the almost unknown subject, Spiritual Law, which all great authorities generally regard to be much more mysterious than Natural Law. Such acute, cultivated men as Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, Wallace and a host of others, are exceedingly careful to acknowledge their ignorance of Spiritual Law.

The Professor says that "when he seriously consider what it involved, he thought it meant essentially, the introduction of Natural Law into the Spiritual World;" and he proceeds to introduce giving new illustrations of the New Testament passages which he quotes. The Professor is expecting to obtain some opinions or definitions of the next life. He finds opinions and experiences of persons in the next life. In the author's so-called "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," is made an effort to reconcile Scripture-texts with natural every-day life; but without introducing the future.

A very ingenious arrangement is made for introducing each sermon. At the beginning is placed a quotation from a great scientist, either Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, etc. The quotations are given and comments are placed upon; and the way is prepared for a quotation from Scripture. A favorite one quoted sometimes is, "He that hath the Son hath life." The exposition which he gives of this text is made up of statements which are made up of statements with his exposition of the Bible-texts. It is so much given from the valuable work of the day, that the reader becomes greatly

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These texts are assumed to be divine beyond criticism. No attempt is made to show they are genuine, nor to place upon something like a firm basis. It should have been the first step. We very well attach much importance to a Law, unless the writer give some explanation of careful preparation and explanation in terms. The long preface and the rather introduction, lead the reader to expect an exposition of the author's views regarding the next life, its people and its laws. But such thing appears in any part of the book. His idea of the Spiritual World is only supposed daily experience of a Christian living his sojourn here below.

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A very ingenious arrangement is adopted for introducing each sermon. At the beginning is placed a quotation from a great scientist, either Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, etc. No quotations are given and comments thereupon; and the way is prepared for a text from Scripture. A favorite one quoted many times is, "He that hath the Son hath life." The exposition which he gives of the scientific statements is adroitly made to agree with his exposition of the Bible-texts. There is so much given from the valuable works of the day, that the reader becomes greatly

tertained; but is finally led into the ordinary church orthodoxy. Even Predestination is brought forth; also the dogma of utter degradation and universal departure from Adam's supposed purity. The result is a collection of very instructive science by the authorities, mingled with the suppositions of the author. The one object in view, seems to be, to make the daily phenomena of Nature "parallel" with the Christian creeds, whether Romanist, Anglican, Methodist, Baptist or Swedenborgian. By this means, the book is made to please all classes.

Humble skeptics of every class are also attracted by the misleading title, and by the large quantity of quoted ideas of universal application, such as "We have truth in nature as it came from God." The discovery of law is the discovery of science," "Thoughts can be uttered only through things;" "All visible things are emblems." "Natural Laws run, not only through the world, but also through the universe." After reading these and hundreds more of similar character, the amazed reader suddenly finds "God gave nature the law into her own hands," p. 88, thus giving us the notion of two Gods or first causes. He thinks that both nature and the natural man are dead; and he will remain dead until he obtains Jesus, who is the only beginning of life. "Only he who hath the Son hath life," says the Professor.

The first sermon is entitled "Biogenesis." The author first gives a large amount of the ordinary doctrines of spontaneous generation; from which he concludes that religion is not the normal proper development of the natural man; but is the result of a new birth, or new life, which can be given only by Jesus Christ. The scientific term "Biogenesis" is thus made to support an obsolete church dogma.

The second lesson is devoted to the scientific principle "Reversion to Type." He makes a very ingenious and determined effort to show that if a man neglects his soul, he will degenerate into barrenness and death. This death, however, is nothing more than neglecting to receive Christ. The supposed degeneration is the fall from a supposed primæval purity of past ages. In a curious manner he mingles the idea of total depravity with the idea of falling gradually from a prior state of holiness; but gives no clue to the origin of such fall; nor any reason why he thinks it ought to have happened. The man himself is made, in some way, responsible; because his choice is always evil. Degeneration is "the supreme principle in each man's life" or "very nature," p. 85. "Instead of aspiring to conversion to a higher type, he submits by a law of his nature, to Reversion to a lower type." In this way science is made to favor his views by means of a remarkable ingenuity worthy of a better cause. The Professor says very plainly, "All men who know themselves are

conscious that this tendency, deep-rooted and active, exists within their nature. The Bible view is that man is conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity. And experience tells him he will shape himself into further sin and ever deepening iniquity without intending it."

On the same page, the Professor concludes that in virtue of this tendency to evil, man is dead, and so lost from the very first; and he here introduces the principle of gravitation, in order to show that as a man falls from a five-story house and dies, so a human soul, or rather "gravitation of sin in a human soul," acts precisely in the same way. "Gradually with gathering momentum it sinks a man further and further from God, and lands him by sheer action of a natural law, in the hell of a neglected life."

Of course, this is the old, old sermon style; although no doubt the reverend gentleman sees in it a great novelty. But, if, as he maintains, all this arises from a law of nature why should he find fault?

The Professor should give us some law or fact, to explain such a fearful condition. Perhaps, however, it would be wise in him to at once renounce all such efforts to force Bible-texts into a supposed agreement with his quotations from the learned men of the day.

One fact is clear. He assumes that the texts he quotes, both the scientific and the biblical, are infallibly genuine; and, therefore, makes no attempt to verify them. To him they are indisputable, and need only to be interpreted.

The title is especially misleading. Nowhere in the book is any exposition of Natural Law given, except such as he quotes from the scientists. The idea that Natural Law prevails in the next life or Spiritual World, is very common among Spiritualists. But Professor Drummond uses the term merely to increase the sale of a collection of sermons devoted to the interpretation of Church-doctrines.

The third lesson is intended to illustrate these words of Jesus; "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow;" and begins thus; "What gives the peculiar point to this object-lesson is that He (Jesus) not only made the illustration, but made the lilies. It is like the inventor describing his own machine. He made the lilies and He made me." With this astounding statement, which he assumes is quite beyond criticism, he proceeds to show that men should not confine themselves to a study of the flower's beauty, etc., but should also consider "how it grows," without "anxiety or care." He teaches men and women to grow the same way, and quotes "Take no thought for your life, etc. The idea all through is that Christian growth "seems only a succession of failures because we have forgotten the parable of the lilies." In this lecture the fearful law in man's nature causing him to degenerate, is not the subject. A different law is introduced show-

ing that Christ quietly does all the work; not the struggling man. The involuntary functions of the body, such as breathing, blood-circulation, etc., are referred to, in accordance with his plan of making natural processes support his views of Scripture. In page 104 he says, "Now grant for a moment that by hard work and self restraint a man may attain to a very high character. It is not denied that this can be done. But what is denied is that this is growth, and that it is Christianity. Growth is mysteriousness. This was Christ's test. The wind bloweth where it listeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit. If you can account for the growth on philosophical principles, on the doctrine of influence, on strength of will, or on a favorable environment, it is not growth."

