

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JULY 14, 1888.

NUMBER 28.

Original Poem.

Just Over the Way.

BY JNO. T. DAVIS.

Just over the way, is a bright, sunny spot,
That the soul has been seeking for years;
It has toiled ever on, with the sun sometimes hot
And gazed over there through its tears.
Life's cares seemed so heavy, I only could say,
Will our troubles be lighter just over the way?

The sun was just sinking in crimson and gold,
As I gazed on that beautiful scene;
And my soul's deepest thoughts then began to unfold,
And whisper of something still lying between
The struggles of life and the toils of the day,
Before we could live just over the way!

But I saw the bright rays with their crimson complete,
Kiss the clouds in their journey across the blue sky;
And they floated away with a quiet so sweet,
That it whispered of something that never could die;
And my soul caught the spirit of that beautiful ray,
For it told of a rest just over the way.

For a moment, all nature seemed rocked into sleep:
As though angels were forming a hallowed retreat;
And my soul caught visions, immortal and deep,
And learned there a lesson, with spirit replete;
So sacred and bright, was that evening and day,
That the spirit world opened, just over the way.

Can the power and beauty of nature's grand scenes,
Where the bending immortal can fix on the soul
The impress of spirit, so sweet and serene,
Be the work of a hand that cannot control
The building of temples, much fairer than day,
Some home in the sky, just over the way?

All nature is grand with its many details,
To assure us of something that lives after years;
Some place of pure passion, where love never fails,
And the cycles of life are not blinded with tears;
Where the sunlight of heaven will crown every day,
In a home for the soul just over the way.

What a blessing this thought, 'mid the turmoils of life,
That all sorrow and care can be there laid aside,
And exchanged for a joy unmingled with strife,
Where the soul in pure spirit will ever abide,
Surrounded with light that will not fade away,
But grow brighter with years just over the way.

Just over the way what a beautiful thought
Springs up in the heart as it searches for light,
Of that heaven beyond in purity wrought—
A blessed retreat unclouded by night,
Where the pure and the just in spirit may stay
In happiness ever, just over the way.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May, 1888.

An ounce of essence is worth a gallon of fluid; a wise saw is more valuable than a whole book, and a plain truth is better than an argument.—*Haliburton.*

To form true men, it is indispensable that this precept should be engraven on their hearts—Fear nothing but remorse.

The Platform.

Spiritualism and Science.

An Address delivered at the California State Spiritualists' Camp-meeting, Oakland, Cal., Saturday evening, June 16, 1888.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

"In forming a judgment, lay your hearts void of fore-taken opinions."—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

"To believe is dangerous, to be unbelieving is equally so. The truth, therefore, should be diligently sought after, lest that a foolish opinion should lead you to pronounce an unsound judgment."—*Phædrus.*

"The true safeguard against scientific skepticism and credulity alike must be found in a stern resolve to seek the very truth, regardless of all prejudgments and prepossessions, without asking what consequences may come of it, and in a firm purpose to pursue it by the only process through which scientific truth can be attained,—evidence collected with care, examined with caution, and accumulated with diligence until it amounts to proof."—*Sergeant E. W. Cox.*

For forty years the phenomena of Spiritualism have been engaging public attention on our planet, and yet after all how little really is known of their true character and of the laws and principles governing their action. Note the widespread and radical differences of opinion entertained thereupon by equally intelligent and honest seekers after truth. This is the age of science *par excellence*. What is called the "scientific method" is being applied in the investigation of all systems of thought, all branches of human endeavor and action. But as yet this "scientific method" has been used but meagerly in our examination of the myriad facts presented to the world under the guise of Spiritualism during the past forty years; and good reasons, I think, exist for this slowness of action on the part of the thinkers of the world in handling this recondite subject of Spiritualism.

Undoubtedly there is much in some of the current phases of Spiritualism to repel the average man of science and the honest, candid seeker after truth in the realms of cultured philosophical analysis and criticism. So I can scarcely blame those who, repelled by the false and repugnant features of por-

tions of the Spiritualistic movement, as at present conducted, ignore the whole, and decline to undertake the task of unraveling the mystery in which the problem lies enshrouded.

On the other hand, it is significant that, if I mistake not, no instance is known of a person of scientific or philosophic attainments who, after a thorough, *careful, and searching* examination of the phenomena of Spiritualism, did not avow his belief—not to say knowledge—of the actuality of the phenomena, in most cases the investigators becoming converts to the "spiritual" theory of their origin. In some cases, like that of Mr. Crookes, no definite statement is made as to their producing causes; though some of Mr. Crookes' latest utterances thereupon can scarcely be explained, save upon the basis of his belief in their spiritual origin; while in some few other cases, like those of Capt. R. F. Burton and H. G. Atkinson, their non-spiritual origin is plainly affirmed. It will be observed, though, that, in cases of the latter description, those so affirming are usually materialistic or agnostic in their habits of thought,—are dogmatic deniers of the existence of spirit, or of the possibility of our having any knowledge of it, if existent.

Incomplete and superficial examinations of the spiritual phenomena have been made by quite a number of men of science since 1848, and with the most ludicrous and bewildering results. Consequent upon the very slender knowledge really possessed by these scientists and smatterers in the all-comprehensive science of Spiritualism, nearly every one of these quasi-investigators has given the world a different theory of the producing cause or causes of the spiritual phenomena. If we inquire of these scientific theorists what Spiritualism is, and how the phenomena are produced, what a babel of discordant answers greets our ears! Just listen to a few of these conflicting responses. Dr. Carpenter tells us Spiritualism is the result of the ideomotor principle, combined with the influence of a dominant idea or prepossession. Prof. Thury, of Geneva, says it is caused by psychode or ectenic force; Prof. Balfour Stewart tells us it is produced by electro-biological power; Sir Wm. Hamilton says it is the result of a latent thought; Prof. Faraday posited involuntary muscular action as the cause of many of the phenomena; Francis Gerry Fairfield called it the result of a nervous lesion, akin to epilepsy; Charles Bray

thought the phenomena due to an omnipresent thought-atmosphere; Prof. Bain considered them due to an undiscovered force in nature; Prof. Zoellner attributed them to the action of unseen beings inhabiting quadridimensional space; Dr. Zerffi regards them as caused by the action of the organ of dreams, intensified by animal magnetism; Prof. Gairdner, of Aberdeen, thinks a diseased action of the faculty of wonder explains the mystery; Prof. John Fiske, of Harvard College, says Spiritualism is totemism; Dr. Hammond says the spiritual phenomena are due to nervous derangements; Dr. Marvin says they are due to a species of lunacy called by him *mediomania*; Prof. Mahan and Dr. Rogers attributed the phenomena to *odlic force*, *odyle*, or *od force*; Thomas Carlyle called Spiritualism the *liturgy of Dead-Sea apes*; Joseph Cook names it a *rat-hole revelation*; while Prof. Tyndall is kind enough to designate it as *intellectual whoredom*; Prof. Grimes calls it *mesmerism*, and Charles Sothoran attempted to explain it by *Rosierucianism*. Our occultic and theosophic friends inform us that the phenomena are produced by *elementals*, who are non-human spirits of the elements of earth, air, fire and water, and by *elementaries*, who are principally the shells or remnants of former inhabitants of earth who have lost their immortal souls, or else have never developed the soul-principle.

I never discovered that I myself belonged to the latter category,—that is, that I had never developed a soul,—till I was so informed, some months since, in a public lecture by a prominent teacher of theosophy in this city. In addition to the foregoing theories, many others are promulgated explanatory of the marvelous mysteries of Spiritualism: *Mind-reading*, say some; *electricity*, we often hear given as an explanation; *clairvoyance*, *somnambulism*, *psychometry*, *hysteria*, *cataplexy*, *hallucinations*, a revival of *witchcraft*, *black magic*, *white magic*, the *hermetic mystery*, *electrical psychology*, *insanity*, a *degrading superstition*,—all these have been laid to the charge of Spiritualism. Many of our good Christian friends say it is the *Devil*; others, the work of *evil spirits*.

This confused jumble of attempted solutions of the great nineteenth-century puzzle evidences in what a chaotic condition is the thought of the age, both scientific and unscientific, upon this subject. The audience will pardon me if I add one more to the many definitions and explanations of Spiritualism. For twenty-nine years I have patiently and carefully studied the various phases of this many-sided subject, and in my opinion Spiritualism includes, among other things the following: First, it embraces the *harmonial philosophy*, that philosophy whose far-extending sweep embraces the totality of being; reaching from the highest heaven, the great Central Sun of the spiritual universe, down to the most infinitesimal atom

vibrating in rhythmic harmony in ethereal or interstellar spaces,—a philosophy inclusive of God and man, of heaven and earth, of angel and mortal, of lowly, boorish peasant and choiring, enwrapped seraph.

Next, it includes the *spiritual phenomena*. Philosophy and phenomena are interblended, neither being possible without the other. Like spirit and matter, like soul and body, each forms an integral part of the other, as it were. The spiritual phenomena, how wondrous have been their might, majesty, and power during the last forty years! Penetrating into the nethermost parts of the earth, extending "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," has the tiny rap and its attendant phenomena of *trance* and *inspiration*, of *clairvoyance* and *clairaudience*, of *psychography* and *materialization*, taken captive by the thousand the sons and daughters of earth. Good and bad, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, scientist, philosopher, and peasant, men, women, and children too, of every clime, of every station in life, of every nationality and hue,—all have acknowledged their truth, their beauty, their excellence.

Spiritualism also emphasizes *true religion*. Religion consists not in outward observances and ceremonials, but is enshrined within the inner heart and life. Religion is a matter of *ethics*, of *morals*, rather than of *creed*. True religion, the religion of Spiritualism, consists in good deeds, pure thoughts, righteous words,—in the practice of *beneficence* and *charity*; in the regulation of the life-walk in accordance with the imperative injunctions of the highest and purest morality; in doing good and being good. This simple phrase "Be good and do good," five little monosyllables, sums up the entirety of true religion; and such is the religion of Spiritualism!

True science and philosophy are also comprehended in Spiritualism. Spiritualism, in its widest and best sense, comprises within its amplitudinous folds all of religion, of science, and of philosophy. The three it unites into one; indeed, these three constitute the immortal trinity of Deific truth. They are the three sides of the Universal Prism, three forms of manifestation of the one great primal, original substance of things. Spiritualism, has, through its seers and mediums, in various cases anticipated and foreshadowed the discoveries of scientists and philosophers; it welcomes every new truth brought to light, and urges man on in his probings and searchings into the great mysteries of nature.

It tells us that, in the spirit-world, each one of us, every man, woman, and child, through a course of eternal progress, will become a scientist, a philosopher; that each one will learn to comprehend all the laws of nature, both in material and in spiritual realms; that all shall be in time "as gods, knowing good and evil." Spiritualism also shows us a spiritual side to all the facts of science and philosophy, that the material

facts and laws are based upon certain inherent and eternal spiritual facts and laws, dimly and vaguely understood by man in his first estate on earth.

Spiritualism recognizes the inherent *divinity of Man*. Instead of a vague, shadowy deity, far removed from earth in some remote heaven, the Spiritual Philosophy is centered in the God of Nature, whose highest expression and unfoldment is in *Humanity*, in our midst. In every leaf and bud, in every stream and cascade, in every hill and vale, is our God expressed; but most of all in *Humanity*, the highest outcome of *Divine Manifestation*. God in man we behold every side, Children of God are we all; we bear the impress of the Divine signature; the germ of Deity is centered in the soul of each one, constituting him or her heir to the precious heritage of immortal life.

Freedom! Liberty! How pregnant the words with man's sweetest, most momentous privileges and immunities! How indissolubly conjunct with humanity's dearest, most sacred, and essential rights. Freedom of thought, freedom of expression, freedom of action (without infringement of other's liberty), is inscribed upon Spiritualism's up-lifted banner, proudly unfurled, floating, swelling, with the breeze; and inspiring the potent significance of this energetic motto, this impressive watchword, over the spiritual army presses, infusing life, liberty, to all encountering its panoply; array of stout-hearted, earnest souls, affranchising mankind from the tyrannical thralldom of the ages, as manifest in obsequious, cringing subserviency to church and priest, to book and creed, to king and emperor. Be free, says Spiritualism, be free! and strive to make all others similarly free.

Good fellowship, fraternity, brotherly love constitutes the link uniting all mankind into one, binding the whole human race into a vast family. Everything savoring of oppression, cruelty, despotism, inhumanity, intolerance, slavery, and all kindred crimes and vices, are loathsome, despicable, in the light of Spiritualism, upon whose banner are inscribed in letters of ineffaceable light the words, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, in all worlds, now and forever. "Let no man take God his father who calls not man his brother," it promulgates far and wide; and this the keystone of its ethics, the pivot-center of its religion; humanitarianism, brotherly love, beneficence, philanthropy, loving-kindness, in opposition to all exclusiveness, aristocracy, exclusiveness, proscription; these its mission to establish in the hearts and minds of men and women.

This world is imperfect in all directions. On every side gigantic evils confront us, crying loudly for reform, for mitigation, for improvement. Heavy burdens rest upon the people; the rights of man and of woman, of the young, and of children also, are trampled under foot; and to the amelioration

of the wrongs and evils, to the securing of better systems of legislation, and of governmental, educational, sociological, and societary regulations, does the Spiritual Philosophy point. Spirits come from their paradisaean homes, not merely to comfort and cheer with proofs of the continued existence of the loved ones gone before, but they come also to help to make the world better, to relieve the ills and afflictions of this imperfect and still crudely-organized world; in a word they come as moral reformers.

