



SEAL ROCK, FARALLONE ISLANDS.

AGASSIZ COLLECTION

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

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Original Poem.

A Wonderful Time to Live.

(An Impromptu Poem.)

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

PART I.

'Tis a wonderful time to be,
A wonderful time for thought,
To drink of the fountain and see
The glory it has brought—
'Tis the time to aspire and learn,
To renounce, overcome and win;
To be strong and calm, and turn
To the heaven of light within.

'Tis a wonderful time to teach,
To inbreathe, to impart the lore,
To rest in our faith and reach
To a height not known before—
'Tis a wonderful time to be healed
Of the ills that encompass the earth,
And great is the power revealed
To the heirs of spiritual birth.

'Tis a wonderful time to sow,
To spread, and to gather in;
And in the great harvest to show
The garlands and sheaves that we win—
'Tis a wonderful time to say
O, God, let thy will be done!
For the beautiful, heavenly way,
Of His Kingdom on earth begun.

'Tis a wonderful time to sing,
To awaken the key-note of verse;
Lay hold of the infinite spring
That governs the Universe—
A most wonderful time for the soul,
It reigns in its kingdom of light;
With no limit to compass its goal,
No bound to encircle its sight.

'Tis a wonderful time to grow,
For the wings of the soul to expand;
To reap from the seed that we sow,
And like blessed Evengels to stand
And say to the Children of Toil,
There's a boon for the labor well done;
And the fairest gift of the soil
Is the crown that the Faithful have won!

A Glimpse of my Niece, Jonetta, in Spirit Life.

PART II.

'Tis a wonderful time for song,
For harmony, music and lore,
And all the fair charms that belong
To the sun-crowned bards of yore—
And I sing, O, wonderful time!
I lift up my thoughts in prayer;
While a sweet, baptismal chime
Rings out on the ambient air!

'Tis a wonderful time for those
Who have passed up the gateway of life,
Who now in their glory repose
Away from all danger and strife;
'Tis a wonderful time to speak,
As soul unto soul, and know
That the joys and blessings we seek
On our path like the sunbeam flow.

I sometimes think when the dews
Of the twilight around me fall,
When the purple Hesperian hues
Hold the world in their beautiful thrall,
That the face of the loved one I see
Who fled from my presence and sight,
When a wave from the Infinite Sea
Rolled down on the billows of night.

A whisper I fancy I hear,
I listen, I dare not move;
O, Father, the lost one is near,
She crowns me with lilies of love!
My soul the sweet benison seeks
In the bountiful blessing she brings,
And hope is the language she speaks,
And joy is the song that she sings.

O, wonder of wonders! how grand
And glorious 'tis to be
Like the Poets and Seers who stand,
And behold beyond the sea,
Where a star-gemmed, heavenly strand,
A bright and perennial shore,
Encircles and crowns the land
Where sorrow can enter no more!

The Power of Thought.

PART III.

'Tis a time for the manna and balm,
A time for the honey and wine,
For the sweet and glorious calm
Of a love and life divine—
'Tis a time to be glad and strong
En rapport with light and the soul,
And, to hear the World's new song
O'er the waves of the Infinite roll.

'Tis a wonderful time for zeal,
For knowledge, intuition and light;
To trust in our faith and feel
A glorious kingdom in sight—
'Tis a wonderful time to live,
To lay hold of the truth and believe;
And with bountiful hands to give
From the fountain of wealth we receive.

'Tis a wonderful time for God,
A wonderful time for man,
A time for the mystical word
That stands for the heavenly plan.
A time for the word and the sign,
O, a wonderful time for thought,
That now from its centre divine
To the kingdom of matter is brought.

O, wonder of wonders! how bright
And dazzling is thought on the wing!
As it soars to the mountainous height,
Where spirit is master and king—
O, wonder of wonders, how fair!
Of Creation the triumph and crown;
It treadeth the ocean and air,
And bringeth the lightning down!

Rejoice and be glad! it is thought
That speedeth the wings of the soul;
Like a god it has builded and wrought,
Like a pilgrim in search of the goal—
'Tis crowned with a glory that hides
Its season of splendor and sway;
Till at last in its kingdom it guides
A myriad worlds on their way.
O, sing the sweet anthems of time!
In love let their symbols be wrought!
And with chaplets of beauty sublime
Entwine the great Temple of Thought!
Speed on, ye fair hewers of stone!
Speed on, O, ye builders and seers!
Ye have toiled, and the structure has grown!
Ye have wept, 'tis embalmed with your tears!
SAN FRANCISCO, AUG. 25, 1888.

The Platform.

Experiences in Earth and Spirit-Life of the Speaking Control of J. J. Morse.

Given at the Request of Numerous Friends, at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal. Sunday Evening, May 29, 1888.

Reported for the CARRIER DOVE by G. H. Hawes

The request has been preferred to us that we would place before you some of the experiences we have encountered alike while clothed with flesh, and since our entrance into the heavenly estate, the second career of human kind, towards which you are all traveling. Much as we dislike to indulge in matters that strictly pertain to our own personal experience, yet at the same time we cannot refrain from meeting the request that has been placed before us, as by so doing we are assured we shall give decided pleasure to many of the earnest and noble souls that have favored us with their attention in this place for so many months past. This, then, is our excuse and apology for dealing with matters that are strictly personal. If, when we have done with the little that we can possibly tell you in the time at our disposal, you shall say that you are pleased, and perchance a little edified by what it will be our privilege to place before you, our recompense will be complete, and all the facts that we can offer will be justly due to you.

Our experiences in the mortal life date a long way back, as mortal time would have it, nearly three hundred years ago. When we first appeared upon the stage of mortality, in a township within a two days journey from the Imperial city of Peking, those who were

our parents little thought that in after ages their child would stand in the position of teacher to those whom it was the fashion of its people in former times to consider as barbarous people, beyond the planes of culture and kindness. Yet, so curious does fate work, that that seemingly impossible and improbable result has been arrived at, for reasons, and by causes, that we will briefly advert to later on.

Trained in our early youth in those moral precepts that one of the grandest of men has handed down to humanity, one of the purest and most earnest of mankind, whose wise and philosophic sayings have been remembered and not often excelled in after time, we gradually grew in all those excellencies which were considered fitting for one occupying the station in which your narrator was born.

The Five Classics gave us much of history, much of strange and solemn mystery, and also led us carefully to the study of those poetic effusions that are considered so essential to the proper cultivation of refined intelligence, and also to a due observance of the ceremonies proper to every condition of life, as laid down in the Book of Ceremonies. You will pardon us for saying so, but absorbing the wisdom of the sages, whom we reverence still, we gradually unfolded mentally and morally, and learned to render that due obedience and respect, which was then inculcated as proper to be rendered to the various orders of society that existed in our land.

The Emperor Kea-tsing, was the ruling power at the time we speak of, and our parents, to whom in blessed honor we always strove to render that filial obedience so truly due to the authors of our physical existence, and which, even now, we see no reason to withhold—earnestly desired that we might attain to some social eminence in the labors of our empire. So in due course of time we passed through local colleges and meeting our examinations therein successfully, we were enabled to proceed to the Imperial City, and by and by in due process of time we passed all the examinations in the highest institutions of learning, and were fitted for a place in official life.

Doubtless, as you know, our people of the oft-called Flowery Kingdom, known to you as China, esteem education and moral culture, and intellectual refinement as among the highest of the graces that pertain to life. It is a common supposition, we know, to esteem us as pagans, ignorant and barbaric. A great mistake, to say nothing of injustice. The followers of the Buddha can scarcely be considered as inferior in intellectual culture and ability, and the records of our own land when truly read and understood, will, we think, certainly compare favorably with those of any other country of the same intellectual caliber and ability. Vast, indeed, as you know the land is, containing something like one-twelfth of the inhabitants of the earth, having mil-

lions of square miles, and hundreds of millions of people over so wide an area, containing so many different characteristics, and still feeling the effects of many errors handed down from barbaric times, it is easy enough for those untrained in the ways of thought peculiar to so great a country, and not knowing its peculiarities, to come to the rash conclusion that all of its people are paganish, heathenish, barbarous and ignorant.

Time will do our nation justice, and wiser sense and deeper counsels prevailing in those who claim to be so very exalted will, we think, put a different complexion upon the history of the land as you understand it, even now. Pardon us one word more. So much of the history of the land which you have received has filtered through partisan and opposing religious channels, that it is largely tinged with the idiosyncrasies and personalities of the people who have given it to you, and it can scarcely be considered an accurate presentation of the people, their customs and religion.

We took, at last, an official place in the Second Rank of what you know as the civil mandarins of the country; mandarin being only a term to describe the conditions of rank. We were married, and severed that much, in consequence of our marriage, with connection with the home. Our parents passed to the abodes of the blessed. We erected shrines and tablets to their memories, and rendered in after years all those solemn rites and observances which are due from the children to the parents. Life differed but very little with us from the life that others lived in similar positions; we fulfilled our duty, and those of you who know something of what official life is may well conceive the kind of life that was ours, with this difference; principals were held to a strict accountability for all the observances of life apart from pure official action. Our place was perchance, a little more onerous, than that which officials occupy among yourselves.

Age advanced and we found our labors increasing and accumulating, but realized that at last the day would soon decline, the sun would no more shine upon the river's banks for us. The white flower and the blossoming tree that had shared our life had passed away from the realms of mortal life, leaving a vacancy, permit us to say, that none other ever filled. Time flowing on, the end came nearer and nearer still. We had no fear of the future; what Buddhist has? The present was occupied in the due fulfillment of the duties devolving upon us; the past was, comparatively, without regret, and so we faced the coming of the end with the calmness of perfect trust. And yet Christian apologists tell you that our people are so indifferent to death because they have no sense of what lies beyond it. This is an injustice that only partisanship can possibly excuse. We cannot claim to any great honor beyond our position of the second class, that we have

referred to; no great memory clings about for the tasks we performed here on earth, and little thought we then of the complications and relationships that would but little attach themselves to the land we loved.

So the end at last came. One sweet, beautiful eve, as the sun sank to rest behind the hills, the poor tired body that had been racked with fever's fires grew wonderfully quiet; the leaping pulses, like excited steeds, at last became still. A strange, unlike aught that had ever before been, stole in upon us, and a delicious, restful spoke of freedom from every ache and pain. There were friends around us, who, knowing that the end was coming, felt grieved at the outward friend, though fully trusting that it was only the outer garment that would cease to be amongst them. Then the sadness deepened to a well-nigh solemn hush as the sun sank lower and the rays of his parting glory flashed in through the casement; it seemed that that shaft of light grew to a gleaming highway reaching to the home wherein he lived, up beyond the hills, above the glorious orb itself, beyond into an azure blue that seemed as a shimmering coast line, which dimly perceived in the far distance opened invitingly to the enraptured gaze. And then when the glory of the sun was extinguished in the deepening evening the highway vanished and the light was gone, and the coast line disappeared and the darkness, deepening to a black intensity, gradually descended.

Then, when the darkness had grown to its deepest, and all outward sounds and sights were hushed and lost, it seemed that the glory that had vanished came back again, but this time within the body, not outside thereof. This light increased in golden beauty, pulsing with a quick brightness, flashing and darting like scintillating glories, until it seemed to flash right up before an inner vision and then flaming forth a moment in the glorious divinity of spiritual beauty, beyond all power of words to describe, it vanished. With its going there went all the material sensation and outward consciousness of the world, a sleep, the deep untroubled quietness of sleep of death laid hold of the weary body and nursed it to eternal rest.

How long in minutes or seconds it was, we be impossible to say, but not so very long as this deep unconsciousness prevailed; and when a strange sensation of awakening life began to dawn upon the consciousness, and by little we began to have a strange and unfamiliar sensation. We felt that we were removed, but how or where it seemed we were just too indifferent to discover. Those who have been exceeding sick unto death, and in the height of some of the fiercest fever have at last wholly lost consciousness, but have presently revived with the fever gone and the mad racing of the pulse quieted and still, lying there with a delirious

ease upon you, a coolness in the blood you have not felt for many hours before, too indolent to disturb the sweet repose, and different to something all beautiful and divine, you who have passed through these things can realize something of the languor and ease that burst over our consciousness as we returned to life and found, presently, that we had exchanged the lower life of earth for the upper life of the spirit, as you understand it to-day.

Presently the sound of voices in low murmur broke upon our ear, and soon we were able to gaze around us, and by our side we saw the father and the mother, the honorable parents whose excellent memories we had preserved and revered, whose gentleness and love had been to us as the summer sunshine out of winter's cold, as the warm rain of the early springtime to the bleak and parched earth. Their welcome to the newcomer and words of affectionate regard were such that would, in their sweet purity, have revived the very dead themselves.

And then looking into the throng that greeted us, one sweet face that was to us, perhaps, fairer and better than all, greeted us with the old familiar smile, with the old sweet regard, and the wife that we had loved, that wife, a woman, whom people tell you occupy so low a position in pagan countries, (another misapprehension, to put it mildly) greeted us with the warm affection that beats in every woman's heart, let the color of her skin be white or red or black or yellow. Her fair face and loving hands greeted us again, and have been from that time to this a loving inspiration that has grown brighter and sweeter as the times have rolled away.

Thus, friends, was our passage through the world upon the mortal side, the method of our departure from it, and the circumstances of our first entrance into the spirit-life. What had we to fear? Nothing! The same wise Providence that can order the lives of men may be trusted to order their careers beyond. While it is not needful that you altogether use your time for the worship of your departed ancestors, and should not lay too much stress upon what the future life may be, yet if you have any comprehension of the universal Power of Being, at least you can trust that which does so well for you here on earth, will also be in your favor in the world beyond.

