

The Carrier Dove.

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

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California Scenery.

No. 8.

Natural Wonders.

The most recently discovered of the great natural wonders of the State is the Petrified Forest, about seventy-five miles from San Francisco, the existence of which was first made public in 1870.

Portions of nearly one hundred distinct trees of great size, prostrate, and scattered over a tract three or four miles in extent, were found, some on the surface, and others projecting from the mountain side. The silicified trees appear, on examination, to have been conifers.

Remarkable mud volcanoes exist in the Colorado Desert, where the surface is below the level of the sea. They cover an area a quarter of a mile long by an eighth of a mile wide, consisting of soft mud, through which hot water and steam are constantly escaping, while the mud is kept in continuous movement.

The Mammoth Tree Groves are entitled to be ranked among the most attractive of natural curiosities.

The most noted caves are the Alabaster Cave, in Placer county, containing two chambers, the larger two hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide; and the Bower Cave, in Mariposa county, having a chamber about one hundred feet square, reached by an entrance seventy feet long.

GLACIAL PAVEMENTS.

By far the most striking and attractive of the glacial phenomena presented to the non-scientific observer in the Sierra are the polished glacial pavements, because they are so beautiful, and their beauty is of so rare a kind, so unlike any portion of the earthy lowlands where people make homes and earn their bread. They are simply flat or gently undulating areas of solid granite, presenting the unchanged surface upon which the ancient glaciers flowed, and are found in the most perfect condition in the sub-Alpine region at an elevation of from eight thousand to nine thousand feet. Some are miles in

extent, only slightly interrupted by spots that have given way to the weather, while the best preserved portions are bright and stainless as the sky, reflecting the sunbeams like glass, and shining as if polished afresh every day, notwithstanding they have been exposed to corroding rains, dew, frost and snow for thousands of years. The attention of the game-seeking and gold-seeking mountaineer is seldom commanded by other glacial phe-

slender weeds, but concludes that this cannot be the work of avalanches, because the scratches and fine, polished striæ show that the agent, whatever it was, moved along and up over the rocks as well as downward. Neither can he see how water may possibly have been the agent, for he finds the same strange polish upon lofty, isolated tables, beyond the reach of any conceivable flood. Only the winds seem capable of moving across the face of the country in the direction indicated by the scratches and grooves. Even dogs and horses, when first taken up the mountain, study geology to this extent, that they gaze wonderingly at the strange brightness of the ground, and smell it, and place their feet cautiously upon it, as if afraid of falling or sinking.

Sunday and the G. A. R.

THE New York City authorities seem to be enforcing the Sunday law with more strictness than prudence. Sixty members of the Grand Army of the Republic who marched in procession to the funeral of a comrade were arrested on Sunday, and two of them were held in \$200 bail each. The Grand Army boys will make it a test case, as they should, for it is outrageous that they should not be allowed to give the last honors to a veteran who risked his life for his country.—*Los Angeles Tribune.*

Yes, that is just what the puritanical Sunday sentiment of this country is coming to, and ere long we may expect to see a strong pull made by the fanatics of California to inaugurate a similar

Sunday law here. It was well enough for the soldiers to fight the battles of their country, while the professed Christians were praying for their success, but in these days of peace it is a crime against Christianity to bury an old veteran on Sunday with the honors of war! How do you like the picture, you men who fought every day for liberty, to now be restrained by fanatical legislation from showing respect to your dead comrades on Sunday?—*[Santa Ana Standard.]*

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SENTINEL ROCK, 4,500 FEET HIGH.

nomena, such as moraines, however regular and artificial in form, or canyons, however deep or strangely modeled, or rocks, however high and sheer, but when he comes to these bare pavements he stops and rubs his hands admiringly on their shining surface, and tries hard to account for their mysterious smoothness and brilliancy. He may have seen the winter avalanches of snow descending in awful majesty through the woods, sweeping away the trees that stood in their way like

Literary Department.

CROOKED PATHS,

OR
THE WAGES OF SIN.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER,
AUTHOR OF "AFTER MANY DAYS," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ARREST.

In a little back room of an old wooden structure, the front of which bore the golden balls of a pawnbroker's establishment, Bart Vantor and another sat in consultation. The latter was a young man of about six and twenty, tall and of slight build, with a drooping, tawny moustache, and a mass of waving hair of the same hue. His clothing, which denoted good taste and the possession of means on the part of the wearer, was faultless in texture and finish. It was surprising to see one of his apparent respectability in company with such a character as the professional gambler and *roue* by his side, but when it becomes known that gentleman "George Hawes," who moves in the highest circles in society—of an evening making his appearance at opera, concert and ball—is simply "Jacob Cohen," the despised money-lender by day, and that during the hours of daylight his handsome wig and moustache, which win the admiration of the ladies of the upper ten, are exchanged for the dusky locks, jetty beard and green glasses of Shylock, the surprise at his present companionship may cease.

A bottle of brandy stood upon the table between the two men, but neither seemed to partake freely of its contents.