The Spiritual Philosophy, likewise, urges the necessity for religious freedom, absolute and complete. Partial religious freedom we already enjoy, but not absolute, complete. The government, whether national, state, or municipal, should have nothing to do with any form of religion, except to give equal protection to all. Everything of a theological nature should be rigorously excluded from all governmental institutions and enactments, which we know to be far from the case. The singing of religious hymns, reading of religious books, and the offering of prayers in the public schools, judicial oaths upon a holy book not regarded as such by a large number of our citizens; the inscription of religious mottoes on coins; appropriation of public funds to sectarian institutions, and many other things of like nature, are all virtually a union of church and state,—the upholding and sustentation of certain forms of religious thought by the Government,—which is an outrage upon all differing from the line of thought upheld by the Government. Religious freedom, then, becomes but a delusion, existing but in name to a large extent, so long as any one form of religious thought is cherished by the Government, to the exclusion of all others.

Spiritualism asserts the all potency of reason. "Reason is the flower of the spirit," says an inspired seer. Reason, rational thought, clear, unbiased, matured judgment and discrimination, are asserting themselves in this our time and day with a potency never before witnessed. All things must be submitted to the test of reason, must pass through the crucible of logical demonstration, ere they can hope to find acceptance in the hearts and brains of thinkers of this age. Were not the principle of reason permeative of Spiritualism, it would certainly be short-lived; but, even respecting its own claims on our attention as truth, it counsels all to reject them if not found in accord with reason and nature. Spiritualism has enthroned pure reason as the sovereign arbiter upon all points and questions, all theories and hypotheses, including its own most deeply-cherished principles.

Spiritualism, in its truest teachings, demands that we at all times exemplify in our lives the beautiful principle of justice. "Of all the virtues justice is the best." We hear much of justice in this world, but really how little true justice have we among us.

Revenge, retaliation, the *lex talionis*, eye for an eye, tooth for tooth,—such is the nature of most of the so-called justice dealt out on every hand. Such is not the justice of the spirit-world.

No feeling of spite, anger, or any analogous trait, mingles with its justice; but always does it feel cordial sympathy and deepest love for those falling under the law of exact, impartial justice. No selfish greed, no partizan, personal considerations, mar the beauty of its ethical code. And such the justice the spirit-world would have us embody here on earth in all our relations to and with each other. True justice always includes charity; else is not that justice, but a baser sentiment. The all-importance of justice and charity commingled, the philosophy of Spiritualism strongly inculcates.

Finally, Spiritualism includes the doctrine of eternal progression.

Eternal progression, the sublimest, most comforting principle in the Universe! The keystone of the arch of the temple of spiritual philosophy, the basic foundation principle upon which the whole superstructure is reared. The glorious future opened to our enraptured vision, through contemplation of this grand and awe-inspiring truth, fairly dazzles the sight and leads the imagination captive. Sphere after sphere rises before us in all their god-like beauty and glory. "Heirs of God and joint-heirs" with all humanity, in all worlds and universes, "to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away" forever, how thankful should we be to the omnipotent power engirding all universes, filling all space, and resident in all time, for blessing us with the prerogative of existence, conscious, progressive existence,—in this beautiful and indescribably glorious Univercelum of which we form a part, and over which in time we shall reign as kings and gods.

Summing up, then, Spiritualism may be said to include the following: The harmonial philosophy, psychic and spiritual phenomena, true religion, science and philosophy, the divinity of humanity, freedom and liberty, brotherly love, moral and social reform, complete religious freedom, reason, intellectual expansion, the supremacy of conscience, justice and charity, and eternal progression.

Leaving this definition of Spiritualism for your consideration, in contrast to the various disjointed and incomplete solutions previously outlined, let us confine our attention for the rest of the evening to the spiritual phenomena proper and their scientific discrimination.

The existence of certain peculiar phenomena is conceded almost universally. The questions, then, to be considered are: How are the phenomena produced, and what do they establish or tend to establish concerning the spiritual *status* of man in this life, and in the so-called spirit world? To determine these questions requires very care-

ful scientific investigation and analysis. The great mistake made alike by nearly all Spiritualists and by most skeptics is that of lumping all the different phases of psychical phenomena into one class, and assigning them all to the one producing power. A large majority of the Spiritualists assert and believe that all, or nearly all, such phenomena are the direct work of disembodied human spirits; and the great body of skeptics deem them all produced by purely material causes, non-spiritual potencies. The truly scientific Spiritualism, rigidly scrutinizing each class of phenomena, relegates those of each kind to their appropriate causes.

Spiritual and psychical phenomena, when genuine, naturally range themselves under two classes: (1) those due to the action of peculiar powers and forces resident in the human organism, indicative of its possession of a supra-material nature of faculties transcending those of the ordinary physical man, senses superior to those of ordinary sight, hearing, etc., as manifest in the phenomena of mesmerism, somnambulism, clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, mind-reading, automatic writing, double consciousness, answering sealed letters, the trance (in general), the "double" or apparitions of the living, unconscious cerebration, and similar abnormal mental states; also, in my judgment, in many (not all) cases of physical manifestation, as in rapping, table-tipping, planchette-writing, slate-writing, movements of ponderable bodies, and even so-called materializations of parts or the whole of the human body, all more or less accompanied by intelligence, an intelligence seeming to be an emanation from the minds of the medium and of those present during the occurrence of the phenomena, and usually vague, unreliable, shadowy, misty, conflicting in its expressions and modes of operation; and (2) those due to the direct action of unfleshed intelligences, mostly similar in character to those of the second class, though differing in degree. The phenomena of the first class occur in the presence of, or through the agency of, persons who may be called sensitives, or psychics; those in the second class, through mediums, strictly so termed. A sensitive, or psychic, may be called an undeveloped or semi-developed medium, subject to the influences of the minds of those with whom he comes in contact or of his own mind, thus preventing his successful control by a foreign spirit for the impartation of truth to mankind or other good purpose. A medium is one in whom the influences of his own mentality may be placed in more or less subjection to those of a foreign intelligence, those also of surrounding minds being kept in abeyance. These and these only are true mediums; and such are not as numerous as many suppose. It is true that sensitives abound, through whom phenomena occur of a mixed character,—partly spiritual in origin, but much of them of the earth, earthy.

Of this character are some of the trance-speakers and so-called test mediums from whom continually flow streams of nonsense and balderdash, purporting to come from the good and great of earth's famed dead, to the disgust of all sensible people, Spiritualists or otherwise. Most of these sensitives are honestly deceived; they fail to realize the nature of their peculiar mental states or the force of the extraordinary power at times exhibited through them. Sometimes, also, we receive, through this class of "mediums," genuine evidences of direct spirit action; for psychics are susceptible to the influences of "spirits" out of the body as well as those still "in the body."

The peculiar life-experience of Andrew Jackson Davis furnishes very substantial grounds for positing the existence of the spirit-world and its influence in the affairs of earth, and has never been explained upon a purely materialistic basis. Theodore Parker said, in substance, that the mode of production of Mr. Davis's works was the great miracle of the nineteenth century.

The manifestation of parts of the human body, and in some cases of the entire body, in seemingly material form,—said form talking, walking, laughing, singing, etc., not belonging to any persons resident on earth, and claiming themselves to be inhabitants of the spirit-world, appearing and disappearing instantaneously, materialization and dematerialization as it is called,—furnishes "proof palpable" of the existence of unseen intelligences in nature, with such command over material forces and atoms as to manufacture temporary bodies for themselves, capable of dissolution at pleasure. The possibility of such occurrences I know from my own individual experience. Probably ninety-nine hundredths of all so-called materializations are fraudulent, full proofs of which in various cases I have had also from my own experience,—just as I know there are cases where genuine "materialization" occurs.

Then there are cases of writing being produced on double slates sealed together, without even the contact of the medium, being held by other parties several feet distant from him; said writing purporting to come from relatives or friends of the investigators, and sometimes written in the handwriting of the party whose name is attached to it. I have witnessed in San Francisco the production of writing on slates twenty-five or thirty times, both with and without pencil, written certainly by no material hand, such being an impossibility, all jugglery or fraud being out of the question; and, moreover, names of various relatives of mine were thus written, with their relationship correctly indicated, and circumstances connected with themselves and myself mentioned in strict accordance with the facts. Mental questions were also answered by the slate-writing, appropriately addressed to the relatives purported to be communicating. Here was manifest

an unseen power capable of writing on a slate in situations where no material hand could possibly use the pencil, coupled with an intelligence cognizant of facts in my life and that of my relatives, their names, etc. These facts, names, etc., are entirely unknown to the San Franciscans, as I purposely never refer to them, so that no clew may be obtained by any of the mediums here or elsewhere by which their communications may be shaped. I think that some cases of slate-writing may be accounted for as being the productions of psychic force; but in others, where marks of identity appear, as in fac-simile chirography, names and facts not present in the mind of the sitter, etc., the more reasonable conclusion is that back of the psychic force is an unseen individuality, a resident of the spiritual sphere, wielding the wierd potencies of the psychic force as instruments of communication with the material world.

Next we have a number of instances of mediums having spoken in languages with which they are not acquainted. While I have no doubt psychic force and unconscious cerebration may do much, yet I cannot conceive how they can enable one to speak and write correctly in an unknown language. Direct spiritual action should, I think, be predicated of such phenomena.

In 1859 was published a book entitled *Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams, to his friend Josiah Brigham through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium*. This book is unique in spiritual literature, and embodies, to my mind, conclusive proofs of the identity of the intelligence producing it, the internal and external evidences both being weighty in that regard.

External: The book was written in Quincy, Mass., Mr. Adams' former residence, in the house of an old friend of Mr. Adams, Mr. Brigham; through the hand of a mechanic (whose penmanship differed much from that of Mr. Adams), and in the handwriting of Mr. Adams in his latter days, feeble and tremulous. Manuscript covering over four hundred octavo printed pages was written, all in the peculiar handwriting of John Quincy Adams previous to his so-called death. One of the twelve messages was devoted to George Washington, to which, at the close of the work, Washington writes several pages of reply, and in the earthly handwriting of George Washington. Mr. Adams pays a warm tribute to his mother's virtues and excellency of character in the course of his *Messages*; and Mrs. Abigail Adams (his mother) also submits a few pages in rejoinder, this being written in her earthly handwriting. At the termination of the volume, a few lines indorsing the general truth of the contents of Mr. Adams' *Messages* is signed by over five hundred and forty different spirits, each signature being in his or her own peculiar handwriting. Some of these attestants are persons of extended repu-

tation; while others are those who filled private walks of life, including many relatives of the Adams and Brigham families, and, I think, many former residents of Quincy. The medium affirmed that he felt a new influence while his hand was controlled to write each signature. A person made by me of the signatures of public characters, as given in this book, and their signatures as found in literature and public documents, shows that in no case is a spirit signature an exact fac-simile of an ante-mortem signature, but it bears a resemblance thereto, just what under circumstances would naturally be, supposing the medium to have been influenced by the persons whose names were being written by him, the same peculiarities of style, etc., being indicated with some variation.

The internal evidence consists of the correspondence of the contents of the volume with those of J. Q. Adams, as they would be likely to convey, expressed as they are under difficulties and through another of an inferior mentality. It is a universal principle of mediumship that all language or communication from a spirit have to be prepared through the mind of the medium, and will be colored or distorted more or less by the action of that mind. Hence, necessarily, the book is not fully equal to what Mr. Adams would produce at first hand. The result is, rather, that he should have succeeded well; for the language is uniformly good, void of obscurity or rhapsody, vagueness, idealism, such as are found in so much of the so-called spiritual literature. The style is plain and practical, full of sturdy common sense; albeit, it has too much of the rhetorical element in it to be palatable in respects to the more radical thinkers of the Spiritual and Free Religious schools. Such, we know, was a marked characteristic of Mr. Adams' long and useful earthly life. Very striking exemplifications are given of nearly all of Mr. Adams' distinctive characteristics of character, in addition to that of devotion. His indomitable firmness, his large conscientiousness, his broad philanthropy, his reverence for the good and his detestation of slavery, his love of approbation for his own good qualities, his developed self-reliance and self-esteem, his filial devotion to his mother; his reverence for the Bible, still clinging to it despite the convictions of his erroneous conception of the book, arrived at through experience in the spirit clime; his veneration for Jesus and his life-work, his love for his venerated Quincy pastor, to whom he devotes one entire "message"; his emotional, sympathetic, yet practical matter-of-fact turn of mind, in connection with the more philosophic and scientific tendencies of his father,—all these, and other characteristics familiar to those acquainted with Mr. Adams' mental operations,

tion and habits of thought, are reflected in the contents of this work. The soul of John Quincy Adams permeates the entire production,—of course not in the full radiance of the enfranchised and glorified spirit, owing to the imperfection of the channel of expression; but the spirit author has no cause to be ashamed of the sentiments, ideas, and even language therein given to the world in his name.

Another and still more remarkable work, as regards its contents, has taken its place in spiritual literature, in which, so far as internal evidence is concerned, greater proof is offered of a supra-mundane or supra-material origin than is contained in Mr. Adams's work. I refer to the "Principles of Nature," written inspirationally by Mrs. Maria M. King, the first volume of which was published in 1866, the two remaining volumes being published a few years ago. These volumes purport to be a revelation (with no claim to infallibility but simply addressed to the individual reason) of the laws governing the evolution and substantial being of the material and spiritual universe, from atoms to the Divine Mind, given inspirationally from a wise inhabitant of the spirit-country, the knowledge therein contained being derived from a careful study and observation, in the light of the higher life, under the tuition of still more advanced minds in the spirit-realm, of the principles regnant in universal nature, as manifested in their concomitant phenomena; and I have no hesitation in saying that the subject-matter is worthy of its asserted source. It evinces the author to be a profoundly scientific and philosophic mind, seemingly as thoroughly conversant with the mystic arcana of nature, underlying the processes of development of matter, spirit, and mind, as we are with our A B C's,—a mind fully acquainted with the sciences of earth in their varied ramifications, but in addition thereto with laws and principles of nature of which science as yet has little or no conception. Every page of this work, almost, teems with new ideas expositive of as yet unknown laws, new principles in evolutionary unfoldment, which, when understood, throw floods of light upon many of the problems now engaging the attention of the great masters in science and philosophy.