If this remarkable statement be true, all the teaching of our leading scientists for half a century is false. For one of the grains of wisdom we have collected teaches that without favorable environment, influence, strength of will, etc. all growth is impossible' whether it be in a seed, a flower, or a man.

On page 107 he quotes the Apostle "We are created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." And on page 108 we find a very inelegant passage comparing God's work with man's. "If God is spending work upon a Christian, let him be still and know that it is God. And if he wants work, he will find it there—in the being still."

We are left to presume that God does not "spend any work" upon a person who is not a Christian. We learn, however, from the next sentence, that the Christian does not remain still very long; And the very severe work he introduces to our notice is ingeniously squeezed into conformity with his other statements.

The next lecture is entitled Death. Here is a glorious opportunity for an able man to give some real information; especially if the writer be acquainted with Natural Law. We do not, however, find more than a few quotations from the scientists, connected with texts from the New Testament. The professor tells us that "Philosophy finds Death among the mysteries of being," and immediately contradicts by stating "it is the one great mystery of *being not*." The next sentence maintains death to be one of the "outstanding things in Nature," whatever that may be. In my edition this appears on page 111 His purpose in this lecture is to examine the phenomena of death and compare them with what he terms "Death in the spiritual world," where every person supposes is the most life. The reader soon discovers that death is merely the rejection of Christ, (p. 129.)

Among other bible-texts on death, he quotes "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." (p. 121). Like most other

church-theologians, he leaves woman altogether out of consideration all through the book, except by this brief reference; leading us to blame the woman as in some way being the author of our misery; in accordance with the church-idea that the indulgence of the woman's pleasure caused the fall from purity. But there is no account of any fall in consequence of the man indulging *his* pleasure.

The fifth lecture is termed "Mortification." This is built upon the apostle's command "Mortify therefore your members which are upon earth." Quite a new light here comes upon us. We are now told that as the natural man is dead to the spiritual world or Christianity, so the spiritual man is dead to the natural world, or ordinary life on earth; thus supporting the Catholic renunciation of the world. He is very careful to represent the world as a mass of sin; and the few Christians as a small company of the elect.

Lesson six is on Eternal Life. No evidence is given to show such a thing exists, except the old scripture texts. Here we have the two Gods again introduced. "This is Life Eternal to know Thee, the true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

The next lesson is on Environment; but such environment as we can gather from the text by Paul, "Ye are complete in Him," (Christ). The following lecture is devoted to consideration of the text "Until Christ be formed in you." This is called by the scientific name "Conformity to Type." And we have a lesson on "Semi-Parasitism;" which is a comment upon "work out your own salvation." And another lesson on "Parasitism" is devoted to the same words.

Lastly, we have "Classification," argued from "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." Thus fails the learned professor to teach anything regarding the vast theme, "Natural Law in the spiritual world."

The Progressive Circle.

An Organization for the Universal Study of Spiritualism,
Its Phenomena and Philosophy.

A. L. COVERDALE.

I have for some time considered the great necessity of a plan for the study of Spiritualism. We have many advocates, but few who are of real benefit, simply because of their ignorance in regard to the principles and laws of the religion.

Now, some of our most advanced teachers would come forth, and recognize the importance of a system for the study of the philosophy. It could be carried out by the sincere workers in every city, village or town in the United States. My idea is this: One evening of each week, of which one hour to be devoted to the study of philosophy and one hour for development of mediums. The course of lessons and the books to be used, to be suggested by some of our more advanced thinkers.

This is but a slight sketch of the plan, but I trust it may receive recognition from those interested in the promulgation of Modern Spiritualism. The Circle can be governed by laws and a constitution, and all can be connected like the Chatauqua Society for instance. I should be pleased to receive advice and suggestions from the many friends.

While We Sing.

LUPA.

(Air—When the mists have cleared away.)

While we sing of life immortal
And the glories, "Over there,"
Does its radiance light the present?
Does it brighten earthly care?
Then, if not, we're only treading
Where the million trod before;
Still our eyes with scalds are darkened,
Still is closed the Heavenly door,

CHORUS.

While we sing a minor tone
Mingles ever with our own—
"Thou art weighed and thou art wanting
"In the balance of the soul.
"Thou art only tinkling cymbals,
"Thou art only sounding brass."

While we sing of, "Angel loved ones,"
In etherial upper air,
Do we love the dear ones better
Who've not "climbed the golden stair?"
Then if not we've missed the meaning
Of the whispers in our ear;
For our future will be measured
By our acts and motives here.

CHORUS:—While we sing, etc.

While we sing of deeds of mercy
They delight in, "Over there,"
Of the watchful, "Guardian Spirits,"
Making us their constant care.
Do we turn to help the feeble
Roll the stone from out the path?
Do we stand in no one's sun-shine?
Do we answer wrath for wrath?

CHORUS:—While we sing, etc.

Our Exchanges.

Measuring Skulls.

The Health Monthly, New York, N. Y.

Prof. Joseph Simms, M. D., the distinguished physiognomist, whose works are well known to our readers, is traveling through various parts of Europe and he writes us that he is having unusual opportunities for examining and taking measurements of skulls. Hundreds, he said, have been unearthed at Pompeii and he has measured many there. At Leipsic, Germany, he found in the University 12,000 skulls which were placed at his disposal. At the city of Cologne he examined 11,000 and in a church in Rome he had an opportunity to take the measurements of some 4,000. He found at the College of Surgeons in London, 3,000 which were free for his use. The Professor is an observing man and he neglects no opportunity to post himself up in one of the most interesting studies that ever occupied the attention of man.

Preaching by a Ghost.

Tribune, Chicago, Ill.

The negroes around Woodville are in a terrible state of excitement over the reported appearance of the ghost of the Rev. George McDuffie, whose hanging in Greensboro was reported last week. McDuffie was pastor of the little colored church near Woodville and killed a deacon for having won from the affections of Sarah Haines. There was no preaching in the little church last Sunday owing to the want of a preacher. The women who did wander toward the church, however, report that they saw the ghost of the old pastor enter the pulpit. He was dressed in a flowing white robe, and his face, which was black, still had the appearance of perfect transparency. He preached long and earnestly, warning his old hearers to beware of the women. Monday night a great crowd gathered around the church, but several declared that Brother George would not appear to please Godless sightseers, but to those who were faithful he would certainly make himself known. The faithful were asked to enter and the others excluded, when, suddenly, a noise as of the flapping of wings was heard and the congregation with heads bent to the ground heard once more the beloved voice of their pastor. Every night since, so the partisans of McDuffie declare, he has appeared in the church, and he promises to make warm for any preacher who attempts to succeed him. The negroes have quit work and loiter around the church, each one trying to outvie the other in wonderful tales about McDuffie.

