

The Carrier Dove.

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

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Original Poem.

The Good Samaritan.

EMMA TRAIN.

He stood beside the couch of pain,
And soothed the weary, aching brow
Love made his earthly pathway plain,
And bound him with her holiest vow.
He visited the sad and poor,
And blessings left at every door;
The mourners' tears he wiped away
With kindly hand from day to day.

He sought the vilest dens of woe
To loose the ones that vice had bound,
And everywhere he sought to sow
The purest seeds, though rough the ground.
He never passed a lone one by,
But with a softened tear-wet eye;
He paused to take their sin-stained hand,
And whisper words of comfort grand.

And yet, in all his pilgrimage
He never bowed at Christian shrine;
He never read a single page
That priest of earth had called divine;
He knew no saviour but good deeds,
No higher harvest than from seeds
Of tender kindness has been grown
Watered by mercy's dews alone.

He never had a change of heart,
Nor got beyond dear nature's law.
All through his life he did his part
To mitigate the wrongs he saw.
He never learned creeds, old or new,
Or sat within a cushioned pew;
No church-book held his humble name
Or gave him lofty praise or blame.

And yet, I ween, Christ never had,
Since in his sojourn here below
He comforted the pure and sad
And felt the pangs of others' woe,
One who, with zealousness complete,
Ever followed with more willing feet
The pathway of his humble lot—
That creed-bound ones have oft forgot.

Think you beyond the veil of strife,
Before the higher courts of heaven
When he has passed from mortal life
Where just rewards are ever given,
That he'll not wear a robe more white
And stand within a clearer light
Than he who sought with long, long prayers
To climb the dizzy, golden stairs?

Ah, yes; I know the pure, pure sheaf
Will find at last an honored spot—
The idle chaff of mere belief
Be blown away and aye forgot.
No cloak from higher angel eyes
Can prove for falsehood a disguise.
No roughened dress in courts above
Can hide the soul made white by love.

The Platform.

The Influence of Spiritualism Upon the Religious Thought of Our Time.

An inspirational discourse by Mrs. R. S. Lillie, delivered at the State Camp-Meeting, Sunday, June 24, 1888.

(Reported for the CARRIER DOVE by G. H. Hawes.)

It is but a short time, looking backward, that the world has known what you love so dearly in the name of Modern Spiritualism. We count but forty years since the manifestations occurring in an humble home attracted the attention of the world, and at last revealed a fact, as we understand it, which unravelled in part all these sounds and manifestations, which fact was that spirits, or souls arising from death, found a life widely differing from what had been accepted as a part of the general religious belief of Christendom, which divided mankind into two great divisions, and these it is unnecessary to describe.

It is an accepted faith or belief that death was a dividing line in man's state or destiny in which he should exist forever; that as he was found at death, so must he continue, either in a state of misery and woe, or happiness and rest, this depending altogether upon his ability to accept a certain form of belief, and through this belief his means of salvation was to be attained.

Up to that time this was the belief of all Christendom, excepting the few who by reason had gradually been brought to a condition of denial or skepticism in regard to the same. These were few compared to the great majority, and though there were many lines, or divisions and separations, these belonging mostly to Protestantism as a part of all Christendom; out of these many ways man chose, and from these he expected to be admitted with all the ifs and ands and doubts clinging thereto in the general belief that the foundation principle was sufficient unto salvation.

Still with the great doubt and the great want in human lives there was a demand, as we believe, by nature, which found its response in the higher intelligences that are ever about us, and in the world of spirit that lies infinitely beyond us. All have believed in this world of spirit in a vague and uncer-

tain way, but it has been called heaven by the Christians, and has been left largely in mystery at best.

After the introduction of these manifestations in this latter day, doubt to be sure might be aroused, but at the same time a curiosity to know what there was back of these manifestations, led to investigation, and the more man investigated or endeavored to find out with earnestness of spirit, ever came to the response, "we are your spirit friends."

Beginning first in this home and with the incidents with which most of you are familiar and which we have not time to recount.

The first effect of this message of Spiritualism was to excite wonder and amazement, and there was a great inquiry as to what it was, and what the message might be that was borne from the other side of life, if it was from that side. People began to enquire of their spirit friends, "are you happy, or the opposite?" And there always came the reply "we are happy according to what we deserve to be happy, or we are miserable according to the life we led on earth."

"Is there, then, no hell or place of punishment for those who have been sinful on earth?" And the answer has been like that which Jesus of Nazareth gave when upon earth and was asked about heaven, and he answered, "heaven is within;" so these spirits say when asked "what and where is hell?" They have always answered "this is a condition which you bear with you," or in other words, we make our heaven and our hell by the deeds which we do in the body, and which we continue to do as we continue to live.

This touched a fundamental doctrine of the church, and from this point there began an opposition, and the cry of "this is the work of the devil." And they began turning over the pages of their bibles and reading the chapters thereof; they turned to the prophecies that said that in these latter days just such strange things as these should occur, and this should be one of the signs that should follow, and as such they (or some of them) gave this to the Evil One, and left it.

There were a large number of those interested, who, in following out these experiments and investigations found that there was that individual testimony from returning spirits, or through these messages making the claim of returning spirits, which gave proof of individual identity. The peculiarities and

character accompanied these manifestations, and the individuality appeared to be preserved, and of such a positive nature was this, that it was accepted as truth.

To go over all the earlier manifestations of this movement is unnecessary, and would be also impossible. Those who have their messages have been convinced of the reality of the nearness of an interior world of spirit, that the inhabitants of that world are those who have passed on from this, that it is an actual abiding place of the soul or spirit of man after having passed death,—these, in their experiments, are continually increasing in number. And there is this effect upon humanity: Wherever this message comes with a certainty of truth, it makes first an enthusiast of them, and as such every one went forth as commissioned to preach the new gospel of truth, which was a solution of the problem of death, for they knew to a certainty where their dead were and what was their state and condition. This question was settled in their minds beyond all dispute, and as in the olden times it is said of Jesus that those upon whom he bestowed the power he bid them go forth and preach the gospel to every creature, so they felt inspired to proclaim to all the great truth which had become such a comfort to them.

Now this is a symbol of the truth everywhere. Wherever it rests upon a human being, whether it is voiced through a messenger, or one who has been called a Messiah or messenger of the truth, whether voiced through lips saying, "Go ye forth into all the world and preach this gospel," or not, the message is of that nature that it endows the individual immediately and sends them forth to preach this gospel.

As such Spiritualism has had its ministers, its priests and its priestesses ever since the little girls in the Hydesville home gave, in their crude way, an interpretation belonging to this latter day, with its improvement, its advancement, and its progress. And ever since those little girls, commissioned with the power of truth, went forth with their message to the world, so has every one who has become thoroughly convinced of the truth of the message which has come to them, gone forth to tell it to somebody else.

Now there are to-day those we call weak-kneed Spiritualists, who are in reality only half-fledged; they are not fully in sympathy, nor are they readily imbued with the spirit—I say this in deference to nothing but truth, not in deference to any one individual who may feel a little afraid of the message as it has come to them—but I say if there are any who are not quite ready to become Spiritualists, then we are not quite ready to say that you ought to. While we know there are many such upon whom the message has had something of an influence, still with those who have received it as a certainty, it always has this influence of which we have spoken.

Now our critics outside say, "Where are your churches? Where are your ministers? By whom are they ordained?" Our answer is that our churches in many instances are the temples made by the living God and nature. Their domes do not always point upward with the glittering spires that are gilt-edged and silver-tipped, but they are the places where souls congregate that are in need, at least. Our church is the church of the great human family with its great need, its great cry for knowledge in this direction. Our ministers have been ordained by God, and you can ask no higher power. They have been commissioned by the power of truth, nor do they wait for the hands of men to rest upon their brow, giving them the liberty to preach this doctrine. The gospel, as we have said before, endows them with a power at the time the message impresses them with its importance, and they do not wait for the ordaining hand, save of God and the living truth itself, which they consider quite sufficient.

Therefore, we say in this direction nature and nature's God and the power of truth, first, as we believe, ordaining by giving a channel which it is possible to make use of, or which is attuned in a measure to the harmonies of the spirit.

Now, we do not say that those who can respond are better than the rest of mankind, but as music fills the soul of one, and at the same time nature has provided an organism through which music can express itself, there is then an opportunity given for the same by the fact of the organization being fitted thereto, which is simply, as I look upon it, the result of the chain of circumstances combining to give us our opportunities in life. Now as you hear the song that bursts from the soul of one who has an organization which is attuned to the same, and you feel a sympathy and a love for the same, then we say the music is in your soul, but you have not the organization to express it. Therefore you sit and drink in the expression of another, feeling it is a part of your soul.

So we say of this power of the spirit, it is like that of music, it has produced the harmonies, and if the harmonies, the conditions and organization exist, then the spirit of the soul, either itself or those surrounding it which belong to the world of souls, and which have an influence over all—as we are in reality the world of matter and the world of spirit, inseparable—we find that these having the organization that can respond to the same, give it forth. They are called your mediums. As such many of you who listen to-day to the thought which is ours to give, reflecting it through the organization of another, may not feel that a single thought is advanced other than has been your own, is kindred to you, or that your own soul has in reality thought out; still it was not yours to express it, it was yours to wait for another to do so.

Truth is neither old nor young; it belongs to each and all of us as children of the eternal. Therefore it only awaits our growth to a condition where we can either reflect or appreciate it by another, for all of us are heirs and inheritors thereof, be it hands or us in one way or another.

Then we look upon this message of Spiritualism and we ask how came it here in the first place? and our answer is as a result of unanswered questions in human minds, and that as the law of nature always brought the response when the command was strong enough. So think and ask the questions, What is that life? What do we live? What are our love's and our pathies? And this intelligent soul of man, what is it to be? Where is it to be? What is to be my condition? Are my loves continued and taken up, or have they been wrecked, apparently broken, and are they to old theology many of them surrendered forever? Must I at last school myself to give up entirely some of those I have loved most dearly? Is there a higher, better condition for the souls of all men and women than we have yet been told? What is the intelligent thinker, biased by whatsoever he has not again and again asked these questions in his own mind? And they have asked, are we quite right? Is this matter irreversibly settled? Is it not barely possible there is something different awaiting us in the solution of this problem? In this condition we have not dared to cut loose from their moorings. Just think what an effect the old teachings had upon the mind; think of the terrors that were ever held before those who were unbelievers. Think of the doubts that were made, and the terrible pictures that were given of the condition of those who refused to believe; think of the picture that was put up to your mind when you first became a doubter; think what they told you that a doubt might cost you, your own soul's eternal happiness; think that when you had harbored this doubt the first thing you were to get down on your knees and ask God to forgive you for even doubting and how he promised never to do so again, if only you could be forgiven and reinstated for this doubt you had entertained against his love and kindness, and this doubt was one that was upon your mind by the doctrine which was insufficient to satisfy even the demands of a loving, human heart.

We are aware that we are speaking to many of those who have not yet left the olden belief, many who are afraid, as we have just said, to cut loose from their moorings, many others who do not even desire to do so, who have not even allowed themselves to question these teachings, thinking it a guilty thing to do so. Brothers or sister, whatever your belief may be, have been made thus by the teachings which have been yours from childhood. Where

we differ from you has been caused either by teachings or experiences which have made us diverge from the old path. And I wish to say here, that there is not a Spiritualist of to-day who has left the old without thought, without careful research, without a great deal of inquiry, without all the fears and the doubts which perhaps have been and are still holding you; they have not decided this question without abundant evidence. Do not think, my critical friend, you are looking upon a class of Spiritualists who have accepted this side of the question idly; our immortal selfhood is of vast importance to us; our eternal condition is as valuable to us as to any human soul; do not think we have decided this problem without good cause for so doing.