It is often asserted that spiritual revelation has never given any new scientific truth to the world; but this book disproves the assertion. The first volume, published in 1866, contains statements of laws and facts in nature, unknown to the scientific world at the time of its publication, but which have since been discovered to be true, either certainly or probably, by recent scientific research. Spiritual revelation has, in this instance, outstripped or forestalled scientific research in various particulars, one example of which I will mention in illustration. When Mrs. King's first volume was published, it was held by astronomers that the corona, or

ring of light, surrounding the moon during total eclipses of the sun, was not a solar appendage, but was either a lunar or terrestrial phenomenon.

A few astronomers, however, thought that it was the true atmosphere of the sun. The idea that it was due to matter surrounding the sun, but entirely distinct from its atmosphere, was, if I mistake not, unknown to the scientific world. It was not till the eclipse of 1860—over three years after the publication of Mrs. King's volume, and five years after it was written in manuscript—that evidence was obtained that negatived the idea that the corona had its origin in the earth's atmosphere, and that held by other scientists, that it was simply a lunarian phenomenon. Evidence was at that time obtained, indicating the coronal phenomena to originate in the solar envelope, that the corona was no part of the sun's atmosphere, but was due to cosmical matter surrounding the sun outside its atmosphere proper. Even then, their solar origin was strongly opposed by eminent astronomers, including Mr. Lockyer, and not till confirmatory evidence of their solar nature was received during the eclipse of 1870 and 1871, did the astronomical world accept the truth of the solar hypothesis. At that time, however, though the corona had been demonstrated to be a solar appendage, no one supposed the zodiacal light—long an unexplained phenomenon—to have any connection with the corona; but, a few years later, some astronomers began to put forward the hypothesis that possibly the zodiacal light was an extension of the corona. This, however, did not receive any very general acceptance, till after the eclipse of 1879, at which time evidence of its truth was received. So that at present, though it can hardly be said to have gained universal acceptance, the fact of the zodiacal light being an extension of the corona is generally held by astronomers.

Turning to pages 252, 253, of the first volume of Mrs. King's work, we find an explanation of the corona and zodiacal light, from which it appears that the former is a solar envelope outside of the sun's atmosphere, and the latter its extension or continuation into rarer strata of nebulous matter. Mrs. King's invisible teacher made known the true nature of the corona, in opposition to scientific speculation, three to five years before it was arrived at scientifically, and that of the zodiacal light nearly fifteen years prior to its scientific deduction.

This remarkable work never emanated from Mrs. King's own unassisted mind. It treats learnedly of many things of which, prior to the receipt of information thereupon from her teacher and guide, she was destitute of knowledge. Her knowledge of scientific data was but meagre, while that of her work is encyclopedic. To my knowledge, she, of herself, was incapable of writing such a work. Consequent upon an acquaintance with her

for a term of years, I knew her capacity intellectually and scientifically. She was an unassuming, honest, conscientious woman, retiring and domestic in her inclinations, who, being taken hold of by a power and a mentality far superior to her own, has been led into broader fields of thought and wisdom than, probably, was ever before vouchsafed to an inhabitant of earth. The so-called revelations of Moses, Jesus, Zoroaster, Sakya-Muni, and the other inspired sages and moralists of antiquity, pale into insignificance before the grandeur and comprehensiveness of this latter-day revelation. As the nineteenth century exceeds the first in intellectuality and spirituality, so do its revelations exceed those of the first.

If there be no impinging of the spiritual upon the material, let me ask, (1) Whence the source of the clairvoyant knowledge expressed in A. J. Davis' writings, what the secret of his mysterious psychological experiences, and what the source of his spiritual experiences, visions of supernal intelligences, conversations with spirits, etc.? (2) whence derived the forms or parts of forms manifesting human intelligence, and belonging to no person resident in a material body on earth, at times appearing and disappearing at will, under circumstances probative of their non-mundane origin? (3) whence comes the writing, without physical contact, on clean, sealed slates, including at times fac-similes of the earthly penmanship of persons formerly dwelling on earth? (4) whence the power by which persons are enabled to speak and write in languages unknown to them? (5) whence the power by which a carpenter writes a large volume in the handwriting of John Quincy Adams, with Mr. Adams' marked mental characteristics permeating the entire work? (6) whence the power by which this carpenter wrote several pages in the handwriting of George Washington? (7) whence the power by which he wrote several pages in Abigail Adams' handwriting? (8) whence the power enabling him to write the distinctive signatures of over five hundred persons, very few of which he had ever seen? (9) whence the power of Mrs. King to write intelligently upon scientific subjects, of which she has no knowledge? (10) whence her power to treat profoundly and comprehensively of nature's forces in the myriad fields of being, producing a work which it is doubtful if any mind of earth, unassisted by higher powers, could give birth to? and (11) whence her power to express scientific truths unknown to the savans of earth, sometimes in opposition to the views of the combined scientific world, but afterwards discovered to be true?

These facts indicate that matter, as we understand it, does not comprise the all of existence,—that above the sensuous forces and qualities of matter there rise into view higher realms of substance, in which more etherealized and sublimated potencies have

sway, said existences and said potencies not being far removed into some distant region of space, but to some extent interblended and commingled with the so-called material realm of earth. While it is true that the spiritual phenomena do belong to "the mysterious region of the relations between matter and mind," it is equally true that their province extends further than this. Even now they "throw important light on the questions of the human soul's entity as distinct from its physical organism, and of personal continuance after death." Scientifically analyzed, there is already enough in the psychic phenomena and direct spirit revelation to furnish conclusive proof of the existence of the individual soul after physical death, and its continued progress in wisdom and virtue as the endless ages roll.

Original Contributions.

Personal Atonement.

BY CAMERON KNIGHT.

The personal Atonement here briefly treated, is that course, process, or punishment, as you please, which restores harmony, after we have injured ourselves and our neighbors, by disregarding some law of Nature. And I presume, therefore, to term it also "Natural Atonement." It is quite distinct from the *unnatural* atonement exhibited to us in the Church creeds, whereby the guilty escape, and the innocent is punished. It is the means of restoring harmony between man and man; not between man and God, or Jehovah, as represented to us in the Christian Bible.

A natural atonement reduces the person who performs it to a natural condition; and it must be effected by means of law which will not be set aside. It is easy for a learned divine to assume while preaching a sermon, that science and Nature in general, are to be considered as of little or no importance; but he will live long enough to discover that they are of the very first importance. He supposes that his idea of God's law is quite beyond man, and Nature, too, and proceeds to prove his statements without proof; or, rather, he imagines that his fundamental ideas are already proved, in some way. One of his assumptions is that Religion and Nature are distinct; that the one contradicts the other. He, therefore, refuses to argue with a person who points out that he has no basis of fact upon which to rear his structure.

Of late years, however, a very large class of Churchmen has arisen, who attempt to show that after all, there is no disagreement between the modern views of Natural Law and the old Bible Theology. Both are exactly right. The interpretation only is wrong.

Accordingly, each divine proceeds to give the correct interpretation. Hence, we have thousands of contradictory explanations, which condemn themselves in the minds of thinking persons. These Reconcilers, as they are called, must eventually renounce the old dogmas, because they have made an important admission. They begin to admit that some sort of connection exists between Religion and Natural Law. They see dimly that some quiet influence is operating among their congregations; and that, although their old creeds are not openly rejected, they are not believed. The pastors are thus compelled, through the quiet lessons given by the pupils, to seek for causes. The teacher learns from the pupil what is required—and learns also how to supply it.

In this we see plainly that the world, the public, or whatever it may be called, is the cause of the Reform; of the new ideas now operating in every church, in every creed, and in every religious sect, all over the globe. The author of a new useful idea or process, is always some one out of the Church; a heretic or an apostate.

The connection between Religion and Science or Natural Law, which the Church has tried for ages to ignore, exists because both are ruled by the same influence. There is one code of laws for both heaven and earth. It has been the custom to speak of the Laws of Nature and of the Laws of God—a highly absurd distinction; especially if we allow that "God is only another name for good." It is easy to see that such a distinction arises from only one source, the Priesthood. But the time is past when the public look to the Church for light and life. Instead of the Church being now the Light of the World, we now begin to see that the light of the Church is the world; the great mass of public opinion, before which the Church must bow. Everything is now examined by the "Time Spirit." Nothing can escape, whether it be a process in chemistry, or a process introduced to save us from the punishment of sin. A sinner must now be saved by conforming to natural law; and a stone returns to the earth, after having been thrown away, for the same reason. Both effects result from natural law; and this is the law of God, for God is Nature.

And love is Nature too. Without love as a basis, no proper atonement can proceed. Deficiency of love causes us to injure our friends and fellow-workers; and an increase of love afterwards removes the injury; or, at least, part of it. The atonement is more or less complete, according to the love. And here we find ourselves confronted with a mystery. We often injure our friends, and they often injure us in ignorance. In ignorance we offend, and in ignorance we afterwards make atonement. But how much ignorance, or how little we must atone for, we know not; and perhaps, we may never know, neither in this life nor in any other.

We can, however, comfort ourselves with the fact that experience proves that atonement is really effected by love; and this is true whether the injury arises from an idle word or from a cruel murder. It is also necessary for the love to exist in both persons—in the offender and the one sinned against. But love only is not sufficient to produce a full atonement. Wisdom also is required, to determine the punishment or suffering which should accompany the process. The deep mystery of the love of a wise woman as far as I understand it, is my beau ideal of the power most effective for producing full and speedy atonement.

The ordinary idea of atonement is something required by God to punish one for sin. It is very common among church people. The sufferings of Jesus are the supposed means for pardoning a sinner and bringing him into harmony or "atoning" with God. This, however, is not to be only the result of faith in Jesus, but the process of atonement is confounded with the act of faith, and it becomes impossible to know whether the sinner is saved by Jesus or saves himself. The justice or reasonableness of the process is ignored. If the sinner is a thoughtful person, he asks whence comes the law by which punishment is inflicted upon an innocent person for the guilt of another? The reply is that in spiritual things the law of God prevails. The inquirer is told that he is well enough to be careful in this life in punishing criminals, to avoid punishing a wrong man. But in the next life, another species of justice prevails. A murderer in this life condemned to death by a law man; but immediately after condemnation he can be saved from hell by believing in the law of God, so-called, which law is, "He that believeth on the Son is passed from death unto life."

Here we see the folly of supposing that different laws are required for the one crime. One is a man-made law which punishes a criminal in this life, ordered by judge and jury; the other law to punish Jesus an innocent man, ordered by God. Of the two laws the one made by man is the more just because it restrains the criminal from crime through fear of punishment. But the supposed divine spiritual law (which, however, is only a church law,) allows the real offender to escape and punishes the innocent. The substitution is Jesus, whereby the sinner is merely forgiven and freed from fear of punishment; but the sin itself is supposed to be blotted out and annihilated. Whether the sin is really destroyed by such a process may decide by observation. We associate with numbers of persons who are saved, they say, from sin; but they continue to commit it. Of course, our powers of observation are very limited; and in estimating character we miserably fail; yet it is our duty to move reverently a short distance into the mystery of thought and life, to discover evils in

persons, as well as in ourselves, in order to exist and perform our daily work.

A newly-saved Salvation Army convert exhibits no desire to examine motives, character, justice, and such trifles. He desires an easy plan for escaping punishment, and feels quite sure he has found the pearl of great price; the only infallible, sure means of salvation, by mere faith in the work of another man. The idea of studying a law of Nature in order to be saved from sin, is to him a childishness beneath consideration. Such happy ignorance is quite right for him, and perhaps the only means suited to his case. The mistake he makes consists in supposing his plan to be suited to persons possessing reverent ideas of justice and life.

The best sort of atonement for sin is that which destroys the sin and its effects. If we can discover laws or means whereby crime can be prevented, the laws for punishing crime become useless. Learned Christians tell us at this day that sin is as deadly as ever. Many of them teach that it is far more deadly. The entire world is now more wicked, and needs more atonement by Jesus than at any past time. We have their own testimony that the atonement resulting from the work of Jesus is of no use to prevent sin. It is very imperfect indeed. Suppose, however, that Jesus had been powerful enough and wise enough to destroy sin, instead of allowing it to remain and become more deadly for 1900 years; then the whole world would have acknowledged Jesus as a real Saviour. But what are the facts? We ourselves have been the saviours during all that time. And the wisest and most loving among us have wrought the most salvation. Yet our powers are limited. Each person can perform only his share. In the aggregate an immense work has been done. New ideas and persistent industry have produced new books; new apparatus and machinery have given us more luxuries of life. Disease, crime and misery have been prevented by new methods in sanitary science. Suffering is less; happiness is greater. But the work is only commenced; still, we can proudly compare it with the so-called "finished" work of Christ. And we can compare our work with his without danger of diminishing to the smallest degree our respect for the great and good man who nobly performed his share in the general plan of salvation. The improvements effected result from attending to what little we know of natural law. Christians suppose they have learned all that is necessary about the means of salvation. But the most learned of them would do well to humbly stand and reverently ask for further lessons. The judgment of the Church is supposed to be final. All the plan of salvation from sin is fixed and complete. Only by faith, etc., can we be saved; and the faith must be directed to the old dogmas—not to the new sciences.