The People Wants Facts.

The Better Way, Cincinnati, O.

We do not vouch for the truth and genuineness of manifestations at seances, public or private, nor wish to be held responsible for the accounts of them as they appear in our paper, unless we have ourselves witnessed them and the account appears over our signature. We do not mean to say we do not believe in their genuineness, nor the authenticity of the report, but simply that we do not swear to anything we have not seen. But good straight-forward accounts, especially over the name and address of writer, from any of our friends, will be welcomed. The grand things ought to be told. Spiritualists of Cincinnati and vicinity! take your heads from under the bushel where you have so long jealously hid it. Open your hearts and lives, and in obedience to the teachings of our noble religion, give exposure to that good-will and generosity which is filling our inner being and bursting, and give to hungering humanity more than the mere crumbs which so often fall from your table sumptuously. There are, among our readers, those to whom such accounts are food and drink. No

ing so placed that they can see and enjoy these themselves, they must take the experience of others, and cull what they can from that. Many of our readers have intellects, all have hearts; and almost every heart has a memory in it of a dear one that has been translated, and a reaching out toward the land of spirits; and the bare knowledge, to a tender, loving heart, that it is possible for departed ones to return, and belief—even attained through the experience of another, if denied to itself—is much, very much.

The Bible.

FreeThought, San Francisco, Cal.

Many thousands of Christian ministers are teaching at the present time, as ministers taught in the dark ages, that the Bible is "the word of God," and absolutely necessary "to give that knowledge of God, and of his will, which is necessary unto salvation."

Have intelligent ministers, in this age of light, any excuse for still teaching such absurdity? Can they and do they believe for one moment that God is the author of a book with 130,000 errors in it, as the late revisers admit that book to contain? Can they believe that God would contradict himself in giving an account of creation as Dean Stanley and all learned ministers now admit that the first two chapters of Genesis contradict each other? Can they believe that the God they worship ever approved of human sacrifices, and provided for them in his law? Can they believe that he sanctioned for thousands of years nearly all known vices and crimes? Can they believe that he told our first parents, in the garden, what was not true, and when contradicted by the serpent, admitted the truth of what the serpent said? Can they really believe that God would write a book, and record therein his own untruthfulness? Is it not time for ministers to stop teaching heathen mythology, and tell us the truth?

But even supposing the Bible to be "the word of God," as claimed, is it necessary to salvation? If it is, should not all men, in every age, be furnished with it?

How long has the human family been on this earth?—and how long has there been a Bible?

Now all the prominent evangelical denominations in our country support colleges. In all these colleges the sciences are taught. A doctor of divinity presiding over one of these colleges will teach the students that the Bible is "the word of God," when it teaches that this earth is less than 6,000 years old; and that the human family is as old as the earth, within six days; while at the same time his students, with his approval, are taught in the geology class that this earth is, at the very least, 48,000,000 of years old, and that the human race have lived on the earth not less than 250,000 years. Here is the teaching by the same denomination, in the

same institution, at the same time, of two professed systems of truth which flatly contradict each other. Can those ministers be honest and continue to teach such perfectly contradictory lessons? As to the age of the world, they teach that it is about 48,000,000 years older than God says it is. As to the human family, they teach that it is about 240,000 years older than God says it is; and the students are taught to believe both.

Now if the Bible is really the word of God, and indispensably necessary to teach us the way of life, why did God leave the human family without it for more than 246,000 years? Is it not time for ministers to be a little more careful to teach the truth?

An Insidious Enemy in Our Country.

Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.

The Roman Catholic church endeavors to adapt herself to different requirements, by favoring for the time such established systems and usages as are popular, meanwhile, if they are opposed to their teachings, to work quietly against them. When she is weak in numbers she cherishes her designs secretly. Her representatives can show humility, and obsequiousness even, to authorities plotting against them. Even where she is strong in a Protestant country, while intriguing for control in every direction, she can piously and hypocritically disclaim any desire for the exercise of secular functions. It is only when she is conscious of her power to overawe and overcome by force all opposition that she unsheathes the double sword, the symbol of ecclesiastical and political power and defiantly asserts her right as Vicar of Christ, to rule with kings, to uncrown them if they disobey her, to suppress all religious heresy, and if necessary to do this, to imprison, torture and kill the heretics. "Both swords," Pope Boniface said, "are in the power of the Pope; but the one is to be exercised by the church, the other for the church; the one by the hands of the priest, the other by the hands of the king and the soldiers, but as the sword of the priest."

When the Catholic clergy praise religious tolerance it is without sincerity. Brownson was too honest and too consistent not to express the truth on this subject. "Protestantism of every form," he said, "has not, and never can have, any right where Catholicism is triumphant; and therefore we lose all breath we expend in declaiming against bigotry and intolerance, and in favor of religious liberty, or the right of any one to be of any religion or of no religion, as best pleases him." (*Catholic Review*, Jan., 1852).

Where the Roman Catholic Church has been in undisputed control she has deprived the people of civil rights as well as of religious freedom, and opposed to the full extent of her powers every popular reform. Time and again has the papacy denounced free institutions and the republican movement in

Europe. Pope Pius Ninth during his pontifical career issued a syllabus denouncing our system of popular education and popular sovereignty. The French Republic has received nothing but opposition from the papacy, and in Italy every attempt to advance education and popular reform has to encounter the hostility of the hierarchy.

Good Advice—Who Will Head it?

Light, London, Eng.