Those who have gone forth as messengers, as we say, have gone because they have felt the power of the living truth impelling them to do so. Again, because it has wiped tears from their faces; it has removed the cloud of doubt,—because it has returned to them their loved ones—every one of them, those who were good church members, those who were doubtful, and those who could not accept the teachings of the church at all—these have proven their identity and their personality, and have come back with some message that they could alone bring; some incident in their lives, and some incident in the lives of those they communicate with, that no other soul could have given. With this proof which has settled it beyond a dispute to them, they are anxious this truth should be accepted by others. And, therefore, as I said in the beginning, they have become ministers in this new dispensation, even if they only taught this gospel to a single neighbor, with a single ear as listener, an audience of but one, still they have faithfully given forth this message.

What has been the effect? While science has done much, while liberalism has done a great deal in all directions to emancipate minds from old errors of superstition and darkness as far as theological dogmas are concerned, still it has waited for Spiritualism to settle this question of what we are and what our condition after death, and this alone has changed thought in this direction, because nothing else could do it. All that preceded in the way of hope and faith and trust had belonged to the world for many centuries. But this did not satisfy, and if the evidence in Spiritualism has not proven and does not come with the proof of immortality and continuity of life beyond the grave, then it is yet an unsettled question, for there was naught before it.

I know that some will object to this point and say we had Christianity, we had the Bible as the word of God, we had this message through the church, which spake of immortality. Yes, this we admit, but while you have believed, we say the proof positive remained for the dispensation of the nine-

teenth century. Why? Because the old teachings in this latter day had been attacked by science and received a blow which left it not infallible as it had hitherto been received, and this was so acknowledged by the Christian world that they saw fit to revise the book, and correct in a measure its errors. No longer, then, an infallible book, it can only be accepted as Spiritualists do accept it, and as rational thinkers should accept it, and take and compare one chapter with another, one text with another, find all the good in it that may be found, use your intelligence, and wherever you find there is too little on the subject of man's immortality to fully settle the problem, find out what you can from other sources.

Now we say it awaited Spiritualism to give a rational view by its message of what lay beyond. It has been given thus, and in hundreds of thousands, and we may say millions have accepted it, some though not standing as firmly as others, but yet have received enough through spirit return to establish the fundamental principle or teaching of spirit communication and return. This has been accepted by many who are sitting in the pews of the churches, who are still retained as members thereof, who still cling to much that is taught them by their parents, and yet have received sufficient through this latter-day message to satisfy them that hell and heaven are not just what they have been instructed to believe they were, but conditions of the mind or spirit, and there must be somewhere according to knowledge and according to science a natural world in which spirits would live as naturally, receiving the reward and compensation of deeds worthy, or contrary wise, according to what their lives were, and that there must be somewhere in the great universal plan a means by which the mistakes of earth could be overcome, outlived, and someday in the future we pass beyond them.

We say this has come to be commonly accepted. You may talk with the religious world to-day, talk with a large majority of nineteenth century men and women, and you will find that the thought which is the main thought of Spiritualism to-day, has so far renovated, has so far entered into the thought of the time as to have changed in a great measure their ideals in regard to a future state of being. They are still subscribing to the old tenets, they still occupy their old places, they are still called Christians; but you ask them for a definition of heaven or hell, or the idea of what constitutes that state of punishment or state of bliss, and you will find that this thought has modified and altered the thought of the century to that extent that you can scarcely find a mind in which these are entertained in the old-fashioned way with anything like the fervor of the past. We find Christians talking of the spirit-world, and using the words "passed away; passed on before; gone to the spirit-

world." These words and sentences, unknown at the time of the advent of this message, not used in literature, are now among your daily expressions, are given in the pulpits, are breathed through the sermons, and have most effect upon the listeners of the latter day clergy. It is in the very breath of this time and this hour, and is taking part of the feeling religious that belongs to us in this time, this day and hour.

Now while we stand at this point, speaking thus hopefully of Spiritualism, there still are two classes we desire to mention. There is a Talmage to-day as well as a Thomas. There are many of these; some on one side, some on the other. Talmage relishes good, old, blue smoke yet, with hell fire smouldering beneath it for those who do not accept the old teachings of the past, and he loves also to attack Spiritualism. He says he hates it, and he says he does so because it comes to human beings in their sorrow, and in their trouble and affliction, and then in this weak condition they are dragged into it, and then they accept it. Poor Talmage! Looking upon his state of mind, we are inclined to say, "Why don't your message come to these in sorrow and in affliction, and at the time when death has visited them? Why don't it satisfy them? Why are they hunting elsewhere? Why hungering in spirit? Why, when a grown-up daughter or son had been taken over, or a good father, a good mother, a good sister and brother who lacked in nothing but in not accepting of this belief which Talmage had accepted, those who when their friends were in life and in health could be comforted, or at least could accept this doctrine, stop short and question, where has my dear one gone; they were noble, loving, sympathetic, kind and true in everything, can it be possible that they are lost? And this enquiry has arisen again and again, and at last they have stopped in their thinking and said, "now the Spiritualists do not believe that. I wonder if it is true? Oh, my aching heart, are these lost? Could I live happy in heaven with these counted out? And at last some of them have said, "I will put my veil over my face after night time, and I will go and ask some of their mediums;" for they have gone just so timidly many times, and with some fear, perhaps, but they were moved by something stronger than fear, and that was a desire to know something of those who had gone before. And in this condition when nothing had answered, when their hearts had cried so heavily and no answer had come, Spiritualism came as a ministering angel answering this question, not by some philosophy, not by its philosophy, but by a demonstration of the spirit itself.

The loved one has communicated and said "mother I am here; I am not lost; God is better than I thought he was; heaven is a place where all may find room to enter, and I am happy mother, only for your fears. Believe I am here; don't remember when I

told you so and so; don't you remember when I said this or that?" And he gives her one thing after another, until she lifts her veil, wipes away her tears, goes forth rejoicing and says, "Spiritualism has at last removed the difficulty, I know that he lives." She does not go forth saying "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and because he lives I expect to live also;" but she goes with her heart so full she had forgotten this. A redeemer may live, but what of our boys, what of our children, what of our loved ones? She knows that they live, and her heart is satisfied forever. She says God has been misrepresented—that is what is the matter. God is good, God is love.

Here is Talmage and a few others, what is the difficulty with them? They are hugging an idol, but that idol is going to be broken; it is cracked all over now, and it will surely be shattered in the atmosphere of spiritual truth, for their idol is like that needle that was brought from the shores of Egypt and placed in one of the public parks of America. It was not broken in bringing it over, but the very atmosphere working upon it began to do the work of dissolution. And so with all these images, these idols of stone and clay that man has held in the past, hug them with all your power, keep them as near your heart as you can, there is a power of spirit, there is an atmosphere of truth that is causing them to melt and crumble away. Cherish them as you may, fold them to your bosom, the time hastens when they will fall out of your arms in spite of everything.

This is the effect of Spiritualism upon the teachings and religious thought of the nineteenth century; not as an ism, but by the power of truth which it contains. What it contains of error we will not pretend to deny; inconsistencies and errors belong to humanity wherever they are, not to the divinity of truth itself. This message of truth has settled upon many, it has come into their lives, it has reformed, in a great measure, large numbers of people. I want to say this of Spiritualism, it is a message for mankind, it is not a message for Spiritualists; I want this to be remembered. Nor is it to make Spiritualists, but it is to mankind, to answer their needs. There is not a human being in a den of iniquity, in a house of infamy, in a place where sin abides, but this message is for them, and though it might have but little saving influence at first, its power should be used to effect their uplifting, and if it is not able to do this, it is of no virtue at all. And we say as Jesus said of old, go forth into the byways and hedges, and extend a helping hand wherever there is need. We may doubt our own condition if we are not ready to go forth as saviours to others, as saviours of our kind, and to lead out of the depths into the conditions of joy and happiness.

We believe that the work of Spiritualism is refining, spiritualizing, and giving to the church itself a spiritual significance of its

own works, its own book and opening up revelations that have not been discerned before. And while it is said of us to-day that we deny the Bible, I want to say that Spiritualists who have been taught by the spirit to to read the bible in the light of the revelation that comes to-day, can see more worth in it than they ever did in the interpretation given to it through the church.

While we do not point with a great deal of pride as yet, to our institutions, and to a separate or individualized organization, and to our schools, what you call churches, etc., you will remember that but forty years of growth is ours.

But there is progress in this direction. There has been some organization, some rearing of buildings, quite as large as is healthy for the general movement. There is a greater need than this, and that is, as we have often said to Spiritualists, to give the living truth and the clearer interpretation of what life and death is. Spiritualism has lifted the veil at this point, until no longer there is the dark cloud that used to hang over us in the past, and there is a softening tone which is beginning to pervade the hearts of Christendom, and in every church to-day new words of sympathy are dropped on the sorrowing ears; the truths of Spiritualism are gradually entering here, and truth in her white robes is always welcome and beautiful when hearts are in need and ready to receive her message.

Truth in her robes of beauty;
Truth from the 'a:d above,
Truth that has told us at last
That we live and continue to love.

That God is better and kinder,
Than all the teaching of yore;
And a glorious heaven awaits us all,
Beyond life's mortal shore.

Literary Department.

Floribelle, the Flower-Girl.

A NOVELLETTE.

BY CAMERON KNIGHT.

I forget whether it was in the year 1879 or 1880; but I have a vivid remembrance of an event which occurred in Rochester, New York, narrated to me by Mr. Charles Kay, an eye-witness.

It was a cold, snowy evening in January. The mercury stood at about six degrees above freezing point, and the wind dismally whistled among the telegraph wires, making the pedestrian long to pass near those places where but little snow remained, that he might listen to the more tolerable harmony, somewhat resembling that of the Eolian harp's soft music.

At home, comfortably seated in a warm room, were Mr. Kay and his wife, discussing flowers; their origin and their uses. Mrs. Kay was a devout member of the Methodist

church, but her husband was a bachelor. He had of late years occupied himself with freethought, modern science, and a hundred topics; an exercise which soon made a person tired of attending church.

"I have often asked myself," said the lady, "what is the difference between a flower and a leaf? Why does a plant produce both flowers and leaves? What decides where a leaf shall grow, and where a flower?"

"My dear, your church teaches you the beginning of all things is God, or Christ. Both these persons, however, constitute only one man, according to the creed. If these two, or this one person, whichever you please to say, produce all things, flowers must be included. But expect a church to explain a law of nature would be like —"

At this moment a light, rapid footstep was heard approaching, and a rich, silvery voice uttered the words "Come in and see." It was Clonie, Mrs. Kay's daughter, a blonde of seventeen, and also a well known member of the church to which her mother belonged. She was speaking to a young lady friend outside the room door, who had been trying to persuade Clonie to accompany her to a seance.

The two girls entered, and Clonie introduced Miss Delia Layton. She also committed the sin of neglecting church, and enjoyed the novelty of visiting seances. She had already seen some startling clairvoyants and had attended two flower-seances, in which the medium was a young girl nineteen. Delia was noble; the general impulses of youth were strong, and she did not feel very happy in any amusement to which some of her friends could enjoy it to which she decided to invite Clonie, the only one of the family likely to accept.