When we commit a crime, we injure others

and ourselves also. The old idea is that a sinner offends or injures God, who is supposed to be a man something like ourselves. I think it better to acknowledge our ignorance of who or what God is. If, however, God be omnipotent, omniscient, and the author of all law; certainly we cannot offend him or injure him, by any means. The safe course I think, is to admit that we cannot sin against God. Therefore, a sinner sins against himself and also against some one else. Perhaps he injures himself the most; but the person sinned against must bear the effects of the sin; and his children also suffer; during a longer or shorter time, according, I presume, to the length of time needed for the atonement, which may be only a day, or perhaps, a hundred years.

We will say, for argument, that it might be possible for the atonement of Christ to suffice for one man; then it would still be necessary to provide some atonement for diseases or sins of the children. Experience shows that a "saved Christian" produces diseased children, and the disease makes the criminal. We can trace the effects of one crime, and of even one error, to several generations. It is useless to argue, as many do, that God forgives the sinner; but allows the sin to continue and make the great great grand children sinners too. If the atonement or suffering of Christ cannot destroy, or in some way prevent sin, of what value is it? On the other hand we may ask whether an atonement by living in agreement with laws of health is not of far more value? The work of Christ merely atones for the sinner, but allows the sin to remain for 1900 years. Such a process is, at best, only a partial remedy. This may be contrasted with the fact that the study of nature shows us it is possible, in time, to abolish sin altogether. The continual, everlasting atonement by Christ implies that sin is to *continue* for ever.

The old idea that blood is required for atonement, led to the supposed need for shedding the blood of Christ; thus attempting to cure one crime by committing another; blood for blood, as we find it over and over again in the Hebrew bible. The results are plainly seen even to the present day, in all our civil and criminal courts; where punishments are administered in view of the supposed need of retaliation for injuries, rather than the need for measures to prevent them. An immense amount of crime would never exist if people were well-fed and taught how prevent it instead of how to punish it.

From intercourse with our departed friends in the other life, we learn more of atonement than can be learned from all the bibles combined. Clairvoyants, too, while yet in the earthly form, give us indisputable testimony to the need for a natural, personal atonement. We do not, as did those of old, imagine all such revelations to be infallible truth; but we can easily learn enough to entirely convince us that personal suffering, more or less, is

necessary to effect a proper atonement, and also learn enough to entirely overthrow the atonement ideas of bible-theologians. We find it necessary to judge such revelations by our own innate sense of love and justice. This is the private judgment which is, and always has been, so fiercely attacked by the Church. Yet it is the final tribunal before which every one stands both in this life and the next. Each person is, sooner or later, compelled to condemn himself, who is thus prevented blaming others for his own faults.

An individual atonement for sin is effected by the sinner's own will and desire to undo whatever wrong he may have done to himself and to others. This work may, or may not begin in this life. The sooner the better I presume. Of course, natural law governs this as all other things. If it be true that we act and think in accordance with laws, it certainly becomes our duty to understand, to some little extent, what the laws are and where they come from; whether from the arcana of nature or from an old book of unused doctrines. At this point we find two courses to choose from. We can set aside all natural law, as the Church does, and act by the grace of God through faith in Jesus; or, we can set aside faith and set by rules we have framed from study and experience. This I consider to be the far better way. By this course, we soon see that the first step towards the proper renunciation of error or sin is to acknowledge it and know it to be sin, or error. We can then avoid it in future; and perhaps also destroy it. While a man does not see that he is doing wrong, he will not change his operations. And it must be remembered that the thing which is considered by one person to be a religious duty, may by another person be considered a deadly sin; this is another proof of need for individual atonement. I would venture to say that a vast number of actions supposed to be sins are never atoned for at all. The person himself decides eventually what is wrong and what is right; and thus makes his own suffering and atonement. He selects what is good and avoids what is evil, as far as his ability extends, whether it be in this life or in the future. To my mind it seems impossible to escape such decision. After a person has inquired of friends, books, churches and bibles for advice in a difficulty, he at last decides for himself. In some cases it is in accordance with advice he has received, but in many cases, he finds he could have decided much easier by applying to himself first of all. Because a man can thus decide, it seems to me to be just that he shall endure his suffering in process of atonement.

All our thoughts and actions contain a portion of error, or what we discover to be error, after the actions are performed. A man is continually changing his course because he is always finding new facts, new sins, and new truths. Only thoughtless persons make no change. A person of reflection who looks

reverently into the mysteries of love and life derives new light; and must, in consequence, adopt new processes and modes of life. To him the prevalent theology and doctrine of vicarious atonement are viewed merely as relics of ancient churchism.

History, and the observations of cultured men and women teach that before all things we must study cause and effect, including of course, the causes of disease and crime. We do not learn anything whatever in the bible concerning the cause and prevention of misery and sin, (as it is there termed). We find only the commission of it, together with a few modes adopted for the punishment of the evil-doers. But in other books we do find an immense amount of information about prevention, and in books written by men and women who have no superstitious reverence for bibles. They are persons who would scorn the proposal to allow an innocent person to die for their sins. Are we to ignore such men as Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, Crookes, and hundreds more, who all reverently believe and teach that the only proper salvation from crime and misery must result only by study of Law? Every one of these honored men aim at prevention, rather than cure.

Each person must suffer for himself, because each one acts from motives peculiar to himself. Because no one knows the motives of another, no one can arrange an atonement applicable to all. The suffering required to effect atonement in a poverty-stricken person cannot be the same as that needed for a rich one. Disease will gradually overturn the mind of a man or woman until crime is committed without being aware of it. And this introduces the question, What is sin, and who are sinners?

The old dogma that all are equally guilty before God is fast vanishing from the world. Sin, together with its causes and effects, are supposed to be well understood by the church, and all are summarily disposed of in a reckless manner.

The fact that individual atonement is necessary, teaches us that there is no such thing as forgiveness of sin until the sinner forgives himself, which cannot happen until he has used his opportunity for removing the effects of his actions. It might be possible for God, considered as a man, to forgive the sinner; but I am unable to see by what law or process God would immediately destroy effects of the sin, although the church recklessly maintains that it is done, in face of experience to the contrary.

The little philosophy I possess teaches me the urgent need for study how to prevent sin. The church teaches merely how to punish it. For many persons this terror of punishment is the only means of effecting their amendment. For this reason church doctrines should be respected, as being one means, among others, suited to some persons.

That every one of us may bravely and

wisely fight against our inherent evils; and also cheerfully submit to the suffering required for our respective atonements, is my earnest prayer.

Put Yourself in Her Place.

BY LUPA.

CHAPTER I.

James and Alice Raymond had married much as other western couples did, he because he was tired of floating about with no purpose or result to his life, and she, because she was weary of monotony and longed to do something heroic. His friends told him a good wife would reform his wild, reckless ways and make him fit for either "Paradise Lost" or "Regained," so, for want of a more interesting thing to do, he concluded to try it.

Alice possessed more "good points" than any other girl he knew; among them large benevolence, conscientiousness and ideality, with small self-esteem, so was easily persuaded that he offered her a chance to win a blessing for which many an angel might sigh in vain, for, "There is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men who went not astray."

He could be good, he said, with her to help him, and after their wedding-day he would change all his wild ways and become so steady no one would know him.

Alice, forgetting that what a man will not do from self-respect he is not likely to accomplish to please his wife, believed him, and found, when too late, that she had sold her birthright, her freedom, for pottage seasoned with many a bitter herb. James "took up a claim" of unimproved land, built a house and, for a time after his marriage, tried to do as he had promised, but his old mates ridiculed, his old habits clamored for gratification and at length the bottle appeared in the cupboard where it would be "handy" and the fumes of tobacco were continually about him while, as a consequence of the nerve-disturbing qualities of these two, angry words came often to his lips, and Alice grieved long over her disappointing failure, with a grief that gradually turned to bitterness as she felt the injustice of his words and acts; for like many others, he considered man and wife one, but *man* the *one*, whose will should be law and that law obeyed. Had she not so promised and was it not wicked—for *her*, not for *him*?

The years had been very lonely ones, spent in the solitary farm-house, miles from neighbors and further from congenial associates, with little to read and less spare time or energy for that enjoyment had her library been large, for the frequent new baby had made the weary arms more weary, the pale cheeks paler, and the sad eyes sadder. Though free with harsh words, James was

very saving of tender ones which would have been courage, health, life to her; and the reviction came slowly but came to stay, that was all a mistake, a terrible mistake.

On this sunny, June day that I speak of, he had been unusually late because the dinner had been half an hour late, not heeding her tired voice as she said that baby had been unusually troublesome. At last the bright color darted to her cheeks, her bent shoulders straightened, and she remembered the time when, in his presence, he would have killed any man who used such language in her presence, a glow came into the eyes which she had straight into the fierce blackness of his eyes and said;

"James Raymond, do you consider me a lady?"

"I suppose you are," he replied with a sneer.

"Then treat me like one. I wish," she went on, as her breath came pantingly, her voice grew hard as he had never heard before, "that re-incarnation or re-embodiment might be true, and that in your next life you might be a woman and learn by experience what women suffer."

With a muttered curse on "tormenting women" and a wish that he had never seen her, he shoved back his chair from the table and slamming the door behind him, stalked out to the shady porch, where he soon forgot the disturbance while watching the tobacco smoke as it curled about his head, and dreamily wondering what made Alice so "stubborn;" then he wondered what she meant by his being a woman in the next life, and everything grew confused for an indefinite time, and out of the chaos one question came clearly: "Would you like to know what I meant? You shall."

Again mental mistiness, and slowly returning self-consciousness followed, the first being that of extreme smallness and weakness; but, while he is enjoying this unusual experience, we, leaving Alice to finish her work, while reflecting bitterly instead of saving James she was likely to lose herself, will take a swift journey to survey the place where he is to live this life.

CHAPTER II.

It was such a farm-house as could be seen in New England at almost any turn of the road fifty years ago, and I am quite sure that the one I am thinking of is there, with its four square corners, four sides marked, at regular intervals, by windows composed of twelve small panes of glass, which only partially kept out the sun from solemn, square, carpetless, useful, surrounding a square, red-brick chimney which was exactly in the center of this red house, and looked, on the outside, like the stem of a huge cherry that had been pinched square and carefully set on the top. There was grass, for the air and

neither cost anything nor could be sold for money, and the rain falleth on the just and on the unjust. The grass was kept closely mowed, because "hay fetches a good price down to W. now," and for the same reason none of it was dug up to make room for "farnal old posies, of no arthly use but to make a litter, and take up time that had better be spent knitten' socks for the store." Even the "laylocks and pineys," as lilaes and peonys are called, dared come no nearer the house than the big "stun heap," which seemed to represent the petrified back-aches of the generations of boys who had collected it, not for fun, but for the daily "stint" and sometimes for punishment.

There were trees—yes, apple trees, as they "paid their keepin'," and a maple grove near by was highly prized, not for the delicate beauty of its spring blossoming nor its leafy glory in the autumn days, but because during the March freezings and thawings, many gallons of syrup and pounds of sugar were made there for the market.

The inmates of the house, Mr. and Mrs. John Stone Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. John Stone Jr., were "square, honest folks, never taking one cent more nor less than belonged to them," and Mistress Pegotty would have said they were, like Barkis, "a little near." We must except Mrs. John Stone Jr. (for that was the common manner of mentioning a married woman, as though she had lost or sold all her own on her wedding day); she was a western girl by birth and education, whom John Stone had met when he, the younger son, leaving the elder brother, Nathan, with Sally, his wife, to "take care of the old folks," went West to find his fortune or make it. The influence of the more careless people he associated with, combined with youthful feelings, modified the Puritanic hardness of his manner, but, when Nathan died one day, after the fall work was done, and, inside the three days of waiting for the burial, Sally followed him, (to save the expense of another funeral, some hinted,) John went back to take his place, and Mary went, too, of course, for the law says to a man, where thou goest, there shall thy wife go also; then the temporary western outside soon wore off, and Mary suddenly awoke to the life that was before her, gave one frightened look, one despairing prayer for a short life, then shut her lips and suffered dumbly, grew stupid, they said, and when after a time a baby girl came, she called her Marah, for life indeed meant "bitterness" for her now. But father and grandfather said she shall be called Phebe, and it was so recorded. When the child grew old enough to talk and was questioned as to her name, she said, with a puzzled look on her old, odd little face, "My name is Jim."

If a stare or a laugh greeted this answer, she alwas turned towards the west with a fixed, wondering expression in her eyes and asked herself why she said that.

"For I always want to. It seems as though it had been my name long ago some where else."

People said, "It's the mother's queerness," and she never disputed it, for when the child impatiently drew away from the hard, restraining hand, she saw her own longing for western freedom; when the child was sneeringly called a "Tomboy," on account of her wild pranks among calves, sheep and colts, she thought how she had longed for a horseback race over the broad plains she had left; then remembering what a fettered life a New England woman must lead, she sighed and said, "Poor child!" and little "Jim's" black eyes would snap as she asked:

"What do people 'poor' me and groan over me and shake their heads about me for? If I'm such a strange creature, why don't you sell me to that showman, that could do such grand things with the horses? I wish you would, then I could have some fun and not be cooped up like a bird in a cage."

Then she ran out and climbed to the top of the tall apple tree behind the house, and looked long toward the west, wondering what it held for her and why thought she was called so queer.

"I think grandpa is queerer when he goes slopping around in those old rubber boots when there isn't any water. I wonder if they are some Noah had left when the flood dried up and gave them to grandma, for he never bought them, he's too (now old apple tree, don't you tell as long as you live and breathe) he's too stingy. I think he's queerer than I am when he wants me to live on dandelion greens all the spring when I like milk a great deal better. He says they are good for the blood, but I believe that is because he is stingy, for he sells all the milk, but he couldn't get anything for the dandelions. I like to make chains of the stems and blow the little, white fairy birds out of the green cage on top, but I don't want to dig them up and eat them all the time."

"O, Golly!" she groaned, as she commenced sliding down the tree and caught the skirt of her calico dress on a dead branch.