"You understand your part, George," Bart Vantor is saying, as we look in upon the pair. You, in your character of an English swell, have entrance into those houses where this cursed teacher meets his scholars. How easy for you to cast suspicion upon him. Begin by asking your lady friends if there is not something sly and suspicious in his appearance; hint at some mystery in connection with him; say, if necessary, that you have seen him under very strange circumstances. A nod, a shrug of the shoulders, will tell against him. Then carelessly ask if it is not strange that no clue is found to the robberies of jewelry and small-sized valuables occurring so frequently of late, and wonder aloud if there can be any connection between this and the strange, silent teacher of languages, who never mentions his past, and who is such a mystery to everybody."

"I understand just what to do," replied George in excellent English. Trust me, before the week is out there will be

such a web of distrust woven around the man as to make New York a very cold place for him."

"You must do more than that; you must visit his rooms and contrive to secrete somewhere about the place that parcel of laces you brought from the Prestons. He teaches young Mrs. Preston's daughters, and visits their house regularly. Then you must call on some of your elegant acquaintances who employ him; manage to call while he is there, and slip something of value into his pocket before he leaves."

"I can do it; leave it all to me; before many days you can land your fish in any net you choose."

The pair of plotters separated just as the morning hour of two was striking from a distant clock; each to seek the restless slumbers that come to such hardened lives as theirs.

The heartless scheme thus concocted against an innocent man developed rapidly. Three days from the midnight interview we have witnessed, Mons. Henri, in taking leave of his pupil, Master Ernest Rivers, was brushed against by a tall, elegantly dressed gentleman, with a drooping moustache of tawny hue, who seemed to be a caller just passing out. The teacher thought nothing of the encounter, and also passed on his way.

That evening, at a reception given by one of the upper ten to a few select friends, it was whispered abroad that the elegant teacher of languages, Mons. Henri, was suspected of being the mysterious thief who had perpetrated the robberies that had become so frequent of late. That very afternoon, Arabella Rivers had missed a valuable bracelet heavily incrustated with jewels. George Hawes, calling upon the young lady on some errand connected with his escort of her that evening distinctly remembered having seen the bracelet upon her arm. She had been summoned from the room a moment during his call, and when she mentioned the fact of her loss to Mr. Hawes, on his arrival in the evening to escort her to the reception it occurred to him that the bracelet was not on the lady's arm when he took leave of her a few hours before. "Might he venture to inquire if she had not dropped it during the moment she was absent from his presence," he asked. "Impossible, I would have noted its fall. I had only stepped into the schoolroom to speak to my brother's teacher a moment, as I wished him to excuse Ernest from further study that week, and——"

But here the gentleman started, and with an apology, interrupted the lady's explanation with "Could it be possible? I remember brushing against that teacher as I passed from your house this afternoon; he looked confused and flushed. I have remarked something mysterious about the man whenever I have met him.

Can it be that he is at the bottom of this mystery? Do you suspect him, Miss Rivers?"

"I did not; but it may be as you suggest. I was preoccupied in speaking to him to-day, and anxious to discharge my errand at once. Perhaps he could have secured the bracelet without my notice. This must be investigated at once. I should like to fathom the secret of the many strange disappearances of valuables that annoy the public."

Miss Rivers spoke with energy. The loss of her jewel had annoyed her very much, as she valued it as the gift of her now deceased father. The young lady had never liked the teacher of languages. His silent demeanor in her presence, and his indifference to her charms had piqued her, and now her prejudice against him was easily aroused.

The next morning, armed with a search warrant, an officer entered the apartments of the suspected man to search for the missing bracelet. This was not discovered, but in his search, the officer brought to light not only a roll of costly old lace that had disappeared a few days before from the Preston mansion, but also the missing Van West brooch that had been sought and advertised for for months. The discovery of these articles was enough. That very day another warrant went out for the arrest of "Mons. John Henri," and before night he was lodged in a convict's cell. A search of his person resulted in the finding of the jeweled bracelet in the back pocket of his dress coat, and no further evidence was required by the amazed public of his agency in all the thefts that had annoyed society for months.

In due time the trial of the arrested man came off. The court-room was crowded with interested spectators from day to day. Such elegant parties as Madam Van West. Mrs. Preston, Arabella Rivers and George Hawes were summoned to the witness stand to identify the recovered property, and to tell what they knew of the presence of the prisoner in their respective houses from time to time. The chief testimony of George Hawes concerned the afternoon call made by him upon Miss Rivers; of his noticing the bracelet on her arm at first, but of his failing to do so on her return to the room after speaking to the teacher; of his brushing against the latter in the hall of the Rivers residence, and of the strange demeanor of the man at the encounter.

The evidence against the prosecuted man was overwhelming; he could bring nothing to counteract its weight in the minds of the jury, and that body of "good men and true," after consulting together in private, speedily returned to their seats with the verdict "guilty of larceny."

The sentence, "ten years imprisonment, with hard labor," was read and

the silence of the Court. The Judge said while the penalty was severe, he considered it merited; the prisoner had received entrance into the very first families of the city; had won the confidence of their members, and had taken the young minds of these homes in his charge; that he had betrayed his trust, and wantonly injured those who had befriended him, etc. Therefore he felt it incumbent upon him, in the discharge of his official duty to impose a heavy penalty upon the prisoner, both as a punishment to himself and a warning to others of his class.