I know, few men better, the futility of mere preaching. One may do something better in the short life we have here than reiterate attempts to persuade people to do that which they see no reason for doing, or have made up their minds not to do. Were it not that I believe the attempt to be a forlorn hope, I would once more urge on thinking Spiritualists three courses of action as essential and of pressing importance. One is that they should organize, organize, organize. Another is—and this, I believe, is really hopeful of success—that, while sedulously collecting and recording their facts, they should study the philosophy that underlies them. The last is that they should recognize the bearing of their knowledge and belief on their own lives, and translate their experience into terms of ethics. Let us have a coherent body of persons who can give a reason for the faith that is in them, and who will support that faith, and show it to the world cleanly and of good repute, giving to thinking persons a reasonable account of the causes which underlie the phenomena to the reality of which they bear testimony. All this means some courage—for the adversaries are still alive—some self-sacrifice—and nothing that does not cost *that* is worth much—and some more self-denial in the shape of money than we manage to show now. With some brilliant exceptions, for whom I thank God and take courage, it seems as though those who interest themselves in Spiritualism were desirous of getting from it all that it can give, and contributing no thank-offering to oil the ponderous wheels which some few of us laboriously toil in dragging. I have done, and I meant to say nothing of the kind.—*M. A. Oxon.*

Retort Witty.

Church was over, and, as usual, a company of women were standing about the doorway talking and laughing, though probably not about the sermon. Soon a young man, acquainted with the group approached, saying; "Aren't you ever going home? You are blocking up the way like Baalam's ass." "You are wrong there," replied a young lady with a toss of her head. "It was the angels who blocked the way and the ass made a fuss about it."—*Boston Times.*

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 23, 1888.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Addresses Delivered at the Memorial Services, held at the
Camp-Meeting in Oakland, Sunday, June 17th, 1888.

REPORTED BY G. H. HAWES.

ADDRESS BY J. J. MORSE.

In response to the request that I should pre-
side over this meeting, I do so with a very
great deal of pleasure not unmixed with some
amount of pride. Pleasure that it should be
my distinguished lot to occupy so important a
position; proud that I should have to marshal
before you the array of talent and service de-
voted to our great cause, in the persons of the
ladies and gentlemen who will entertain you
this afternoon.

I consider this occasion to be one of the
most important we shall have on the Camp
ground.

Here in this world we are meeting each
other day by day, clasping each other's hands,
seeing each other's faces and enjoying each
other's society, we can visit one another's
homes and pay our social courtesies and have
all the advantages of mutual interchange of
thought, feeling and affection. But there have
gone out from us many whom we have loved, who
have labored with us in times past and helped
us bear aloft the standard of spiritual truth,
and if we do not see them in the old outward
and familiar form, nevertheless according to
the blessed gospel that we are met in harmony
with, we know that they are walking in our
streets, they come to us in our homes and

their presence broods over our lives; and it
is fit and proper that we should take one day
at least from the three hundred and sixty-five
and devote it to a reverent recollection and
recognition of the labors of those who have
gone before; that we should invite their pres-
ence with us here, as we do this afternoon,
that their sympathy and their love, their inspi-
ration and their trust may brood over our
souls, and inspire our hearts and strengthen
us anew in every good and noble purpose.

As the motto before us says, "We are undi-
vided still." "In loving honor" we are met
this afternoon to give a soulful greeting
to the unseen army that is around us, the
unseen helpers who are sustaining and inspir-
ing us, and pointing our feet ever to
a higher purpose, a nobler wisdom than we
have realized in former times. And our sweet-
est prayer, our deepest aspiration, is fitly ex-
pressed in this one great desire expressed here
on the motto, "Help us to be thy fit compan-
ions," by purifying our hearts, strengthening
our minds, uplifting our souls, so that we may
stand with them side by side, and shoulder by
shoulder, when we lay aside the garments of
mortality and tread the evergreen shores be-
yond.

The nation, from one end to the other, once
every year, plants flowers and decorates the
graves of the heroes that fell in the awful strife
of years gone by, treasuring their valued efforts,
their valiant deeds, and remembering and hon-
oring them for the noble work they did for the
preservation of the grandest union of mankind
that modern times has ever seen. We, as
Spiritualists, may take that lesson to our
hearts, and may one day do honor to our brave
ones who have fought in the battle of reform,
who have fallen upon the fields of conflict, who
have been wounded for our sakes, that the
world might be better; whose blood has
watered the seeds of progress in many and
many a heart; who have struggled to strike off
the fetters from human limbs, who have burst
the bonds of ignorance and darkness, until in
Europe, in England, in Australia and almost
in every portion of the civilized globe these
workers have planted the flag of Spiritualism,
have fought and fallen true and faithful soldiers
of our cause. From our hearts may there go
out to theirs a recognition, deep seated, eter-
nal and true, that shall make them feel that we
have not forgotten them, that they still live in
our hearts and homes, and in soul and spirit
we clasp their hands once again and feel with-
out doubt, that though gone before they are
still with us, and that death hath no power to
divide the loves and friendships of true hu-
manity.

ADDRESS BY J. J. OWEN.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but ah!
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

There are times when our loved ones who
have passed to the other life draw very close to

our hearts, and were it not our dulled
obstruct the vision, we might behold a cloud
witnesses hovering about this assembly
greatly interested with us in these proceedings.
And among this cloud of witnesses we
recognize the loved faces of those who
recently left us, and whose memories we
ever cherish.

While there is no death, what seems
transition; yet when our loved ones pass
the other life, they leave such an aching
our hearts that not even a knowledge of
facts, nor the acceptance of, or belief in,
philosophy can assuage the pain, we feel
times to exclaim that not all the present
since Adam can make death other than
During the past year the summons has
to several of our most faithful workers,
have gone to the enjoyment of their
deeds in the land of eternal verities just over
river.

It is not long since that a star went out
north whose radiance lighted the way to
a sorrowing and struggling soul; a woman
whose great motherly heart was big enough
hold all who appealed to her for comfort
rest. We refer to that sweet apostle of
spiritual gospel, a grand instrument of the
visible world, Mehala Garner Payne, of
boldt county. Of her it may truthfully be
"None knew her but to love her."

Soon after a beautiful one passed on
the beautiful city by the sea, Santa Cruz, a
liant writer and author, Mrs. G. Kirby.
was a co-worker of that noble reformer
W. Farnham, both noble workers in the spir-
ual vineyard, and both are now of the
ones gathered here to-day.

And now how their bright faces gleam
the vision of the clairvoyant; sisters
McKinley, Laws, Anderson and Antonio
marvelous mediums between the two
and bright evangels of Spiritualism,—all
to send greetings of love to their friends in
mortal. Here, too, is the tall form of a
friend, Judge Green; the spiritual face of
Carter and our worthy brother J. B.
wood, all recent acquisitions to
great majority. With them I see also
brave soul Dr. F. A. Terrell, late of San
cisco, who gave up his grand young
martyr to his profession. And we also re-
ber James L. Grover, a late arrival in that
try beyond the river; and I must not forget
old friend, Judge Alfred Cowles of San Diego
who passed on in the roist year of his age
all his faculties of mind bright and clear
last.