"Now, old tree, you needn't tell of that either, for I wish I was a boy and could wear trousers instead of these horrid, old dresses, that are always in the way and always getting torn; made out of this old, thin stuff, that you can't look at but it drops to pieces. I looked at Tom Green's tongue and its made just like mine, and he don't get any madder when anything happens than I do, and I would just like to know why its any more wicked for me to say things than 'tis for him."

"Somebody must mend that great hole, and if I go in this way, grandma will pucker up her mouth, grandpa and father will say, 'Tomboy' and mother will draw a long breath and look out of the west window. O, I wish I was a boy? I wonder if I wasn't

one once. What does make me think my name is Jim?"

Then with head erect and as fearless a step as those which beat the tune Yankee Doodle on the same soil years before, she marched in to meet the "enemy," as she called them.

(To be continued.)

Sunlight and Cents.

A widow whose back windows were favorably placed for catching the sunlight many hours of the day, succeeded in raising a few strawberries in winter; which she sold to invalids for a fabulous price. The next winter she had a whole glass side put in with shelves to the top, arranged an admirable system of heating, filled her shelves with strawberry plants in pots and made \$1,500 out of her winter strawberries. She found her market in the nearest large city, transporting them herself with great care, delivering them to her customers, who were, of course, wealthy people, willing and able to pay great sums for such a rare luxury.—*Woman's News.*

A venturesome six-year-old boy ran into the forest after the team, and rode home in triumph on the load. When his exploit was related, his mother asked if he was not frightened when the team was coming down a steep hill? "Yes, a little," said he; but I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver!" The boy's philosophy was good. Some pray, but do not hang on; some hang on, but do not pray. The safe way and right way is to join prayer and labor, faith and works, zeal and patience, and so give all diligence to make our calling and election sure.—*Christian Herald.*

St. Madelaine de Pazzi was an ecstatic who passed into the somnambulant trance, during which she would be at work in various ways. Her sister nuns would bandage her eyes and close the shutters of her cell, when, in total darkness, she would continue to paint, in the most delicate and accurate manner, holy pictures. These pictures have been preserved in the convent as sacred relics of the saint's miraculous gifts. Some of us would, doubtless, call this the "control of a spirit," but a much more rational inference would be that her own liberated soul, dispensing with corporeal sight, displayed its inherent superior powers by doing what she could not do in her lower condition of life.—*Light.*

Women took an active part in the parliamentary election at Southampton, England, and quite a demonstration was made by the women over Mr. Evans, the successful Liberal candidate. Mrs. Evans who was most active in the canvass for her husband is an American by birth.

Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened.—*Emerson.*

neither cost anything nor could be sold for money, and the rain falleth on the just and on the unjust. The grass was kept closely mowed, because "hay fetches a good price down to W. now," and for the same reason none of it was dug up to make room for "farnal old posies, of no arthly use but to make a litter, and take up time that had better be spent knitten' socks for the store." Even the "laylocks and pineys," as lilacs and peonys are called, dared come no nearer the house than the big "stun heap," which seemed to represent the petrified back-aches of the generations of boys who had collected it, not for fun, but for the daily "stint" and sometimes for punishment.

There were trees—yes, apple trees, as they "paid their keepin'," and a maple grove near by was highly prized, not for the delicate beauty of its spring blossoming nor its leafy glory in the autumn days, but because during the March freezings and thawings, many gallons of syrup and pounds of sugar were made there for the market.

The inmates of the house, Mr. and Mrs. John Stone Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. John Stone Jr., were "square, honest folks, never taking one cent more nor less than belonged to them," and Mistress Pegotty would have said they were, like Barkis, "a little near." We must except Mrs. John Stone Jr. (for that was the common manner of mentioning a married woman, as though she had lost or sold all her own on her wedding day); she was a western girl by birth and education, whom John Stone had met when he, the younger son, leaving the elder brother, Nathan, with Sally, his wife, to "take care of the old folks," went West to find his fortune or make it. The influence of the more careless people he associated with, combined with youthful feelings, modified the Puritanic hardness of his manner, but, when Nathan died one day, after the fall work was done, and, inside the three days of waiting for the burial, Sally followed him, (to save the expense of another funeral, some hinted,) John went back to take his place, and Mary went, too, of course, for the law says to a man, where thou goest, there shall thy wife go also; then the temporary western outside soon wore off, and Mary suddenly awoke to the life that was before her, gave one frightened look, one despairing prayer for a short life, then shut her lips and suffered dumbly, grew stupid, they said, and when after a time a baby girl came, she called her Marah, for life indeed meant "bitterness" for her now. But father and grandfather said she shall be called Phebe, and it was so recorded. When the child grew old enough to talk and was questioned as to her name, she said, with a puzzled look on her old, odd little face, "My name is Jim."

If a stare or a laugh greeted this answer, she alwas turned towards the west with a fixed, wondering expression in her eyes and asked herself why she said that.

"For I always want to. It seems as though it had been my name long ago some where else."

People said, "It's the mother's queerness," and she never disputed it, for when the child impatiently drew away from the hard, restraining hand, she saw her own longing for western freedom; when the child was sneeringly called a "Tomboy," on account of her wild pranks among calves, sheep and colts, she thought how she had longed for a horseback race over the broad plains she had left; then remembering what a fettered life a New England woman must lead, she sighed and said, "Poor child!" and little "Jim's" black eyes would snap as she asked:

"What do people 'poor' me and groan over me and shake their heads about me for? If I'm such a strange creature, why don't you sell me to that showman, that could do such grand things with the horses? I wish you would, then I could have some fun and not be cooped up like a bird in a cage."

Then she ran out and climbed to the top of the tall apple tree behind the house, and looked long toward the west, wondering what it held for her and why thought she was called so queer.

"I think grandpa is queerer when he goes slopping around in those old rubber boots when there isn't any water. I wonder if they are some Noah had left when the flood dried up and gave them to grandma, for he never bought them, he's too (now old apple tree, don't you tell as long as you live and breathe) he's too stingy. I think he's queerer than I am when he wants me to live on dandelion greens all the spring when I like milk a great deal better. He says they are good for the blood, but I believe that is because he is stingy, for he sells all the milk, but he couldn't get anything for the dandelions. I like to make chains of the stems and blow the little, white fairy birds out of the green cage on top, but I don't want to dig them up and eat them all the time."

"O, Golly!" she groaned, as she commenced sliding down the tree and caught the skirt of her calico dress on a dead branch.

"Now, old tree, you needn't tell of that either, for I wish I was a boy and could wear trousers instead of these horrid, old dresses, that are always in the way and always getting torn; made out of this old, thin stuff, that you can't look at but it drops to pieces. I looked at Tom Green's tongue and its made just like mine, and he don't get any madder when anything happens than I do, and I would just like to know why its any more wicked for me to say things than 'tis for him.

"Somebody must mend that great hole, and if I go in this way, grandma will pucker up her mouth, grandpa and father will say, "Tomboy" and mother will draw a long breath and look out of the west window. O, I wish I was a boy? I wonder if I wasn't

one once. What does make me think my name is Jim?"

Then with head erect and as fearless a step as those which beat the tune Yankee Doodle on the same soil years before, she marched in to meet the "enemy," as she called them.

(To be continued.)

Sunlight and Cents.

A widow whose back windows were favorably placed for catching the sunlight many hours of the day, succeeded in raising a few strawberries in winter; which she sold to invalids for a fabulous price. The next winter she had a whole glass side put in with shelves to the top, arranged an admirable system of heating, filled her shelves with strawberry plants in pots and made \$1,500 out of her winter strawberries. She found her market in the nearest large city, transporting them herself with great care, delivering them to her customers, who were, of course, wealthy people, willing and able to pay great sums for such a rare luxury.—*Woman's News.*

A venturesome six-year-old boy ran into the forest after the team, and rode home in triumph on the load. When his exploit was related, his mother asked if he was not frightened when the team was coming down a steep hill? "Yes, a little," said he; but I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver!" The boy's philosophy was good. Some pray, but do not hang on; some hang on, but do not pray. The safe way and right way is to join prayer and labor, faith and works, zeal and patience, and so give all diligence to make our calling and election sure.—*Christian Herald.*

St. Madelaine de Pazzi was an ecstatic who passed into the somnambule trance, during which she would be at work in various ways. Her sister nuns would bandage her eyes and close the shutters of her cell, when, in total darkness, she would continue to paint, in the most delicate and accurate manner, holy pictures. These pictures have been preserved in the convent as sacred relics of the saint's miraculous gifts. Some of us would, doubtless, call this the "control of a spirit," but a much more rational inference would be that her own liberated soul, dispensing with corporeal sight, displayed its inherent superior powers by doing what she could not do in her lower condition of life.—*Light.*

Women took an active part in the parliamentary election at Southampton, England, and quite a demonstration was made by the women over Mr. Evans, the successful Liberal candidate. Mrs. Evans who was most active in the canvass for her husband is an American by birth.

Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened.—*Emerson.*

THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

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

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

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

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

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

AGENTS,

J. K. Cooper - - - - - 746 Market Street, San Francisco.
Banner of Light Bookstore - - 9 Bosworth Street, Boston.
Thomas Lees - - - - - 142 Ontario Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Titus Merritt - - - - - 232 West Fifty-second St., New York.
Samuel D. Green - - - 132 Jefferson Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.
A. L. Coverdale - - - 79 Thirty-fifth Street, Chicago, Ill.
E. T. Jett - - - - - 802 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.
J. H. Rhodes, 722 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
H. A. Kersey - 3 Bigg Market, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.
C. H. Bamford, 87 Little Collins St., Melbourne, Australia.
P. Kailasam Bros., Spiritual Book Depot, Madras, Bombay.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 14, 1888.

NO ROOM FOR THEM.

The more enlightened thinkers of civilization are beginning to recognize that the community of sentiment underlying human nature will eventually offer a precise foundation whereon to erect the temple of Human Brotherhood throughout the world. While, in this light, they observe that social and national differences are but the accentuations of the local divergences, which in the end will broaden out and overlap each other, until harsher distinctions will disappear. Travel and literature are the civilizers and enlighteners of the world. The more people see and know of each other, the less is there of sectional antagonism, even in our own beautiful land. Even so is it concerning the various races and nations of the world.

Increasing significance is daily being imparted to Thomas Paine's immortal aphorism, "The world is my country, to do good my religion," and this being so we must accept—in its humanitarianism—the dictum that all are brothers, irrespective of creed or color. Such, it seems to the DOVE, is the teaching of Spiritualism. Expressed in other words it is: one family, humanity; one object the happiness of all; one creed, our highest duty. In view, then, of the foregoing let us feel that the here and the hereafter are for us all.

Such latitudinarian sentiments, however, will, we fear, but ill accord with the thoughts of at least one man in this city of San Francisco, for he has made the statement that, in effect, there

are some people in the world, to-day, who are of no use for here or heaven! Not because, mark this, they are immoral, evil, wicked,—not even because they are Atheists or Spiritualists,—but because they are "pagans" and "heathens" and Chinese! This is the doctrine of one Rev. (?) John Hannon. From the published report of his sermon this extract is taken:

"Here in our ideal city, is growing a wing that will in time destroy the city. This wing is Chinatown, and it is the duty of every Christian to see that it is shut out. It is a disgrace for a nation to contain ignorant people. God took the Hebrews out of Egypt and to another land, and I would that God would only take Chinese from our city.

If the coolies were good enough to go to heaven, he said, they were good enough to come here, but as they were heathen, this city should be void of them. There are a number of unpopulated spots of Europe where they could live and have plenty of room, for the speaker believed that a Chinese needed more elbow room than a white man. The parable of the good Samaritan next arrested his attention, and he spoke of the sinner being carried to an inn not so grand as that of his fellows because he was not so good. So should we carry the Chinese to an inn that is far beneath San Francisco and have them live there.

He closed his sermon by asking his hearers to shun all evil things for, like the Chinese they are a curse and a dread to those who had anything to do with them."

If God made man he made the Chinaman just as he is responsible for the existence of Rev. John Hannon. Drunkenness, debauchery, the use of stimulants and narcotics, sharp tricks in trade and deviltry in general, are no worse because a man's skin is yellow, instead of white. If bribery was unknown hereabouts, and city ordinances were honestly enforced, without favor or fee preventing, how much of the evils of "Chinatown," or elsewhere, would exist? Let the Rev. Hannon answer. His diatribe is un-Christian and contrary to the spirit of the age in which he lives. It is even a blasphemy against his God.

Is it not time that the sneers, flouts and flings against our yellow fellow creatures were stopped? Who first introduced them? Christian contractors, who sought to save money by their cheaper service. To abuse, illtreat and extort, to play the bully, in a word, and then to pour the vials of religious (?)defamation on a part of of humaniy, is a shame that Spiritualists ought not to countenance. We know that for all there is room and place, but if "the Gospel" discriminates against the Mongol hereafter, what can be said of the universal grace and love of him upon whom it is said to rest?

Well may we say good Lord deliver us from thine own servants, who, to curry favor, with a class, denounce a portion of our common family. Spiritualists, your gospel is the brotherhood of man. It is a better gospel than John Hannon preaches even though he be styled a Reverend.

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE PARTY TO MISS FLORENCE MORSE.

A very pleasant surprise party took place on the evening of Tuesday, July 3rd, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse, 331 Turk st. It was the seventeenth birthday of their daughter, Florence; and some sixty of her friends met in friendly convocation thereat in honor of

the occasion. The young lady was in blissful ignorance of the coming event, to allow of preparations being made in the afternoon by parties who are always dodges of this character; and when she was filled with her friends it dawned upon her the first time what was up.