The unfortunate man was remanded to prison, and the satisfied attendants dispersed; Justice had been done, and although many of the missing valuables had not been recovered, yet the thief had been secured and placed under restraint.

The sensation died out in time, and society forgot the man languishing behind bolt and bar. But if society had forgotten, Bart. Vantor still remembered. He had bribed the turnkey to intercept any letter, and to take note of any visitor of the incarcerated teacher. But no visitor ever came, and it was impossible for the villain to learn in this way anything of Kate Wells.

Meanwhile, time passed on. At first Henri was placed at a bench to hammer away at certain rough articles of work, for which there was a demand; but in time he was removed from this menial employment, and placed in the warden's office to do the work of a secretary and book keeper combined. The heavy blow of his arrest, his subsequent conviction, imprisonment, the loss of out-door air and exercise told heavily upon his health. His spirits drooped, and his physical powers failed. He had never fully recovered the tone of his system since the terrible drain upon it from that long and dangerous illness in the hospital. In prison, as he had been before, he was silent, abstracted, entering into no conversation with the rude convicts around him, and finding no companionship. Only when alone in his solitary cell could he breathe freely, and then the sleepless hours of his weary nights told of his despair. As yet, he remembered nothing of his old life that had passed before the weakness of brain and spine of a year before. But sometimes in the silent watches of the night, gleams of memory, faint and flickering, began to come—the fleeting visions of some past event. He carefully gathered them up, tracing them upon bits of paper, lest he should again forget them.

Occasionally, in the silence and loneliness of his despairing hours, when it seemed as if brain and heart could bear no more, and that thought would burn its way into the very citadel of reason with overpowering force, a sweet, calm,

peaceful sensation would suddenly steal over his senses, soothing away the pain, and leaving a tranquil resignation and patience to bless the stricken life. The source of this subtle influence, this strange breaking of light and serenity over the night of his bitter woe, was unaccountable to the doomed man, but he cherished an idea in his heart that possibly it was brought by some ministering power—some divine presence—who knew and understood his distress, and was permitted to thus exert an angelic influence over him. And gradually the thought was born in his soul that possibly some ascended personal friend was the angel that blessed him in this way—a thought that became a sacred and holy conviction, bearing comfort and religious strength to his weary spirit.

Two years had nearly elapsed in the prisoner's convict life. It was plainly seen that his health was shattered, and the warden who had learned to look kindly upon the drooping figure at his desk wondered if the man would live until the expiration of his term of sentence. Society in the great city was again stirred to its very centre, and this time the convulsion was considered a most serious one. The columns of the daily press were filled with reports of the latest sensation, and publishers and newsboys alike were promised a rich harvest from the news they developed. A raid had been made by the metropolitan police upon a noted gambling house in the city. The place had been under surveillance for some time, but owing to bribery and corruption in official places, had escaped molestation until now. The night before had witnessed a serious quarrel in the precincts of this gambling house. Shots had been fired and had taken effect. Bart Vantor, wounded and bleeding, was conveyed to his lodging and placed in the care of a physician; George Hawes, alias Jacob Cohen—alias several other names, had limped to his shop with a wounded knee that threatened to lay him up for a few days. Investigation proved that the wound of Vantor was a dangerous one. The ball had entered his left lung, and the attending practitioner dared not probe for it. "If you have friends you would like to see, you had better send for them," had been that gentleman's counsel, at which the prostrate rough fell to cursing and raving, until a fit of coughing and blood spitting threatened strangulation, and he fell back, frightened into silence.

There must have been a good deal of thinking going on in the mind of the man, for in an hour he sent a messenger for a notary, in whose presence and that of a physician he made a confession of his past misdeeds, effectually clearing the imprisoned John Henri from any complicity in the robberies of which he was accused and convicted, and implicating

handsome George Hawes as the thief primarily and himself as the receiver of the stolen goods. The deposition went on to explain with regard to his first meeting with Henri, years before, in New Orleans, where he had rescued two young men from the gaming table, and forced from them, Vantor, the sums he had won from them; and of his subsequent encounter with the object of his hatred at the time when Kate Wells was rescued from her life of shame.

That same day, "Jacob Cohen" alias "George Hawes," was arrested in his room, behind the pawn shop and lodged in jail. A raid was made upon the gambling house, and its inmates taken into custody. In a few hours an account of the whole occurrence was heralded abroad; and the papers were filled with the confession of the dying gambler. A petition in behalf of John Henri was immediately put in circulation, and received the signature of every one before whom it was placed. This petition praying for the pardon of an innocent man, together with papers containing the confession of Vantor, properly signed and witnessed, were forwarded to the Governor at Albany and received his immediate attention.

John Henri, could not believe the wonderful news that was brought to him by the sympathetic warden, of his acknowledged innocence, and pardon; and not until he held the papers of his freedom in his own hand, and scanned with his own eyes the newspaper accounts of the great sensation did he realize the situation.