We found ourselves surrounded by our own people, by the old familiar circumstances, the old familiar faces, even the dwelling places like unto those of earth, but vastly brighter and superior to those we had known. Our travels, however, never took us beyond the province where we were born; but all we had hitherto been familiar with stood there revealed to us again beautified, and shall we call it, spiritualized? And the old classics were there in wondrous collections, there were the spiritual counterparts of all and more than we had previously known, and

their deeper meaning more clearly brought out, seemed to shine the brighter and the fairer in the new atmosphere in which we read their precious tracings.

Life was quiet and happy, simple and restful, as it is for most tolerably well ordered lives when they first enter into the second state. But presently for all such lives there begins an unrest. The soul of man calls for action; the man must be up and doing sooner or later; eternal pleasure will not satisfy the soul.

Whither, then, should we direct our efforts, became the first inquiry. We counselled with my family and friends, with teachers whom we had known while on earth, and for a time was content to pursue studies in accord with the opinions distinctly and peculiarly belonging to our own country. But after awhile we began to realize that great as was our own land and numerous its people, there were other lands and other people who were part and parcel of the one great family, and the discovery dawned upon us that the rivalry and differences of states and nations would ultimately melt away, and in their place there would be one great family of life wherein each nation should be but a single child. For us the thought is always that the state is but the amplification of the family, and that the authority should be more paternal than despotic. Then from the exalted plane of life we should extend that argument and that the world's population should be but one great family also. And so the truth of the unity of interests, and the unity of purposes, that will yet dawn upon you and animate the family of the world, burst upon our minds and made the starting point of that mental expansion and spiritual advancement which we have earnestly and zealously tried from that time to this to present.

Some while after our entrance into the spirit life, having gained these larger views of personal duty, and feeling that each thought was not our own but for the advantage of our fellows, we considered in what and how could we best serve the world from our own previous national standpoint.

On investigation we found that though our people were familiar with certain kinds of intercourse between the spirits of the departed and the inhabitants of earth, there was not that opportunity, by reason of what you would call the dead weight of ancient tradition resting upon them, to lift them out beyond what they were familiar with in this connection.

Our attention was then turned to the consideration of other countries, and we noticed where and how it might become possible for certain changes to be effected, not only in other countries, but in our own country, especially by the instigation of outside agencies, and the removal of the evils that all old and concrete states suffer from. So as a consequence of this we began to counsel with the spirits of other nations wiser than ourselves,

when, something like a hundred years ago we learned that a definite purpose was being evolved in certain sections of the spirit life for opening up again absolute communication with enlightened nations, as they were called, and the realm of the spiritual life itself.

You must understand, friends, and you must pardon the digression, that the coming of Modern Spiritualism some forty years ago on the material plane, was preceded by a, comparatively speaking, long and anxious period of observation and inquiry upon the part of enlightened spirits in the spirit world, who carefully considered each step, examined every possibility, and, as wisely as they could, ultimately concerted upon the methods whereby the wondrous upheaval you are acquainted with should be projected into mortal life and work the strange results that you have seen it accomplish within the narrow compass of less than one hundred years.

This was to us a most important undertaking; it inspired us and appealed to us, and we humbly urged our competency to be associated in some capacity with the great and glorious work that we foresaw would be ultimately accomplished. Our wish was granted, and we labored as a faithful subordinate with the hosts on the other side, and asked that we might find the road whereby we could become an active worker in the great enterprise soon to be launched. In looking over the nations of civilization we determined that England would be the best and most favorable vantage ground for us to commence our labors upon, for reasons that are not pertinent to the present subject, nor necessary to be placed before you. We undertook the labor from that point of view. You will remember we have already stated to you that we did not see it practicable to commence with our own nation, but as the English nation with others—the Portuguese and the French,—have been for the past generations quietly infiltrating their customs and thought into the nation so long closed to them, we saw that, indirectly, we should be helping to bring on the storm which will yet break down every barrier of national seclusion, moral and spiritual barriers far more dangerous and difficult to be scaled and removed than the celebrated wall, of which you have heard so much, and which when removed would infiltrate the nation's life with a new power, and bring to life again all the latent excellencies, added to by the advantages of other nations, which shall make it once again a truly great and powerful people on the face of the globe. Hence, then, we took our course in the direction stated. To do this it was necessary that we should become familiar with the habits and characteristics, thought and disposition, mental and spiritual achievements and desires of the Anglo Saxon speaking races. This led to an investigation wherein we were assisted by many bright minds resident in the spiritual world.

We have to pass this in review before you rapidly, and can at best deal only in general statements, for it would be impossible to enter into details in the story we have to tell, and we pray you if it seems incomplete, not to lay it to our unwillingness to tell you more, but to our inability to bring all we would be glad to say to you into the time at our disposal.

So when the movement was nearly ripe for giving to the world, this movement of Modern Spiritualism, we searched the great metropolis of England through that we might find some agent or servant who should ultimately be plastic in our hands, attuned for our purpose, and through which, as best we could, we should be enabled to accomplish the work we had before us. What was that work? You have heard us here, these ten months, plead for the unity of human life, you have heard us plead for the universality of right, for obedience to virtue, for intellectual, moral and spiritual culture, for the development of every noble aspiration, for obedience to the universal principles of life, and most of all for the removal of the fossilized superstitions which weigh the people down; you have heard us speak against official and ecclesiastical corruption, licentiousness and vice and wrong, all too inadequately we know, but yet with all the power we could pour through the instrument we have used. We feel that we need scarcely tell you what the purpose was we had in view when we were seeking for an instrument over fifty years ago. The search was long and careful, and at last successful.

Before this man who stands before you was born, this man who for years has been the faithful servant of those who love the truth, in which proud position we are glad to stand; he, who has been faithful to the day of small things, where the hail fell in cold showers about him and the cold winds of persecution beat pitilessly upon his face; when in poverty he struggled as his feet first turned up the hill that he has since with painful steps ascended, before this modern thought was so favorably received as it is to-day, he whom we rejoice to say has for nearly twenty years been our faithful, honest and obedient servant, before he was born we foresaw the road which he would have to tread. Casting our influence upon the mother, in whose womb he rested, we formed and shaped the psychical possibilities of his after years, so that when the time came for the ice to be broken, the psychical waters should well up in a flood of usefulness, and there should be realized the fruits of the long preparation.

At first in comparative luxury, surrounded with all that could make life agreeable, he appeared on the stage; but do you not know, that all the best workers of the world are prepared by suffering, and purified in tears for the labor that they have to undergo? So the early days of the genial surroundings vanished like an illusion of the senses, leav-

ing only the roseate hue upon them, and the harsh pangs of poverty, and all that poverty meant came upon him. He obtained an education that would not rank with the ordinary common school in your country, was buffeted from place to place on the billows of uncertainty and misfortune, it seemed that the life was going to be wrecked entirely and the young man would have no place or use in the world at all. But all these were but preliminary and preparatory purposes that we on the spirit side were directing to their proper issue, and in due time the ice was melted, the waters welled up, and the Medium, as the world says, dawns upon the stage. Then finding care and comfort from the spirit side and loving friends upon the mortal side, and one also who through the weary years of labor has stood a constant comfort, the loving, faithful wife eased the path and rendered the years of toil smoother than they could have been otherwise.

By this agency and these means, we entered into the great work that we realized the necessity of doing well nigh one hundred years ago. You have heard us, and almost all the civilized countries of the world where our teachings and our words have gone, must be the judges of the value of the work we have assayed to do. The very most, in all humility, we would say concerning it is, that for our parts we have endeavored to do the best we could.

One little incident, perhaps of interest to you may be here stated. There are a great number of you in this large audience who are acquainted with the spirit who controls the medium, who is known to you by the name of the "Strolling Player." This is a friend of ours, yea! more than that, one that we are proud to call our brother. In sorrow and in anguish we encountered him many years ago, just after his entrance into the spiritual state. Life had been hard and troublous with him; fate had seemed to turn against him at every step until the ending of his life. Seeing that there was that within him that was truly great, (as there is within you all) we did the little that we could to relieve the gloom under which he labored, and to bring to life again those excellencies of character, those who know him upon our side esteem him so highly for. And he, for some seventeen years, has been the faithful spirit laborer working with us, and bearing far more active part in the labors of these controls and lectures, as you call them than you are at all aware of. He has been a most faithful worker, a most honest spirit, a most loving and true-minded friend.

There are others with us, for we cannot of course claim the honor of being the sole cause of all that we have placed before you from time to time; in a word, there are some twelve of us who are associated with this medium, and by the varying characters we severally possess, and the different subjects of information which we have made our

study, we are able to meet the great variety of questions and issues that are placed before us for our consideration.

Here, then, friends, you have in our very brief outline, placed before you, our career, and our relationship to this movement in which we bear so small a part. Now what is the lesson of it all? That what we have been able to do is due to the advantages of spiritual culture to-day, great, as compared with the advantages of the same culture a few years ago, that we can well nigh become even as Gods as ourselves. We do not pretend, nor would we like you to understand, that all the work we have so easily related to you to-night has been accomplished without struggle or without effort. Growth in the spiritual world is as much a matter of work and efforts among yourselves. There is no royal knowledge; whatsoever you wish to know you must labor to understand. Understanding is the basis of knowledge, and understanding is the result of patient inquiry, and inquiry means mental effort. We have our failures, and there are cross marks upon the record where we have stumbled in our efforts to reach something that then was beyond us. But in spite of all we have gone gratefully, acknowledging the help that wise and patient friends have given from time to time.

What is our home, you will ask us, where is it adorned, and by whom is it blessed?

That home is just as real and actual as home would be among yourselves. The peculiarities of architecture we were so familiar with, that have come down from the earliest times, wherein what has been described as the tent line, gives you a strain curve is still retained; but this has been ened and spiritualized, and, as we think, proved, but still the peculiarity is perceptible the nationality is well disclosed. "What have you been in the spirit world so long? have not outgrown your national productions?" Why should we? Is not each division of the world a common family? are there not common ties and instincts to bind the members of these race divisions? somewhat of harmony and unity? Should we turn from the household that has been the center of so much felicity merely because you have been transported to another province, to a higher country? May we not be within the spiritual side of life, something deeper and tenderer still, that we members of the American race, shall when you enter into the spiritual world. There is a spiritual side to this race that we shall love deeper and tenderer still when we have entered it. Nay! the very flag that we have worshipped, and which we might as reasonably say was a species of idolatry on your part, as some people tell us that reverence for the Imperial Standard is a species of idolatry upon our part—this

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At first in comparative luxury, surrounded with all that could make life agreeable, he appeared on the stage; but do you not know, that all the best workers of the world are prepared by suffering, and purified in tears for the labor that they have to undergo? So the early days of the genial surroundings vanished like an illusion of the senses, leav-

ing only the roseate hue upon them, and the harsh pangs of poverty, and all that poverty meant came upon him. He obtained an education that would not rank with the ordinary common school in your country, was buffeted from place to place on the billows of uncertainty and misfortune, it seemed that the life was going to be wrecked entirely and the young man would have no place or use in the world at all. But all these were but preliminary and preparatory purposes that we on the spirit side were directing to their proper issue, and in due time the ice was melted, the waters welled up, and the Medium, as the world says, dawns upon the stage. Then finding care and comfort from the spirit side and loving friends upon the mortal side, and one also who through the weary years of labor has stood a constant comfort, the loving, faithful wife eased the path and rendered the years of toil smoother than they could have been otherwise.

By this agency and these means, we entered into the great work that we realized the necessity of doing well nigh one hundred years ago. You have heard us, and almost all the civilized countries of the world where our teachings and our words have gone, must be the judges of the value of the work we have assayed to do. The very most, in all humility, we would say concerning it is, that for our parts we have endeavored to do the best we could.

One little incident, perhaps of interest to you may be here stated. There are a great number of you in this large audience who are acquainted with the spirit who controls the medium, who is known to you by the name of the "Strolling Player." This is a friend of ours, yea! more than that, one that we are proud to call our brother. In sorrow and in anguish we encountered him many years ago, just after his entrance into the spiritual state. Life had been hard and troublous with him; fate had seemed to turn against him at every step until the ending of his life. Seeing that there was that within him that was truly great, (as there is within you all) we did the little that we could to relieve the gloom under which he labored, and to bring to life again those excellencies of character, those who know him upon our side esteem him so highly for. And he, for some seventeen years, has been the faithful spirit laborer working with us, and bearing far more active part in the labors of these controls and lectures, as you call them than you are at all aware of. He has been a most faithful worker, a most honest spirit, a most loving and true-minded friend.

There are others with us, for we cannot of course claim the honor of being the sole cause of all that we have placed before you from time to time; in a word, there are some twelve of us who are associated with this medium, and by the varying characters we severally possess, and the different subjects of information which we have made our

study, we are able to meet the great variety of questions and issues that are placed before us for our consideration.

Here, then, friends, you have in rough very brief outline, placed before you our career, and our relationship to this movement in which we bear so small a part. Now what is the lesson of it all? It is that what we have been able to do is possible for you; yea! more than that, for the advantages of spiritual culture to-day are great, as compared with the advantages of the same culture a few years ago, that you can well nigh become even as Gods yourselves. We do not pretend, nor would we like you to understand, that all the matter we have so easily related to you to-night has been accomplished without struggle or without effort. Growth in the spiritual world is as much a matter of work and effort as among yourselves. There is no royal knowledge; whatsoever you wish to know you must labor to understand. Understanding is the basis of knowledge, and understanding is the result of patient inquiry; inquiry means mental effort. We have our failures, and there are cross marks on the record where we have stumbled in our efforts to reach something that then was beyond us. But in spite of all we have gone gratefully, acknowledging the aid of that wise and patient friends have given from time to time.

What is our home, you will ask us, where is it adorned, and by whom is it blessed?