During the evening Miss Florence was the recipient of a number of choice and beautiful presents, the unwrapping and examination of which by herself and the ladies present was the cause of much enjoyment during the part of the evening. After the presents had all been gazed at and admired, the company was called to order by Wm. Coleman, who made a few remarks of a happy and pertinent to the occasion. In complimenting Miss Florence many happy returns of the day, he said: "The many virtues and sweet character, so patent to you all, her truthfulness, her modesty and ingenuity have served to endear this young English girl to all our hearts; and that her life, now budding into womanhood, may always be pure and sweet, crowned with usefulness and joy is our sincere hope and prayer."

An excellent impromptu program of musical and other specialties was successfully presented. In introducing the vocalist Mr. Coleman remarked that on former occasions we may have been charmed with the presence of the "Sharon," to-night for the first time we were favored with the presence of the "Lillie of the Valley,"—in fact, two lilies of the full bloom and sweetness, from dear old England's valleys. Mr. J. T. Lillie sang in usual pleasing and effective manner, "In the Sleigh," and for an encore, "We'll Go Above." Later in the evening Miss Lillie made a few sympathetic and complimentary marks congratulatory of Miss Morse's promising young womanhood.

Referring to the presence that evening of several ladies blessed with the three desiderata, youth, beauty, and talent, Mr. Coleman announced that one of those so highly endowed, one of Oakland's fairest lilies, Valene Hickethier, would recite "The Opera." The recitation was given in an excellent manner so characteristic of all the young lady's efforts. Mrs. Eugenia Clark was introduced as another of our daughters, sweet and fair,—or rather, fair and dark, for she was as pronouncedly brunette as Miss Valerie was a blonde. "We might not call Mrs. Clark one of our fairest lilies, we were warranted in complimenting her one of Oakland's sweetest persons; the former was a born dramatic actress, the latter was a born musician. Mrs. Clark sang the ballad of "Waiting" with much feeling and power.

"In dishing up the savory viands of wit and melody this evening," said Mr.

"there is one *entree* that must by no means be neglected. Miss Florence Morse must certainly give us a song." Miss Morse then sang "The Swanee River" very sweetly. Miss Libbie Hill was next introduced as the sister of Dr. Thos. L. Hill, who was absent from the city, but whose place was excellently filled by Miss Libbie, who possessed in no small degree humorous talent similar to that of her brother. Miss Hill's finely rendered recitation of "The Courtin'" evoked considerable amusement. Just at this point everybody was greeted with a pleasant surprise. Mr. S. J. Tully, leader of the San Francisco Cornet Band, which discoursed such delightful music at the camp-meeting during June, in company with several members of his band, had put in an appearance with their instruments, and they struck up a serenade in the hallway in honor of Miss Florence. Mr. Tully and one of his fellow-musicians very kindly assisted in furnishing the music for the merry dancers the latter portion of the evening, Mrs. Eugenia W. Clark, in her usual obliging spirit, presiding at the piano during the dancing. The concluding remarks were made by J. J. Morse, who expressed on behalf of his daughter, as well as himself and wife, his heartiest thanks to all for the kindness manifested to Flossy that evening. Ice-cream, cake and lemonade were then served up in bounteous profusion, after which dancing was instituted and kept up till midnight's solemn hour, at which time the happy party dispersed. That a most enjoyable evening had been spent goes without saying, and numerous were the expressions made by the friends at parting relative to the delightful time which they had experienced. Certainly none of the many social gatherings in which we have participated of late has been a greater success than this one.

The gifts received by Miss Florence were as follows: Toilet set and manicure set combined, in terra cotta plush case, from Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse; solid silver spoon and fork, with "Florence" and "July 3, 1888," engraved thereon, from Capt. M. R. Roberts; ten-dollar gold piece, I. C. Steele; embossed leather purse, J. W. Mackenzie Gill; toilet set in peacock-blue plush case, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison; plush cologne case and cologne, Misses Lillie and Clara Unfred; elegant pair of opera glasses, mother of pearl, the joint gift of Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, Mrs. Eugenia W. Clark, Wm. Emmette Coleman, Geo. H. Hawes, Mrs. Ada Foye, Miss Birdie Foye, and R. A. Robinson; lace handkerchief, Mrs. W. R. White; two bottles cologne, Mrs. M. A. Morris; pearl-handled pen-knife, Miss Winnie Michener; linen handkerchief and white silk ribbon, Mrs. Mary Irvin; pin cushion made of a piece of the big trees, Mrs. Waitt; card case, Miss Waitt; manicure set in plush case, Mrs. Davis; unique silver and glass vase with flowers, Miss Valerie Hickethier and Mrs. Alice Castello; gold thimble, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Dodge; Spanish silk lace scarf, Miss May Judson of Fruitvale; hand-painted handkerchief box and handkerchief,

Miss Gertie Michener; basket of smilax and roses, Mrs. Julia Schlesinger; citron cake, Mrs. Lena Clarke Cooke; paper weight of iridescent crystal glass, Mrs. E. L. Warner; Japanese silk handkerchief, beautifully embroidered, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; package of London Court stationery, Mrs. F. Annie Ellsworth; blue glass jewel case, Mrs. Kohn; birthday card and glass vase with flowers, Mrs. F. A. Robinson; birthday card and vase with flowers, Mrs. N. L. Churchill; birthday card enclosing a number of pages of choice poetical selections, Alfred W. Dodge; birthday card, W. E. Coleman; coin token with head of Queen Victoria thereon, Dr. J. V. Mansfield; two linen handkerchiefs, Mrs. S. Hill; linen handkerchief, Albert Dodge; linen handkerchief, Miss Josie Hill; linen handkerchief, sender unknown, the card accompanying having been misplaced.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

BOOKS DONATED TO THE FREE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY.

Mrs. L. M. Dougherty of Benicia, Cal., donated nineteen books: "Natty, a Spirit," A. Putnam; "Lyric of the Morning Land," Harris; "Beyond the Valley," A. J. Davis; "Old Lady Mary," "Divine Providence," "Woman and Her Era," Eliza Farnham; "Whispers and Echoes," Dr. Peet; "Epic of the Starry Heavens," Harris; "Dealings with the Dead," Randolph; "Thomas Paine in the Spirit World," Hammond; "The Magic Staff," A. J. Davis; "Spiritualism," Vol. 1, Judge Edmunds & Dexter; "Spiritualism," Vol. 2, Judge Edmunds & Dexter; "Divine Revelations," A. J. Davis; "Penetralia," A. J. Davis; "Messages from J. Q. Adams," "The Reformer," A. J. Davis; "The Teacher," A. J. Davis; "Lizzie Doten's Poems." Mrs. Josie Utter donated the following: "Esoteric Christianity," "Primitive Mind Cure," "Mental Medicine," "After Death," "Witchcraft Explained by Modern Spiritualism," "Mineral Resources West of the Rocky Mountains," "Mining Statistics."

IN MEMORIAM.

At a regular meeting of the leaders and friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, held July 9th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Michener, 212 Twelfth street, and largely attended by parents and children, the following Resolution, *In memoriam*, was offered and passed unanimously. And the secretary authorized to furnish a copy of the same to the CARRIER DOVE for publication.

Resolved, That it is with the deepest feelings of regret, that we learn the death of our much loved and respected member of the Lyceum, Albert Butler. His unexpected transition to that higher life, though seemingly premature, we feel assured that he will reap the reward of "well done good and faithful servant." His exemplary conduct in the Lyceum, and in his every day life, is a living monument in the memories of all, bidding them "go and do likewise."

JOHN SLATER'S SEANCE.

Mr. John Slater will give a public entertainment and seance at Union Square Hall, 421 Post street, on Thursday evening, July 19th, for the benefit of Mrs. M. J. Hendee. Dancing from 10 to 12. Tickets, 25 cents; for sale at this office.

BENEFIT SEANCES.

On Monday, July 16th, Dr. L. Schlesinger will give sittings from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., the proceeds to go to Mrs. M. J. Hendee. Tickets will be sold at this office for one dollar each, which will entitle the holder to a sitting on that day. On Wednesday, July 18th, Dr. J. V. Mansfield will devote the day from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. to the same purpose. Tickets for sale at this office for one dollar each. Early application is necessary in order to secure sittings with these excellent mediums at those rates. Mrs. M. J. Hendee is a veteran medium and deserves this public recognition of her valuable work in the years that are past.

A GRAND CONCERT.

A grand concert will be given in the Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, this Saturday evening, July 14th. The proceeds go to liquidate the debt on the institution.

W. J. Colville is the moving spirit in the enterprise, and an excellent programme has been prepared. Admission 25cts. Concert at 8 P. M.

DOVE FEATHERS.

Our Eastern visitors are gone.

They leave an excellent record.

We hope the angels may send them out here again.

Bon voyage and every success attend them.

The DOVE and its readers will ever be glad to hear from them and note their progress.

Camp accounts are not yet made up.

The good work done more than compensates for the deficit.

The farewell at the Temple to Mr. and Mrs. Lillie and Mr. E. W. Emerson was immense.

Eight hundred people were present.

The exercises were wide and varied.

The chair was occupied by J. J. Morse.

John Slater had a packed house at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday last.

His tests were wonderful.

W. J. Colville speaks in Metropolitan Temple the remaining Sunday mornings of this month.

J. J. Morse commenced his lecture season at Washington Hall on Sunday evening.

He was greeted with a full house, plenty of good feeling and encouragement.

J. W. Gill made his first appearance. Extreme nervousness almost prostrated him.

John Slater most generously helped him out.

Mrs. A. J. Knowles of Santa Clara, enlivened our office with her presence one day last week,

Mrs. Champion of San Jose has been visiting friends in this city since the Camp-meeting.

Mrs. E. B. Crossette returned home last Tuesday. She is a dear little woman.

Dr. L. Schlesinger, Dr. J. V. Mansfield and John Slater are each arranging benefits on behalf of Mrs. Hendee.

Ghps.

Dr. J. V. Mansfield, test medium, has taken rooms at No. 1 Fifth st., where he gives sittings daily. The Dr. is here on a visit and those who wish to meet him should not delay calling.

Members of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists are requested to attend a business meeting to be held at Washington hall next Sunday at 1 P. M. All members are requested to be present, as important business will be transacted.

From the *Louisville Courier Journal* and *Charleston News* we learn that George P. Colby is doing good work in the South. He is an excellent test medium and trance speaker and is doing missionary service for the Southern Association of Spiritualists.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Grand Central hall, cor. Sixth and Market streets, every Sunday morning at 10:30. John Slater teaches a class in the school and is working hard to interest the young people. If all would take hold of the work it would soon be a glorious success.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Lillie and Edgar Emerson accompanied by Mrs. Ruffan of Cincinnati, and Mrs. Dunklee of Boston, took their departure for the East on Tuesday last. They bear with them the best wishes of many new friends upon the Pacific Coast and we hope that at no distant day they may be with us again.

Mrs. E. B. Crossette, of San Jose, has been visiting friends in this city during the early part of the week. She spoke at Washington hall on last Sunday afternoon under the control of her spirit guides upon the subject "Spiritual ethics lead to kindness, not punishment." Mrs. Crossette is a fine speaker, and of pleasing presence, and we predict for her a future of usefulness and successful work upon the public rostrum.

The meanest of all mean, contemptible creatures is the man or woman who will write anonymous letters containing charges damaging to the character of another. Nine times out of ten the person who resorts to such discreditable methods to injure others is far the blacker and more deserving public condemnation. Unfortunately for the good morals of San Francisco a few such foul ravens pollute its atmosphere.

Mrs. S. B. Whitehead who was so seriously ill at the camp-meeting has recovered and is able to resume her usual duties as librarian at the office 841 Market st.

The lecture "Spiritualism and Science" in this issue, by Wm. Emmette Coleman, is one of the best and most comprehensive lectures we have ever read upon the subject. It contains the opinions of the most learned men of the day upon this important movement and is a concise statement of the most important principles embodied in the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism.

Last week we announced that the son of Mrs. E. L. Watson was recovering from his serious illness. Our announcement was a day premature, for before the DOVE had been received and read in this city, the young man had passed to the immortal life.

The funeral services were conducted by Mrs. Watson, at her home, Sunny Brae; the interment at San Jose. As no definite account has been received by us we can only furnish the above. Mrs. Watson has the sympathy of a large circle of friends in her hour of trial and bereavement who pray that the cloud may drift away, and the blessed light and comfort of the angel presence of her dear boy gladden and cheer her hours of loneliness.

Spiritual Meetings.

WASHINGTON HALL.

After a vacation of five weeks the Society of Progressive Spiritualists resumed their regular meetings on Sunday last at 2 P. M. The President, Judge Jno. A. Collins, was in the chair and opened the meeting. Mrs. E. B. Crossette, of San Jose, was the first speaker and gave an excellent address whose only fault was its brevity. Other speakers followed in an interesting conference.

Mrs. Rutter sang a solo, and Dr. Schlesinger gave tests. Madam De Roth gave some psychometric readings.

J. J. MORSE'S MEETING.

Mr. J. J. Morse held the first of his series of independent meetings, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, on Sunday evening, July 8th. In his opening remarks he stated that he was suffering from a severe cold, but would endeavor to do the best he could under the circumstances. He also said that owing to the urgent solicitations of his friends he had decided to remain in the city for some time to come, and would hold meetings for two months, independent of any society, and he alone was responsible for their conduct. He solicited the sympathy and support of his audience in order to be enabled to go on with the meetings unto a successful termination. He then read a selection from Lizzie Doten's "Poems of Progress," entitled "Peter Maguire." After the reading

Miss Zebbie Hunt sang, "Mother, Sing Me to Sleep." Miss Valerie Hicketier recited "The Unseen World," Mrs. Stringham sang "A Bird from O'er the Sea."

Mr. Morse then gave an invocation and proceeded with the lecture upon the subject, "Life Worth Living?"