As he read, a blindness came over him, there was a ringing in his ears. What did this mean of his being in New Orleans in previous years; surely he remembered something of that. Memory was coming back to him. The faces of Vantor, Johnson, Harmon and Kate Wells appeared before him as in a mist. He gasped, clutched at the wall for support and fell.

He was removed from the prison, and when he regained consciousness found himself an inmate of Bellevue Hospital, where he had been placed in the free bed maintained by one of the ladies who had formerly employed the teacher in her family, and who now, hearing of his condition, ordered that he should be cared for until further notice. The discharged man had lain a week in that deadly stupor, but when he revived it was to a clear memory, but with a weakened constitution. Meanwhile Bart Vantor had died of his wound, and George Hawes lay in prison awaiting trial.

(To be Continued.)

Of all the wonderful works of creation, there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a proud man. But he may be lawfully proud of the esteem of humanity who shortens the road to knowledge.

Original Contributions.

SPIRITUALISM AND RE-INCARNATION.

A Rejoinder to a Recent Critique.

BY W. N. EMMETT COLEMAN.

PART II.

The Arrogant Selfishness of Allan Kardec—The Antiquity of the Doctrine of Re-Incarnation—Its Brahminic Origin—True Character of the Arguments in its Favor—Extent of the Testimony in its Behalf—Courtesy versus Truth—The Three-in-One Phase of Re-Incarnation—Madame Blavatsky and the Keeler Motor—Is Madame Blavatsky a Russian Spy?

Following the remarks quoted last week, in part first of this article, the *critique* under review states that Allan Kardec "was one of the most faithful seekers after truth the present century has known. So say all who were privileged to know him." This statement is made in contradiction to my allegations, in the Dove of October 29, 1887, relative to the selfishness and itching for self-aggrandisement of M. Kardec in connection with his leadership of the deluded "Spiritists" of France. The honesty of Kardec in his advocacy of re-incarnation has not been questioned. He himself was deluded with the belief of the grandeur of the exalted mission devolving upon him in the propagation of re-incarnational Spiritism. It was his inflated vanity, his selfishness, his inordinate love of authority, power, and notoriety, to which I drew attention and made comment. It is alleged that he was "unselfish." Let us see what he himself has said upon this point, and what has been published thereon among his chosen friends in Paris. During his earth-life M. Morin was regarded by Kardec as one of his best mediums, and he had great reliance upon his mediumship. In 1869 a remarkable communication purporting to come from the spirit of M. Kardec was dictated to the world through M. Morin. It was regarded by those familiar with Kardec, and with the condition of Spiritism in France, as a truthful and reasonable communication from M. Kardec. This message may be found in the original French, with an English translation, in that excellent work of D. D. Home, *Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism*. The English version is herewith subjoined:

COMMUNICATION

Given at the house of M. Caussin, 345 Rue Saint Denis, November 6, 1869.

ALLAN KARDEC SPEAKING THROUGH M. MORIN—HIS POSTHUMOUS CONFESSION.

"During the last years of my life, I sought with care to keep in the background all men of intelligence who merited public esteem, who were investigators of the science of *Spiritisme*, and might have taken for themselves a share of the benefit which I wished for myself alone. Nevertheless, many of these, occupying high positions in literature and science, would have

been perfectly satisfied, in devoting themselves to *Spiritisme*, to have shone in the second rank; but, in my fear of being eclipsed, I preferred to remain alone at the head of the movement,—to be at once the thinking brain and the arm of action. Yes, I acknowledge it to be my fault, if *Spiritisme*, to the present day, has numbered in its ranks none of those champions, princes of language or of thought; with me the man (or 'my humanity') overcame my intelligence."

In speaking of the future of *Spiritisme*, as he had understood it, and of the actual position:

"Whilst I lived, *Spiritisme*, as I had conceived it, seemed to me all that mankind could imagine of grandest and most vast. My reason was bewildered. Now that, free from the material envelope, I look on the immensity of the different worlds, I ask how I could have clothed myself in the mantle, as it were of a demi-God; believing myself to be a second Saviour to humanity. Monstrous pride, which I bitterly regret.

"I now see *Spiritisme*, such as I had imagined it, so small, so contracted, so far from (even in the least imperfect of its teachings) the perfections it ought to attain.

"Taking into consideration the results produced by the propagation of the ideas *Spirite*, what do I now see? *Spiritisme* dragged to the lowest depths of ridicule, and represented only by puny personalities, which I have striven too much to elevate.

"In seeking to do good I have incited much aberration productive only of evil. So far as the philosophy is concerned, how small the results! For the few intelligences it has reached, how many are unaware of its existence. From a religious point of view we find the superstitious leaving one superstition only to fall into another.

"Consequences of my egotism. Had I not kept in the shade all superior intelligences, *Spiritisme* would not be represented, as it is to the majority of its adherents, by adepts taken from among the working classes, the only ones where my eloquence and my learning could gain access. "ALLAN KARDEC."