That home is just as real and actual as any home would be among yourselves. The peculiarities of architecture we were so familiar with, that have come down from the earliest times, wherein what has been described as the tent line, gives you a strain; the curve is still retained; but this has been softened and spiritualized, and, as we think, proved, but still the peculiarity is perceptible; the nationality is well disclosed. "What have you been in the spirit world so long? Have you not outgrown your national predilections?" Why should we? Is not each a division of the world a common family? Are there not common ties and instincts that bind the members of these race divisions to somewhat of harmony and unity? Should we turn from the household that has been the center of so much felicity merely because you have been transported to another province, to a higher country? May it not be within the spiritual side of life something deeper and tenderer still, that you members of the American race, shall when you enter into the spiritual world. There is a spiritual side to this race that shall love deeper and tenderer still when we have entered it. Nay! the very flag that we have worshipped, and which we might as reasonably say was a species of idolatry on your part, as some people tell us that reverence for the Imperial Standard is a species of idolatry upon our part—this

flag, we say, with its red, white and blue, with the halo of stars glistening upon its field, will when seen in the spirit life, under spiritual conditions, have a wealth of meaning, a world of beauty, that you have never dreamed of before. You shall find it disassociated from all of carnage and of blood and of hatred, freed altogether and purged entirely from the painful memories of turmoil, political strife and war. In the higher and better life you will find it only associated with the loftier aspirations of a noble and generous people like yourselves.

So you see when the spiritual side is read, when men dive beneath the surface, the Gods are sometimes wiser than you think them, and may lead you into more pleasant pathways than you conceive of; and leading you through outward symbols into interior realities may often give you something which at the time may seem altogether puerile or material, but which, after experience has come to you, causes you to understand that the outward sign was only the external of the inner and enduring reality.

The partner that we have referred to, the twin soul we might also call her, engaged in an occupation that reflects, if you will allow us to say so, some considerable credit upon those who indulge in it. How many of the children of this world pass into the spirit untrained, misshapen in mind and body, lacking those sweet affections which might have sustained their lives, deprived of all the loving care that ought to have been theirs; these little waifs upon the seas of spiritual life are not without care and guardianship in the realms beyond; hundreds of wise and genial souls take them in hand, and in schools and safe retreats and in pleasant places and useful colleges build them up and make them strong in form, in mind, in virtue and in soul. With this task, this good friend of ours, finds pleasant occupation still, and as the task is not likely soon to end, because so many need its fulfilment, and are constantly urged forwards into the worlds beyond, in such endeavor will she and hundreds of those like her find plenty to engage heart and mind for many generations to come.

In brief, then, friends, to weary you no longer with the recital so peculiarly personal, with but little merit, save as the simple statement of a few brief experiences, we will now bring our remarks to a close. Our object has not been to give you opinions or fine spun arguments or oratory concerning the great beyond, but only just to tell you what one of those who are in the rank and file of this great work of yours has passed through, and what such an one has endeavored to accomplish. We give you thanks most sincere and hearty for your patient hearing of what we have placed before you. Sometimes, perhaps, we have tried your patience and disturbed your friendship by remarks and propositions that may have sounded overbold and somewhat ungoverned; but we have so hearty and

sincere a love for truth and all that truth implies, that you will excuse us for our zeal if at times we seem to have overstepped the bounds or patience in your hearts and minds.

We have been asked to tell you what was our name. The name that we are known by, friends, is that of Tien Sien Tie, as before stated, a mandarin of the second class, who strove as best he could to do his duty to those dependent upon him, to his father and his family while here on earth; who by patient effort and earnest desire to master the necessities of the labor about to be undertaken endeavored to prepare himself to speak those to older peoples of the great principles of truth and purity and justice, of those high interests of wisdom and of progress, which by realization in your hearts and lives shall set noble examples to the peoples of the world to-day.

With this, then, we have done; no more need we tell you now, save that in your favor and loving regard we repose in confidence, feeling you will take this simple recital of our experiences, imperfect, as already stated, in that spirit of sincerity that prompts it, and when the end shall come for you, and the deep darkness shall descend upon you, and the golden highway shall gleam before you, and your feet shall stand upon the strand beyond it, may it be our privilege, as surely it would be our pleasure, to grasp your hands and bid you welcome to the golden country beyond.

But let us ask you one thing ere you leave: remember that black or white, red or yellow, no matter where the man may be from, or where he lives, or what his faith may be, he is a child of the one great paternal principle, one embodiment of the great divinity of being, a member of the universal human family made up of its infinite diversities in character. We plead for justice always; the faith of the yellow skinned is as dear to him as is the faith of your own hearts and minds to you; and by and by when you read, apart from partisan zeal, the history of the great country from which we have drawn our mortal birth, you may, perchance, do it greater justice, render it more honor, and feel that after all the past and present in their one great desire to attain to justice and to live righteously and to reach the kingdom beyond in safety, have both been animated and are animated by one common state of sympathies and impulses.

Doubtless the small boy would find little if any sport in playing "buttin' buttin," who's got the buttin," with a billy-goat.—*Detroit Free Press*.

When a boy receives a long lecture in Sunday School on the evil effects of smoking and then meets the superintendent on Monday morning with a cigar in his mouth is he not to think that there is a fraud somewhere?

Original Contributions.

Evolution.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The essential truth of the philosophy of evolution is now virtually an established fact, is almost universally admitted by all that are qualified to form an intelligent opinion thereupon. Upon this point, "the consensus of the competent" voices no uncertain conclusion. That the law of evolution dominates in the organic world, we presume no intelligent person would now dispute. The ascertained facts in astronomy and geology seem to have demonstrated this beyond reasonable peradventure. Spectrum analysis has shown us the various stages of world-formation, from the nebulous fire-mist composed of a few simple elements, to the highly-condensed and highly-complex stellar bodies begemming the nocturnal skies; while geology introduces us to the successive stages of the earth's development, from the primitive fire-born rocks of the Laurentian age, to the beauteous diversities of to-day, in hill and dale, plain and forest, land and sea.

In the organic world, however, the domain of animal and vegetal life, the opposition to the recognition of the law of evolution as regnant has been, until of late years, strong and persistent; but now, even here, this all-inclusive principle is virtually of universal recognition. A complete revolution has been effected, in this regard, in the scientific world during the last twenty-five years. The growth of Darwinism *per se*, and of the philosophy of evolution in general, as applied to the organic world, has been unparalleled in the history of science. Scarcely a scientist of note can now be named who does not admit the truth of organic evolution in whole or in part. In a most excellent work, recently published by Dr. H. W. Conn, of "Wesleyan University," and in all probability an orthodox Christian, entitled "Evolution of To-day," in which work is contained the best and most impartial digest of all the evidence, pro and con, on the subject of organic evolution, which I have ever read, we find it stated that evolution in the organic world "is almost universally accepted by scientists. A very few—they can be counted on the fingers of one hand—are still inclined to withhold their acceptance. These are chiefly the elder scientists, who had their views formulated before Darwin wrote, and their number is growing less. But with these few exceptions, scientists are so firmly convinced of the truth of evolution, that it is always assumed as a fact, and no more time is spent in discussing it" (page 18).

Even Roman Catholic thinkers, the most conservative of all religionists, are accepting

evolution as a truth. Mr. W. S. Lilly is one of the ablest of English Catholic authors; and in an article by him on "Darwinism and Democracy," in the *Fortnightly Review*, of January, 1886, we find on pages 41 and 42 the following:—

"What may we take him to have established? . . . Looking at the evidence of various kinds, and weighing it as one is accustomed to weigh testimony upon which a jury would be called upon to decide in some grave issue touching the property or reputation or life of a man, I cannot but feel that an overwhelming case is made out for Mr. Darwin's general conclusions; that, in his own words, 'the great principle of evolution stands up, clear and firm;' that in the development of the individual unsegmented cell in which the human organism originated, we have the abstract and brief chronicle of the race. . . . And we may, I suppose, take it that the old view of the distinct origin of extant species has well nigh disappeared from the world of thought; that every competent authority allows their derivation from a few original types or from one. As little can I doubt the evolution of moral sentiment and dogma, through pre-historic conditions. These facts are among the assured conquests of the human mind. We may safely assume that in another quarter of a century, they will be as generally accepted as the laws of the earth's motion, first demonstrated by Galileo, or the law of gravitation formulated by Newton."

Even Sir William Dawson, the inveterate and virulent opponent and denouncer of evolution, in his last works is forced to concede that there is probably some truth in it. In one of his most recent works, *Points of Contact between Revelation and Natural Science*, forming a part of *Present Day Tracts*, London, 1886, volume VII, are found the following significant passages: "While the Bible does not commit itself to any hypotheses of evolution, it does not exclude these up to a certain point. It even intimates in the various formulas, 'created,' 'made,' 'formed,' 'caused to bring forth,' that different kinds of living beings may have been introduced in different ways, only one of which is entitled to be designated by the higher term 'create.' The scientific evolutionist may, for instance, ask whether different species, when introduced may not, under the influence of environment, change in process of time, or by sudden transitions, into new forms not distinguishable by us from the original products of creation." "On the principles of Biblical theism it [the biological question] may be stated in this way: God has created all living beings according to their kinds or species, but with capacities for variation, and change under the laws which He has enacted for them. Can we ascertain any of the methods of such creation or making, and can we know how many of the forms which we have been in the habit of naming as dis-

tinct species coincide with His creative species, and how many are really results of their variations under the laws of reproduction and heredity, and the influence of their surroundings?" "But on this Theistic view we are introduced to a kind of unity and of evolution for a future age, which is the great topic of revelation, and is not unknown to science and philosophy, in connection with the law of progress and development deducible from the geological history, in which an ascending series of lower animals culminates in man himself." (Pages 10, 11, 35.)

To my mind, among the strongest proofs of organic evolution are the facts connected with the embryonic development of organisms and the existence of "rudimentary organs" in animal and vegetable forms. The higher species of animals during their embryonic development successively resemble the lower orders of their respective types of animality. Years ago Agassiz showed this to be a universal law of animate life. An insect passes through states wherein it can scarcely be distinguished from a worm; echinoderms in their earlier stages resemble adult jelly-fish and polyps; mammals at first are wormlike, then they partake of fishlike peculiarities, next amphibian or reptilian features present themselves, followed at length by true mammalian characteristics. Man, like the other mammals, passes through these successive gradations, taking on first lower mammalian features, then higher, and in the sixth month of foetal growth those of the ape; in the seventh he becomes strictly human in appearance.

Many animals are found to possess what are called "rudimentary organs,"—traces of organs or structures of no value to them, but which are seen fully developed and of great use in lower allied forms. Through the law of heredity, higher forms become possessed of parts of their structure, of little or no use to them; and by non-use they become aborted or atrophied, and dwindle away, leaving mere rudiments to tell the story of their development from lower allied organisms. The following are examples: Certain snakes have the rudiments of a pelvis and hind-limbs; insects that never fly have wings firmly fastened under the wing-cases; calves and other cud-chewers have incisor teeth which never pierce the gums; the Guinea-pig has teeth shed before it is born; the female Dugong has tusks which never cut the gums; animals which never swim have the necessary natatory apparatus; foetal whales have useless teeth in their jaws, as also have various embryonic birds; man has a number of such rudimentary structures both foetal and in the adult state, including a well-defined foetal tail. Some of these aborted organs are not only useless but harmful to the possessor. The cœcum or blind intestine in man, one of these structures, has in various instances caused the death of its owner.

The constant discovery of transitional or

intermediate forms in the geological strata is another link in the chain of evidence substantiating the truth of evolution. "Missing links," connecting widely different forms, are continually being brought to light. It has been asserted as one of the most significant truths of paleontology (the science of fossils) that extinct forms are almost always intermediate between forms now existing. Vast numbers of these extinct intermediate forms have been exhumed during the last twelve or fifteen years in Colorado, Wyoming, Kansas, etc.

A late discovery of Prof. O. S. Marsh tells us of the existence of a bird allied to the ostrich, found in the Jurassic beds of Wyoming, possessing teeth and other reptilian characteristics. Two skeletons, found long ago in the Triassic at Stuttgart, in Württemberg, constitute an important link in the chain of evolution. They are of the type of World reptilian form called *Sinosaurus*. The *Sinosaurus* has been found in its primitive features identical with the *Plesiosaurus*. The latter was a swimming or water snail-like animal, while the *Sinosaurus* was a land animal in process of adaptation to life in the water and natatory condition. From this we learn that the *Plesiosaurus* was originally a land animal and was a modified descendant of the *Sinosaurus*, or an allied type of amphibious reptiles.

The evidence of the existence of transitional forms has been of late, as Huxley tells us, forthcoming in considerable and constantly increasing quantities, and in respect of all divisions of the animal kingdom. "every new investigation into the tertiary mammalian fauna brings fresh evidence tending to show how the various groups of mammals have been derived the one from the other. The accurate information obtained in the department of paleontological research has put the fact of evolution beyond a doubt." "Indeed," says Dr. Conn, "so successful have been the researches upon fossil vertebrates that Cope who has studied the subject with great care, thinks that they have disclosed the ancestry of mammals, the birds, the reptiles, and the true fishes, and unhesitatingly gives a phylogenetic history of the whole vertebrate sub-kingdom." (*Evolution of the day*, page 110.) In the words of Huxley, "Evolution is no longer a matter of speculative reasoning, but is now a matter of fact and history, as much as the monuments of Egypt."

Evolution *per se* is not theistic or atheistic. Theist and atheist, pantheist and agnostic alike champion its truth, and labor to promote its general acceptance; Roman Catholic scientists even acknowledging its basic truth. It, however, overthrows the old, crude conceptions of creation, and the mode of operation of the Divine Being so long current in theological circles. The miracle-working, arbitrary, capricious divinity of the Hebrews as revealed in the Bible and as worshipped

by the Christian world in all ages, is relegated to the realm of myth. Evolution clearly shows that the only Deity possible to exist is one of law and order, unvarying, unchangeable, immanent in nature,—eternally manifest in atom and milky way, in flower, bird, beast, and man, the life principle of the universe. Either such a Deity exists or none at all.