There seems, he said, just as much doubt and questioning in the mind of man to-day as there was many centuries ago as to the value of life here on earth. In reply to the question some would answer, "Oh, yes; life is beautiful; it is a rose-strewn highway along which trip lightly the bright forms of pleasure and happiness. It is a garden where bloom choice flowers of love and tenderness where human hearts sing with the birds glad songs of rejoicing." Another would answer, "Ah, no! Life is not worth living. It is a dreary graveyard where faded blossoms mark the spot where lie buried our dearest treasures. It is a sad and miserable fallacy, a delusion and a snare."

Life may mean much or little; it may mean many things to many people, and briefly will answer the question from three points of view.

First, from a religious standpoint; second, from a materialistic point of view, and third, as viewed in the light of Spiritualism.

From a religious point of view we would say, no, life is not worth living; for do what we will the large majority can only toil and sweat for a time, and die at last, only to be eternally damned in the hereafter. And if God punishes us for such an end, then is life a miserable failure. Some, however, may say, "I have found favor with God, and shall find peace and rest in the end." Here the question comes up, upon what does salvation depend? It depends, say the religionist, upon the acceptance and belief in Christ as the Saviour of the world, and his death as an atonement for our sins. We say, then, an immortal soul has no right to stultify itself, and accept salvation at such a price; for with reason and conscience still intact, life is indeed not worth living.

That which makes life worth living is that which cultivates each human soul and develops all its powers and possibilities, and rounds out and perfects it. Spiritual growth cannot be obtained when walls and fences of theological error hedge in humanity. If a man has given his heart to God, he cannot serve the devil; he may say, yet he manages to do it all the same. Men must cultivate the spiritual side, men must be higher than their creeds and be broader than their faiths.

The materialist says, "let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." "A merry life and a merry one," is his motto; and at a glance, it seems the best view of life. A merry life, and then the calm, sweet sleep of eternal peace, under the daisy-crowned sod is all, not so bad. But notwithstanding this specious reasoning, when the pale specter stands beside his festive board, and beacons some loved one in his icy embrace, then is

materialist startled, and he asks the old, old question, "if a man die shall he live again?" and he comes to the conclusion that after all, life is a farce and not worth living. Then he asks, why were we born to gaze into the eyes of love for a little space, and then behold the night of death settle over and close them up forever? Yet, there is a proud consciousness of strength and integrity in the man who can say, "I dread nothing after death; none can say I was false to any man, and when death comes I do not hope to see my beloved, but bravely will I die upon the field of life with no hope for the future nor sorrow for the past." There is something brave in thus defying the grim monster; and when that man as a spirit soars out into the illimitable world of souls, he will say that after all, life *was* worth living.

Let us now answer the question from the Spiritualist's standpoint. Is life worth living? "Oh yes!" says the Spiritualist. "I see and know my dear ones live over there, and in the ages yet to be I shall abide with them, my empty arms shall clasp their beloved forms once more and my heart shall be filled with rejoicing for I shall live beyond the grave."

My good soul, if the coming back of your loved ones is all of life, then ask yourself if that makes it worth the living. If they only come to tell you that they are living, you would all have found that out sometime for yourselves.

Has Spiritualism preached a loftier ideal, has it kindled a holier purpose in your hearts, has it given you a nobler aim in life, then it is indeed a blessing and life is worth the living.

They who live for the betterment of their fellows, they who make men and women better and happier here, are they who have learned the value of life and whether it is worth the living.

Mr. Morse being somewhat hoarse the control promised to continue the subject at some future time, and closed his remarks. He introduced Mr. Jno. W. Gill, a newly-developed medium, who would endeavor to give some tests. Mr. Gill said: "I come before you to-night almost a stranger, but had heard of your hospitality before coming to your shores, and I hope that you will pass over my failures and rejoice in my successes. The first spirit that comes to me is an old gentleman giving the name of Henry Thompson, also a young lady about sixteen years of age who gives the name of Florrie, and a young man named Harry Evans.

Mr. Gill then went down among the audience and gave some communications which were not recognized, and feeling nervous he took his seat. Mr. Gill gave six communications in all and ere the meeting closed four of them were unmistakably recognized. John Slater then sprang up and came forward and said that Mr. Gill was a medium and would come out all right; that he was anxious to succeed as all new mediums were, and his anxiety interfered with the conditions necessary to produce the best results. He said

he would help Mr. Gill out by giving a few tests himself notwithstanding he had just held a service at Metropolitan Temple and was somewhat fatigued. His appearance and remarks were greeted with most enthusiastic applause and his tests were excellent. It was a most happy termination of what would otherwise have been an embarrassing situation for the new medium, and Mr. Slater received the warm thanks of Mr. Morse in behalf of both.

Mrs. Addie Ballou was present and went forward and congratulated Mr. Gill. Mrs. Wiggin also made some happy and encouraging remarks to him under control.

Mrs. Stringham sang a solo entitled "The Flight of the Birds" with Senor Van Brundt as accompanist.

Selected Articles.

The Last Dance.

A STRANGE STORY OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

Dancing so entirely as if it were natural to her as flying to a bird or blowing to the wind, she danced through the year like a little marsh light and swamp fire in human shape at the Springs, at Newport, at Bar Island, the summer long, and from house to house, from rout to rout, the winter through. An heiress, lovely, arrayed like a queen, she had no lack of partners, but she cared nothing personally for any of them; one day she should marry of course, a cousin, probably; they all marry cousins in her family, and kept the property together; it wouldn't matter whether she danced or not, for people didn't dance with their husbands. But the others—she rated and valued all men according to their capacity as dancers only; they might be Shakespeares or Sydneys or simpletons, it mattered not—did they reverse easily, was the arm strong the foot sure, the ear for music keen, could they carry their partner well, with a clear head, guide the motion and lead the figure? If not, they were useless to her, though they could move worlds. But if such accomplishments were theirs, that was all she wished of them. For the rest she could do her part; and her part was ecstasy.

You imagine, then, with what ardor she pursued it, what toilets she wore, what color and light and grace flashed about her; dancing like a butterfly before the wind, like a bubble on the river, unconscious of all the admiring eyes that followed—dancing for the mere love of the delicious movement, with every muscle and fibre of her body responsive to the rhythm of the music and the playing out the tune. Seldom speaking much, flashing from the arms of one partner into another; flushed, eager, heated, ravaging the ices and tossing off the champagne cup served upon the floor, and never resting till, far into the morning, the music hushed and the last peremptory summons came with

daylight, dappling in the east; and then, suddenly, all the fire fading, the face becoming white, the eyes heavy with dark circles, the step languid. It was evident that she was burning out her vital flame with an intensity that presently could leave nothing but ashes.

To be sure she had plenty of companions in this whirl of the winter's revelry; many of them stronger, rosier, with fuller currents bounding in their veins, but not one of them the mad dancer that she was herself.

No more dancing! When the physician who was called to the fair, frail creature one morning, after the most intoxicating cotillion of the year, uttered the fiat, the great eyes opened like a pair of stars out of twilight, and a little color crushed itself on the white cheek. "Oh, but I shall dance!" she whispered.

"I shall have to be very plain with you, then," said the physician. "You have been under a strain whose break at last has given you a mortal blow. You may possibly, with the greatest care, repair its effects and live for twenty years to come; or you may die after one more cotillion provided you had the strength to go through the figure. What? You shake your head? You persist? Do you suppose there is much blood left in your body, after all that has but lately bubbled out of your lips? You have no flesh; you are almost transparent to-day. You have but a thread of vitality. Neither flesh nor vitality—what have you?"

"I have nerve," murmured she, with emphasis, if not with voice. "That thread would hold a star! I have an indomitable spirit! I will not disappoint it. I shall go to the masquerade next Tuesday week," she gasped, "if I have to go as a ghost! Now all you have to do, doctor, is to build me up!"

There was, in truth, such indomitable spirit in the thing with that vital thread, that the doctor had no choice but to obey as best he could. But in spite of his endeavor, the little creature's rallying powers refused to meet his medicants, and she failed visibly. She did not lose the run of the days, for all that, and she issued her orders for her dress and she had a feverish eagerness to know what others were to wear, especially one youth whose step quite suited her own.

"I shall dance with him, and he shall never dream who I am!" she said, huskily, with her cheeks burning and her eyes glittering. "He is going as Lucifer, Son of the morning; how perfectly glorious! I have found it out you see. He will be glittering in silver mail with a star on his casque. I am going as Shelley's Cloud!" She insisted on being dressed every day, and on being led up and down the room.

"Oh, when the time comes I shall be all right!" she said. "It's of no use to light my fires till then."

No one contradicted her.

Her dress had come home on the morning

of the great ball; she had tried it on with some flickering strength, and had ordered a slight alteration to be made. It was a corselet and undress netted with bits of mother of pearl, softly glittering in faint reflections of innumerable colors, and over it a profusion of flowing tulle, held together and literally streaming with pearls and opals and moonstones. So Shelley's Cloud, indeed, might stream and glitter when the moon's beam kissed it on a mountain side and suffused its rolling fleece with bloom and splendor. It tired her, perhaps, when she tried it on a second time after the gas jets were lighted. "I will not take it off again," she murmured. "Just lift this tulle round me in the chair, so that it shall not be crushed. And you might take the jewels off till by and by—they are so heavy." And that done her head drooped a little on one side and she fell asleep.

It was a strange dream that Anne Estray had in that sleep of hers. The moonlight seemed to fall into the room, gilding everything with frosty silver, and in the broad beam there stood all at once a great shape—white, still, towering, and mighty. "O!" she said, "What are you doing here? What do you want?"

"You?" said the shape. And she thrilled as one does to great music.

"I?—I? What do you want with me?" she cried hoarsely. "Oh! who are you?"

"I am your friend," he said smiling down gently upon her. "The best of your friends, I am the angel of death."

"Death! Death! Oh, how cold you are! You have come for me!"

"To take you for my own."

"But I am not ready! I have had no idea of it? Why, I am going to the masquerade to-night! I am to be Shelley's Cloud."

"You are to be a cloud," he said softly. "You are to resolve again into the elements. You will be the drop of dew in the violet's cup, the bloom on the globe of the grape, the snowflake falling into the river, the mist rising from it and fleeting into ether. You will be a cloud soon enough."

"Oh, not that sort of a cloud! Not a real one."

"As real as you like."

"But to-night—oh, kind angel, there are so many who would like to go with you, and I—I want to stay."

"Those sighing creatures? It is you that I wish, not they."

"But I love to dance so—and people who die—you know how exceedingly inconvenient it must be to fit one's dress over wings. And my dress is perfect. Oh, you ought to see it! It is ideal! And you never saw me dance! And I am to dance with him on his silver mail, and the star shining in his casque. You don't know anything about dancing, and yet, I have heard of the dance of death. Our dancing is a sort of ethereal buoyancy, too. It is to be as a bird is, only to fly, to sing to melody and measure. I love to

dance. Oh, why do you look at me so? You frighten me? Don't, don't clasp my wrist! You are like ice—you make me shiver, and I have just had a hemorrhage, and it won't do, you know! Oh! Must I go? Can nobody help me? Are you stronger than all of them? Oh, angel, dear angel of death, spare me, spare me; earth is so sweet, life is so precious, my life is so delightful, my dancing—oh, just for to-night, then, only for to-night!" And in her dream her voice rose, and struggled, and fell back impotent in her throat.

"For to-night! For to-night, until the stroke of 12, then," said the great frosty, white shape. "I—I will see you later." And the broad moonbeams fell emptily on the purple rugs, and there was no one in the room but Anna Estray, if that were she, indeed, in the chair where her dream had just ended, asleep, her head fallen a little to one side. Things look so very differently, so unreal to the eye, by moonlight.

The music is crashing from the balcony built behind the ball-room, in the forest palms and ferns and huge orange trees; and the air is bewildering with the breath of the roses that garland the walls; of the stephanotis, the azalias, the jasmine, the heliotropes, the carnations, that are bedded on mantel and console, that swing from chandeliers, that festoon the lintels, that line the passageways; laughing voices tinkle in tune to the tinkle of harpstring and piccolo; lovely forms move in measure; a flower girl, whose skirts inclose her petals of a rose, slides along in the arms of Euroclydon; a sea nymph in her pale green gauzes and her shells, skims by with a winged Mercury; Ophelia hangs upon King Lear as if he were her willow tree; Psyche and Eros flash by together; all sorts of fantastical figures are wafted along by the breath of the music, glowing, half transported, with the deliciousness of the flowers, the melody of blowing horns and flutes, and of sharp violin strings; smiling, gay, warm with life and all the joy of the senses. But there is one dancer that looking on the scene you would miss; you would know her in any disguise, for there is no dancer in the town to compare with her; when she is on the floor all others seem heavy, and slow, and inert. She is late—ah, no—there she is now! She is in a mist of tulle, wrapped in it, veiled with it, surrounded by its flowing folds, herself hardly seen by its airy circumstances, as she hovers there for one moment, waiting the approach of that form in its shining suit of silverscale armor, with the great star burning in the casque, the form that looks like one of Flaxman's outlines filled with life and blood and strength. It is Lucifer; she melts into his arms, as a cloud might melt upon a pine, as a wave upon a rock, a moment pausing for the turn of the tune, and then swinging away on its time. Does she hear the band, as it beats and sings out the wild strains of the dance music than which none pulsates with a keener pathos or leaves a sadder

echo in the heart? Does she see the sweep of the wax lights, the sweep of the colors, the jewels, the lusters? Does she receive the perfumes with which the air is sweet, essence and attar, the wines, the breath of the abundant about her, and that pierce the brain with delight and now with bitter ories? She does not wear the moonstones; they are too heavy; but all the diaphanous swirl of the ery she glitters with a strange, faint a soft, phosphorescent glow that lines her, or otherwise, backed by the and spear which Lucifer bears, you think her only some armful of sheet and gauzes blown about him. She does speak—if this, indeed, is she; she much to say in this affair of dancing would not have the breath to speak impetuous sweep and swing, this blowing, like a leaf on the wind, like chased by a storm. A cold air low after them; the slowly swimming turn to gaze, with half-alarmed, lighted wonder; as they pass the pause, as though apparitions were flashing. While the music beats out the wild Hian modulations, the two, swathed by flowing and encircling gauzes, seem cloud driven by a gale. Wild violins; deep, deep and rich through ways the oboes and bassoons reply; the sigh, the harps sing like human sweet, sweet and strange the tune soars with its passion; and now the more gently, the motion grows slower drift along softly and on the last the melody, the clang of a midnight from some near tower begins to stilled by the hum, the murmur, the ment and the music, it sounds like a voice, as if one called and bade another a voice in measured tolling syllables sense of chill creeps over the youth silver armor, through all the warm and urious atmosphere and the heat of the long dance—a chill so unaccountable terrifies him and seems to curdle his he is taking the last step, he is about his arms and release his partner, when is nothing in them. Wrapped in her of tulle a moment since she was there as a puff of vapor she is gone.