In this communication Kardec acknowledges that he acted as if he was a "demi-God," and believed himself to be "a second Saviour of humanity;" that in his arrogant selfishness he thrust into the background all other men of intelligence seeking connection with Spiritism, so he alone might reign supreme. Even granting that this communication did not come in verity from the spirit of Kardec, the facts contained in it stand unchallenged. Unless the state of affairs described in it had existed, it is extremely improbable that any such "communication" could even have been dictated by M. Morin. The fact of such a communication being received through this favorite medium of M. Kardec, at the headquarters of Kardecian Spiritism, indicates very clearly the recognition by Kardec's followers after his death of the real character of his labors among them, and the harm which he had done the movement by his arrogance and selfishness. The unselfishness attributed to him by his San Francisco defender, we see, then, exists but in the imagination, ever *outré* and fantastic, of said defender. The overweening selfishness of Allan Kardec is beyond question.

Succeeding this defense of Kardec, the *critique* upon which I am commenting proceeds thus: "But Allan Kardec aside, the doctrine of the successive embodiments of the human spirit is so venerable and widely extended, the arguments for it are so weighty and profound, the testimony in its behalf so world-wide, that while many of us may remain utterly unconvinced by every argument in its favor, we are surely bound in common courtesy to refrain from condemning those who entertain it." It is true that the doctrine of re-embodiment has a certain degree of venerability attached to it, just as have many other hoary forms of error; but that is no argument in its favor. It can be traced to about 1000 B. C., in India; but as then taught and as now taught among the five or six hundred millions of Brahmins and Buddhists, nearly half the human race, the re-birth of human beings as various lower animals forms a component part of the scheme of soul-transmigration or metempsychosis. When this hideous system of philosophy first made its advent upon earth, one of its most essential features was the continued re-birth into this world of former men and women as dogs, lions, tigers, asses, elephants, insects, serpents, etc., etc., and in this form is it now accepted by nearly one-half of earth's inhabitants. The other variant forms of re-incarnation that have arisen in the world were and are offshoots of the Hindu speculations concocted largely for selfish purposes by Brahmmin priests,—theses devoid of truth, the product solely of metaphysical cogitation. Pythagoras, we are told, derived his theories of soul-transmigration from India; Allan Kardec was a Pythagorean before he became a Spiritist, and the idea of re-incarnation was imposed upon Spiritualism by and through Kardec. Spiritualism obtained re-incarnation from Kardec, Kardec obtained it from Pythagoras, and Pythagoras obtained it from India. Therefore the nonsensical doctrines on this subject taught by some Spiritualists owe their origin not to enlightened spirits, as alleged, but to the crude imaginings and fabrications of ignorant Hindus in an age of semi-barbarism. The antiquity of this dogma, when its origin is considered, militates against its truth rather than argues in its favor.

Neither is this dogma widely extended aside from Buddhism and Brahminism. Omitting these two systems of religious thought, the adherents of physical re-birth have always been exceedingly few in the world, even in the unscientific days of the past; and now, in this age of demonstrated science and rational philosophy, none of the master minds of earth pay the slightest attention to the silly rubbish of the puny, childish re-incarnationists. Instead of being widely extended, its presence in our midst is

confined to a portion of the cranks, the marvel-loving mystics, and the credulous acceptors of anything uncanny and odd, that are found in every community. The sober, sensible, rational minds of earth reject all such puerile conceptions of the laws of nature, as being fit only for weak and infantile intellects.

The statement that the arguments for the truth of re-incarnation are weighty and profound are of a piece with the other misstatements of this veracious critic. After eighteen years study of re-incarnational literature of all kinds and of all countries, I have failed to find a single argument advanced in its favor of which might like profundity or weight could truthfully be predicated. Weakness, silliness, puerility, and self-evident sophistry are the predominant characteristics of the whole mass of sickening twaddle. It is amazing how any one with any pretense to the possession of common sense or reason could permit himself or herself to be taken captive by the shallow fallacies of this insidious dogma, for the truth of which not one single, indisputable fact of validity has been produced.

Alike destitute of truth is the assertion that the testimony in its behalf is world-wide. Do the ignorant Buddhists and Brahmins of Asia, and the few European and American cranks accepting this dogma, constitute the world? Instead of being in its favor, the testimony of the enlightened portions of the world is almost universally against its truth. The testimony against it may truthfully be called "world-wide," but to say that the testimony in its favor is "world-wide" indicates a reckless disregard of well-known facts, such as no conscientious, truth-loving person could be guilty of.

We are told that in view of its venerability, profundity, and universality, and of the world-wide testimony in its behalf, "we are surely bound in common courtesy to refrain from condemning those who entertain it." But, as we have seen, the various predicates of this doctrine, as alleged above, do not correspond to fact—they are spurious predicates; and these falling to the ground, it follows that courtesy does not require us to refrain from just criticism of those entertaining this theory. Courtesy should, of course, be practiced as a rule, but the interests of truth and right should never be sacrificed to courtesy. There are times when the virtue courtesy, if practiced, would be virtually a vice. Some detestable things in this world merit scant courtesy, and among them may be classed the demoralizing and vice-promotive theories of re-incarnation. When persons are guilty of such folly as to seriously advocate the absurd and noxious doctrines of re-embodiment, they should not plead for courtesy when the true nature of their folly is depicted as a warning to others.