"Mamma," said Clonie, "I suppose you will be offended if I tell you what I have said to Delia here this evening; but I could not resist the temptation to ask you if I may go with her this evening to a seance. She says there is no possibility of fraud. The medium is too young and simple; and every thing can be examined by any one who wishes." "Not with my consent, my child. No, do I think papa will consent." And she looked curiously towards her husband. Mr. Kay had wisely refrained from troubling his wife with any of his new ideas. For several years he had been gradually shaking his church fetters, but had wisely waited for favorable developments. He felt, therefore, a little pleased and somewhat astonished to hear his daughter ask such a favor. He had never attended a seance, and now he had quite an unexpected opportunity to do so without causing much disturbance.

"Lizzie," he said to his wife, "if I speak truth I would venture to say, I do not object quite so much as you suppose."

And I would, with your permission, even propose that I go with her, to protect her, if necessary, against anything that might be unpleasant."

"Protect her against evil spirits, perhaps! But you might fail. They are more powerful than you. Yet, maybe after all, Clonie would be safe with you, in spite of the Evil One. Suppose you were to take her just once. Possibly, the pastor would never hear of it."

Delia began to look a little triumphant. "Thank you, Mrs. Kay. If any harm comes to anybody, I'll pay the penalty, because I'm the tempter."

"But will you, or can you, Delia, remove the harm?" smilingly said Mrs. Kay.

This was a little too much for Delia's philosophy, so she said nothing. In three minutes Mr. Kay was ready. The girls being already equipped for a journey, were ready, too, and away they went; Clonie full of wonder and ideas of new amusement, Mr. Kay full of philosophical speculations.

Arrived at the seance-room, they found things in satisfactory appearance. The medium's innocent looking behavior pleased Clonie and her father. The cabinet seemed to be genuine; it was merely a pair of curtains hanging across a corner of the room. About a dozen ladies and gentlemen were occupied in pleasant conversation. One gentleman was a great critic, but very polite and apparently considerate for other persons. He prided himself on his keen scrutiny of the cabinet, the curtains and carpet, looking for trap-doors and sliding panels, etc. "I would," said he, "also suggest that some of the ladies (that is, supposing it be not too impertinent), should search the medium's clothing. I feel sure we would all willingly wait while they retired for the purpose."

The attraction of the evening was the flower-girl spirit, named Floribelle. Those who had seen her several times told us we would be highly pleased, whether we decided the exhibitions to be spiritual or natural. In either case we would certainly consider it beautiful. The manifestations had varied continually; no two seances had been alike.

After two of the controlling spirits had introduced themselves, and made a few remarks, Floribelle came, clad in a delicate white robe, with golden girdle. A beautiful white flower resembling a lily, decorated her rich, glossy, black hair. From the flower issued small blue flames, and one of the controls told us they were the flower's perfume or essence; and, in a few moments it filled the room with its delicious fragrance.

All who were present expected she would appear laden with flowers of all sorts and sizes, as she had always been before; but not one could we see except the beauty which ornamented her hair. As soon as Mr. Kay had partially collected his wits, and begun to think that a real live spirit stood before him, he remembered his wife's questions respect-

ing flowers. He began to see some remote possibility that something new might be obtained from the brilliant beauty before him. "Whether it be mortal or immortal," he whispered, "I don't pretend to know; but if beauty makes immortality, she certainly is immortal. However, I think I might ask a question and risk the consequences."

"Can you, my lovely friend, whoever you may be, tell us anything about the origin of the beautiful flowers you bring; where they are made, the difference between flowers and leaves; or give us any other instruction you think necessary."

"Yes, sir; I will with pleasure, so far as I am allowed. Some things concerning flowers are very easy to understand; others are quite beyond your comprehension while in earth-life. In our bright land all is flowery; all is gay with magnificent color, and loaded with rich perfumes. Leaves, flowers, and colors, are the brilliant expression of our love and wisdom. We could not live without them, because all the developments and occupations of our life tend to affection. This is divided between our own dear companions here and those who dwell in earth-life. Each leaf and flower, whether it belong to our life or to yours, denotes some specified affection; it is more or less good, or more or less evil, according to your views of good and evil. The affection is the essence or life which produces the particular shape and color of the flower, and also its perfume."

"Leaves, flowers and fruits, represent three different conditions of love and wisdom. A leaf is as beautiful and as wonderful as a flower to a person who has the eye to see the beauty. But no eye can see, nor mind can understand, while it is clouded with earthly life, the wonders of leaves and flowers as we do, who study them with our wise guides. Only the wise spirits can give the significations and uses of all leaves and flowers; and only a general idea of them can be given to the world. When a leaf grows from its bud, and a flower is also produced from the same stalk, both act in accordance with their essential laws of life and development. The life or power to act was in the seed, or whatever produced the stalk, and needed only development, which is the same as growth."

"The reason why a flower forms instead of a leaf, is the same as that which causes a man to produce superior things instead of inferior, namely, his surrounding circumstances and pre-natal influences. In your life a long time is needed to produce a flower. Here we can form a flower in a moment. Many shallow persons who cannot perceive the quality of genuine substance, suppose our flowers which we produce instantaneously are mere vapory nothings, because they vanish as quickly as they appear. But they are, strictly speaking, more permanent and substantial than any flower, or vegetation of any sort, on your earth. The earthly ones perish in a day, although their essences live forever,

as ours do, and we use them over and over again for fresh flowers. The same essences are used also for making our bodies in the seance-rooms."

"Every person here is at liberty to overflow with love, because there is no fear of any one receiving contempt and misunderstanding in return. And we use as many flowers, and of such sorts, as express most vividly our affections and occupations. In your life, all true love must be hidden. It is too holy to be fully presented, even to those we esteem above all others. Earth-life is so full of misunderstandings, disputes, and illusions, that the holiest of your aspirations need a veil of secrecy, to prevent them being profaned by the ignorant and mischievous. But here we rejoice that our wishes to make each other happy, are understood. We claim no such thing as perfect bliss, yet every holy desire for the good of a dear one is granted to us at the proper time, and this is our heaven."

"My wisdom concerning flowers is very small indeed. But I am always learning from my dear wise teachers, who never appear in your seances. They teach me and my assistants how to make leaves and flowers of the delicate sublime essences which continually surround us, as your atmosphere surrounds you. Our atmosphere is full of bright, glowing vapors and electricities, so delicate and refined as to be quite beyond your comprehension. Odors prevail everywhere. Every perfume of a flower is part of its life; and we know each leaf and each flower by its odor, whether superior or comparatively inferior. In every perfume we see the form of the flower, just as we see the form of a spirit in the odor which surrounds him and announces his approach."

"We have flowers here of immense size and in shapes, such as you have never seen; and we have also such tiny, delicate beauties that you could not feel them, or see them with any of your instruments. Our flowers often change, too. While we look at them they sometimes vanish, when we fail somewhat in our duties."

"The sparkling electricities and vapors with which we make flowers, are like the essences we use to make our bodies which you see in this room. By the laws of spirit chemistry, all things must be made by the union of ethers, vapors, or what you please to call them; but nothing is made from what you call solids. Your solids are really, only condensed vapors. This solid body I now have, which you see and feel, is formed by the union of our spirit-ethers with your earthly ones now in this room. They continually proceed from your earthly bodies, and especially from your eyes and finger-points. When I vanish from your gaze, I separate myself from your vapors and emanations. These remain in the room to be formed into bodies for other spirits, and perhaps for me too, when I come to see you again. So you see my dear friends I have quite a number of bodies; and no two are

made of the same things. They are all in different shapes and sizes which you may prove by measurement."

"And so with the flowers. When they vanish nothing is lost; but all the fine particles change from the form of a flower to the highly attenuated vapors or ethers, I have mentioned. And we can grow them also, as you grow yours, from the ground. But they are all made of vapors just the same; whether they grow in a minute or a year."

Floribelle ceased. She stood motionless and looked reverentially downwards, as if listening. Then she said "My dear teacher tells me to sing my song." And in a very quiet, childish voice she sang her innocent little ballad. It was not very grand music; yet it was full of deep feeling, love, and reverence for everything sacred. As soon as she began, she looked upwards and smiled; and instantly a beautiful rose appeared in her right hand. The next instant came another in her left. And they came from, no one could see where, all the time she sang, until she had received several dozen. They all magically arranged themselves into two handsome bouquets, one in each hand. Their perfume was most delicious, but not overwhelming to any one. Yet we soon discovered they were too ethereal to stay long for our rude gaze; and they all vanished while we looked and while Floribelle finished her little ditty.

THE FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

My gems of beauty
To all I bring,
Teaching you wisdom,
To save you from sin.

Their perfumes are love,
Their colors are truth,
Cherish them ever,
And always have youth.

As soon as all Floribelle's gems of beauty had vanished, she said "Now, I'll tell you something. We'll make some flowers for you in the air over my head if you will not talk."

We looked anxiously, and after about a minute, a globe of light, similar to moonlight, appeared at about two feet above her head. The light began to tremble, and a few seconds after, changed to dark fiery red and a large rose appeared. Above the flower a lady's hand came into view. It was beautifully formed, and each finger kept moving to and fro a short distance, showing all the signs of perfect life. The wrist was decorated with a handsome gold bracelet; and every finger was adorned, if such fingers could be adorned, with a gold ring. As soon as the first rose was formed, the hand moved an inch or two, the fingers still pointing downwards, and another rose came in sight beside the first one. Then the hand moved again and another rose formed beneath, as before. In course of a few seconds the lovely hand had gradually moved around in a circle and formed a wreath of red roses, more handsome and brilliant than any we had ever seen on earth. Next, the hand moved to a point over

the middle of the wreath, and, lo! all the gold rings on the fingers and the bracelet on the wrist, began to gleam with diamond lights, and instantly changed to wreaths of roses, similar in shape and color to the large one. The lights and colors exhibited during this transformation were altogether novel and beautiful beyond description.

But the climax of beauty was yet to come. During the formation of the wreaths, Floribelle stood silent with downcast eyes and reverential attitude, her arms extended upwards and towards us. And now the moment had arrived for the coronation of Floribelle with the rosy wreath above. This ceremony commenced with the sudden appearance of six more hands; they were small, very pretty, female hands, but had no rings or bracelets. All the hands appeared a few inches above the wreath, and at the same height as the first hand, which still remained in the center. When the moment came, every hand slowly descended, and with the thumb and forefinger took the wreath, which then began to slowly descend, with the large hand which still pointed downwards, until the wreath was placed.

By this time we perceived that the hand which had first materialized, belonged to the spirit who arranged the entire ceremony; and that the smaller ones belonged to her assistants. When the rosy crown had touched the brow of Floribelle, she seemed more beautiful than ever. We then considered the ceremony concluded. Yet the beautiful hands were still in view. Mr. Kay became a little excited with the vision. He felt he must say something in face of all rules to the contrary; and, thought he, perhaps the ceremony is over. But he burst forth; "Dear lady, whether you be child, woman, saint, goddess, mortal or immortal, I thank you for the glorious, magnificent entertainment, and for your wise instruction; and I sincerely hope every one of us present will profit thereby."

"Saint! goddess! immortal! Why, sir, I'm only a little flower-girl. Good-night, dear friend; and God bless every body!"

The instant she spoke the last syllable, Floribelle, her wreath, the beautiful hands above and everything all went to nothing; and not one of us could tell whether they went up, down, backwards, forwards or sideways. A sort of dark hole seemed to form immediately in our hearts and made us feel, for the moment, as if our all of love and life had departed forever. But our darkness was for a moment dispelled by an illuminated appearance in the air over the place where the flower-girl had stood. We looked and saw the name "Floribelle" written in bright roses, similar to those which had just disappeared.