In my opinion, evolution is the mode of operation of the Deity, the Great Positive Mind of the Universe; others, however, fail to perceive any evidence of Deity in nature. "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind." Our individual beliefs in no manner affect the truth. The existence of God and of a future life, of both of which the writer is firmly convinced, in no wise depends upon our belief or disbelief. "Whatever is, is," regardless of what any man or woman may think. Independent of the existence of Deity or a spiritual universe, we know that evolution is a universally present fact in the material universe. This the atheist and the theist, the materialist and the spiritualist, all perceive. Herbert Spencer, the greatest living exponent of evolution, it is well known, posits, however, the *noumenon* behind all phenomena,—the Absolute, the Unknowable, back of, and underlying the manifestations of the visible universe, this being the analogue of what the theist calls God.

First Experiences In Spirit Life. Of Alfred A. H. M. Seal.

The Following Interesting Narrative from the Pen of Mrs. Sarah Seal was Given Through her Mediumship by Her Husband in Spirit Life.

For six months previous to the sad event that divided our earth life, "Sangatooga" had been our daily visitor each evening when the three members of our family assembled after the different pursuits of the day. The dear Indian friend would come through his medium (myself) to teach and be taught. For although he had been in spirit life for many years and had acquired great wisdom and much love, and a thorough knowledge of controlling, yet it was most difficult for him to use our language, and so, from the first day that I became aware of his presence with me, he never left me. In the evening he would take visible control and talk to the Brave, my husband, and to the little squaw, my daughter; these were the names he gave them. And they lovingly taught him to use our words to express himself.

It was Saturday, June 9, 1882, we sat at dinner, and as usual, made the meal pleasant by chatting. I don't just remember what led up to the remark, but I said I thought it strange that the earthly path of life should be hidden; only as we tread it step by step is it shown to us. "Sangatooga" came and said it was done in wisdom, for if the mortal mind

could project itself forward and see what was in the path of the future, the knowledge would unfit the individual for the present condition, and so in wisdom is the veil drawn before the eyes of mortals.

"That is my opinion exactly," said my husband, "and I don't want to know one day ahead, what's coming, only to live fully in this day to the best of my ability, and when the time comes for me to go over, I do hope it will be quickly."

"Good, good," came in deep guttural sounds from the Indian, and then he thrust forth the hand of the medium to the husband and said; "Sangatooga go with Captain to-day."

I felt rather surprised at that and laughingly said; "What! are you going to leave me?"

"I come again by-and-by," said he.

And so they went forth together that bright June day, both forms being visible to me until my darling turned the corner of the street that led to his employment.

The next time I heard his voice was about seven in the evening when his mortal remains lay cold and stiff in death, but the power was given him to whisper words of loving comfort to me, and the next day as we journeyed towards the burying ground he was in the coach, and again tried to comfort the hearts that were left desolate by his loss.

"But it was not until years later that he told me what his first experience in the new life was like," he said:

I felt all the afternoon like one who had to take a journey; wanting to go, yet, not liking to leave those that I loved behind; and once or twice I found myself saying, "But I am not going," and so put away, or tried to, the feeling. At last, in the flash of an eye, I saw the heavy timber rush towards me and felt the blow on the temple; then there must have been a time of unconsciousness, for I felt I was lying down and that there was a stinging pain in my head, but I looked up and there, standing before me, was an Indian not like any that I have ever seen before, but tall and perfectly formed, with straight cut features and the most intelligent and kindly eyes that I had ever seen. I said "Hello! Why that must be Sangatooga and no wonder my wife thinks him grand; he is the finest formed man I ever looked at. Well, well, that was a lucky blow, that was; it has knocked me sensible, for now I can see the dear friends for myself." It is only a person that was blind and that craved the gift of sight day after day that can realize what I felt, at, as I thought, being able to see the spirit. The Indian held out his hand and took mine, saying, "Get up, Captain," and I noticed at once that all the difficulty in learning our language was gone, for every word was clear. I again exclaimed, "Won't Sarah be glad that I can see and hear as well as she. This is good. I felt light; all feeling of the presence that had been with me before was

gone, for I still held on to his hand; but one thing at last struck me; he did not appear very gay and hitherto he had when visiting us, been very lively, so I said, "What's the matter, old fellow, you don't appear to feel quite lively?" He said, "Yes, Sangatooga feel good for you, but look!" He nodded his head to something over my shoulder; then for the first time did I realize that there was a crowd of men more than I had had working with me and following their gaze, I saw lying on the ground what had been me.

For an instant I stood like one stricken dumb, for I realized that the blow I felt killed the body. I had always been a brave man but, for a minute there was no bravery in me. Like something wild I turned to Sangatooga and said, "Am I dead?" He smiled and said, "No," but pointing to the body "that is." Then, like a wave of despair, came to me the thought: what will they do, my loved and loving ones? Again, I said to the Indian, "Can't you help me to get back in that body, what will they do without me?" I did not think of myself, only of the unprotected condition of wife and daughter. Sangatooga shook his head and said; "It is impossible for you to use that body again, for the heart is crushed and the trouble over, only be brave and strong and help us to take care of the medium." That appeared the first ray of hope in the dark.

Then, I heard the various comments of the men standing around; their words of pity and of praise; their sympathy for my family; the regret of the men that were working for me and the sad sigh of the doctor, as he said; "Who will tell his family?" All these things were as real to me as life had ever been, and I would say, for the benefit of those who doubt that the knowledge I had acquired beforehand, of Spiritualism and the law of control was the greatest source of comfort and help to me in that most trying ordeal. I will not go into details of what happened to the family, their feelings and griefs. Though feeling the bodily separation as keenly as they and being urged to rest by my spirit friends, I would not leave the side of my loved ones until after the body had been laid in the grave. And as I saw it lowered I felt as if I was parting from an old friend, but I did not feel it was I. The good guides and controls of my wife told me not to be too anxious about her and our children. They would be taken care of and that I would be fitted to help them but first I must visit with my friends and rest.

Friends, indeed! there came grandmother and grandfather, like and yet unlike; the same features and forms, only divested of the decrepitude of old age, and apparently young, strong and happy; their loving kisses made me feel better. Then came uncles and aunt, sisters and brother; making themselves known to me, and with joyous words of welcome telling of the ever-changing life; then came my son, one who I had only seen the

lifeless form of. He was grown to be a bright and beautiful boy, such as my eyes had never seen before, for there was no sign or remnant of earth about him.

Seeing all these and hearing them talk took from me the bitterness of what I then considered my untimely taking off, and I felt for the first time what life really meant; that knowledge has been getting stronger and stronger every day; that the people in the earth-life are but half living, even those that enjoy it.

As I have said, I had always been a brave man, and after getting over the first shock of the severance, I wondered why I, who never had a great love for life, although enjoying it, should have felt so bad; but I find it is a natural law, and is the result in almost every case, that when people meet what is called death in a very sudden and violent manner, they all have the same desire to get back to the body again, but the information and knowledge that years of intercourse with the spiritual world, through the mediumship of my dear wife helped me, as I have endeavored to help others since; many accidents have I seen in the last six years, and it part of my work to help those who like myself need a kind and brotherly hand to assist them. I try to be to others what Sangatooga was to me, but that often appears impossible but I do as we all must, the best I can.

Often and often have I heard the question asked my wife, 'Why did not the spirits warn you and your husband, and so prevent the accident?' They did not because it would have been no use. My time was come, or as the Orientals would say, it was written; and it is written also that death cometh like a thief in the night, at what time no man knoweth; then it behoves all to make the preparation to-day, by doing willingly whatever their hands find to do.

Selected Articles.

The Philosophy of Death.

BY WILLIAM DENTON.

Higher than our proudest steeple soars a California cedar; for two thousand years it has been building its gigantic pillar, in defiance of the rocking storms and the lightning's stroke. A thousand cities that earth bore proudly on her bosom when it was a sapling, are now unknown. Yet there it stands in its majestic pride. But death reaps the forest of two thousand years with no less certainty than it cuts down the waving grass and the blooming flower of a season.

The broad-based Pyramids have looked down upon a hundred generations, as they marched to their destiny before them. But even they feel the tooth of time—and a

mound of undistinguishable desert sand will lie where rest the enduring Pyramids.

But here are the cloud-kissing, the everlasting mountains; yes, they, too, must perish. These winds that howl around their frosty heads are chanting their funeral dirge. Yes, the great globe itself, million-centured, rock-ribbed, fiery-hearted, the mother of myriads, she, too, must be gathered, when her hour comes, into the arms of the burning sun, from which she sprang, and the heavens know her no more; for worlds have their time to fall, and suns to perish, and bright stars decay, and all things the universe contains bow before the sceptre of the all-conquerer, death. But, after all, it is only the turning of the kaleidoscope; the old forms have departed, but that which composed them remains, enters into new combinations, in like manner to pass and be succeeded by others in the eternal possession of all things. The old cedar falls; but out of its dust springs the young one, more vigorous for the ashes of its predecessor, and waves in time its lordly crown as high as those who went before it. The mountain decays; its last atom is borne upon the sea's troubled breast; but out of the ocean depths spring new mountains, higher and fairer, and enriched with the spoils of the ocean beds from which they were elevated. Death is interwoven with the very constitution of the planet; it swam with the primeval monads in the steaming waters of the early seas; it lurked in the groves of the carboniferous swamps; it swept off the successive hosts that reproduction pushed upon the globe, through the ages; and it came to the first man, as it had previously come to all living—and thus it comes to us.

There is not a particle of this planet that has not belonged to worlds unnumbered, before this. And this is true of humanity. There goes the grand life-procession over the planet: The old man, the young maiden and the little children. They march continuously—dropping their bodies as they go; bodies that had served the soul's purpose for a while, and are seized by the law of decay and change, and by the subtle alchemy of death are transformed into grass and flowers, to feed those who are to follow when all those who are present have gone.

Death is no curse, it is perfectly natural; it is a part of the order of the universe. In the natural world all things are subject to the dominion of death. Death follows us everywhere like a shadow. It is best that it should be so. Were it otherwise, all progress would be impossible. Were it otherwise, we could not take a forward step.

Let us be thankful that we live in a world where there is death; it is one of the greatest blessings. All stories that tell you that death is a curse, are false. All books that say so are false. Just as soon as life came, death came. More beings have died on the planet than there are drops in the ocean or sands on

the shore. More blood has been shed there is water in the sea. Our mountains in many respects monuments of the world dead. But that is not all. We do not take a glance all there is of this planet. We looked at this planet a hundred thousand years before they dreamed it was round. When they began to think there was a body on the other side of the planet, they thought those people must of course have heads downward; and there are many people who do not get the right idea through their heads to-day. It takes a long time to get ideas through people's heads. How long do men look at the sun before they had any conception of its gigantic size? Millions of times they looked at it and thought it no bigger than the trenchers they ate their dinner from, or the shields they wore. Who can tell the astonishment of those who have learned that it was a million times larger than the earth?

We are of necessity born ignorant. A long time before we get out of the pride of ignorance. Many people fancy they know it all—and the know-it-alls are the most hopelessly ignorant persons on the planet. They say there is no such thing, because they have not seen it.

Now we say that the cedar is dead and gone—burned up, nothing left but its ashes—but I don't think so. I believe that the cedar that is burnt to ashes is not gone. You say the pyramid that is decayed is gone. But I say there is nothing of the kind. "Do you mean to say that they exist?" Yes, I say that a pyramid has been decayed, gone, blown away in dust—I say it is still there. All the trees that have lived on this planet are living somewhere. There are persons endowed with certain sense—the psychometric sense—that can recognize them; that have eyes to see things that existed in the primal ages; that can listen to winds that blew millions of years ago.

Sir John Herschel, in his scientific lectures says, "I had been witnessing the demolition of a structure familiar to me from childhood, and with which many interesting associations were connected: a demolition not unattended with danger to workmen employed, about whom I had felt very uncomfortable. It happened to me at the approach of evening—while, however, there was yet pretty good light—to pass near the place where, the day before, it had stood; the path I had to follow leading beside it. Great was my amazement to see it still standing, projected against the dull sky. I walked on—keeping my eyes directed to it—and the perspective of the form and the disposition of the parts, appeared to change, with the change in the point of vision, as they would have done if the structure had been real."

Psychometry explains this most satisfactorily. It was not fancy. What was it? I say it was the building. I say there is something to everything that death cannot

lifeless form of. He was grown to be a bright and beautiful boy, such as my eyes had never seen before, for there was no sign or remnant of earth about him.

Seeing all these and hearing them talk took from me the bitterness of what I then considered my untimely taking off, and I felt for the first time what life really meant; that knowledge has been getting stronger and stronger every day; that the people in the earth-life are but half living, even those that enjoy it.

As I have said, I had always been a brave man, and after getting over the first shock of the severance, I wondered why I, who never had a great love for life, although enjoying it, should have felt so bad; but I find it is a natural law, and is the result in almost every case, that when people meet what is called death in a very sudden and violent manner, they all have the same desire to get back to the body again, but the information and knowledge that years of intercourse with the spiritual world, through the mediumship of my dear wife helped me, as I have endeavored to help others since; many accidents have I seen in the last six years, and it part of my work to help those who like myself need a kind and brotherly hand to assist them. I try to be to others what Sangatooga was to me, but that often appears impossible but I do as we all must, the best I can.

Often and often have I heard the question asked my wife, 'Why did not the spirits warn you and your husband, and so prevent the accident?' They did not because it would have been no use. My time was come, or as the Orientals would say, it was written; and it is written also that death cometh like a thief in the night, at what time no man knoweth; then it behoves all to make the preparation to-day, by doing willingly whatever their hands find to do.

Selected Articles.

The Philosophy of Death.

BY WILLIAM DENTON.