If ridicule and condemnation be their lot, they have only themselves to blame. If a person talks nonsense, preaches nonsense, acts nonsense, he should not cravenly whine, and plead that, in courtesy, he ought not to be condemned. Let him bravely stand up and take the condemnation and ridicule which he so richly deserves. Courtesy is a good thing, but justice is a better one. Our duty, when error and vice are rampant, is not to be silent because courtesy demands it, but to honestly and frankly speak the truth. Evil should always be opposed, courtesy or no courtesy. If we are thoroughly convinced that a thing is dangerous to the world, productive of evil consequences to mankind, we should condemn it and endeavor to deter our brethren and sisters from being led astray thereby; and we should also condemn those instrumental in its propagation. Justice, philanthropy, honesty, truth, love of humanity, all demand this; and the exercise of courtesy becomes a secondary consideration.

Consequent upon my examination of this defense of re-incarnation, it is seen that its every statement quoted above is untrue, except that relative to the antiquity of this doctrine. Reckless misstatement, in total obliviousness of the claims of truth and accuracy, mark its every portion. These statements are a good illustration of the profundity and power, the truth and beauty, of the so-called arguments and alleged facts advanced in sustentation of this dogmatic untruth. Nine-tenths, not to say ninety-nine one-hundredths, of all that is published favorable to re-incarnation is based upon fiction, fancy, and assumption. So far as facts, solid hard-pan facts, are concerned, there is rarely one seen in re-incarnation literature.

THE THREE-IN-ONE RE-INCARNATION.

In the CARRIER DOVE of January 21, 1888, in naming the various contradictory phases of the re-incarnation craze, I made mention of the "Two-in-One" re-incarnation announced by Thomas L. Harris. Since writing that article, another phase of this mystic dogma has been advanced; which may appropriately be called the "Three-in-One" re-incarnation. In the supplement to *Light*, the well-known Spiritualistic journal of London, Eng., of January 2, 1888, I find four poems, embodying four visions, written by "Lily,"—the pseudonym of a prolific orthodox-Christian Spiritualist writer of marked mystic proclivities. In these poems we are told that "the Christ" was incarnated on earth three times, as Chrishna (sic), Buddha, and Jesus, respectively,—he being in each incarnation "the Expression" of "the Three in One" God. Attention is invited to the following extracts:—

"And such is Jesus, called 'The Christ,' in ancient times as now,
'The Expression' of the Three in One, embodied here below
As Chrishna, Buddha, Jesus, born on earth to lead the way
To ever clearer, brighter Light, unto meridian day."

"And hath He not His word fulfilled? 'The Comforter' hath been
In every hour of need to all who draw near unto Him?
Whether as Chrishna, Buddha, Christ, 'tis still God's 'Holy Son,'
God's 'Holy Spirit' sent to earth from 'God the Three-in-One.'"

"I looked! The Blessed Three were there! And as I look'd,
I saw
That cords of light attach'd them to each other evermore.
And over them, in words of gold, illumined as the sun,
Were 'Chrishna, Buddha, Jesus, One in Three and Three in One.'"

By Chrishna is evidently meant Krishna the Hindu incarnation of Vishnu. The spelling Chrishna is inaccurate and misleading, the name being purposely so spelled in order to deceive the people into a belief that there is some connection between the two words Christ and Chrishna, the truth being that Krishna is a common Sanskrit word signifying "black," and Christ is from the Greek word *Christos*, meaning "the anointed." As it is very doubtful if any such person as Krishna ever lived, and as even if he did live he was a decidedly unchristlike person, being a licentious and bloody warrior, not a religious teacher or reformer, as some ignorant people suppose, it is evident what degree of truth to attach to the "visions" of this "Three-in-One" incarnation. Quite as much truth and good sense obtain in this as in the thousand and one other marvelous stories of rebirths into mortal life with which we are regaled by the believers in soul-transmigration. They are all of a piece, the offspring of unbridled folly and insensate credulity.

MADAME BLAVATSKY AND THE KEELY MOTOR.

I have referred in former numbers of the DOVE, to the revised edition of "Isis Unveiled," now being written by Madame Blavatsky, under the title of "The Secret Doctrine." Some passages from this forthcoming book, have been published in *The Path*, an American theosophic journal; and in these passages Madam B. publishes some highly sensational and Munchausen stories about Keely's motor. In illustration of the unmitigated cheek and falsehood of this woman, the following article from the *New York Tribune*, embodying the Blavatsky assertions on the alleged new motor, is in point:—

"Madame Blavatsky, the high priestess of occultism, which may be defined as something that no ordinary mortal can find out, has been considering Keely of Keely motor fame, and the results of her cogitations and investigations are of so startling a character that they render tame, by comparison, the most weird products of the unrestrained imaginations of modern romancists. According to Mme. Blavatsky, Keely has all but discovered a force of such terrible potency that dynamite would bear about the same relation to it that the light of a tallow

dip does to that of the noonday sun. Notwithstanding Blavatsky's comforting assurance that Keely won't succeed because the 'Elder Brothers' of the race won't allow him to let loose a discovery that is 'too previous' by 100,000 years or so, it is a question worthy of grave consideration whether it would be the proper thing in the interests of humanity to apply to Keely the philosophy which Brutus did to Cæsar:

Fashion it thus, that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

"Blavatsky's notions about Keely are contained in a new book she is about finishing in London, entitled, 'The Secret Doctrine,' and *The Path*, a mystic magazine devoted to theosophy and other kindred subjects, has abstracted from advance sheets the passages about Keely. Blavatsky starts out with some observations about sound that must astonish those scientists who thought that they knew something about it. 'Every student of occultism,' she writes, 'knows that sound is one of the most formidable of occult powers; one whose least exercise, by an occultist, is productive of results a hundred thousand-fold greater than all the electricity that could be produced even by such a waterfall as Niagara. It is possible to produce a sound capable of lifting in air the pyramid of Cheops, or of bringing back to life and inspiring with renewed vigor one who is at the very point of death.'

"One of these same occultists would be a useful fellow to have around when there is some such little job to be done as the blasting of the rocks at Hell Gate. After reading such a statement, it makes one sad to think of the well-nigh infinite amount of sound that is being wasted every hour and minute of the day. Just think of it! If one of these occultists would only show us how to do it, the oratory that is wasted in a Presidential campaign might be made to turn all the fly-wheels in the country.

"Concerning Keely himself, Mrs. Blavatsky writes, 'In the opinion of occultists, Mr. Keely is on the threshold of one of the greatest secrets of the universe; a secret upon which depends the whole mystery of physical forces, as well as the esoteric meanings of the egg of the world * * * If we are unwilling to accept the explanation that Mr. Keely gives us—one which, from the occultist point of view, is perfectly orthodox, except for some obscurities of language—what answer will official science make to facts which it is impossible to deny? Occult philosophy only discloses its sacred mysteries one at a time. It drops them, like precious pearls, from time to time, during the course of the centuries, and only at

those epochs which are marked by the movement of the rising wave of evolution which bends humanity slowly, silently, but surely toward the birth of the sixth race. For, once having passed out of the possession of their legitimate guardians, these mysteries cease to be occult; they fall into possession of the public and run the risk of becoming in the hands of ego-tists—the Cains of the human race—curse, instead of the blessings that they formerly were.

'However, when men like Mr. Keely are born, endowed with special mental and psychic powers, they are, as a general rule, aided by the guardians of the occult; since, if they were left to their own resources, they would advance but slowly, and would soon become martyrs of their discoveries, or victims of less scrupulous speculators. But they are never thus aided except upon the express condition that they shall never, whether consciously or unconsciously, become a new peril to the humanity of this century, one more danger to the poor, who are daily offered in holocaust to the very rich, by those who are less so. Mr. Keely, then, is what the Kabbalists term a "magician born." Such as he is, however, he does not know, and never will know, the full extent of his powers. He will only be able to profit by such as he has discovered himself, in his own nature. And this for two reasons: Firstly, because he attributes to these powers a false origin, which will prevent him from giving them full play; and secondly, because he is incapable of communicating to others that which is an inherent capacity of his own nature. He will, therefore, be unable to transmit all of his secret for permanent application.'

"If Keely were as incapable of getting people to invest in his invention as he is to explain it, interest in it would be far less acute than at present. But what Keely can't tell, Blavatsky can. And this is how she does it: 'The force that Mr. Keely has just unwittingly discovered is none other than that terrible astral power known to the Atlanteans and called by them 'Mashmah.' It is a 'vrii' of 'the Coming Race' of Bulwer's romance, and of the future races of humanity. The word 'vrii' may possibly be an invention of the writer of that story; but the force itself is not, for it is referred to in all of the secret books of India. It is this identical vibratory force which, directed against an army by means of a machine ('agni-rafh') stationed in a 'flying vessel,' according to the instructions laid down in the 'Ashtar Vidya,' would reduce 100,000 men and elephants to cinders as easily as if they were wisps of straw. It is mentioned in the 'Vishnu Purana,' under the symbol of the 'glance' of Kapila—the sage, who, by the glance of his eye, reduced the 60,000 sons of King Sagara to a heap of ashes.

'And is it conceivable that it will be

permitted to our generation to add this Satanic power to the choice collection of the toys of the children of anarchy, such as melanite, dynamite clocks, explosive oranges, 'boquets of flowers,' and such like innocent trifles? Is it possible that the 'Elder Brothers' of the race should deliver, to the cupidity of our century, this destructive agent, which in the hands of some modern Attila, or of some anarchist thirsting for blood, could in a few days reduce Europe to primitive chaos? Never! The discovery of Mr. Keely comes a hundred thousand years before its proper time. It will never truly take its place in the cyclic evolution of humanity until the threatening tide of capitalistic monopoly shall have ebbed, which will take place when just claims shall have been listened to. When such a thing as unjustly paid labor exists only as a matter of history—when the cry of famine ceases to be heard in the world—then only will the discovery of Mr. Keely cease to be an anachronism, because the poor will have more use for it than the rich.'