Imagine, if you can, our delight, our surprise; above all the sense of reverence, which took possession of us. A subdued murmur of gratitude broke forth from every spectator.

Lovely! Amazing! etc. The group of spirits was complete and our pent-up emotions must escape.

At the conclusion of the scene, the great critic included, decided that fraud had been practiced. "You said Mr. Kay," that the flowers were produced while we looked. They were shown in the light, but were made up performed by spirits of the work were all deceived by some juggler and to think we saw spirit-work was only the pictures of a magic you, dear Clonie, how solemn you have not heard you utter a sentence Floribelle first appeared! Amidst exclamations of wonder in the company alone remained silent."

"Papa" she answered very softly, ask me. I feel bewildered. I don't know the wonders we have seen are the work of spirits, and I cannot think it true. dear papa, I want to ask you to—mamma—let me go again; or, perhaps take me, yourself. Della says I ought next Monday and see some real, true spirit-flowers, such as have never been on our earth."

"My child, I think I may promise that mamma will not object, after explanations are given to her, and I almost promise I will try to find time with you myself, for my own special tuition. I may perhaps, now tell you I have, during the last ten years, expressed great desire to glance somewhat, by means, into the mysteries of life and death. You, my darling, have been taught to reverence the Bible as the only book of truth. Yet, I must confess that I think your Bible has been neglected. And I think the time now arrived when both you and I must turn to some other book for instruction in the mysteries. I begin to see that our own book of experience and the book of nature are far more reliable than any Bible. The evening's entertainment has opened to me new views bright visions of future usefulness. all. Your susceptible mind will, I think, henceforth continue to imbibed from the fountain of true wisdom, which flows only after experience, and after free from when the mind is released from the fetters of old superstitions. May God forgive me neglecting you so long! Good night, daughter; may you dream of Floribelle."

Clonie looked up, amazed at her earnestness. "Papa! You neglect me!" Floribelle put that thought into your mind. Dear, wise father; good-night. May you too, dream of Floribelle!"

They had by this time reached the top of the hill. And away went Clonie to give her father some little of the news while Mr. Kay proceeded a few rods beyond to visit his friend.

Original Contributions.

The Difference.

TO ELIZA A. PITTSINGER;

BY LUPA.

If a nation was struggling and freedom lay low
 And all arms lay grown nerveless and numb,
 Like the blast of a trumpet or twang of a bow,—
 Like the echoing roll of a drum,
 Your clear voice like a bugle that dareth the foe,
 Then would thrill with the vict'ry to come;
 I would bandage the hurts and would soften the blow
 And would speak for the lips that are dumb.

Not so grand, not so strong, is my nature or voice;
 Not so bravely life's ill I defy;
 I can mourn for the sad—you would bid them rejoice,
 And would live when I, weakly, might die.
 But there's work for us all, and for each soul a place,
 And a time when the sword is laid by;
 So when tired of the tumult and tired of the race
 We will whisper of peace,—you and I.

Is Moses a Myth?

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

I have seen it several times alleged of late, by representatives of certain schools of free-thinkers, that Moses, the asserted law-giver of the Hebrews, is a myth, "a myth, like the British King Arthur and the Trojan Æneas," as some say. *Per contra*, I am confident that there is in existence no conclusive evidence of the exclusively mythical character of the man Moses. I have endeavored to keep myself informed as regards the results of the latest scholarship in comparative mythology and in historico-scientific Biblical criticism; but I have failed to find anywhere any evidence in substantiation of the theory that, so far as the personality of the supposed Hebrew lawgiver is concerned, it is entirely mythical. I am well aware that many mythical elements have clustered around the figure of Moses; but, so far as I am aware, no satisfactory evidence has been adduced that Moses, as an individual, never existed.

Dr. Abram Kuenen is generally recognized, and in my opinion justly, as one of the ablest living exponents of Hebrew theology. To my mind there can be no doubt that in clearness of insight and depth of penetration, so far as correct interpretation of the Biblical records and of the stages of growth of the religion of Israel is concerned, he stands fully equal to, if not head and shoulders above, all other theologians, whether of the past or of the present. His grand work, *The Religion of Israel*, stands pre-eminent in Old Testament exegesis. Both in this work and in the *Bible for Learners* [Young People], which presents in a popular form the results of Dr. Kuenen's researches,—said results being generally accepted by the Dutch school of rationalistic theologians,—in both these works, while the legendary character of most of the narratives concerning Moses is fully recognized, and their origin in part indicated,

still the personality of Moses is never called in question. While it is conceded that the patriarchs in the Genesal narrative may be mythical, the supposition that Moses may be a myth is never entertained.

Speaking of the transition from the legends of Genesis to the narratives of Exodus, the *Bible for Learners* says: "The main lines of Israelite history are clear, many facts are established, and, most important of all, several of the chief actors in the history are known to us as individuals. From the darkness, then, we are coming into the twilight. We can distinguish several great personalities clearly. . . . At the head of Israel's history stands the mighty figure of Moses. . . . Legend plays a greater part than history in the accounts which we possess of him. . . . But Israel never lost the memory of the man who was considered the spiritual father of his people. . . . As such, then, he may claim a place of honor among men whose lives have moulded the history of the world." (Vol. I., pp. 241, 242.)

Dr. Kuenen fully discusses, in the fifth chapter of his *Religion of Israel*, the relation in which Moses stood to the Hebrew tribes, both as judge and lawgiver. While it is satisfactorily established that the whole of the Pentateuch dates from times long posterior to Moses (a few fragments, perhaps, excepted), much of it being promulgated during the time of Ezra, eight hundred years after the death of Moses, yet that the *B'ni Israel* were led out of Egypt by Moses, and that the foundations alike of their political and religious fortunes were laid by him, Dr. Kuenen thinks more than probable; and in this I concur with him.

Some confirmation is lent this view by the testimony of Manetho, the Egyptian chronicler, in an extract preserved by Josephus, the genuineness of which, so far as my studies have gone, has never been called in question. Manetho tells us that King Amenophis expelled the "leprous" foreigners from Egypt, their leader being a former priest of Heliopolis named Osarsiph, "who gave them a form of government and laws, changed his name, and called himself Moses." (*Against Apion*, i. 26.)

The Egyptian tradition of a lawgiver for the Israelite tribes named Moses thus agrees with the Hebrew; and I think an undoubted historic fact underlies the traditions.

The most exhaustive work yet published, I believe, on Hebrew mythology, is that of Dr. Goldziher. Very few scholars, it appears, are willing to accept so radical and extreme a presentation as that found in his highly suggestive volume. The general opinion is that he has extended his mythical system further than the facts will warrant. Yet even Dr. Goldziher, while advancing cogent arguments and facts in sustentation of the mythical character of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and various other Old Testament personalities, recognizes Moses as an historical personage.

"It is usual," he remarks (p. 23), "to find one or another mythical characteristic attached to historical phenomena. . . . We find attached to the picture of the life of Moses, which the Biblical narrative presents with a theocratic coloring, solar characteristics, indeed more specifically features of the myth of Prometheus." In Professor Steinthal's essay on the "Legend of Prometheus," published, with Goldziher's indorsement, in the appendix to his (Goldziher's) *Hebrew Mythology*, in speaking of the analogies between the legends of Prometheus and those of Moses, Steinthal is careful to say, "I speak here not of the historical, but of the mythical Moses; and I hope the reader will be inclined to distinguish the two as clearly as we distinguish the historical and the legendary Charlemagne." (*Hebrew Mythology*, p. 391).

Perhaps some mention should be made of another school of thought, quite active about the beginning of the present century, but now almost expiring,—that of the extreme wing of the solar mythologists. Represented by such works as Dupuis' *Origine de Tous les Cultes*, Drummond's *Ædipus Judaicus*, Volney's *Ruins*, Robert Taylor's *Diegesis*, and Higgin's *Anacalypsis*, it for a time made some commotion in the literary and theological worlds; but of late years it has fallen into well-deserved desuetude and decay. To be sure, we occasionally see some shallow writer trying to revive the exploded vagaries of Dupuis and others, with sundry modifications and variations,—the most marked instance in America being Dr. Woolley's ponderous volume on the *Science (?) of the Bible*. Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*, Gerald Massey's *Natural Genesis*, and Inman's *Ancient Faiths and Ancient Names* also trench largely upon the domain of solar mythology, other elements as well, however, entering into their systems of speculations. As a notable example of the extreme limits into which the solar mythos may be pressed, though in another direction, Rev. G. W. Cox's *Mythology of the Aryan Nations* may be cited. Quite an effective rejoinder to Mr. Cox's extravagant theories in particular, and the more radical solar mythologists in general, may be found in J. P. Mahaffy's *Prolegomena to Ancient History*.

According to the systems of Dupuis, Drummond, Woolley, etc., all the principal characters in ancient religion, including those in the Bible, are mythical impersonations of the heavenly bodies and their accompanying phenomena. Moses, of course, under this hypothesis, is a myth. Then, again, certain supposed parallels between Moses and Bacchos have been pointed out by more than one author; the most circumstantial presentation thereof being probably that contained in a brochure entitled *Moses and Bacchus*, by Myles McSweeney, who is, if I mistake not, one of the last few lingering public representatives in England of the old Dupuis-Drummond school of solar mythologists. In

this connection it may be remarked that the latest and most elaborate work upon the *Bakchik cultus*, *The Great Dionysiak Myth*, by Robert Brown, Jr., contains no reference to any connection of Bakchik mythology with the legends of Moses; although we find in it full references to the elements of the worship of Bakchos, or Dionysos, in the Phœnician, Aramæan, Arabian, Chaldean, Assyrian, and Khamitic mythologies.

Before concluding, it may be pertinent to remark that Dr. Tiele, one of the most untrammelled scholars and theologians of the day, and one of the highest authorities in comparative theology and mythology, in his *Outlines of the History of the Ancient Religions* (p. 85), while dealing largely with the mythic elements in ancient Semitic faiths, yet recognizes the historical existence of Moses, and thinks it not unreasonable to suppose that he established the worship of Yahweh among the Israelites in the place of that of El-Shadai. The same eminent scholar characterizes Dr. Martin Shultze's *Handbuch der Ebraischen Mythologie*, published in 1876, as "full of the most hazardous conjectures and the wildest combinations." Dr. Goldziher also speaks disparagingly of this work. Nork's *Biblical Mythology of the Old and New Testament* and his *Etymological-Symbolical-Mythological Cyclopædia for Biblical Students*, etc., are called by Goldziher "muddle headed works;" while Braun's *Natural History of Legend* "is a kind of anachronism built on an antiquated theory, and not happier in its etymological identifications and derivations than Nork's writings." It is needless to say that such worthless works as these do not suffice to show that Moses is a myth.

"Wage Slavery."

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

I am delighted to see the above treated editorially in the DOVE. It indicates progress to even acknowledge that the wage system is a form of slavery, and that it must pass away, and I wish most sincerely that I could show the feeling that this most subtle form of human bondage could be done away with peaceably.

"That a revolution is needed we admit, but it must be a peaceable one. It must be a revolution of ideas, of public sentiments. It must be an evolutionary revolution."

Would that saying, "It must be a peaceable one" make it so? Every effort was made to have the freedom of the black man come peaceably. Public sentiment was educated. Ideas were evolutionary to a given point, and then they became revolutionary; and then only could the desired end be accomplished. At a terrible cost, it is true, but still it came. It might have been a peaceable revolution had those who held property in human beings been willing to

have it so; but they would not give up their hold, even when offered compensation.