To all these grand souls death was the
ural gateway to another and better
They had solved the problem of death to
extent that they knew they would live
In the words of Gerald Massey we may say

"Life is all the sweeter that they lived,
And all they loved more sacred for their sake
Death is all the brighter that they died,
And heaven is all the happier that they're there"

There are other loved faces before
whom we send forth the blessings of our

est remembrance; with one and all we clasp hands across the grave, assured that we, too, shall live beyond the shining bars of the west when the day of our mortal existence shall draw to a close.

Memorial Day.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER.

We twine the fragrant blooms to-day
In garlands sweet;
And looking up with tearful eyes, we say,
" 'Tis very meet
That they, our lost and best beloved still,
With tenderest memories our bosoms thrill.
We bring to mind their noble lives and generous deeds,
With glad recall;
And love's sweet offerings bring us the best meed
Of praise to all;
And here 'neath stars and stripes 'mid fragrant flowers,
We crown with fondest love these friends of ours.
We cannot name them all, for, lo! they stand
Beside us now,
And reaching out we feel them clasp our hand
And touch our brow,
With the same tender fondness that they did before
They said good-bye and passed within death's door.
And as they gather round us here to-day,
A shining host,
We cannot feel that they have passed away,
That they are lost,
But know their brooding love and watchful care
Enfolds here, and now, and everywhere.
Among this angel host to-day comes one,
A matron grand,
Whose tender ministrations here are not yet done,
Whose healing hand
Brought ease and rest to weary heart and brain,
And caused the roses on pale cheeks to bloom again.
Elin F. McKinley—grand and noble soul
We all revere;
And know that though she now has reached life's goal,
She's with us here,
The same devoted mother, daughter, wife, sister and
friend,
Faithful to all, in life, in death, unto the end.
She comes not here alone, for o'er this place,
Radiant with love,
Beams many a bright, angelic face
From homes above;
And over all the seen and unseen throng,
In rhythmic waves floats their angelic song.
They sing of peace on earth, good will to men,
As long ago
Throughout the peaceful vales of Bethlehem
Twas chanted low;
They sing of true fraternity, and, lo! the sweet refrain
Is caught by distant angel bands, and echoed back again.
And our dull ears to-day may catch the tone
Of heavenly bliss,
And we may feel the soothing calm that stills pale grief's
sad moan,
And whispers peace
To the poor, doubting, fainting, shipwrecked soul,
As o'er its storm-tossed bark, billows of anguish roll.
Oh, friends! brothers and sisters, dear,
They plead to-day,
Wait not until ye strew pale flowers upon the bier,
Kind words to say,
But say them now; bring love's pure oil and wine,
And pour into bruised hearts the balm divine.
Cheer up the mourner; strengthen the weak hands;
And freely give
As without price, from the bright angel bands
Ye did receive:
Oh! live and work in love and harmony
On earth, in heaven, through all eternity.

WHAT HAS MEDIUMSHIP DONE?

The practical demonstrations of immortality that have come to us during the last forty years have been presented through the function in human nature described under the generic term mediumship. This peculiar faculty is strictly a normal element in human nature. There is nothing supernatural or occult in connection with it. It is precisely the same faculty that was unfolded in the lives of Moses, Elijah, Daniel, Jesus, Peter, Paul, Mohammed, Swedenborg, Jacob Bohem, the "Seeress of Prevorst" and the long line of modern mediums from the Fox Sisters down to the present time.

A discriminating analysis of modern mediumship discloses that after eliminating all that may be attributed to psychic influences on this plane of life—and results in sensitiveness as distinguished from mediumship—or the tricks of pretenders—there remains a residuum of fact which proves that mediumship—as understood by Spiritualists—is a fact. This being the case it follows that mediumship has been—as it is—the portal between the natural and spiritual realms. Undoubtedly mediumship was the plural element in our particular cause. We have not yet reached that point in the progress of spiritualism where we can afford to dispense with it.

Among the things that we have obtained knowledge of through mediumship may be stated, first the fact that man possesses an hitherto practically unexplored department in his nature—the psychic. Then the evidences of a future life, whereby one we have obtained a revelation of the future state, the exactitude of which has never before been equalled. These are demonstrable facts, and they are the foundations and floor of our temple.

Mediumship has, also, been a source of counsel and teaching. Through mediums have come the information and teachings which are gradually becoming the concrete elements of the spiritual philosophy.

Mediumship has been the missionary agency in the hands of the spirit. It has been the one thing that has not only sustained the cause but has carried it forward; without mediumship and its evidence our cause would languish, dwindle and die.

RECEPTION TO JOHN SLATER.

An elegant reception and dance was tendered Mr. John Slater on his return from the East by Mr. and Mrs. George Monnier at 1153 Howard st., Tuesday eve, June 15. The rooms were tastefully decorated for the occasion. The evening was pleasantly spent in singing, speeches, recitations and dancing.

The following ladies and gentlemen were present. Mr. and Mrs. George Monnier, Mr. John Slater, Mr. J. Taggart, Mr. S. House, Mrs. Clarke-Cooke, Mrs. Nellis, Mrs. M. J. Stephens, Mrs. H. E. Morrelle, Miss Belle Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Sallis, Mr. and Mrs. Garity, Mr. and Mrs. Lapham, Master Georgie Monnier, Mr. B. Monnier, Mr. Schram of St. Helena, Mr. J. B. J. Portal of Santa Clara. An elegant dinner was served.

THE OUTLOOK.

The outlook for the successful and harmonious termination of the State Camp Meeting was never better. All concerned have united in endeavoring to do their best to bring about these conditions. Old prejudices have, in great measure, been left at home, and all have met on the camp ground with the one desire to do good and make the meeting what it truly should be, an outpouring of spiritual blessings. That all have succeeded well is demonstrated in the beneficent results that have accrued.

Many skeptics have been convinced of the truth of an immortal life, and the sad and disconsolate have been comforted. Old friendships have been revived and strengthened, and new ties of affection and spiritual kinship formed. We have all been drawn nearer to each other, and much pure good has been discovered in natures that had been considered as partaking almost exclusively of the rocky and icy nature of the glacial period of creation.

We have looked for sunshine and have found it. We have invoked the spirit of truth and love to abide with us, and its protecting, enfolding wings have brooded over our camp, and all have been touched with the divine flame from its altar. The angels have drawn very near to us, and we have heard their sweet words of loving counsel, encouragement and warning, through the lips of the inspired instruments both on the public platform and in the little tents where temporarily abide these message bearers of "peace on earth, good will to men." We are now on the last half and drawing near the end of this grand reunion. Let all continue unselfishly and devotedly to labor for the successful close of this sweet season, and the dear, spirit friends who are thronging around will reach out helpful hands to aid all such earnest endeavors and the blessings of heavenly hosts will rest upon and abide with us.