Higher than our proudest steeple soars a California cedar; for two thousand years it has been building its gigantic pillar, in defiance of the rocking storms and the lightning's stroke. A thousand cities that earth bore proudly on her bosom when it was a sapling, are now unknown. Yet there it stands in its majestic pride. But death reaps the forest of two thousand years with no less certainty than it cuts down the waving grass and the blooming flower of a season.

The broad-based Pyramids have looked down upon a hundred generations, as they marched to their destiny before them. But even they feel the tooth of time—and a

mound of undistinguishable desert sand will lie where rest the enduring Pyramids.

But here are the cloud-kissing, the everlasting mountains; yes, they, too, must perish. These winds that howl around their frosty heads are chanting their funeral dirge. Yes, the great globe itself, million-centuried, rock-ribbed, fiery-hearted, the mother of myriads, she, too, must be gathered, when her hour comes, into the arms of the burning sun, from which she sprang, and the heavens know her no more; for worlds have their time to fall, and suns to perish, and bright stars decay, and all things the universe contains bow before the sceptre of the all-conquerer, death. But, after all, it is only the turning of the kaleidoscope; the old forms have departed, but that which composed them remains, enters into new combinations, in like manner to pass and be succeeded by others in the eternal possession of all things. The old cedar falls; but out of its dust springs the young one, more vigorous for the ashes of its predecessor, and waves in time its lordly crown as high as those who went before it. The mountain decays; its last atom is borne upon the sea's troubled breast; but out of the ocean depths spring new mountains, higher and fairer, and enriched with the spoils of the ocean beds from which they were elevated. Death is interwoven with the very constitution of the planet; it swam with the primeval monads in the steaming waters of the early seas; it lurked in the groves of the carboniferous swamps; it swept off the successive hosts that reproduction pushed upon the globe, through the ages; and it came to the first man, as it had previously come to all living—and thus it comes to us.

There is not a particle of this planet that has not belonged to worlds unnumbered, before this. And this is true of humanity. There goes the grand life-procession over the planet: The old man, the young maiden and the little children. They march continuously—dropping their bodies as they go; bodies that had served the soul's purpose for a while, and are seized by the law of decay and change, and by the subtle alchemy of death are transformed into grass and flowers, to feed those who are to follow when all those who are present have gone.

Death is no curse, it is perfectly natural; it is a part of the order of the universe. In the natural world all things are subject to the dominion of death. Death follows us everywhere like a shadow. It is best that it should be so. Were it otherwise, all progress would be impossible. Were it otherwise, we could not take a forward step.

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Psychometry explains this most satisfactorily. It was not fancy. What was it? I say it was the building. I say there is something to everything that death cannot

touch. My experiments in psychometry demonstrate that everything has a spiritual counterpart. We have interior senses by which we can recognize it. A specimen from Egypt calls up to the eye of the sensitive, when placed upon the forehead, life-like scenes of the Nile valley, long ago. I give to the sensitive person a little fragment, it may be, from a rock, a wall, a tomb, a ruin—it is a specimen; I don't tell him (or her) what it is, or where it came from; I don't even know myself where it came from—and only ascertain, afterward, by looking at the printed number pasted on it, and then looking for that number in my printed catalogue, which will tell what the fragment is—where it came from. But the sensitive goes on, without being told anything about it, and describes, perhaps, the scenes of the populous banks of the Nile in Pharaoh's time, or the rocky hillsides of the valley, and describes the rock-hewn sepulchres, and the artists there at work, with chisel or with brush, carving and decorating the beautiful figures cut out of the rock, in the heart of Egypt, three thousand years ago.

The sensitive goes back, not only to the gigantic tree ferns, unrolling their fronds in the world's primal ages, but sees reptiles rushing through the waters or lying dead on the shore. These experiments, and others of a similar nature, I have tried by thousands.

You say these statements are extravagant. But there are hundreds of extravagant things that are true. People say you shouldn't tell such extravagant things; the world isn't prepared for them yet. But what is ever going to prepare the world if the truth is never told it? The world would be babes forever if people acted upon that principle. If nature is bold enough to teach me a truth, I ought to be manly enough to tell that truth to my neighbor. There are depths infinitely deeper, and heights infinitely higher, than any that have been explored. We all ought to look at and attempt to sound this great ocean, whose depths can everywhere be recognized by the clear thinkers of the world.

I hold that nothing dies absolutely. I hold that everything that exists has an existence in the spiritual world. That build- is not only a house; it has its spiritual counterpart.

The more I investigate this subject of psychometry, the more clearly this theory is impressed upon my mind. But when we have gone so far as that it is very far from satisfying the human soul. We want proof positive that we, our individual souls, shall still live as individuals, when the monuments we have reared and the mountains we now see are alike levelled under the universal law of decay—change, death. These desires of the human spirit are to be met. Nothing is given to mock us. We do not have these immortal aspirations without some possibility of their being satisfied. I

do not know all that follows the death of my body; but I know well that whatever is really *me* shall live just as before. I suppose I am to be eligible to visit the stars in my time. I suppose that I shall have myriads of new experiences, and that the experiences of this earth will prove only one out of myriads. How can the real body ever die and be buried?

When I go into a cemetery, as I did to-day and see on a tombstone the assertion,

"Here lies John Jones,"

nobody lies but the tombstone! Nobody lies there. All the notions people have about our dying and becoming food for worms, till some great trumpet blows, are errors. What is going to hear the trumpet when the ears are gone?—when the very particles are gone—eaten up by the apple trees? Every man has been eaten five thousand times. If they were all to rise, at the sound of a trumpet, what a scrambling there would be for their bodies! thousands of bodies being contained in as many different bodies since. It is the wildest of all fancies—and could never have been accepted, only for our ignorance.

What a grand thing that we can lay off this body when the time comes.

There is the old man feeble and worn out. His eyes are dim and his ears heavy; sounds can hardly make their way to the indwelling spirit. He wants to sleep a long sleep. Come, oh Death Angel, to the old man. Give him new eyes to see with, new ears to hear with and new legs to walk with. He has a new body now. Does he want that old one any more? You couldn't hire him to go back into it. You might as well expect an eagle that is soaring in the sky to come back and get into his old shell. There is a dead man, as you call him—but there is no man there; there is the eye, but no seeing; the ear, but no hearing; let it go back to the earth—let it go back to the bosom of our universal mother, and to help make material for the new men and women that are still to come.

There is a dying man; his eye is dim, his cheek pale, his friends stand weeping round, as they look upon what seems to be the death-agony of the departing. But there is something we do not see—a radiant spirit doing its best to rid itself of the old body. This struggle seems terrible. But there is the radiant spirit, calm as the morning. It looks down and smiles sadly to see them weeping over what is no longer a man, but a corpse. My sister, Anna Denton Cridge, was a clairvoyant. I have heard her describe the spirit departing, as she saw it with her spiritual eyes. She saw every step of the process by which the spirit passes from the body—then putting on the perfect form.

A description of the spirit's departure from the body was given by Myra Carpenter, in a letter to Mr. Joseph Baker. She was treated by mesmerism, and became a good clairvoyant, and a seer of spirits:

She writes: "My mother and I had often talked of death and immortality. She frequently magnetized me when she was in health, and I was in the clairvoyant state, by her assistance, when the spiritual sight was first given me. She had often requested that I would, at the time of her decease, put myself in that state, and carefully denote the departure of the spirit from the body. Her

failing health admonished her that her end was near; but she viewed it with calmness, for her thoughts were full of the life to come, and her hopes placed on her Father in Heaven. Death had no terrors for her. When she felt its approach, she sent for me. I came, and remained constantly with her, until she left us for a better home. Her last words were addressed to me. Perceiving that she was dying, I seated myself in the room, and was soon in a state of spiritual clairvoyance. With the opening of the inner sight, the painful scene of a mother's death was changed to a vision of glory. Beautiful angelic spirits present watched over her. Their faces were radiant with bliss, and their glittering robes were like transparent snow. I could feel them as material, and yet they communicated a sensation I can only describe by saying it seemed like compressed air. Some of these heavenly attendants stood at her head, and some at her feet, while others seemed to be hovering over her form. They seemed so pure, so full of love, that it was sweet to look at them, as they watched the change now taking place in my mother.

"I now turned my attention more directly to my mother, and saw the external senses leave her. First, the power of sight departed, and then a veil seemed to drop over the eyes; then the hearing ceased, and next the sense of feeling. The spirit began to leave the limbs as they died first; and the light that filled each part, in every fibre, drew up toward the chest. As this took place, the veil seemed to drop over the part from whence spiritual life was removed. A ball of light was now gathering just above her head; and this continued to increase until the luminous appearance began to assume the human form, and I could see my mother again! But oh! how changed! She was light and glorious—arrayed in robes of dazzling whiteness; free from disease, pain and death. She seemed to be welcomed by the attending spirits, with the joy of a mother over the birth of a child, and they seemed to carry her away through the air. I attempted to follow them, in the spirit; for I felt strongly attracted, and longed to go with my mother. I saw them ascend, till they seemed to pass through an open space, when a mist came over my sight, and I saw them no more.

"After this I awoke—but not to sorrow, as those who have no hope. This vision, far more beautiful than language can express, remains stamped upon my memory. It is an unfailing comfort to me in my bereavement."

That is a beautiful revelation. If we had read that in a book that had been handed down to us, stamped with the sacred seal of authority and the churches, how the people would have welcomed it? But why shouldn't we receive it to-day? Is God dead? Are there no revelations to this nineteenth century? You know Thomas wanted to put his fingers in the prints of the nails, and he had the chance. There are ten thousand Thomases in this city. Hasn't a man a right to ask for proofs to-day? Why should not the Infinite Spirit give his children light in this nineteenth century? Are we to go back two thousand years to learn geography? A man who should try to palm off upon us a map of the world that was made two thousand years ago, and tell us it was a true map, would be hooted at. Why isn't religion just as much subject to law as science? Why haven't we as good a chance to know what is true in religion, to-day, as we ever had? I claim that we have. It is our business. Whatever comes, carefully scrutinize it, but don't throw it away because it differs from what you were taught in your childhood.

THE CARRIER DOVE,

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SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPT. 1, 1888.

OUR CAMPAIGN OUTLINED.

Politician, politician, yours has been received to-day,
Asking us the leading question, in a confidential way,
How much space in *Free Thought's* columns we can give to
this campaign,
And how much remuneration we should hope thereby to
gain.

Politician, politician, would you tempt us, then, to join
In the race of rogues for office, with the jingle of your coin?
With your bar of shining metal, head knocked out and
bung-hole gone,
Would you hire us as your ally in the conflict coming on?

Lend us then, your ear a moment, stimulate your torpid
brain,
Yield us your polite attention, while we outline our cam-
paign.

We are first for taxing churches everywhere they are
exempt;
Abolishing all State-paid chaplains. Will you join in this
attempt?

In the interests of justice, in the interests of peace,
We ask that appropriation for sectarian uses cease;
That the Bible as a text book be not forced upon our youth,
And that public schools inculcate only demonstrated
truth.

We demand that the appointment of thanksgiving days,
and fast,
Be suspended as but relics of a superstitious past.
We demand that oaths and "swearing" from our courts
of law be sped,
And a simple affirmation substituted in their stead;

That all sabbatarian statutes be repealed without delay,
And that freedom reign on Sunday as on any other day;
That, in fact, all shreds and remnants of religious law
shall go

From the statutes of the nation. Will you help to make
it so?

Then there are some local issues that should be atten-
ded to

If you'll put them in your platform we'll co-operate with
you.

First, we want some purer water, give it to us in a flood;
We will pay you for the liquid, but we kick at buying mud.

Will you pledge us safer pavements than the treacherous
cobblestones;

Safer sidewalks than the planks that fear our shoes and
crack our bones?

Will you rout the gambling-houses of our Asiatic host?

Will you close the dives and brothels all along the Bar-
bary Coast?

Will you raid the cheap-John auctions that allure the
passer-by

Into purchasing gold watches, changed for brass ones on the
sly?

Watch the Papal institutions, where the orphans taste of
hell

And are starved to death and beaten, like the one at San
Rafael?

Politician, politician, state your issues, make them plain,
And if these are found among them, we will join in your
campaign! —M. in *Free Thought*.

The DOVE would willingly join with *Free-
thought* in the campaign above outlined but for
one reason—it is that of *sex*. Intelligence,
devotion to principle, love of country, ability,
energy and self-sacrifice count as naught when
arrayed against the superior qualification of
sex. No matter how ignorant, depraved,
vicious and utterly demoralized a man may be,
he is eligible to the position of law-maker for
the most refined, pure, and intelligent class of
women. Bah! it's nauseating to think of. And
yet, we never longed to be a man. The price-
less crown of *motherhood* outweighs all else.
Liberalists cannot afford to be *il-liberal* much
longer. The time is soon coming when *equality*
will no longer be a farce, but reality.

FIVE YEARS.

It is now five years since the CARRIER DOVE
first spread its feeble little wings as a Lyceum
paper in Oakland. It had no ambition except
to do a local work among the children. Its
future was undreamed of. Step by step the
dear guides who first inspired us to begin the
work, have led us on. No great promises were
made but the simple instruction "do your best
day by day, and leave the rest to us." We
have endeavored to do this faithfully and
earnestly. We have found the way sometimes
steep and rough; we have felt ourselves at
times encompassed by vast mountains we could
not climb, and have felt that we would surely
faint in the valley of doubt and despair; but
ever has the "fraternal hand" of the invisible
benefactor been extended in time to save. In
the silence and darkness of night, this whitely
gleaming hand has come in token of timely as-
sistance, until we learned that its coming was
the signal of aid, no matter how great the ex-
tremity might be.