This question of a revolution of force is not a question of like or dislike; of sentiment or even of preference, but simply a question of historical necessity. I may cry "To arms, to arms!" till I am black in the face, and if circumstances and the condition of society do not justify my appeal, the masses will pay no attention; and should the authorities hang me for so doing, it is only an admission that circumstances are such that there is no danger of my call being heeded; otherwise, I should be treated as a harmless lunatic.

Moralizing did not convince the slaveholder, but the effects of educating the people frightened them into firing on Sumpter. Let us look at the situation as it is. We have two general classes in society, with a few intermediates that the present trend of things is fast wiping out. One of these classes produces all; the other possesses—controls all.

The possessing class not only controls the means of subsistence, but also the army, the navy, the State, the education—moral as well as physical—of the people, and I cannot see wherein this class are better, more amenable to moral suasion than were the slaveholders. It is well to educate the masses, as far and as fast as is possible in the face of all the hindrances with which we must contend, but the faster they are educated the sooner the crisis will come. And even now those who hold the reins are exerting all their ingenuity to compass constitutionally the right to put a stop to such education as the masses are receiving.

What else are the attempts to enforce Sunday laws, to secure the recognition of God in the Constitution, and other such efforts to which both time and money are given unstintingly?

It will not only be impossible to moralize Jay Gould out of his ill-gotten wealth, induce Vanderbilt through sweet words to give up his \$10,000 a year cook, or Russel Sage to disgorge his stolen wealth, but still more impossible to moralize, educate the church to forego her claims to the rulership of Jesus for this nation, in order to do justice to humanity. The very spirit of the lines,

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successful jouneys run."

Declares for submission or conflict. The church marks the progress of freethought, and has determined to put a stop to it; and no one thing would so forever disable her as the liberation of the masses from wage slavery.

Our cause, that of human freedom, is opposed by the money powers of the civilized world and church and state are close behind. They will force the conflict, for they know it is victory or death.

Again has the plan of work been changed, or are the results that were to flow naturally from that work to be escaped—the work and

its results as told to us by our first fathers?

At the inauguration of what is known as modern Spiritualism, the very conflict now feel is close upon us was shown to clairvoyants again and again. Not only in this country, but Europe was held up before us as one vast field of carnage, a fit representation of what the revelation was upon the island of Patmos.

At that time the church nor churchmen had had time to modify, to soften down, to try to capture us, and the colors came unrolled. Let us not cry "Peace, peace," when peace is possible till the storm has cleared the atmosphere.

The effect too, of the attempt to soften the stern facts, is to make our people less willing to use their means to help open the light. When I see Spiritualists and those calling themselves reformers, spending their money in buying lots for a rise, paying taxes on the same while they lie profligate with their hands till the said rise comes, and our most earnest, outspoken workers, who dare to tell the truth though the heavens fall—see them being crushed for want of means to carry on their work, and then realize the conflict that is coming—that ere it is settled will sweep present property lines out of existence—when I recall all this I groan in agony, and the spirit almost leaves the form.

Do you suppose there would be much buying of lots for a rise, if those who now do could realize all this?

Selected Articles.

An Engineer's Vision.

"The queerest that ever I knew," said an old engineer, "was the vision that Bill Sandusky had a few years ago. There are things that you know have happened and are reluctant to tell about, because you know you'll be laughed at and pooh-poohed for your pains, and this vision is one of that kind. Bill Sandusky was an engineer on the Philadelphia and Erie Railway, and is yet, I think, and lives in Erie. A better engineer never handled the throttle. About ten years ago a young fellow named George Watkins was working on the Philadelphia and Erie as a brakeman. He was a stranger, and I didn't know where he came from. He was 22 years old, but he had a much older look. He had a very dark complexion, and he was tall and lean. His eyes were intensely blue and deep-sunken.

"It was plain from the bearing of Watkins that he was either the victim of some great trouble, or haunted by unpleasant recollections, and also that he was a man of great determination and intelligence. He performed his hard work of brakeman with faithful-

and early attracted the attention of the Superintendent. Watkins had been on the road almost three months, when Jimmy Green, Bill Sandusky's fireman, was killed while saving the life of a little child that was playing on the track. The train was dashing along at the rate of forty miles an hour when the child was discovered by Bill and his fireman 200 or 300 yards ahead as the train rounded a curve. Bill whistled for brakes and reversed his engine, but there was no possible chance of stopping the train before it reached the child, which did not seem to be aware of its danger. Quick as a cat Jimmy threw himself through the cab window and went out along the guard-rail to the pilot. He popped down flat, and leaning over as far as he could, seized the child as the engine passed on the spot where it sat. He caught the little one and scooped it clear of the track. The child was saved, but the brave fireman lost his hold in making the effort, and fell off the rail and was cut to pieces. George Watkins was taken from the brake-wheel and promoted to the place which Jimmy Green's death made vacant. He got along with the work from the very start as handily as if he had been at the job all his life, but Bill Sandusky said that the atmosphere of the cab changed the minute Watkins set his foot in it. He declared, after the first trip with the new fireman, that Watkins would doo-doo him sure.

"I feel so queer when he turns those sunken eyes of his on me," Bill used to say, "that I can't stand still under his gaze. If I should stop and still," Bill said, "I believe I'd let my engine push right on, no matter what might happen, if that fireman said the word."

"Bill's uneasiness under the mysterious influence of the fireman was such that he at last told the Superintendent that he was sure something would happen some day unless the fireman was taken off. The Superintendent laughed at what he called Bill's foolishness, and Watkins stayed on the engine. He had fired for Bill a month or so, and then the engineer went to the Superintendent and told him positively that he must remove Watkins. He couldn't give any reason that had weight with the boss, and he said that the fireman must stay. Then Bill told him that his next trip would be his last. He would not run another trip with George Watkins.

"The Philadelphia and Erie Road runs through some very wild country in Northwestern Pennsylvania. One of the wildest spots was just west of Kane, in McKean county. The woods are deep and unbroken for miles, and a fellow passing through them feels as if he were out of the world. From the first trip that Watkins made with him Bill noticed that in going through that wild stretch the fireman seemed to be seized with terror, and at times he would turn pale, and Bill frequently saw him crouching at the side of the cab, and glaring wildly, and his

strange eyes seemed to be staring into vacancy. On the trip that Bill had declared was to be his last with the new fireman, the engineer had not been paying any attention to Watkins until they had entered the wild piece of woods near Kane and had run some distance through it. Then Bill happened to turn his eyes toward the fireman. Watkins stood against the side of the cab. His eyes were staring at the engineer, and Bill's eyes met the queer gaze straight and full. Bill said that instantly he felt a numb sensation run through him like a flash. He tried to take his eyes away from Watkins', but couldn't do it. Sense of the fact that he was on his engine running the express on the Pennsylvania and Erie Railway never left him, but there he stood, entirely helpless to move his eyes away from Watkins'. Presently the fireman turned and looked off into the woods. Without power to help it Bill looked in the same direction. He said that he didn't believe that Watkins saw or noticed him, or knew that he was held under that strange influence. The look of terror came to the fireman's eyes as he gazed, and suddenly the entire scene was changed as Bill gazed out upon it. Instead of the deep Kane woods the train was gliding through a delightful valley. On one side was a lofty ridge, on the other a level stretch of fertile farm land was bounded by a line of low woods. Presently the train passed a town—a beautiful village with remarkable growths of willows, where the site sloped down to a river. Sitting far back in terraced grounds was an old homestead, to which a green lane on either side of which were thick clumps of willows, led from the main road. Beyond, rising back of the trees, was a church spire. As Bill Sandusky gazed in amazement on this transformation, an elderly man, astride of a large horse, rode down the lane toward the village. As he was passing a clump of trees a tall man stepped out from behind a large willow with a gun in his hands. He raised the weapon to his shoulder and fired at the man on the horse. The old man threw up his hands and tumbled to the ground. The murderer fired twice into the prostrate body of his victim and then ran away and disappeared among the willows along the river. Bill said he could not distinguish the features of either the murderer or his victim, but the horror of the scene aroused him. He uttered a cry that startled the fireman, who was crouching down in the cab. Watkins sprang to an erect position. Bill jumped to his lever, and was about to reverse and call for brakes when the strange scene faded away and the wild Pennsylvania landscape once more stretched away on either side. In a second's time the fireman was himself again, attending to his duty as cool as ever.

"Was there something on the track?" he asked, as the engineer dropped the signal cord.

"It was some time before Bill could reply,

and then he told Watkins of the extraordinary vision. As he described it his fireman grew paler and paler, and became greatly agitated. When Bill came to the scene where the old man was murdered, Watkins was a picture of terror. He threw up his hands.

"My God!" he shrieked. "There is no escape!"

"With those words he sprang from the cab and Bill saw him tumble out of sight into the bushes. The train was running thirty miles an hour. Bill brought her to a stop as soon as he could and backed down to where the fireman had jumped off, expecting to find him dead or badly hurt. Not a trace of Watkins could be found except the broken bushes into which he had disappeared. The woods were searched, but the missing fireman was not found.

"Of course, Bill's story, the singular disappearance of Watkins, and the mysterious circumstances connected with it, created a great sensation along the line for some time, but the matter was at last forgotten. A month or so after Bill Sandusky took a vacation. He went on a trip through Ohio. One day he read in a Cincinnati paper that a young man named Walters, who had appeared in one of the small Kentucky towns a month before, and confessed to having murdered his uncle six years before in that village, and gave himself up to justice, was to be hanged for the crime. Bill Sandusky could never explain the reason why at the moment he read the item his fireman, Watkins, the murder he had seen in his vision, and the fireman's disappearance, came into his mind and connected themselves with this confessed murderer, Walters. Bill found that he could get to the Kentucky town in a few hours by rail, and he jumped on the cars and started for the place. As the train approached the place there was no need of the brakeman calling out its name, so far as Bill Sandusky was concerned. There was the valley, there was the river, there stood the hills, the sloping village site, the willows, the church, the old homestead in the terraced ground. There was the green lane down which he had seen the old man riding, and there was the clump of trees where the assassin had appeared and fired the fatal shot. Bill experienced no trouble in obtaining a look at the condemned murderer, Walters, in his cell, and, of course, Walters was Bill's old fireman, George Watkins. Walters was his right name. He had shot his uncle just as the engineer had seen the tragedy in his vision that memorable day from his cab window. The murderer had been an entire stranger in the Kentucky town. He had visited his uncle to borrow money and had been refused. That was the sole cause of the murder.

"Walters said he had struggled for six years against some strange influence that was constantly drawing him back to the scene of his crime and to confession, but feeling that

no human being knew of his guilt, he had conquered the influence. He never passed through the dark Kane woods while firing for Bill Sandusky, that the whole scene of the tragedy did not rise before him. When that scene was revealed so mysteriously to the engineer, the murderer believed that the terrible secret was no longer his own. He gave up the struggle and went unresistingly to his fate. He was hanged three days after Bill visited him. But how can any one explain that queer vision of Bill's?"—*Chicago Herald*.

With The Spirits.

One of the strangest and most mysterious experiences known in the annals of Chicago medical practice was brought to light yesterday on the North Side.

Mrs. Clara Fallon widow of the late John H. Fallon, residing at No. 289 Illinois street, after a quiet life of more than forty years, fell into a trance on Monday evening last from which she could not be aroused until Wednesday morning.