At home in the broad moonbeams crept around and overlaid her, Anne is sitting where her people left her many times since they have crept lessly, fearing to disturb her sleep—fallen a little on one side, a slight stain beside the mouth, but dead, quite

"Why are you not in the cotillion the Morning?" asks the White Lady henzollern of the figure in the shining leaning against the doorway.

"Disaster," answers Lucifer, who White Lady every day at home. "Since last dance my arms have been numb

shoulders. Haven't you shivered as some building did when the organ struck its keynote? That is the way I have been feeling ever since that last dance with Anne Estray. By the way, what has become of her?"

"Haven't you heard? What are you talking about? Have you had too much champagne? I should think your wits were numb instead of your arms! Anne Estray has not been here to-night. Word was just whispered about here—brought by some one—Anne Estray was found dead in her chair at home a half an hour ago."

"Anne Estray? Impossible! She was here; I was dancing with her at that very time."

"You have mistaken some one else for her."

"Do you suppose I have been Anne Estray's partner all winter not to know her touch, her shape, her step? She was here. She was in my arms; she melted out of them. If it wasn't Anne Estray, who was it? Dead, is she? Are you sure of it? Quite sure. Great God, Marion, has Anne Estray nothing else to do through all eternity? No wonder I am cold and numb. Don't you see? throwing wide his empty arms again. "I have been dancing with her ghost."—*Harriet Prescott Spofford, in the Epoch.*

Miscellaneous.

A visitor from Manchester, England, is astonished at the high average maintained in every social circle in the United States. He is reported to say: "The working classes—in whom I am most interested—are morally, mentally and materially in advance of the similar classes in any European country. Physical comfort is the primary desire of the artisan; but he cannot live anywhere else so comfortably as in the United States."

An editor works 365 quarter days per year to get out fifty-two issues of a paper; that's labor. Once in awhile somebody pays him for a year's subscription; that's capital; and once in a while some son-of-a-gun of a dead-beat takes the paper for a year or two and vanishes without paying for it; that's anarchy. But later on justice overtakes the last named creature, for there is a place where he will get his deserts; that's sheol.—*Bellville Advocate.*

Mr. Pridgins, an old preacher at High Shoals, Ga., has decided to preach his own funeral sermon, and has set the day the second Sunday in April. He has ordered his son to make him a coffin, which he directs must be perfectly plain and locked with a padlock. The coffin will be placed by his side in the church, and there in the presence of friends and family, who are requested to wear mourning, he will tell of his life and pay suitable tributes to his own memory.

A friend who is unusually careful in statements writes us that Prof. Elliot Coues has lost his position in the Medical College at Washington because of the splendid endorsement of the rights of women at the Commencement of that College one year ago. It was a fearless, able and philosophical address. We hope the Woman Suffrage question will claim the further attention of this clear-headed thinker, and that if there are influences at work in that college opposed to equal rights and freedom of speech he will make a clean exposure of the matter.

Iowa has 18,748 women teachers in her schools.

The Queen of the Belgians is an adept at conjuring.

Mrs. Gladstone employs homeopathic physicians and remedies.

Dr. Caroline E. Hastings is a member of the Boston's school board.

Special Notices.

W. J. Colville's Classes in Spiritual Science.

Masonic Hall, Alameda,

From Monday, July 2nd to 29th, at 2.30 P. M.

And in the

Jewish Synagogue, 13th St., Oakland,

From Monday, July 2nd to 29th at 7.30 P. M

SUBJECTS TREATED UPON IN THE COURSE.

Monday, July 2. What is Man? A Searching into Human Origin, Nature and Destiny.

Friday, July 6. Can Man by Searching Discover God? If so, How and Where?

Monday, July 9. Spiritual Science the only Solvent of Life's Mystery.

Wednesday, July 11. Spirit, Soul, Mind and Matter—Their True Relations and Distinctions.

Friday, July 13. Prayer; Its True Nature, Object and Efficacy. How does Prayer Heal the Sick?

Monday, July 16. Revelation and Inspiration—An Inquiry into the True Relation of Man on Earth to the Spiritual Universe.

Wednesday, July 18. The Basis of Genuine Spiritual Healing—A Consideration of the Relations of Healer and Patient to the Realm of Spirit.

Friday, July 20. Hereditary Influences; How Acquired and How Mastered.

Monday, July 23. Christian Science, Mind Cure, Miracles of Healing, Answers to Prayer, Mesmeric and Magnetic Methods Contrasted and Explained.

Wednesday, July 25. How does Disease Originate in Thought, and How can it be Expelled from the System by Spiritual Methods only?

Friday, July 27. Necessary Qualifications for Successful Healers; and Necessary Mental Attitude for Patients. What is Saving Faith?

Monday, July 29. Explicit Directions for Healing Given; the value of Formulas Explained and the Law of Self-healing and Self-protection stated.

Terms for the Course, \$2.50.

Each lecture will be followed by answers to questions pertinent to the subject. Questions on subjects foreign to the lecture will not be answered.

Advice to Mothers.

MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays 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.



Through the agency of spirit control a new remedy for disease has been discovered in the Puget Sound country.

Moore's Revealed Remedy

possesses all the virtues of those powerful medicines, Mercury and Quinine, with none of their evil qualities. It is composed exclusively of roots and barks, some of which can be found only in Western Washington, and is therefore Purely Vegetable. It contains no alcohol and yet keeps without fermenting in any climate.

This remarkable remedy has ten characteristics to recommend its use to everyone:

1st.—It contains no Alcohol.

2nd.—It contains no Mercury, Potash, Arsenic, Strychnine, Morphine, Quinine or any poisonous drug or mineral whatever.

3d.—It Promotes Digestion and acts as a tonic and appetizer to the stomach.

4th.—It Regulates the Bowels to perfection, no matter what may be their condition.

5th.—It Stimulates the Liver and therefore cures diseases arising from a torpid condition of this important organ in the human anatomy.

6th.—It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

7th.—By feeding the brain on pure, nutritious blood, it stimulates that organ to generate a greater Nerve Force, and thus gives added energy and life to the entire system.

8th.—It is a sure cure for any malarial disease, such as Chills and Fever.

9th.—It will counteract the evil effects of Alcohol upon the system.

10th.—It will break up any fever inside of 10 hours.

REFERENCES.

C. H. Shaw, Seattle, W. T., cured of Dyspepsia and Heart Disease, at a cost of \$1.25.

John D. Hewitt, Seattle, W. T., cured of Asthma, 16 years standing, cost \$2.50.

J. Beardsley, Foreman Renton Coal Co., San Francisco, cured of Dyspepsia, Dropsy, and general debility of years standing. Cost of cure \$2.50.

J. A. Collins, Esq., No. 1807 Jessie St., S. F., relieved at once of Chronic Constipation, Piles, and Great Nervous Exhaustion, by Moore's Revealed Remedy.

M. J. Henley, No. 16 Bond St., S. F., cured of Torpid Liver, Impure Blood, and constant heat in top of head, at expense of \$2.50

Richard Williams, New Castle, W. T. Asthma seven years, cured by one bottle of Moore's Revealed Remedy.

Capt. Al. Taylor, Occidental Hotel, Seattle, W. T., cured of very bad attack Inflammatory Rheumatism, at an expense of \$1.25.

Write to W. Van Waters, No. 214 Ellis St., San Francisco, for circulars containing remarkable manner of discovery, and other interesting reading matter.

Moore Manufacturing Company, Proprietors, SEATTLE, W. T.

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

Examination and Advice

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

GIVEN BY
J. J. MORSE, OF ENGLAND.

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

A CHART

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

THE MANUAL

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

THE MARRIAGE TABLE

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

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

For a complete examination marked upon the chart and including the manual..... \$3.00

Ditto with examination and advice written out in full..... \$5.00

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

New Book! Just Issued!

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.

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

PREFACE—By William Emmette Coleman.

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

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

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

LECTURE NUMBER FOUR.—Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.

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

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

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

APPENDIX.—This consists of answers to Questions. The work is printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and handsomely bound in cloth. All desiring to possess a most valuable work should send for copies.

For sale by CARRIER DOVE publishers, 841 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. Price One Dollar.

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.

English Milk Weed.

J. H. Greensill's English Milk Weed is adding scores of lovely complexions to San Francisco's already large quota of pretty women. Its name suggests what it is, and as it contains no injurious mineral substance, it can be relied upon as being absolutely harmless. It is in powder form, delightfully perfumed, and when properly applied to the skin it is invisible and produces that soft, velvety appearance so much desired. It is cool and refreshing to the skin and stays on without permitting the face to grow shiny. Being invisible it imparts a delightful complexion without the loud, glaring artificial effect that is the inevitable result of the average cheap powders that do not assimilate with the skin. Greensill's English Milk Weed is in four colors—white, flesh, cream and pink. But one size. Price fifty cents. For sale in San Francisco at Edwin W. Joy's, 852 Market street and L. C. Ellerts, corner California and Kearny streets. See that the name is on the box; J. H. Greensill, Wellington Road, London.

Shopping done for ladies out of the city. For particulars and samples address: Miss W.—618 Eddy St., S. F.

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

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

San Francisco.

J. J. MORSE'S SUNDAY EVENING MEETINGS, are held at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy St., San Francisco. Meetings commence at 8 P. M. prompt. Admission ten cents.

JOHN SLATER TEST MEDIUM HOLDS PUBLIC in Metropolitan Temple, cor. Fifth and Jessie sts. every Sunday at 3 and 7:30 P. M. Admission ten cents.

THE FREE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY AND READING-Room of Progressive Spiritualists is open every day from A. M. to 5 P. M. at 841 Market st., CARRIER DOVE Office. All are invited to avail themselves of its privileges. All the standard spiritual journals are kept on file for the benefit of those who wish to spend a pleasant hour in reading. Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Librarian.

Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Ass't. Librarian.

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. at Washington hall, 35 Eddy st. Good mediums and speakers always present. Admission Free.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission free.

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

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

The San Francisco Children's Progressive Lyceum will re-assemble for their usual exercises, at Grand Central Hall, corner of Sixth and Market streets—entrance on Market street—on Sunday, July 8th, at 10:30 A. M. New Hall, kind teachers and new arrangements. A general attendance of children and friends is solicited. Come one and all; see for yourselves and help us along.

Chicago, Ill.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE Society of Chicago, meets in Avenue Hall, Wabash Avenue and 22d St., Sunday evenings at 7:45.

Cleveland, Ohio.

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

TAPE WORM

REMOVED FROM THE SYSTEM in 1 or 2 hours by the use of my office. No medicine required—no sickness caused. My medicines are harmless. Thousands of people who are afflicted with dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, nervous debility, pain and dizziness over the eyes, headache, feeling, etc., are afflicted with the tape worm. Over 1300 TAPE WORMS removed in the past eight years by PROF. R. K. SHIPLEY. TAPE WORM MEDICINE. Hundreds of people testify to my wonderful cures, and their health. Send for circular giving symptoms sent by Express C. O. D. all over the world. Attention given to children afflicted with worms. Consultation free to all. Call at my office, San Francisco, Cal., near the Baldwin Hotel.

PIANOS.

1st Premium. 20 years Established. 20 years in use in no other Piano, by which stand in tune 20 years, good for 100 years by climate. No wood to split, break, crack, decay, or wear out; we guarantee our gant Rosewood Cases, 3 strings, double action; finest ivory keys; the Famous PIANO CO., Manufacturers, Old Fellows' Building, 7th and Seventh Streets, San Francisco.

**DR. THOMAS L. HILL
Dentist.**

OFFICE HOURS:—From 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
CONSULTATION HOUR:—4:30-5:30 P. M.
Office Odd Fellows' Building Room
COR. 7th & MARKET STREETS.

Oakland Carpet Cleaning

L. F. Hickey & Co., Prop'rs
Practical Carpet Upholsterers. Bordering and Binding a Specialty. Terms Reasonable.
361 Thirteenth St.,
Opp. Narrow Gauge Depot, OAKLAND
Telephone No. 191.

JONATHAN WHIPPLE

The Magnetic Healer.

Has recently arrived on this Coast from the East, where he has had great success in curing, as testimonials which he has in his possession will show. He has taken rooms at the Henry House, 462-9th street, Oakland, and he will be ready to test his powers on the various diseases which humanity are afflicted with. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12, and from 4 to 4 P. M. A lady will be in attendance to wait on ladies and children.

Schoenfeld's Shirt Dept.

1316 Market Street, opp. The
and 106 Third Street, below Market
San Francisco.

Shirts and Men's Furnishing

at the Lowest Prices
Men's White Shirts
made to order at 75 Cents