During these five years sunshine and shadow
have succeeded one another in our work as in
the lives and works of all others. Sometimes
we have reposed serenely upon the mountain
top, and again we have traversed the valley
amid the shadows. The one thought that has

been most stimulating has been that
little good was being accomplished through
our labors; that somewhere hearts were
glad, and rays of hope and comfort were
to hungering souls, through the medium
weekly borne to them on the wings of the
CARRIER DOVE. That this is true we know from
the testimony of many correspondents who
write to us of the joy and comfort they find in
the perusal of its pages. And we rejoice for
the sake of the dear invisible ones who wish
truth to spread from land to land and from
to sea. They are so earnestly striving to
mankind the truth and so many times dis-
pointed when their instruments prove recalc-
to their trust, that we wonder sometimes
their angelic love does not fail, and their
in humanity falter. We feel that to us
been entrusted a great and noble work, and
sometimes shrink from the responsibility it in-
volves, and feel our weakness and incapacity
to do that which duty demands at our hands.
We dislike to criticise, and have never done
so except when silence would have been to
our estimation, almost criminal. When the
market is flooded with counterfeit coin, it be-
hooves every man to warn his neighbor that he
may not be swindled; and we feel that it is the
duty of spiritual journals to present only
reports of our phenomena as will bear the light
of scientific investigation; and not cater to the
sensational and wonder-loving element in their
readers. We do not reproduce the sensational
articles that appear in some of our spiritual
journals, for we consider them pernicious and
misleading.

Our experience has taught us that a large
proportion of the wonders related are grossly
exaggerated accounts, and when carefully in-
vestigated fall far short of being what was
glowingly pictured. In view of all the develop-
ments of the last two or three years it seems
our judgment to be the better way to "pass
things" and give to our readers facts instead
of fancies, common sense instead of sensation,
and one little grain of truth in preference to
mountain of wonderful, penny-catching lies.
We ask our readers to give us their support
in this direction. It is not easy to stand
against the tide, and we need the encourage-
ment of all who wish to see Spiritualism pur-
per and become purified of the false and sen-
sational, and come down to bottom facts that
bear the light of reason and intelligence.

A case involving the right of women to hold
office in Iowa has just been decided. Miss E.
S. Brown was an independent candidate for the
office of superintendent of public schools, and
being counted out she declared a contest. The
special count showed that she was elected.
Then the other party appealed on the ground
that a woman lacks the right to contest for
office, but Judge Weaver held that she had the
right and the case was decided in Miss Brown's
favor.

During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria and like contagious diseases prevail, onions ought to be eaten in the spring of the year at least once a week. Onions are invigorating and prophylactic beyond description. Further, I challenge the medical fraternity or any mother to point out a place where children have died from diphtheria or *scarlatina angina*, etc., where onions were freely used.—*Scientific American*.

A GENEROUS ACT.

A few weeks ago a gentleman came into the library with a large package which he presented to the Librarian as a donation to the Free Spiritual Library. He gave no name except that of "A friend to the cause." When the package was opened it was found to contain eighteen valuable books, spiritual and scientific.

We regret that we do not know the name of this liberal and true friend to the cause of Progress. But we do know that blessing will follow all who seek to give light to the world, and what better way than presenting our spiritual literature for free dissemination to the public.

We hope that those who have spiritual books that they have read, will remember our Free Library and donate them, that many others may be benefited thereby.

WAS IT A SPIRIT?

Gustave Flowers has to thank a happy impulse for the preservation of his life. Some time ago he obtained a place in the Giant Powder Works which were blown up on Friday last and remained in the occupation until Thursday afternoon. On Wednesday Flowers had no thought of leaving the job as the work was not heavy and no other place offered just then. On Wednesday night, however, he was strangely troubled by sleeplessness which was unusual he says, as he generally enjoys the peaceful slumber that comes to the man who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. Among the other thoughts that came to Flowers while he tossed uneasily on his humble couch was a sudden desire to leave the powder works. He did not know exactly why, but the feeling to quit the works and return to San Francisco became so strong that he left the place on the following day at noon. Next day the works were blown up and the man who took Flowers position lost his life. Flowers feels that he has had a providential escape for which he is all the more thankful as since his abandonment of the dangerous job he has become the happy father of a bouncing boy.—*S. F. Chronicle*.

J. J. MORSE IN SAN JOSE.

The Spiritualists of San Jose have secured the services of Mr. J. J. Morse for the month of September and in so doing are to be congratulated in obtaining the services of one of the ablest among the speakers who have visited

this coast. Mr. Morse will speak in G. A. R. hall mornings and evenings of the Sundays of this month, and doubtless our neighbors will derive much benefit from his ministrations.

JOHN SLATER'S PORTRAIT.

Visitors to the Mechanic's Institute Fair will find the art gallery of special interest. The many beautiful paintings there on exhibition are well worthy hours of careful study and examination. Spiritualists of this city will find one portrait there that all will at once recognize as the smiling, genial countenance of that wonderful medium John Slater. This beautiful crayon portrait is the work of the skillful artist, Mr. A. K. Kipps, whose lithographs have so often graced the pages of the DOVE. In looking over the catalogue of paintings there will be found an error in the spelling of Mr. Slater's name; the t and l having been transposed and some may be misled thereby. All should examine this fine picture who know Mr. Slater, and those wishing work in this line will find Mr. Kipps in his studio in the Phelan Building, room 343—top floor.

WHY DO THEY COME?

The question, "Why do spirits return to earth?" is important to Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists alike. Its proper answering would make many things clear to all concerned, but an answer acceptable to all parties in our cause seems just what cannot be at present obtained. Yet, if we accept the statement made to us from the other side that intelligent and wise spirits inaugurated the movement there must be some underlying purpose involved, and if so the comprehension of that purpose by causing us to know it will provide us a basis upon which can be created a tangible idea of what Spiritualism aims to be. The question arises how can we gain the desired knowledge? In the light of the preceding supposition the answer will naturally be, Ask the spirits themselves. If we do so, are we likely to obtain it? Let us see.

Taking the general average of communications obtained from the spirits who ordinarily communicate there appears to be nothing more contained in them than one would look for from our relations and friends. Little evidence of the communicants acting out a concerted plan organized by superior minds directed towards predetermined ends. Affection, curiosity, continued worldly interest, dissatisfaction and at times malice are among the impulses that cause a large majority of the departed to return, motives, in the main, neither better or worse than those inspiring our own associations and intercourse. Some of those who return are certainly quite undesirable acquaintances, and evince traits of character that would bar them from what is called reputable society among mortals.

When the foregoing statements are admitted our opponents greedily swallow them with no attempt at mastication, and then, because of the consequent mental dyspepsia they thus in-

duce, assure us that our cause has neither beauty, purpose, or use. A most unjust opinion. Taking the average communicant, they, when rightly viewed, give us a clear answer in one respect at least to our question, for all that is involved clearly points to the distinct fact that our humanity is not destroyed at death. If these communicants had no other purpose in returning save that of demonstrating that death robs us of nothing that is ours, save the physical body, one of the grandest and most stupendously important truths would thereby be established, i. e., the personal, conscious and rational immortality of our race. No church in Christendom can so affirm, no creed so asserts. Even the Bible is silent upon so important matter. Establish, as Spiritualists have established, the fact that these communications do actually come from the so-called dead, their average character is found their support instead of condemnation—found to be consistent with the kind of people they come from, people for whom death has worked no other change in their conscious mental life than is involved in the removal of their outer bodies.

Let us go one step further in our search for an answer to our opening question. There are certain classes of spirits who return as teachers, insisting with eloquence and force upon various lines of argument as explanatory of the genius of our cause; more or less learned ignorance, crass assumption, positive contradiction—relieved in cases by flashes of useful thought and luminous inspiration—may be displayed by the spirits in question, and again the cry may be raised that there is a lack of purpose involved in all they say. But is it so? Again the answer must be no, for the confusion of opinion is more apparent than real, and frequently relates more to matters of opinion than questions of fact; it cannot be said then, that they return to darken counsel with many words, or make confusion worse confounded, but like ourselves, they may—and no doubt are—honestly trying to explain the subjects they discourse to us upon in the best light upon the subject that they see.

The best answer, perhaps, that can be given to the question herein considered is: the spirits come back to assure us of immortality, the continuance of conscious intelligent humanhood after death, and, gathered from the infinite variety of statements made to us by spirits, the stupendous fact that motives here determine characters hereafter. These are the simple elements of the answer sought for, but associated with these are more complex considerations, educational, reformatory, constructive and destructive which lack of space precludes discussion of in this article.

Let us welcome the coming of truth, even though, at times it may come to us in seemingly an undesirable guise. Ours be it to discover the wherefore of all assured facts, thankfully accepting their teachings and hopefully look forward to more, so that the facts of to-day may be the base upon which those of to-morrow shall rest.

COMMENDATORY.

The following concerning two of our valued contributors was recently received by a gentleman in San Francisco, from a prominent Eastern Spiritualist, for years an active champion of Spiritualism, an author of note and distinction:

"For a long time I have regarded W. E. Coleman and Hudson Tuttle as the ablest and truest exponents of Spiritualism in America or Europe. I am with Mr. Coleman in all his trenchant and unanswerable arguments against and denunciations of those vile excrescences Theosophy, Re-incarnation and fraudulent materializing mediums.

If I were of a timid disposition I should fear for the very foundation of *our* Spiritualism, for it would appear as if all the evil of this world had passed over to the other and were there arrayed in solid phalanx to overthrow the grandest truths that have ever been given to mankind. But I have no fear as long as such men as Coleman and Tuttle live to lead our forces to the battle for truth and right."

PERSONALS.

Dr. J. Simms, the distinguished physiognomist and anthropologist, of New York, and Mrs. Simms are at the Hotel Continental. They have lately visited some almost inaccessible valleys in Northern Italy and Southern Switzerland, where they have been studying the Cretins, whom they found to be very numerous. The doctor gives their average stature at 53 2-3 inches, and average circumference of head 22 13-48 inches. This average was made from measurements of equal numbers of each sex. The average circumference of the mature female head of sensible persons is 21 1/2 inches; and that of the male 22 1/2 inches; hence it appears that the heads of those idiots were larger than ordinary heads, while their stature is considerably less.—*Galvani's Messenger*. PARIS, France.

Dr. T. B. Taylor, of Pomona, Los Angeles Co., is arranging for a camp-meeting to be held in San Bernardino in October.

We received a social call from Mr. I. C. Steele, of Pescadero, in the early part of the week and were pleased to be presented with a sketch of that gentleman's life to accompany the beautiful steel engraving which we will present shortly. Mr. Steele made many friends during the camp-meeting who will be glad to see his genial face upon the pages of the DOVE.

Mrs. F. A. Logan, lecturer and healer has returned from a successful tour through Colorado, Wyoming and Utah, and taken rooms in the CARRIER DOVE building, 841 Market street, opposite the Baldwin Hotel. Having experienced her powers of healing, we bespeak for her abundant success. See advertisement in another column.

The Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society will resume its meetings in Metropolitan Temple to-morrow evening, Sunday, Sept. 1, and Mrs. Elizabeth L. Watson, the regular speaker, will lecture each Sunday evening, only one service being held weekly for the present,—in the evening—Mrs. Watson's subject to-morrow evening is "The Rock upon which we build; or the Coming Religion." Choice vocal selections by Miss E. Beresford-Joy, Senor Arrillaga will preside at the organ.

Chips.

We regret exceedingly that we are unable to give the conclusion of the sketch of the "Haunted School-House," which was commenced last week; but owing to some of those unaccountable phenomena that sometimes occur in printing offices, the copy disappeared "and was seen no more." Having but one copy of the tale, it is unavoidably left unfinished.

We trust all who are interested in the free spiritual library, will attend the entertainment to be given to-morrow, Sunday evening. The meeting is under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists and is a most worthy object.

Mr. J. J. Morse closed his public work in this city last Sunday evening. The rostrum was beautifully decorated with choice flowers and trailing vines. The lecture was not reported, to the great regret of many friends who expected that it would be. Mr. Morse thanked the friends who had done so much to make his stay in the city pleasant, and especially thanked Dr. Schlesinger for the material aid he had rendered in getting classes and circles, and otherwise assisting in the support of the series of independent meetings just closed.

Spiritual Meetings.

J. J. MORSE'S LAST LECTURE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The long and successful labors of J. J. Morse in this city were brought to a successful close at Washington Hall on Sunday evening last, when a large and enthusiastic audience assembled to listen to his closing lecture. The desk was handsomely and lavishly decorated with flowers, contributed by Mrs. L. C. Cook, Mrs. A. Wiggin, Mrs. J. Schlesinger and Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, and Mrs. Churchill; the arrangement of the floral tribute reflecting in a high degree the artistic skill of the ladies mentioned. Precisely at the advertised time the meeting

was opened by an organ prelude by Senor D. Van Brunt, the accomplished organist, who, which the audience joined in singing "My God to Thee." Mr. Morse, by special request, then read Lizzie Doten's clever poem "Peter Maguire," rendering it in his usual accomplished manner. Mrs. Parks, who accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Morris, sang "The Brook," Tennyson, in a most pleasing manner, at the close of which Mr. Morse, his own person, made a brief speech reviewing his fourteen months labors in this city, and thanking all who had contributed alike to their success, and the comfort of his wife, daughter and self during their stay. He paid a hearty tribute to the CARRIER DOVE, complimenting that journal upon its tone and character. His little speech was hearty and sincere, and was frequently interrupted with applause from the audience. Miss Florence Morse then sang "Sometime," with good effect, during which Mr. Morse passed under control, and at the close of the song proceeded to deliver the address of the evening, the subject being: "The Future of Spiritualism Throughout the World." The address was a careful and discriminating review of the position and prospects of the cause throughout European countries and the United States; it was full of hopeful auguring pointed allusions, bold treatment and liberal sentiments, and was over and over again applauded.