She says she felt herself under some strange control on Monday afternoon, but resisted it. Divining what it was, and being a devout Christian and a member of the Episcopal church, she resorted to prayer. She prayed God, she says, to drive the spirits away from her and free her from their presence and power, but her prayers were not answered.

Yielding to this "spirit power," as she puts it, she disrobed herself and retired to bed on Monday evening early, probably not later than 8 o'clock. Before consigning herself to this strange power that had taken possession of her faculties, she lit the gas in her room and prepared for a forty-eight hours retirement from the world.

She had been, she says, notified that she was wanted on an important mission in the spirit world for two days, but she was given but a few hours to prepare for departure.

At 9 o'clock on Monday evening she wrote to her daughters, under spirit control, the following note:

My Dear Daughters: Do not disturb me for forty-eight hours. I have gone to be with my husband and dear friends. I will return next Thursday morning.

She was not discovered until Tuesday evening, after she had in the trance just one day. Up to the third morning of the trance, Mrs. Fallon had not tasted either food or drink of any kind, and there were grave apprehensions on the part of her friends that she would not revive, while her daughters had given up hopes of her recovery.

Mrs. Dr. Clarke then said: "Let's rub her out of this, whatever it is," and the rubbing was at once commenced. They chafed her hands, arms, body and limbs without stint. When she came to her senses she cried because she had been disturbed. She said she would rather be one day with such an experience than a thousand years on earth.

"Are you not hungry?" Mrs. Fallon was asked.

"Hungry! Oh, bless you, I feel as if I do not want to eat again in this world."

"Please excuse me; will you tell what you saw while you were in the trance?"

"Oh, yes," she said indifferently, but it will be uninteresting to you. At first I was taken by my husband. I always loved my husband, and he always loved me. Our greeting occupied some time. I was quite content to be with him and to see him, without looking at anything else for awhile, but he told me my time was short, and I must see for myself. He told me he would have come sooner, but the spirit-world was a world of progression, and that although he had been there more than fourteen years, he had only just obtained the power to come forth. He said he could not reveal himself to me as perfectly as he hoped to be able to do in the future. I saw him and kissed him, and I knew him just as perfectly as I ever did when he was with me."

The little woman stopped and covered her face with her hands and began crying.

"Who else did you see?"

"The minister I used to know. I was born in Ireland, and came to America when I was a child. I had forgotten the parish pastor I had known, but he came to me with a book and placed it before me. I read in it, but I will not tell you what I read. I'll tell you, though, about the music, and the flowers and the fruit," she added, after a moment's pause.

"Now about the music. It was unlike earthly music. It pealed out sharply, and all I could do was to cry. I could not stand it any longer, and I begged my husband to have it stopped. Then I saw the flowers, but I cannot describe them. The flowers were bright; they looked at me and seemed to talk to me, and I loved them, but I cannot describe them. They were beautiful, but this you can't understand. All this is foolishness to you. But the fruit. They told me to eat of it, and I did. Such glorious fruit, but I can't tell you about it. It was lovely glorious, and every bite I ate gave happiness and peace."

"Did you receive any important communications?"

"No. Understand me, I do not pretend to be a medium; I don't like such a thing. I'd rather be dead than to talk about acting as a medium between this world and people and spirits over there. I don't want to be placed in that light. My husband was a Spiritualist."

Tally another for the inventive genius of woman. It is now stated that the "over and under" attachment for sewing machines was invented by Helen Blanchard, now of Philadelphia. The device, for which she had to borrow money to pay the first office fees, has now brought her in a fortune.

The Power of Imagination.

A curious instance of the wonderfulness of the superstitious imagination is illustrated by an account which comes from New York. It appears from the statement that St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, which the venerable Father Fransoli, pastor, is located on the corner of Hick and Walnut streets, New York. On the west side of a grass plat stands an old willow tree. On the 5th of June, water, such as comes from a small spring, began to appear in the grass between the tree and the church. The sexton noticed the water, and drew the conclusion that it emanated from the spring. Scores of people flocked to it, carrying with them tin pails, in which they carried away the miraculous water. Ladies suffering from rheumatism and neuralgia found great relief, and many others removed from sore eyes after bathing with the water. The knowledge of the cures came to one of the parishioners, Mulvane, whose husband had squandered his earnings in drink for more than a year, and had finally become a habitual drunkard. She thought that probably the water would cure him, and obtaining a quart can, induced her husband to drink it, telling him at the time what it was. After drinking the water from the holy well, Mulvane stopped his habits of intoxication and went to work bringing all of his wages every Sunday night home to his wife and family. No greater proof of the holy nature of the water could be established, and the people in the neighborhood of the church broke through the iron railing in their eagerness to get the wonderful fluid. Even Father Fransoli parted from his skepticism in a measure, and said: "It may be it is the will of Almighty God who has sent me this well as a sign of gold to pay off the debt of the church." Sexton Stanton dug some shovels full of water from the place where the water was building a mound around it, gave it the appearance of a bubbling stream. He was about to have a box built, in which he was taking the holy water could deposit contributions, and predicted the church would over \$100,000 would be paid off in a few months—it was discovered shortly after the "holy water" came from a break in a city water main. Who can hereafter the wonderful potency of the imagination?—*R. P. Journal*.

The striking factory girls of St. Clerihew & Lothman, of Minneapolis, have been out. Seven hundred dollars have been donated by the labor organizations of the city to assist them in winning the strike.—*trial Leader*, Dubuque.

Thoughts, perhaps, which like the thoughts of the coul, leap under the feet and adders.—*Richter*.

THE CARRIER DOVE,

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SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 4, 1888.

THE BLACK MILITIA.

In these times wherein the Catholic clergy are doing their best to undermine the confidence of their flocks in our public school system it is wise that for a moment we enquire not so much as to what Catholicism teaches but as to the means it can employ to obtain its ends in this and other lands.

The DOVE is not prepared to accept all that certain Spiritualists assert as between the Catholic church and Spiritualism concerning the acts and hostility of embodied or disembodied Romanists, but nevertheless, it keeps a watchful eye upon the attitude of the leaders of the 8,000,000 Catholics in the United States.

The maintenance of the civil rights and religious liberties of every citizen of the republic is, to the DOVE, as sacred a duty as is the promulgating and upholding of the cause of Spiritualism.

Relatively, the Romish population of our land is comparatively but small—not quite one-eighth of the whole. But has it occurred to the reader that there may be another Romish population unseen, numerous and more powerful because of its secrecy? As in Europe, so in America the Romish church is aided in its work, not only by its avowed friends and workers, but by the most disloyal of all confederations—founded August 16th, 1834—known as the Jesuits—a militant order willing to fight for the interests of the Romish church. For two hundred years this plague-spot flourished, growing so powerful that prelates and cardinals were made to tremble before a sim-

ple subordinate of this reckless order. In 1772 the Order was officially abolished, but it still continued to live and flourish, until, in 1814, it was officially resurrected. The church may deny its relationship to this order to-day, but in 1876 the Bishop of Cambrai, in a pastoral says "Clericalism, Ultramontanism and Jesuitism are one and the same thing—that is to say, Roman Catholicism, and the distinctions between them have been created by the enemies of religion." While the present pope, Leo XIII., admits that of all the religious congregations now existing that of the Jesuits is the dearest to his heart! Modern life has of course, affected the character of Jesuitism, so far as its methods may be concerned, but unquestionably it still retains its old-time spirit of cruelty, mendacity, lies, craft and unrelenting warfare against all that can hinder the progress and extension of Romanism. There can be no doubt that this Black Militia is the secret army used by the Romanists to accomplish aims and ends in secret that the Church powerful as she is, dare not openly commit herself to.

Who knows where the emissaries of this order are not to be found? If they assail our schools, why not our State and National Legislatures, our institutes and our liberties? The true path of safety for this country lies in the absolute and complete secularization—at all times—of its governmental machinery and the denial of any exclusive rights or privileges to any form of religious faith whatever. Equal liberty to all, and no exemption from taxation. Education is a national necessity, religion, an individual luxury.

It is not an extreme opinion to assert that the Jesuits, as the secret agents of Romanism, are not so interested in destroying Spiritualism as they are in capturing our Government, for well they know that could they succeed in that all heresies could then be crushed in detail. How their existence to-day affects our cause we may show in future articles. For this time, enough has been written to show the covert danger in our midst.

WHAT DO THE PEOPLE WANT?

"Seize upon the truth, wherever found—
Among your friends, among your foes;
On Christian or on heathen ground.
The flower's divine where'er it grows."

The conscientious editor of a spiritual journal at the present day finds many things to contend with that were quite unknown to the spiritual movement in its earlier days.

Then, there was one common ground upon which all parties stood, and for which they were willing to labor and sacrifice anything; it was the simple fact of demonstrating that spirits could and did communicate with mortals. There were no side issues then to distract and divide the believers into bitter party factions, or occasion the severe and sometimes unjust criticisms indulged in by all parties at the present day. There were no such questions as materialization, theosophy, Christian science, re-incarnation, slate-writing or many of the

various "points of doctrine" upon which the people are now divided. It was comparatively smooth sailing in those earlier days for the captain of a journalistic craft devoted to Spiritualism; for, no matter how great the antagonism from the outside, there was a unitedness within the ranks, and an immediate rally of all the forces when an attack was made by the opposition party.

Now it is impossible to steer clear of breakers, no matter how sagacious and level-headed the captain may be. If a paper is devoted to the advocacy of primitive Spiritualism before it branched out into so many different directions it is sure to be called "non-progressive, old fogyish" or something similar.

If it takes in all the different doctrines as now advanced, it will be called "visionary," "flighty," "cranky," and altogether off the track.

If materialization is advocated, the non-believers in such phenomena, (among whom are many Spiritualists) immediately rebel and order their papers stopped as they "do not believe in such nonsense." If, on the other hand, such phenomena is ignored, the other party raises the war-cry and say "it is the only positive demonstration of spirit return, and if it is not recognized as such by Spiritualistic papers they had better stop." If re-incarnation is touched upon immediately comes a note of warning from some disbeliever. If it is not advocated then the re-incarnation party refuses its support. Then along comes the metaphysical healers, and those, also, who scoff at that teaching; and if an editor dares to say a word pro or con, he is, in either case considered a lunatic and unfit for his position. There are extremists of both classes; those who ignorantly and blindly accept as truth everything purporting to come from the spirits; medium worshippers, who do not try to discover truth, but take it all in, chaff and wheat alike. The other class of extremists doubt everything; they investigate critically every kind of phenomena, and sometimes pass judgment hastily and unjustly.

There is a happy medium class who endeavor to prove all things, and are honestly and fairly seeking truth through every channel. They are not biased by any preconceived opinions, or blinded by bigotry or prejudice. To them truth is truth wherever found, and as such is accepted and cherished. To this class the editors of our journals *should* belong. They should also have the moral courage to stick to and advocate a demonstrated truth, "though the heavens fall." If a journal is devoted to Spiritualism, it must be broad and liberal as is the great platform to which it subscribes. It cannot be run in any narrow groove or channel to suit parties, cliques or persons. It must hold its standard high above the reach of the unkind criticisms of the "enemies of its own household," and the warring elements by which it is surrounded. It must remain self-poised, calm and serene, but firm as a rock, when assailed by the foes within and the foes

without the ranks. Threats should not intimidate, and bribes should be refused with scorn. The masses of the people want truth, and it should be given them whenever and wherever it can be obtained, through the columns of the spiritualistic press. By taking a firm, united stand upon such ground, a high-toned, truly spiritual press would soon become powerful educators and the people would soon be led into clearer channels of thinking, reasoning and investigating and much of the bitterness and antagonism which now rends our cause would disappear, and the evils practiced in the name of mediumship would be brought to the light and the true and false eternally separated.