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; "Ouina'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.

CORRECTION.

In the third paragraph of the article "Winter and Summer," published last week, it says, "The black frost of property." It should be "poverty" instead.

Edgar Emerson is doing a grand work at the camp-meeting with his wonderful demonstrations of spirit return. The tests of identity are simply marvellous. He will be long remembered on this coast.

Ships.

John Slater continues to draw large audiences at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday.

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

We are pleased to announce the return to this city of the well known speaker, medium and artist, Mrs. Addie Ballou, who has been spending the last three years in Australia.

Mrs. Ada Foye closes her very successful series of meetings next Sunday evening at Washington Hall. She will now take a little respite from the continuous public work of the last few months, and devote herself to private work.

Owing to the urgent invitation of his many warm friends in this city and Oakland, Mr. J. J. Morse has consented to remain with us for some months to come, and will resume his labors in this city, the second Sunday in July, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street.

Dr. J. L. York and wife called at this office in the early part of the week, and we had a pleasant little social visit. The Doctor leaves for Seattle, Washington Ter., early in July. He is one of those grand missionary spirits who go about preaching the gospel of mental freedom and spiritual truth.

When adversity overtakes us, then is the time to test our strength. If we can rise superior to adverse circumstances, and boldly and bravely meet and battle with fate alone, then are we truly heroic, and above our heads in letters of light will be written "success" even though our garments trail in the dust of apparent defeat.

Our sanctum is brightened and beautified by a lovely bouquet of choice flowers, the gift of Mrs. M. S. Singleton, for which we are extremely grateful, and pray that their fragrance which is so charming and restful to us, may return in sweet fragrant blossoms of spiritual light, comfort and consolation to this dear lady for many days to come.

A fine test was given to a lady at Mrs. Foye's seance last Sunday evening. A spirit came to a lady and gave his name, and said he had promised he would return if it were possible, and had come to redeem his promise. The lady said if he would give her one word which they two alone knew, and which was the test agreed upon she would be satisfied. Mrs. Foye immediately saw, written in the air, the word, "Noma." The lady said it was correct; and that it was whispered by herself into the ear of her dying friend as the test of identity he should give, and it was known to none but they two. Such little signals are like lights along the shore pointing the way to the life beyond.

Sunday, June 17th, had been set apart by the management of the Camp Meeting as a day for memorial services in honor of the departed workers in the cause of Spiritualism. The platform was handsomely decorated with a profusion of elegant flowers, arranged in beautiful floral pieces and bouquets. A number of speakers participated in the services, which were all carefully reported by Mr. G. H. Hawes and will be published in our columns; a portion this week and the remainder in next week's issue.

Mr. Frank Wilson possesses a very remarkable power for developing mediumship and inducing the trance. He has the gift of healing and has benefited many who have tested his power. Our personal experiences have been limited, but on two occasions we have witnessed its effect on others, and received benefit ourselves. It is restful and soothing to those who are nervous and weary. He can only be seen by appointment during the day, but evenings his office hours are seven to ten o'clock. His ad. will be bound in this issue.

Correspondence.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: For some time a thought has been uppermost in my mind; perhaps it is not new to many, but I have seen no practical expression of it, and so wish to bring it before the liberal thinking public.

Reading clubs, societies for mutual benefit, organizations for linking into fellowship those of certain nativities, etc., etc., are on every hand. But any league, offensive or defensive, for culture or mutual improvement and assistance among Spiritualists, if it exists at all, is unknown to me.

Why may not we, taking pattern of the C. L. S. C., the W. C. T. U., and others, unite to establish self-culture clubs among those of our mode of thought.

Our people are now gathered together at the State Camp Meeting. Among all the bright minds there, can not some one or group devise a plan of work that shall unite us, as are the C. L. S. C. members, in a close bond of fellowship? It would not be establishing a creed leading to crystallization; but should be as Prof. H. B. Norton once said of reading circles, "not circles, but an endless spiral, each year's work one step above the last." Cannot a beginning be made this season, those interested enrolled, and next year's Camp Meeting bring forward something of work on this side of life?

Who will take up the task of planning a practical work for the present, and turn us from our long dream of the good time coming when in the sweet by and by we shall meet over there?

I have no word against the hope of the storm-tossed for peace; of the sad hearted for the whispering voice of loved ones; but are

not some of us closing ears and eyes to duties in the material things of the day, for the siren music and bow tinted views of the coming and thus missing not only the good but failing to lay up treasures for the future? What sow ye, that shall ye reap, and are sowing dreams may we not reap a vest of empty air?

For this I ask some systematic culture of ourselves and our fellows to bring us into closer sympathy with the and daughters of men yet in the form. can be done? Who shall do it?

Yours fraternally,

Mrs. M. E. Cawson

SAN JOSE, June 17th, 1888.

P. S. Thanks for the package of Doves. They are just what a camp-meeting daily should be. May you be prospered in your enterprise. I'll prosper you during coming week to the extent of the dollar the complete list.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Will you please to insert the following in your DOVE.

The Theosophical Research Society of the Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, Friday evening last, June 15th. Officers have been elected the previous meeting at the expiration of the six months. Officers taking their respective stations, Mr. J. Maguire, President, Mrs. Josephine W. Maguire, Vice President, Mr. J. Marge, Secretary, Mr. J. W. Colville, Honorary President. After transaction of business, remarks were interchanged by members, after which adjourned to meet the first Friday in July, 6th inst., when the Society invites all Theosophical students to be present to an open meeting held at same place, 7:30 P. M.

Question for discussion, "Repeated Embodiment," opened by Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, others invited to follow. Music contributed by J. W. Maguire; solo by Miss Wright. Mr. Harris.

Mrs. R. S. Harris
Corresponding Secretary

The Story of a Dress.

From the goats' back to a finished dress a lady, involves a good many changes of wool, and usually requires much more than one day. One of the owners of a factory in Western New York where alpaca made, once had a present of a pair of Alpaca goats, and undertook the experiment of getting their fleece and making it into a dress one day. Work was begun at sunrise in the forenoon the wool had been made alpaca, and was ready for the dress. Four ladies then cut it and made it a dress which was ready for a wearer at sunset. Many hands and the entire attention of each person upon the work of this dress accomplished it in the short space of one day.