The meeting was finally brought to a close by Miss Florence Morse singing "Old Folks at Home," in a touching manner, after which the audience resolved itself into a reception, crowding around Mr. Morse to grasp his hand, express good wishes and hearty thanks for the good service he and his controls have rendered for a liberal and rational Spiritualism, during his labors in our midst.

SAN JOSE.

GRAND ARMY HALL.

The meeting was opened with one of Miss Knowle's sweet songs, followed by an invocation and a second song, after which Mrs. E. B. Crossett, under control of her guides, answered a number of written questions from the audience, chiefest among which was the subject of reincarnation. The controls emphatically denied the truth of the doctrine as taught and argued from natural law its impossibility.

The conference meeting was participated in by a number of speakers. The subject of "Man's Responsibility" seeming to be a fruitful source of inspiration to many who usually are only listeners.

An evening service was held at which Mrs. L. H. Champion and Mrs. E. B. Crossett gave short addresses on the subject of the "Unfolding of Spiritual Gifts." But the speech of the evening was made by William C. Vinter who he announced that J. J. Morse would occupy the San Jose platform both morning and evening during the month of September.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The Progressive Spiritualists held the regular meeting at Washington Hall at 2 P. M. last Sunday. The topic for consideration was, "What Is Spiritualism."

The opening address was made by Mrs. Kellogg of San Bernardino who made some apt and interesting comparisons between Spiritualism and Christianity. Other speakers followed among whom were Mrs. M. Miller, Mrs. Hendee, Dr. Paulson and Col. Hopkins. Judge Collins presided and offered some remarks upon the subject. Dr. Schlesinger gave tests to skeptics and Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Parks sang beautiful solos. Mrs. Morris presided at the piano.

BENEFIT MEETINGS.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists have engaged Washington Hall for a series of Sunday evenings for the purpose of raising funds for their Free Library and also for defraying the expenses of a choir at the afternoon services.

These meetings will take the form of musical and literary entertainments and excellent talent will always be present. A brief address of twenty minutes by some good speaker will be first on the programme, after which there will be recitations and music, instrumental and vocal. Tests will be given when mediums can be secured. We trust all the friends who desire to aid a most worthy cause will attend and give the meeting their support, and we can assure them they will feel amply repaid in the enjoyment derived from the entertainment.

Admission ten cents.

The Reviewer.

THE UNIVERSE ANALYZED: by John R. Kelso, New York, N. Y., The Truthseeker Company, 28 Lafayette Place. 167 pp.

The above-named work consists of five lectures, respectively entitled: "The Essential Elements of the Universe," "The Systematic Arrangement of the Universe," "The Formation and Dissolution of Worlds and of Systems," "The Origin, the Evolution, and the Destiny of Man;" presumably these "Lectures" have never been delivered from any rostrum, or if so the fact is not stated. The first of the lectures is the only one that indicates the independent thought of their author, the remaining ones consisting of a generalized statement, by the author, of the conclusions and opinions commonly current among writers upon similar topics,—some even among those included among Spiritualists. The sum of Mr. Kelso's opinion, as to the nature of the Universe, is that space, motion and matter are its three essential elements, but he somewhat curiously—it seems a trifle obscurely—asserts that motion produces matter! His exact phrase is,

"and matter—the result of motion," but it is also alleged that nothing was ever created, and all things are as they ever have been. He runs a lively tilt against the term "duration," which, for reasons sufficient to himself, he utterly repudiates. But, in repudiating orthodox opinion as to creation he, with equal insistence, dogmatizes right and left anent the whole question.

From the materialistic point of view his arguments against the existence of "God" are cogently stated, and, accepting his postulates, difficult to refute, though, as he admits the reality of centers to systems of various orders and dimensions, surely the possibility of a center of the centers may not be so difficult to accept! There is a dash and positiveness about the book that many will accept for authoritativeness but which, if eliminated would make the work more creditable to its author, and of more interest to careful readers, the assertion on page fifty-two for instance that "no matter from what point in the 'eternal past' we view the Universe, we are bound to find it, of necessity, just as we find it to-day, perfect in all its departments, in all infinitude of glorious forms and wondrous phenomena." Such writing, unqualified by any statement to the effect that perfection is but a relative and not an absolute, is inexcusable.

The volume in its second half is quite entertaining bringing within readable compass many generalizations, and running, as it does, upon the lines of a bold free thinking mind. Its author is generally clear, at times facile, and seldom tedious. But the questions he deals with cannot be disposed of *ex cathedra* in a small treatise of 167 pages, even though they be written with the dash of a pamphleteer.

J. J. MORSE.

Our Exchanges.

A Woman Physician Admitted.

The Philadelphia County Medical Society is at last opened to women, Dr. Mary Willits having been elected to membership at the June meeting. Women have been asking admission to this society since 1859. Some of the leading women physicians of Philadelphia have been from time to time proposed and always rejected by an overwhelming vote. The prime movers on woman's behalf were Dr. C. H. Thomas, one of the first professors in the Woman's Medical College; Professor Henry Leffman, Dr. Thomas H. Andrews, Professor W. H. Parrish, Dr. S. S. Cohen, and Professor C. K. Mills. They did a great deal of canvassing among the members before the meeting, and in this they were assisted by leading women physicians. The result was apparent in the attendance of 146 members instead of about twenty, the usual number, the local press says, that would attend in such weather. Dr. Willits was elected by 107 votes out of the 146, or eleven more than the necessary two-thirds. Great excitement prevailed and the result was greeted with applause, although some of the

opponents expressed themselves as much displeased, and two resigned their membership. The society voted to make the decision public.

Dr. Mary Willits was educated at Swarthmore College, a co-educational institution under the care of the Society of Friends receiving the degree of A. B. in 1876, and that of A. M. in 1881, the same year that she graduated from the Woman's Medical College. She is now Instructor of Practice in the college—first assistant to Dr. C. K. Mills, professor of nervous diseases, of the Polyclinic or Post-graduate School, and is reporting secretary of the Clinical Society of Philadelphia. The history of the struggle for this recognition for woman is most remarkable, and adds another to the numerous instances where obstacles to professional advancement have been for a long period of time thrown in the way. Honor and gratitude to the just and liberal who in every way struggle win at last a majority, and for the others, may they live to be ashamed of their deeds in the light of history.—*Woman's Tribune*.

Seven Days a Week.

How many men in the city of New York work seven days in the week regularly, ceasing only for a day or more when failing health or some other cause outside of personal inclinations or the rules of their employer compel it? The careful estimates of a number of men connected with various organizations and guilds of wage-workers place the proportion at one-fourth of all. To begin with the kinds of employment most familiar to general public, we have the thousands of employees of the elevated railroads. They work seven days whether they will or not, or leave their jobs. A great many of them, however, prefer to take only an occasional day's liberty, and would not welcome a different rule.

The surface roads of the city employ another army of men who work every day in the week. Drivers, conductors, stablemen and starters may be found at their posts usually not less than 360 days in a year. The bosses say that plenty substitutes are on hand and that nothing prevents a man taking a day off every week if he wants to, but the men say that no man can take a day off regularly and keep his place. Besides wages are not so high that many men live and raise families on less than \$14 a week, they say.

There are other drivers than those on street cars who work seven days in the week, such as the cabmen, liverymen and private coachmen of the city. To these might be added the footmen and other male servants keep about the houses of the well-to-do. If there is any day in the year when these do not have work to do, it is an extraordinary occasion. On Sunday, when perhaps a majority of the population cease from their daily toil, these servants have to work harder than on any other day.

It is true that every servant is supposed to have a day out, but this usually means a few hours out on Thursday afternoon. With servants generally the rule is long hours and low pay. Waiters in hotels and restaurants keep along as long as health permits. Cooks, porters and men of all work employed about these establishments, and some of the well-dressed clerks as well, can be found day in and day out at their tasks. Every hotel has its night-watchman. So, too, a great many business-houses employ the same class of men. Every ship at the pier has its watchman. Every new building, while unfinished, must have its watchman, and he is generally kept about the new house until it is occupied. Night or day, and sometimes both, he is on hand for seven days in the week, and he is lucky if he gets

\$8 75 for his long vigil; the usual price is \$1 a day.

The big Apartment houses have developed a class of seven-day men, including janitors, elevator and hall-boys, and engineers and firemen. Every apartment house must have all of these, and they work right along, Sunday and all. In the down-town office buildings the work gives the janitors a rest as a rule, but there is usually a bit of tinkering and cleaning to be done, after all, on Sunday.

Many tradesmen, of course, must work on Sunday, and some of them work harder than on other days. The average groceries usually stretch the Penal Code limit of 10 o'clock on Sunday to 11, and the meat markets do the same. Fish markets are open, too. The milkman's curious whoop warns the housemaid to come out with her picher on Sundays as well as on other days. The baker delivers his hot rolls and the ice cream man his frozen delicacy. The delicatessen man with his smoked and canned and cooked things is behind his counter on every day, and in many cases for fourteen hours every day. The candy store is always open, and so is the cigar store, although cigars were not contemplated as an article of diet or necessity by the framers of the Penal Code. There is usually one man in each store. The drug store will average at least one seven-day man. In the tenement-house districts the stores that are open are not confined to those that sell food and luxuries; dry goods, caps, shoes and furniture dealers are to be found in their stores, while the undertakers are, of course, always subject to a call.

In talking of wage-workers, the city's employes are not often mentioned, but the entire of the police is on duty every day, and so are the firemen. There are a lot of park employes so engaged, and the aggregate of all amounts to thousands of men, who, if they do not find the manual labor excessively hard, find it very confining.

The surface railroads terminating in the city employ a host of seven-day men. Brakemen, conductors, engineers, firemen, baggagemen, gatemen, porters, yardmen and car cleaners are to be found at work as regularly as the sun rises. So are the men who work on the Brooklyn bridge. In the summer a tremendous lot of men must work every day in the week on the tugs and steamers that carry excursionists about the bay and river. With them the manual toil is severe. The ferry employes are another class. There are iron mills that cannot shut down and other factories where the product would be ruined if the rest were taken on Sunday. Here the men seldom know a holiday. In the tenement districts the click and rattle of the sewing machine never ceases. Tailors, cloakmakers and men employed in kindred industries bend over their work from daylight until midnight every day unceasingly. So they in the tenement-house cigar factories. There are typesetters who work every day in the week, but not many, for the esprit de corps of the union men makes them give some unfortunate "sub" a chance sometimes oftener than once a week.

Men need the barber on Sunday, or think they do, and a thousand men are thus kept at work for more or less hours every day in the week. Telegraph operators must sit at their tables, and linemen must see that the wires are in order on Sunday as well as other days. Musicians must play their instruments when called on. Pawnbrokers were never known to put up the shutters. The slant-eyed Chinaman, reed in hand, is at his desk on Sunday morning and at the ironing-table or washboard every other day.

No special mention has so far been made of the women who toil seven days in the week.

No mention is necessary. Except the wives and daughters of the well-to-do, a few saleswomen and factory girls, perhaps, and the dissolute, are all obliged to work seven days. The sorrows of the seamstresses and others who must work for a bare pittance are known to all and unheeded by most. The present social system, than which no better has yet been developed, bears with unequal severity on both sexes.—*New York Sun.*

The Bible and Supernaturalism.

Freethinker's Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y.

The church assumes that supernaturalism is a fact, and to support that assumption it regards revelation as a historical fact proven by miracles, recorded in an infallible form in the Bible. The error here is in admitting revelation as a mechanical system—God in a machine—without connection with nature but opposed to it, and contradictory to reason, for it is declared "that reason can only recognize the reality of inspiration and of revelation, and cannot comprehend the inner truth of what is revealed."

It is safer to reject belief in divine revelation than to accept a belief that is so foreign to all the sound or healthy faculties of the soul. No man lives, nor so far as history records have ever lived, who knows anything about a divine revelation in the church sense of the word. Therefore Christianity, and also Judaism, its predecessor, had a human and natural and not a divine origin.

Supernaturalism exists only as a product of the church, and the church lives on its creature distributed throughout society, planted in the minds of children whose intellects receive the seed as readily as the soil receives the seeds of weeds and thistles, while others, the flowers and fruits of reason, are sown in riper years in spite of the church.

The Bible is the product of self-appointed teachers of the notion of a personal God and of a theory of a divine interference in human affairs, and in its entirety is to-day the textbook of so-called divine or moral law, and of the opinions and sayings of believers in the early ages of its formation. It therefore has no more authority, nor is it worthy of any higher respect than is given to the laws and records of any other society. Its use as a storehouse of the ancients, when it is purified by rational selection and rejection, is another question, and one to be treated in another place. Here the question is as to the assumption of a divine origin, and the conclusion is—not proven.

Correspondence.

A Young Lady's Life Saved by Spirit-Intervention.—The "Carrier Dove" Appreciated.

EDITOR OF THE CARRIER DOVE: The following extract from a letter just received from Miss Valerie Hickethier, of Oakland, who is now recruiting her health in Northern California, may be of interest to your readers.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

"An episode occurred Saturday, which might have been followed by fatal results had not, as I think, the spirit-friends inter-

vened. I had climbed up several hills, and entered a very lovely canyon. As I was very sleepy, I threw myself down on the dried leaves, preparing myself for a lengthy nap. As I had been hunting, my gun was lying next to me. I must have slept upward of an hour or so, when a strange dream came to me. I thought that Anderson White, the leader of our spirit-band, held a large snake before me and at the same time numerous other forms seemed to surround me and were trying to open my eyes. Then I thought that the snake which was being held before me, came near, and set its poisoned teeth into my throat. With a choking sensation I awoke, and to my consternation and horror discovered not more than five feet from me a rattlesnake about two and a half feet long, and about as thick as my wrist. It had curled itself and was just about to jump. Now, Mr. Coleman, you and I have danced a very sprightly Virginia Reel, but I can assure you that the "lively jumps" of that dance can no more be compared to the sudden "high-flying" movements that I rather ungracefully executed in a very minute particle of time, than the Dead March in Saul can be compared to one of Chopin's liveliest waltz melodies. In my sudden departure, I, of course, neglected to grasp my gun; luckily, some large rocks were very handy, and instead of running away I pelted my rather unwelcome visitor with the same, and at last appeased my bloodthirsty appetite by finishing the murderous assault with a strong hickory stick; after which I took the rattler, which contained eleven rattles. I am going to have a pin made out of the same when I return, but I scarcely think I shall need this memento to remind me of the "biz, biz, biz," which greeted my ears as I awoke, or the warning of the angels, to whom I think I owe the preservation of my life.