Editors cannot do this great work alone; they must have the encouragement and support of every grand, liberal soul in the ranks; and then they will have courage and strength to go on in the good work and search out the hidden gems of truth and give them to the people. Theirs is no light task, no flower-strewn way; but on every hand the burden presses heavily and the thorns and briars are more plentiful than the roses. Do the people want truth at any price? Do they want to know upon what foundation they stand? If so, let them uphold and sustain those who are digging and delving into—sometimes dark mines—to discover it for them, or to bring it to light, where all may investigate and know for themselves.

OUR FREE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY.

Since the removal of the library belonging to the Progressive Spiritualists to this office, last March, there has been a rapid increase in the number of donations to the library and also a greater number of books loaned out than formerly. Since April last there have been one hundred books donated besides a great many pamphlets and unbound books; and the number loaned out has been over nine hundred. This, we think, is a good showing for the first four months and we make no doubt that the next four will make a still better one. Our facilities are constantly increasing and we expect soon an important event will transpire that will greatly add to our present advantages. If the friends could only realize the amount of good done by means of spiritual literature we are sure they would be generous in their contributions to assist its circulation. Many people come here and get books to read, who seldom, if ever, go to spiritual meetings, and have gained all their information concerning Spiritualism through reading its literature.

There are new books needed, and these require funds, as publishers rarely donate new books. We propose holding a series of entertainments for this purpose and ask the hearty co-operation of friends of the cause everywhere when these entertainments are commenced that they may be conducted successfully.

Our reading room contains all the standard spiritual journals published in this and foreign countries in French, German, Spanish, Portuguese and Italian languages and are on file for

visitors and patrons. It is a pleasant place to pass away an hour or to sit quietly and write letters, as desks and tables are furnished for that purpose. The friends and strangers in the city are invited to make this their social headquarters where they will always meet our most prominent mediums and Spiritualists who are daily visitors here.

DR. SCHLESINGER'S MEDIUMSHIP.

The following extract from a private letter is but one of many such that we have received and are constantly receiving from parties who have been blessed through his wonderful mediumship by being enabled to overcome the habit of using tobacco. The writer says:

"Thanks to your beautiful guide, Mr. M—and I have both been kept from using tobacco ever since our sitting with you, and as your guide so truthfully said we have neither of us had the least craving for it. I have tried a hundred times before to give it up, but without success."

We know that in this respect Dr. Schlesinger's mediumship is most wonderful; and hundreds of persons would cheerfully testify to this fact. We have known many inveterate chewers and smokers of the weed to be instantly cured of any further desire for it; and in fact, to feel a sense of loathing and disgust come over them when in the presence of those using it. If the doctor would consent to have such results of his work made public, it would be another evidence of what good Spiritualism has done and is continually doing; but he has always preferred to let his works speak for themselves, and modestly declined advertising, but his friends desire that this phase of his mediumship be made known.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee extends her thanks to Mr. John Slater, the grand platform test medium for the grand benefit he so nobly gave in her behalf. May the good angels ever bless him.

Also Dr. J. V. Mansfield, the grand spirit postmaster, who so kindly devoted a day to her interest. Good angels, will bless and protect those who so nobly assist others. Go and see him.

And our noble brother the wonderful test medium, Dr. Schlesinger, who also devoted a day giving sittings in her behalf. Be sure to see him.

And last, but not least, dear Sister Schlesinger, who is always doing something noble, who whispered the desire to help a sister medium, and the good brothers smilingly responded.

And many thanks to all the noble souls who responded so generously to her benefit. It came in opportune time, when she was weary and sad, and it came like a ray of sunshine to gladden her heart. That is true Spiritualism.

PERSONALS.

Walter Howell, a well known speaker in the East, has returned from a brief trip to Europe. He is engaged at the Cassadaga Camp for the entire season.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten recorded a very fine oration upon "The Problems of the Universe," before the (Eng.) Spiritualists' Alliance. A large audience was present.

Dr. Schlesinger gives sittings by appointment only at present, as his business is so much of his time, he finds it impossible to keep office hours. Arrangements can be made by calling at this office during the day, or at Ellis street after 6 p. m.

Mr. S. S. Ingham, of Tulare, is on a season of rest, and to enjoy the cooling breezes for which San Francisco is celebrated. Mrs. Ingham will join her husband in a few days. They are both earnest Spiritualists. Before returning to his home Mr. Ingham will visit friends in Placerville.

Hon. I. C. Steele, of Pescadero, sends Dove's thanks for a beautiful sketch of himself, which with that gentlemanly sentiment we will be pleased to transfer to the columns of the Dove that our readers may have the privilege of seeing the shadow, at least, of the man who presided so efficiently at our Campmeeting in Oakland.

Mrs. Eugenia Wheeler Clark paid a visit to San Jose, a few days ago, in company with some lady friends. It is but reasonable to believe, that Mrs. Clark is able to get away from her musical and other duties, to make a trip to the rural districts or to neighboring cities; and we are pleased to know that she has had the privilege of a little "spell" in this instance.

In referring, in last week's Dove, to the friends who kindly tendered their services, and did so much to make the entertainment of Mrs. Hendee's benefit a success, we accidentally omitted to make mention of Mr. J. J. Light. Although not in good health at the time, and unable in consequence to do himself justice with his customary disposition to oblige, he assisted any worthy object connected with the cause, volunteered to give a humorous sketch from Mark Twain which was quite enjoyable, and considering the condition of Brother Morse's throat and voice, the performance was exceedingly well done.

Mr. Edmund Gurney, known on the other side of the Atlantic to those interested in psychical research, has solved the mystery for us, but not for the English Psychical Society.

"He was," says *Light*, "in the fullness of work and of social engagements, and on Friday of last week to Brighton on business connected with Psychical Research. As he did not appear on Saturday morning at the door of his hotel bed-room was open, and it was found that an incense of chloroform had proved fatal." Mr. Gurney was the principal author of "Phases of the Living," and widely known as the able and zealous Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research.

Mrs. L. Pet Anderson has sailed for England to find relief from threatened lung trouble of a serious nature.

W. J. Colville left for the East, via Oregon, on Thursday evening. He expects to return to San Diego for the winter.

J. J. Morse and family have enjoyed a few days' rest at Fruitvale this week. Mr. Morse's arduous work at the late camp, and his recent sickness have compelled him to seek a temporary rest, which a generous and hospitable friend has provided him with.

Gerald Massey concluded his series of eight lectures in London by one on the evening of Sunday, July 1st, in which, in reply to Max Muller, he undertook to prove that thought can exist independently of words. The lecture received frequent demonstrations of approval during its delivery.

In a letter recently received in this city from the young elocutionist, Mis Valerie Hicthier, she remarks as follows: "I am settled in the loveliest and most delightful spot imaginable. Magnificent mountains before me and also in the rear of the hotel, while two lovely lakes border on either side of the grounds. I pass the day hunting, fishing, riding, and bathing. The scenery is very beautiful. Of course the weather is extremely hot, but with cool Mother Hubbard gowns, I manage to outlive it. I have climbed about every mountain round about. I drink a great deal of milk and eat lots of fruit. There are some excellent sulphur springs about one mile from the place. I get up every morning at 5:30, and walk to them, and drink several glasses of the water. During the heat of the day I lounge away in the hammocks under the trees." Reading this incites in us the wish that we, too, could fly away from the busy turmoil and exhaustive labors of the city, and seclude ourselves for a term in such a lovely rural retreat as this young lady seems to have found. There are thousands in this crowded city who would receive incalculable benefit could they only hie themselves away from its toils and struggles, and pass a few months of rest and recuperation in communion with dear old Mother Nature, amid the grandeur and beauty of her productions, such as are outlined above. We look forward with joy to the glad millennial morn that shall at some time dawn upon the earth,—quite distant yet, we fear,—when every son and daughter of the Infinite Mother shall be privileged to enjoy at all times the harmonies and beauties of our planet, in perfect adaptation to the individual needs of each one. Until this blessed day shall come, we must bear our burden as best we can,—toil on, hope on, struggle on, comforted with the happy assurance, born of our divine philosophy, that in "the sweet by and by," in the bright "summer land" of love and peace, just over the way, that which may be denied us here, of need to the soul, will crown our beatified lives, as they blossom and bloom on "the evergreen mountains of life."

John Lamont, a prominent Spiritualist of Liverpool, Eng., has lately arrived in the East. He is visiting the Camps and making a tour of the Great Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, and Edgar W. Emerson held two fine series of meetings in Chicago. They left there for Vicksburg (Mich.) and Casadaga (N. Y.) camp meetings.

Mr. John Bullene, husband of the eloquent Mrs. Emma J. Bullene, passed to spirit-life from Central City, Col., June 20th. The funeral services were held on the 24th. Mrs. Bullene will, in September, it is expected, return to Denver. Our sympathies are extended to this worthy lady, whose platform work in the early days of the Spiritualist movement has proved of great and lasting benefit.

John T. Perry, Esq., of Exeter, New Hampshire, was for a term of years the literary editor of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and he has been termed "a walking encyclopædia" of knowledge. He is a staunch orthodox Christian, and has published various articles in defense of the Christian religion against the criticism of freethinkers. For several years he has been a reader of the writings of Mr. W. E. Coleman in the *CARRIER DOVE*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and other papers; and he has on a number of occasions testified to his appreciation of the fairness and justice toward Christianity which Mr. Coleman has exhibited in his writings, as well as the ability and scholarship by which they are marked. In a letter recently received by Mr. Coleman from him, he remarks as follows,—“the deep things” referred to by him as having engaged Mr. Coleman’s attention, having reference to Mr. C.’s articles in the *DOVE* concerning astrology, theosophy, etc. After speaking of his own varied literary labors of late, he continues: “So you see I have enough on hand without going into the deep things in which you are doing yourself so much credit. I rejoice at the appreciation you meet, for you deserve it. Few writers more successfully than you contrive to entertain popular readers and at the same time satisfy the requirements of scholars, and very often of Truth,—spelled with a big T.” Mr. Perry, of course, has no sympathy with Mr. Coleman’s freethought and spiritual ideas, and necessarily those portions of his writings cannot be regarded by him as in consonance with the truth, either with or without a big T. As pronounced Christians rarely extol the writings of outspoken antagonists of Christianity, it speaks well for Mr. Perry’s honesty and justice that he should so freely commend those of Mr. Coleman; and it also speaks well for Mr. Coleman that his non-Christian and critical writings should be prepared with so much honesty and fairness as to secure the cordial appreciation and praise of so steadfast a partizan of orthodoxy as Mr. Perry.

The Eastern campmeetings are now in session, and some of our San Francisco people are in attendance.

Chips.

Our fathers to their graves have gone,
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God’s own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons he has given,—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven!

—John G. Whittier.

It is far better to educate persons to keep out of sin than to convert them out.

On the elevated situations of fortune, the great calamities of life chiefly fall.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

The *DOVE* calls its readers’ attention to the Mediums’ Directory, Special Notices, and Spiritual Meetings lists which appear every week. There are important items contained in the above departments which our readers in their own interests ought not to overlook.

The sublimest event yet recorded in the history of California was the launching of the cruiser “Charleston,” the first man-of-war ever built on the Pacific coast. All San Francisco was there to see, and the hills and waters were black with multiplied thousands. When the beautiful war-ship shot into the bay, all the people shouted with a mighty shout, and sang the “Star Spangled Banner” as it had never been heard on the Pacific shore.