Miscellaneous.

HEART HUNGER.

ABBEY E. CULVER.

O touch my pen this morning with inspiration's fire,
Teach me to write the story of a soul's intense desire!
Tell me why souls must hunger and languish as they go,
And why the spirit thirsteth, while crystal waters flow?

A little child once whispered, in lisping accents sweet;
"Don't talk to me, dear Papa,—I'm hungry and must eat!"

And while she sat in silence and ate her milk and bread,
I gathered inspiration from what the prattler said.

I too have been so hungry I did not wish to speak,
But pain would sit in silence, if bread I found to eat;
The milk of human kindness when poured into life's
bowl,

Is often skimmed so closely it starves the human soul.

There's milk for babes a plenty, and meat for some, it
seems,

But O! I want a little of the rich and yellow cream!
Someth'g that I can relish, all free from taint and mold,
To strengthen and to nourish the fibres of the soul.

Nor are they satisfying, the quickly passing showers
That tremble for a moment in burning souls like ours;
But there's a living fountain within the human breast
That like the boiling geyser will never, never rest

Un'til the oil of gladness, of sympathy, and peace,
Is poured into the fountain to bid its tumult cease.
Our human hearts are selfish, and human love is vain,
So angels guard the fountain from earthly taint and stain.

So human souls go hungering and thirsting on the way,
Till they have cast the garment of selfishness away.
While selfish passions gather like frostdrops on the soul,
We look in vain for nectar within life's flowing bowl.
The wine of human passions intoxicates the breath,
And leads the human spirit into the vale of death.
But, by-and-by the angel will roll away the stone
And to the living fountain bid every spirit come,
Then all may taste the waters, high on the mount above,
When they have learned to cherish the Soul's unselfish
love.

The Esoteric.

They Had a Blissful Time.

They had to conceal their love. The parents were solid against the match, and they had to carry on the sub rosa lovemaking.

One afternoon they had met by a pre-arranged accident, and they were going for a walk in the suburbs. They came up a quiet street and found a whole row of carriages waiting apparently for a funeral. The procession was just starting, and as they came up a hackman most politely took off his hat and waved them into a hack. They did not hesitate. They stepped in, the door closed, and away they went. They had a quiet blissful time. The funeral went on; the ceremonies were over; they were shown into the hack again, and the polite hackman asked them where he should drive them to. He was told, and they were taken back into town.

"Whose funeral was it?" asked the young lady's friend, to whom the story had been told.

"We didn't know; we don't know now. But it was just lovely!"

Words that Burn.

You men sometimes say to us, as we stand in places like this, "home is your kingdom." We do not dispute it. But it was our kingdom that was outraged. You say to us standing ballotless and defenseless before this vampire of our civilization: "You do not need the ballot; we defend you by love and by law." Do you, when for eighty-five years, by well defined license legislation, motherhood has been uncrowned and her children slain by law, and you have made no protest against it? You have prayed about it in your prayer meeting; but when it came to the sweep of the empire in the ballot box and in political organizations, you have made no protest. Oh men, I do not believe a civilization is worth much that cannot protect its women and babies. And, grand as you are, and strong as you are, you will never be able to protect your women and children and the dram shop at the same time. Oh, in shame, in very shame, either get up and strike down this enemy of the home and wifehood and of childhood, or else put the ballot into the hands of your women for their own protection.—*Address of Mary L. Lathrop.*

The Princess of Brazil.

The credit of having struck the last blow at the shackles of the slaves in Brazil belongs to a woman. The Princess Isabella has been at the head of the government as the princess regent for a year past, during the illness of her father, the Emperor Dom Pedro, and she has devoted her energies to hastening the rather slow work of emancipation begun by the Emperor. She summarily dismissed one ministry that was not in sympathy with her views on this question, and she called to her aid a council a month ago, all of whom were pledged to the immediate freeing of the slaves of the empire. Through the influence thus obtained she was able to get the necessary sanction from the legislative branch, and the great work mapped out by her father is carried into execution by the daughter, who will succeed the invalid Emperor on the throne. All honor to the Princess Isabella! —*Boston Herald.*

The Ghosts.

The Psychic Research Society might find a good subject of investigation at a house near Portsmouth, New Hampshire, which the owner finds a difficulty in selling or renting, because the ghosts scare off the tenants. The woman who lived there last saw the haunting woman (when she was making bread in the kitchen) approach and stick her ghostly hand in the dough. She instantly fled in terror to a neighbor's house, about a mile away, and cannot be induced to return. Locked doors have been opened, lamps blown out, etc., and now the house stands empty,

It was an inspiring sight to see Frederick Douglass on the platform of the New England Woman Suffrage Meeting in Tremont Temple on Monday evening. His hair is now as white as snow, and suggests a beautiful halo above his head. His form may be less erect with age, but his voice has not lost its trumpet tone; and when he straightened up and left his manuscript, he seemed like the war-horse of early days charging into battle. Douglass is a prophet of the past. His history is strangely and heroically romantic; and to see him on a Boston platform to-day, welcomed with fervid applause, is a joyous reminder of the moral victories which history sometimes indelibly records. The man is a living monument of the cause he served; and his appearance before an earnest, sympathetic audience, to speak for liberty, duty and justice, is a prophecy of their final triumph.—*Christian Register.*

Answers to Questions.

Synopsis of an address delivered at the Camp-meeting in Oakland Saturday June 13th, 1888, by Mrs. R. S. LILLIE.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie addressed a good audience and all were delighted with her earnest words. We regret that we cannot reproduce it in full, especially the glowing words that she uttered upon the duties and responsibilities of parents. She spoke as only a woman can upon the vital subject of generation and prenatal conditions.

Mr. Morse presided and announced that questions would be answered by Mrs. Lillie, after the singing of a beautiful duet by Mr. and Mrs. Lillie entitled "Is it only a Dream." The first question was "Will the guides speak of the ministrations and help of the higher intelligences?"

None can tell what it means to leave the homes of the spirit and return and take on the environments of earth; and it is only the power of love itself that makes them willing to take upon them a task so great. It is also a benefit to the spirits who need the development and experience thus gained which comes only through activity, and we must take up the treads of life for the completing or fullness of our own lives. It is a twofold work we have to do. Spiritualists have a great deal to say about their guides, and yet there are none living who have not a guardian spirit attending them, waiting outside the gate to attend their every step, and are conscious of every act of their lives. This is our dower, and is provided by nature for every child of earth.