"In my rides to Ukiah, I often stop at the little "claim shanties," and have a talk with the inmates. I was very pleased to see the CARRIER DOVE lying on two of the rude homestead tables. One of the old ladies, a finely-educated mind and an old veteran Spiritualist, who having lost a fortune has again commenced the fight of life here in these rude mountains, remarked to me, 'Ah, my dear young lady, here in this lonely spot the coming of the CARRIER DOVE is the only herald of happiness we have. I am greatly interested in Mr. W. E. Coleman's writings and especially in the brave fight he is making; even in the face of many harsh criticisms against the doctrine of theosophy, a foolish religious mania, which the sooner it is erased from the face of the earth, the better it will be for mankind at large.'"

Rich Monuments.

EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE: While attending a meeting of John A. Dix Post last evening to raise funds towards a rich monument

for General Logan, my mind ran thus: If Logan was a true spirit, working for the good of humanity, what would be his desire as a risen patriot? Don't you think he would say, "Take the money you raise for my monument and help the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers, or families of broken-down soldiers, and if it is not all needed there, the country is full of destitute children, homeless, fatherless, and motherless, poorly fed and scantily clothed, who will become our future law makers, whether properly educated or whether brought up in ignorance and crime. Would he not say spare the rich monument, and place in its stead a plain one, and let my patriotism, my love for the soldiers, my charity, my virtue, my love for all that is good and true, be a living monument that shall beat through every heart to all eternity. His emblems of patriotism are living entities, giving forth their sweet and inspiring truths to bless mankind in the future, and need no rich dowry to speed their onward march. He is born to a higher life to become more glorified, to inspire his soul for a grander and more perfect work here, to raise monuments of peace and justice towards all. His soul will be more free to break down the bars of evil inclinations. He will now have no fear of the hereafter, but will feel a glorious freedom and scatter jewels in secret places, in highways and byways to develop better conditions for frail humanity, and help emancipate the people from the evils of wicked legislators. Your DOVE is scattering seeds of thought, that will grow large stalks fully headed and ripe for the sheaf, which will be harvested in oceans of love and new beauties to bless the world. The DOVE, has reason to feel proud of their array of writers willing to help in the good work. The editorials are beautiful thoughts, soothing to the sorrowing, comforting to the weary, and help to heal the broken heart, for which all true souls will bless you.

MARY A. BARKER.

Letter From a Worker.

EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE: I am writing you in the hotel for convenience, and the perspiration oozes out of me as though I was in a Turkish bath. The heat is very excessive. I had a very pleasant time at Onset camp and remained two weeks for the pleasure and comfort of rest and cool breezes of the beautiful bay.

The officers of the association are in a quarrel and law suit, which may dispossess them of the grounds in the end, so I was informed by one of its largest stock-holders. But notwithstanding all this drawback the great numbers that flock together, eager to receive the sweet gospel of peace and glad tidings through our inspired instruments show that though the pure waters of life be pent up in the arbitrary walls of the obstinate and selfish, so-called leaders, the

truth will descend and sweep away every obstacle as the tide of inspiration moves on.

I never lose an opportunity to speak a good word for your magazine when I can. I speak at Paterson, N. J., the month of September, and you may send me a copy there if you please.

With much respect,
Your worker,
BISHOP A. BEALS.

Children's Department.

The Two Loves.

A certain young lady was intimately acquainted in a family in which there was a sweet, bright-little boy of some five years, between whom and herself there sprang up a very tender friendship. One day she said to him: "Willie, do you love me?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied with a clinging kiss.

"How much?"

"Why, I love you—I love you—up to the sky."

Just then his eyes fell on his mother. Flinging his arms around her and kissing her passionately, he exclaimed, "But, mamma, I love you way up to God."

Could the distinction between two loves be more exquisitely drawn?—*Parish Telephone.*

At Last.

Success, that magic word! Who does not long to emblazon it upon his shield? Young Jack had gone home to the farm house for a visit, in all the bravery of his fashionable clothing and elaborate manners.

"Succeed? I guess I've succeeded!" he answered to an old neighbor.

"Done a little o' most everything, aint ye, Jack?" queried the neighbor.

"Yes, uncle. I begun low; begun with writing poetry for the magazines."

"Ever make much by it?"

"Not a cent."

"Git much published?"

"Not a line."

"Left the business then, I'll venture?"

"Left it to its own destruction. Went into trade. Had a position in a wholesale dry-goods firm."

"An' that's what you make your money in—I'll be bound?"

"No, uncle, no! They turned me off because I couldn't tell cashmere from serge. But my star has come up, in spite of that."

"Riz, has it? Well, boy, what did you settle down into at last?"

"Uncle," said the prosperous young man with solemnity, "I simply found my niche. I gave my faculties full scope—and invented a patent boot-blackening! And now I sell it, wholesale and retail. All that's necessary in this world is to find your niche!"

Sunshine Within.

"Oh, dear, it is raining
And what shall I play?
For now every minute
In the house I must stay."

Why play it is sunshine
On the parlor floor,
And for you and dolly
The rain will be o'er.

—Mary E. Black.

Little Boy Blue.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands,
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go 'till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"

So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys,
And as he was dreaming, an angel-song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—

Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years
through,

In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

The Match Boys.

Are all your matches sold, Tom—
Are all your matches done?

Then let us to the open square,
And warm us in the sun.

We'll warm us in the sweet, kind sun,
And feel his kinship glow,
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll call the sun our father, Tom,
We'll call the sun our mother;
We'll call each pleasant little beam
A sister or a brother.

He thinks no sin to kiss us,
Although we ragged go,
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll rest us on the grass, Tom,
And upward turn our face
And lock his heat within our arms,
Our arms in found embrace,
We'll give him a sad, parting tear
When he is sinking low,
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll tell him all our sorrows, Tom,
We'll tell him all our care;
We'll tell him where we sleep at night,
We'll tell him how we fare.
And then, Oh! then, to cheer us,
How sweetly he will glow,
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

Poetry.

Ode to the Present.

MRS. E. D. CROSSETTE.

If the wind blow cold or the sun shine bright,
Thy soul shall be merry, thy heart shall be light;
We care not for sorrow, we care not for pain,
For sunshine must surely come after the rain.
We'll toss off a beaker for drowning our care—
There's mirth and there's music, and we'll have our share.
Then here's to the past with a careless "Good night,"
The present we'll welcome with hearts of delight;
For who knows what the future may hold in its store?
Give me but the present, I ask not for more,
For life's but a moment to use or to lose;
Then give me the present and I'll ask of the muse,
That she help me indite this wish for my friend—
"May you live for the present from now to the end."
Then drink to the present a toast of success;
We hope for the future, the *the now* we possess,
Then care not for crosses,
And weep not for losses,
We'll laugh and we'll sing
Till we make the world ring,
For whatever the future, the present's our king,
Then unto our monarch your choicest gifts bring,
And we'll crown him with laurel and wreath him with
bay,
For there never was life like the life of to-day.

Reply to "Ode to the Present."

J. S.

My friend, it is true that the heart may be light,
Though over us gathers the darkness of night;
For we know that the stars all the brighter will seem
When up through the shadows we catch their clear
gleam.
But we *must* care for sorrow, we *must* care for pain
And gather the homeless ones in from the rain.
No matter how brightly the sunshine may come,
When the storm-king is raging there's no place like
home.
If "tossing off beakers" *could* "drown all our care,"
If of "mirth and of music" all *could* have a share,
And "unto the past" we *could* all say "good night,"
Then we might greet the present with "hearts of de-
light."
But, alas! for us all memory holds a bright key,
And the doors of the past we closed thought carefully
Unlock at her touch, and before us are spread
The hopes of the past, our dear buried dead;
Our tears softly fall, for the heart is not stone,
As we count our lost treasures, one after one;
But a shadow flits by of the Future before—
The Past is forgotten, we are dreaming once more;
The Present we heed not, 'tis the Future or Past,
That holds us forever close, close in its grasp.

The Old Well-Sweep.

Do you see it yonder, so old and quaint,
That structure half like a figure four,
Moss-patched and brown with weather paint,
Right over the curb by the kitchen door?
'Tis the ancient well-sweep, broadly spread,
Placed there dozens of years ago,
Its founder and maker are long since dead,
And little else there is left to know.
How homelike it looks, as against the sky
Its skeleton outline seems to soar,
What a welcome it brings to the passer-by,
What a friendly shadow it prints by the door!

Through the broken curb I see disused,
The bucket for water cool and sweet;
A cup is there for neighbor and friend,
And the parched wayfarer along the street!

'Tis a curious fixture, which swiftly brings
Up from the well-source far below
The clear elixir of cooler springs
Than over the earth's high surface flow.

The pretty maid goes often there,
Headless of unshod ankles and feet,
Singing some light love ditty and air,
Hoping, no doubt, her lover to meet.

And he comes from the harvest far afield,
To drink from her pitcher is perfect bliss;
At his soft entreaty you see her yield
With her pitcher, a gentle, modest kiss!

Little by little the water he sips,
Why does he stay for more and more?
Something perhaps has sweetened his lips,
But he drinks as he never drank before.

Thousands have gone to that bucket's brim,
Many a story surrounds the well;
What memories, curious, far-off, dim,
This well-sweep, if human, might have to tell,

Yonder it stands, so old and quaint,
That structure half like a figure four,
Moss-covered, and brown with weather paint,
Right over the curb by the kitchen door.

—Joel Benton.

Puzzling.

"Oh, what beautiful things I found
Hanging almost down to the ground
From the roof of the little shed!
They all grew after I went to bed;
Sparkling and sparkling in the light
Just like diamonds, clear and bright,

"I pulled them down in a shining heap,
I wanted all for my own to keep,
I carried them into the house to play,
And hid them carefully all away
In a bureau drawer; for, of course, I knew
That mamma would want to see them too.
I thought I'd give her a nice surprise,
And how she'd smile and open her eyes!

"But when she looked there, after awhile,
She opened her eyes, but she didn't smile.

"All her ribbons and lace were wet
And spoiled, (I don't understand it yet),
There wasn't a ruffle she could put on,
And all my beautiful things were gone."

—Sydney Dayre.

To One Who Will Know.

J. S.

Brother of mine, I would sing you a song,
Whose waves of sweet melody floating along,
Would bear you away for a moment to rest
On the ocean of love, like the babe on the breast
Of a fond, loving mother, whose devotion and care
Breathes peace to the soul like the incense of prayer.

Brother of mine, I would speak to you words
As pure and as tender as newly-fledged birds;
That would bear to your bosom a message of calm,
Like sweet odors wafted from gardens of balm;
Like aroma arising from some sacred urn
On an altar where love-fires eternally burn.

Brother of mine, I would help you to see,
From the head-lands of soul, overlooking the sea
Of infinite wisdom; and inspire you with power,
To rise above clouds that now threateningly lower
And soar 'mid the stars that eternally shine
With radiant beauty and love-light divine.

A Little Talk With Angels.

A little talk with angels; how it smooths the rugged
How it seems to help one onward, when I faint
my load;
When my heart is crushed with sorrow and my eyes
tears are dim,
There's naught can yield me comfort like a little talk
with them!

I tell them I am weary, and I fain would lie at rest;
That I'm daily, hourly longing for the land so bright and
blest;
And they answer me so tenderly, in tones of promise
"We are coming soon to take thee to our happy home
above!"

I know the way is long and dark to yonder far-off
But a little talk with angels makes me strong to
time;
And thus the more I know of them—the loved ones
before—
The more my weary spirit longs to reach the
shore.

Then let me wait, with patient trust, till God's appointed
time,
And breath a hymn of thankfulness for the love that
will be mine;
When in our Father's dwelling place, the land of
only rest,

I'll sweetly talk with angels in the mansions of the
glorious.

A Regular Boy.

He was not at all particular
To keep the perpendicular;
While walking he either skipped or jumped,
He stood upon his head awhile
And when he went to bed, awhile
He drove among the pillows, which he thumped.

He never could keep still a bit;
The lookers-on thought ill of it;
He balanced on his ear the kitchen broom,
And did some nice trapezing,
Which was wonderfully pleasing,
On every peg in grandpa's harness room.

From absolute inanity
The cat approached insanity
To see him slide the banister so rash;
But once on that mahogany,
While trying to toboggan, he
Upset his calculations with a crash.

And since that sad disaster
He has gone about in plaster—
Not Paris, like a nice Italian toy—
But the kind the doctor uses,
When the bumps and cuts and bruises
Overcome a little, regular, live boy.

—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Through The Gate.

Two dimpled hands the bars of iron grasped,
Two blue and wandering eyes the space looked
The massive gate a boundarr had been set,
Nor was she ever known to be but true.

Strange were the sights she saw across the way—
A little child had died some days before—
And as she watched, amid the silence hushed,
Some carried flowers, some a casket bore.

The little watcher at the garden gate
Grew tearful, her such thoughts and
were,

Till said the nurse: "Come here, dear child, *Woe*
We all must go. 'Tis God hath sent for her."

"If He should send for me,"—thus spoke the child—
"I'll have to tell the angel: 'Do not wait,
Though God has sent for me I can not come,
I never go beyond the garden gate.'"

—Katherine Mc Dowell.