The *CARRIER DOVE*, Dr. and Mrs. Julia Schlesinger’s pretty weekly, has again alighted on this eminence. It is the recognized representative of the Spiritualistic philosophy, and is a distinctive credit to that world-wide belief. As appeared at the recent camp-meeting here, a great many of our most intelligent and cultivated people are in sympathy with the Spiritualistic faith; and, in fact, to be a recognized Spiritualist requires independent thought and rational inquiry. As long ago as 1866, the late Laura Cuppy, the brilliant lecturer, said there were 90,000 people in San Francisco in sympathy, if not in actual communication, with that belief; and we know that the woods on this side are full of them.—*Macmullan’s New Weekly*, Oakland, Cal.

A Song of Ten Cents.

Sing a song of ten cents—
A glass of “good old Rye;”
Four and twenty like it
Make an adequate supply.
When that rye has soaked him through
A fellow cannot budge,
And ain’t he just a pretty sight
To go before a judge!

—Siftings.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

JOHN SLATER'S MEETINGS.

Last Sunday evening Metropolitan Temple was crowded to its utmost capacity by a throng of eager seekers after the phenomenal tests as given by John Slater.

Promptly at 8 o'clock Mr. Slater came upon the stage. He made some remarks concerning his private sittings, saying that he had been urged by many friends to devote a portion of his time to that purpose, and he had decided to sit, for those who desired, on Monday and Tuesday of each week at his usual office hours. He also stated that his meetings at that place would be continued during the month of August. The tests were, if possible, of more than usual excellence and elicited much enthusiasm from the audience. Mr. Slater is doing a vast work among the skeptics of San Francisco, and many will date their first demonstrations of immortality to his visit.

WASHINGTON HALL.

On Sunday afternoon last, a very interesting meeting was held by the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, which was presided over by the efficient president, Jno. A. Collins.

The question announced for discussion was concerning the free moral agency of man, and to what extent he should be considered responsible and accountable for his acts. Mr. Collins made the opening remarks and was followed by Mr. Johnson, Dr. Poulson, Mr. Mead, Mr. Van Waters and Mr. Irvin. These gentlemen took various positions upon the subject under consideration, and the discussion was considered so important and interesting that it was voted by the audience that it be continued next Sunday.

Mrs. Parks and Mrs. Rutter assisted by Mr. Ely furnished the vocal music and Mrs. Morris presided at the piano. Dr. Schlesinger gave tests to skeptics, all of whom reported very remarkable tests received by them.

J. J. MORSE'S MEETING.

Washington Hall contained a numerous and highly intelligent audience on Sunday evening last, upon which occasion the controls of Mr. Morse devoted themselves to answering questions from the audience. A large number of deeply interesting topics were thus discussed, and the various answers and arguments of the control elicited frequent and hearty applause—not unmixed with merriment as from time to time a flash of sparkling humor illuminated the more serious portions of the matter expressed.

Mrs. Parks sang with fine taste "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," being accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Morris. Mr. Morse read in his usual skillful manner Lizzie Doten's poem, "Mr. De Splae," which was heartily applauded.

The questions were read to the control by Wm. Emmette Coleman.

This completed the first half of Mr. Morse's two months' special meetings here prior to his departure East, and on Sunday next he commences the second and last month of his work among us.

On Sunday evening next Mr. Morse's controls will discuss four subjects treating upon Spiritualism and Reform, to be selected by the audience.

Correspondence.

A Test Wanted.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: We have a town of about 5000 people here but no mediums. I do so much wish a "test" of some kind that will give me to know that spirits can return and communicate with their friends in the flesh. I have written to many so-called mediums and got many messages purporting to come from spirit-friends, but not one of them bears the least bit of evidence that they are genuine. Now I want to ask, "Has Spiritualism no test to give the earnest seeker after truth, who lives on the outskirts, as it were, of civilization, and is too poor to go to a medium?"

Are the "guides" of the medi so engaged, and is the road so long and rough that a spirit messenger could not come and help a poor mortal out of the "Slough of Despond" and out of the grasp of the giant "doubt." I believe in, but want to have a personal knowledge of spirit return.

I am a poor man and entirely unable to pay at present, but feel that poverty and distance should not debar the earnest seeker after truth, from the knowledge and consolation of Spiritualism—a religion, the basic principle of which is charity and love. I feel that if spirits can communicate at all my spirit friends can be found and placed in communication or "rapport" with a medium in San Francisco or New York as quickly as in Bonne Terre; for instance, your spirit guides could send a "messenger" to Bonne Terre, Mo., in an instant of time; that messenger could take in myself and my surroundings, or communicate with my spirit friends, with which each mortal is supposed to be surrounded, then return and communicate through the medium, what would be an excellent test, this could be written to me; all could be done, if Spiritualism is true, at a cost of five cents, and in an incredibly short space of time. Will not some missionary spirit either in or out of the flesh do me this favor? I will wait and see.

Yours for truth,

S. T. SUDDICK, M. D.

BONNE TERRE, MO.

Scholars are frequently to be met with who are ignorant of nothing save their own ignorance.—Zimmerman.

Campmeeting Report.

Financial Secretary's Report of amounts received and paid over to Treasurer for the year ending July 25, 1887.

July 28th 1887 Balance on hand	\$14.00
" 25th 1888 Members Dues	91.00
Admissions	170.25
Children's Day Collection	91.00
J. J. Morse, Developing Class	74.25
W. J. Colville's Class, (Oakland and City)	11.00
Season Tickets	150.00
Socials, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4	120.45
Furniture and Tool acct.	7.00
Lumber acct. Cash Sale	10.00
Lumber acct. Rent floors for tents	97.50
Alameda Macadamizing Co. acct.	30.00
W. A. Dunscombe on acct.	12.50
Ground Rent	24.00
Furniture Rent	140.00
Tent Rent	50.00

Paid over to Treasurer as per his receipts, \$1,000.00
G. H. HAWES,
Financial Secretary.

Treasurer's Report of Cash Received and Distributed for the Year Ending July 25, 1887.

Received from Financial Secretary as per my receipts	\$1,000.00
Paid out as per voucher's herewith	20.00
Balance on hand	980.00
Medium's Benefit, Admissions at Gate	\$ 80.00
Printing	50.00
Stationary	14.00
Incidentals	20.00
Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Sec'y	40.00
Music	200.00
Advertising	600.00
Lecturing	25.00
Miss M. L. Lantz (Ticket Seller)	25.00
Mrs. H. M. Price (Ticket Seller)	50.00
Interest	2.00
Bills Payable, old Acct. 1887, Campbell	70.00
Mrs. S. B. Whitehead	50.00
Socials, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, Expense	64.00
Ground Rent	100.00
W. J. Colville, one-half Proceeds of his Class	55.15
Test Mediums	365.00
Transportation	14.50
Labor acct. Day Laborers on the Ground	165.00
Seating acct.	55.70
Gas and Light acct.	20.70
Furniture and Tool acct.	40.45
S. B. Clark, balance old acct. of salary 1887	165.00
S. B. Clark, on acct. of salary of 1888	272.65
C. E. Eliot, on acct. of old acct. 1887	90.45
Furniture Rent	125.00
Lumber acct. rebate 1887	2.50
Total	3,082.55

C. E. ELIOT, Treasurer.

California Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association.

BALANCE SHEET, JULY 25, 1888.

ASSETS.

Cash in Treasurer's hands.....	\$ 0.45
1 Pavilion Tent, inventory cost.....	458.90
5 Family Tents.....	127.95
488 Chairs.....	265.45
25 Benches.....	
50 Trestles.....	
Decorations.....	33.90
Lumber 42,008 feet.....	773.95
Gas Pipe and Light.....	61.95
Books, Stationary, etc.....	62.50
Furniture Tools, etc.....	218.10
Mrs. M. Miller, Acct.....	48.65
Mrs. M. E. Ayer.....	2.40
W. A. Duncombe.....	12.95
Mrs. Jennie Warren.....	5.55
Total.....	\$2072.70

LIABILITIES.

J. J. Morse, Bal. Acct.....	\$ 90.10
Miss Mary L. Lantz.....	25.00
Bills Payable, T. Moran.....	200.00
H. C. Wilson.....	14.35
S. B. Clark.....	50.75
C. E. Eliot.....	88.25
P. W. Anderson.....	69.00
F. D. Goodrich.....	49.40
E. B. Smith.....	35.00
Puget Sound Lumber Co.....	283.75
Log Cabin Bakery.....	65.05
Neville & Co.....	230.90
Whitney & Co. Express.....	14 50
Hugh Bankhead.....	7.20
Bal. to the Cr. of Association...	849.40
Total.....	2072.70

It will be seen from above that the liabilities are \$1223.30. This does not represent actual loss, as it is partly for property we have on hand as assets. The actual loss this year is about \$300, and it was about the same last year. It must be borne in mind that the property on hand is valued at its cost to the Association. It is estimated if sold it would probably not more than meet the liabilities.

G. H. HAWES,
Financial Secretary.

Unravel and Explain This.

A sleeper is one that sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

... To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.—Fuller.

Love and enmity, aversion and fear, are notable whetters and quickeners of the spirit of life in all animals.—Sir T. More.

Remarking upon the action of the Methodist church toward women the Van Buren Co. *Democrat* says: "Man's heavy feet can never tread that upward, shining way unless woman's guiding hand points the course and her lighter footfall goes on before."

Special Notices.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

THE PHANTOM FORM: Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life, by Mrs. Nettie P. Fox, Mediumistic author. Postage paid, \$1.00.

MYSTERIES OF THE BORDER LAND: or the Conscious Side of Unconscious Life and THE GOLDEN KEY: or, Mysteries Beyond the Veil, same author, 550 pages; postage 15c., \$1.50.

Same, heavily bound, beveled covers, gilt edged, a beautiful book; postage 15c., \$2.00.

QUINA'S CANOE and Christmas Offering, 160 pages, fine cloth, binding, gilt edged, the best Spiritualistic book ever issued for the young. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mediumistic author; postage paid, \$1.00.

THE MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES of John Brown, the Medium of the Rockies, with an introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland. This work is not a biography, but simply a part of the mediumistic life of the author. No claim is put forth of literary finish. To make the book readable and comprehensive has been the only aim of the author and editor; and as the former had no education in early life, and has acquired through his mediumship most of what he now possesses, it furnishes another illustration of the good of Spiritualism. Cloth, pp. 167. Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

BEYOND, a record of real life in the beautiful country over the river and beyond; price, 50 cents.

Pamphlets.

SPIRITUALISM, WHAT IS IT? and What Has It Accomplished? Anniversary Address by Col. D. M. Fox; price 10 cents.

DEDICATORY ADDRESS given at the opening of the Mt. Pleasant Park Camp-meeting, Clinton, Iowa, Aug. 5th, 1888, by J. S. Loveland; price 10 cents.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of Henry C. Gordon; price 10 cents.

OBITUARIES OF BIBLE CHARACTERS by M. P. Rosenkrans; price 10 cents.

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.

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.



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.

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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.

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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.

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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!

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This work, 16 mo. of 150 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.

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Shopping done for ladies out of the city. For particulars and samples address: Miss W., 615 Eddy St., S. F.

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 A PUBLIC Seance 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 9 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.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE Lyceum meets every Sunday for their usual exercises, at Grand Central Hall, corner of Sixth and Market Streets—entrance on Market Street—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.

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SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

San Francisco.

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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.

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