All the possibilities you now enjoy were just waiting for your growth and knowledge to utilize it. Spirit and mat-

ter are undivided, and you are allied to the spirit world now. By your side are the invisible ones waiting for you to part from some of the idols you have cherished as truths as a child holds its doll as honestly as ever a mother held her babe. Humanity holds in its hands the idols of clay, with a tenacity that will not let go easily. Humanity is growing wiser, and accepting the living realities in place of past illusions.

"Is psychic power a desirable attainment, and can it be developed in a mixed circle?"

It requires wisdom to develop in the right direction and you must each possess a knowledge of yourself and you alone can know whether you can get more good than otherwise in a mixed assemblage.

"What do you think of reincarnation, and what is the length of life's changes?"

That we will not undertake to explain. It would take an hour to define the term; and you might as well ask us who and what is God, and we should be obliged to say, What God? Whose God? As I have previously said, What is it to become incarnate first?

When I came upon this camp ground with my medium the first thing I had to do was to become master of the elemental conditions around you and clothe myself with the invisible particles which surrounded you; and now I ask, am I reincarnated in thus coming to the earth again and for the time taking on a body composed of the elements I find and with which I am temporarily clothed? I may assume a form for an hour or it may be for a thousand years if I like, but is it reincarnation?

Man has not yet mastered material conditions so that he can control the period of his existence upon the material plane; but the time is coming when by a proper understanding, and control, and adjustment of life's forces he can live as long as he will. Now he is pushed out through a chain of circumstances over which he has no control through ignorance of the laws of his being.

"If we have more than one wife in the spirit land in what light shall we stand?"

In ancient times the same question was propounded to the man of Nazareth concerning the woman who had seven husbands, and the reply was that in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

The first thing that dawns upon the consciousness of a spirit thus situated when he gets on the other side, is the fact that he has never been married but once; and frequently he finds out that he has not been married at all. You are all standing on very slippery ground—on the ground of man's mistakes. Marriage is the divinest condition of humanity, and you are all blundering along towards it, just as the little child in its attempts to walk falls down over and over again,

before it can stand firmly and securely upon its feet. By and by you will reach it after many mistakes and sad experiences. The perfect Eden is not yet typified on earth, but as humanity progresses, will come a higher civilization and a higher type of man.

"What is Sin?"

The transgression of law, physical, mental, moral and spiritual.

"What is the outlook of spiritual thought?"

Splendid.

Spiritualism is the expression of all that is spiritual in man or woman, and the outlook is that it is rising and taking higher and more advanced ground than ever before. It is reaching out in all directions, permeating all the thought of the age, and uplifting and ennobling the whole race.

"What is the best method of reaching the criminal classes?"

By doing all that each one can do individually. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, and this question touches fatherhood and motherhood. I want to say right here a few words to my brother man. Do not awaken in your wife's bosom the feeling of avarice. When she is carrying beneath her heart the germ of an immortal soul, do not let her feel the need of aught that love can supply. If you never gave her money before, give it to her unstintedly now. The criminal is often born as the result of stinginess on the part of the father. Go, fathers and mothers, and see some terrible physical mark, made when the mother was suddenly startled or alarmed, or as the result of the indiscretion of looking for a moment upon some unsightly, loathsome thing, and then think that if such a physical blemish could be left in a moment of time, how much more easily a mental impression could be made which would stamp the child a genius or a poor unfortunate wretch.

How many mothers have to ask for every cent they get even to buy the unborn babe's clothing and how grudgingly it is often given, making the sensitive mother feel the keenest pangs of humiliation, which rather than endure a second time she will resort to other means to obtain, and thus your children are made thieves, liars and criminals before the light of day touches their baby faces, and you make laws for the punishment of these innocent results of your own ignorance and misdeeds.

"What do you consider woman's mission?"

Just what we have been talking about. It is the same as man's and is an unlimited as the powers and possibilities of her soul.

"Will you give us some definite idea of the spirit's food?"

We will give you the best when you get there that we can find; but can give you no idea of it now.

"Do the poets and philosophers of the past communicate with mortals?"
Most certainly; according to the receptivity of mortals. You will meet them in response when you invite the wisest and good and make conditions possible for their coming.

"What persons should or should not practice mediumship?"

All are mediums and in a measure receptive to the power of thought. It drifts in from the other side, and settles itself here in the earth land.

"The mediums and our camp-meeting was the subject given for the evening poem which was a beautiful improvisation."

Special Notices.

English Milk Weed.

J. H. Greenhill's English Milk Weed is added to the quota of lovely complexions to San Francisco's climate. It is, and as it contains no injurious mineral substances, can be relied upon as being absolutely harmless. In powder form, delightfully perfumed, and when applied to the skin it is invisible and produces that velvety appearance so much desired. It is cool and refreshing to the skin and stays on without permitting the face to grow shiny. Being invisible it imparts a lightful complexion without the load, glazing effect that is the inevitable result of the average face powders that do not assimilate with the skin. Greenhill's English Milk Weed is in four colors white, pink, red and pink. But one size. Price fifty cents. For sale in San Francisco at Edwin W. Joy's, 522 Market street; L. C. Ellerts, corner California and Kearny streets; and that the name is on the box; J. H. Greenhill, Wellington Road, London.

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MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It soothes the little sufferer at once; it produces natural quietude by relieving the child from pain, and the little one awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, and all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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 exceedingly sluggish liver, and within the past few years it has become so that within its trail a thousand disordered stomach, including in me 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 especially 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 Sarsaparilla as a test, and while taking the first bottle I became convinced of its merits. I have since 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 brought me to generally. I feel like a new man. You may feel liberty to use this as you see fit, or you may refer whom you please to

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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 17th. 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 Merrit Park, East Oakland, Cal.

(Same place as last year.)

Commencing on

SUNDAY, JUNE 3d, 1888,

Continuing over five Sundays.

President, I. C. STEELE, Pescadero.

The Meetings.

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

The Speakers.

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

MRS. R. S. LILLIE.

of Boston, Mass., who will be assisted by

J. J. MORSE,

England's Celebrated Trance Speaker, and

W. J. COLVILLE,

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

The Test Medium.

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

EDGAR W. EMERSON,

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

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

DR. J. V. MANSFIELD.

(the Spirit Postmaster),

will also be with us during the camp meeting.

MRS. ADA FOYE,

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

Music.

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

MR. J. T. LILLIE,

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

Special Assemblies.

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

A Developing Circle.

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

Spiritual Science Classes.

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

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

Times of Meetings.

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

Tents.

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

Restaurant.

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

Circulars and General Information

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

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

Examination and Advice

UPON

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

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