"It is rough on Keely that the 'Elder Brothers' should be leagued against him, comforting as the assurance may be to the rest of the world, but as meanwhile he may elude the clutches of the Ancient Fraternity, and slip past the 'threshold' he is decidedly a proper subject to view with alarm.' But it will hurt his feelings much to learn that his discovery is, after all, a most ancient 'chestnut.'

IS MADAM BLAVATSKY A RUSSIAN SPY?

During the past two or three years the opinion that Madam Blavatsky has been acting as a Russian spy in India has been gaining ground. The subjoined article from the *New York Sun* presents the matter in as clear a light as any that I have seen. As this article contains much other reliable information concerning this woman's history, and her trickery in connection with the Theosophical Society, it is thought well to publish it in the *Dove* to be read in connection with my recent essay therein on the dangers of Spiritualism, especially from the theosophic movement. As regards Madam Blavatsky being a Russian spy, the verdict must be, as yet at least, "not proven." In my opinion, it is quite doubtful if she is a spy, as alleged; however, it is possible that she is. There has always been considerable mystery attending her periodical receipt of money from unknown sources. While in America prior to her departure for India, at intervals sums of money were received by her, the source from which they came could never be determined by those in closest association with her. If the inner life of this remarkable woman could be unfolded to the world, what a revelation it would make!

"What is known as theosophical re-

igion was invented in 1875 by Mme. Blavatsky, a Russian woman, who was apparently in the secret service of Russia. The Theosophical Society was founded here in that year by her and her dupe, Colonel Olcott, but it was not until its headquarters were moved to India that it attracted other than humorous attention. In India it speedily succeeded in making a good deal of a stir, for it seems to have obtained, in some way, money enough to start a very active propaganda, especially by means of numerous publications, until now theosophy has become a fashionable fad in Boston itself.

What theosophy is can hardly be exactly defined, for it is a hodge-podge of Brahminism, Buddhism, Spiritualism, and necromancy, but it all rests on the claim of its founders to superhuman knowledge and illumination. Accordingly, in 1884, the London Society of Psychical Research, which concerns itself with the investigation of such matters, appointed a commission to find out exactly what foundation there was for these claims. The conclusions of the society, after a very thorough investigation, were that the theosophical pretensions to 'occultism' were based on sheer fraud and humbug.

Both Colonel Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky happened to be in England at the time, accompanied by Mohini Chatterji, their Brahmin disciple, who has since astonished Boston with his wisdom, and has been heard at our own Nineteenth Century Club. The commission obtained the evidence of all of these people, and also sent one of its members to India to carry on the investigation there at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society.

It seems that the society claims to be under the special protection of a mysterious brotherhood in Thibet, spoken of as Adepts and as Mahatmas, capable of performing wonders beyond the reach of ordinary men, and who work miracles for its benefit. The Mahatmas more particularly interested in the society, are described under the names Koot Hoomi and Morga and they are said by Mme. Blavatsky and supposed by her followers to appear in 'astral form' where their bodies are not, and to communicate intelligently with those they visit. She also asserts that the Chelas, or disciples of these wonderful beings, are gradually taught this art, and that she herself is a Chela, and that one Indian theosophist named Damodar Mavalanker, has also become quite an adept in its practice. Besides the apparitions, the alleged miracles consist in transporting ponderable objects like letters, even through solid matter, and in the 'precipitation,' as it is called, of handwriting and drawings and other marks on previously blank paper.

It is not necessary for us to go over again the evidence which induced the committee to come to the unanimous con-

clusion that Mme. Blavatsky 'has been engaged in a long-continued combination with other persons to produce by ordinary means a series of apparent marvels for the support of the theosophic movement.' The chief means by which her jugglery was exposed so completely were the confessions of a Mme. Coulomb, who with her husband was a confederate of the woman. But there is another and a very interesting side to the inquiry.

The matter of supernatural power having been disposed of with such conclusiveness, the question arose as to 'what induced Mme. Blavatsky to live so many laborious days in such a fantastic work of imposture.' Mr. Hodgson, the member of the committee who went to India, therefore devoted himself to finding out the history of the woman. He discovered that she is the daughter of Colonel Hahn, of the Russian Horse Artillery, and 'quondam widow' of General Blavatsky, who was Governor of Erivan in Armenia during the Crimean war, and for many years. Her story that she was for seven years in Thibet, he discredits for good reasons, but he traces her to Egypt, where in 1872 she made an unsuccessful effort to start a spiritualistic society, and went through experiences which her letters to Mme. Coulomb show that she feared to have known. Afterward she spent eight months in India, whence she came to this country, and here, in 1875, got up the Theosophical Society with the aid of Colonel Olcott.

In her letters to Mme. Coulomb she speaks of him as a fool; but he seems to have had some sort of knowledge of her secret purposes, for in 1878 he wrote from New York to a Hindoo, italicizing his words: 'While we have no political designs, you will need no hint to understand that our sympathies are with all those who are deprived of the right of governing their own lands for themselves. I need say no more.'

Mme. Blavatsky also wrote to the same person and with the same suggestiveness. Other manuscripts of hers indicate that she was bitterly opposed to the British domination in India, of which she speaks as a 'curse to every land it fastens itself upon.' In one of them she says very significantly that her military countrymen must be ready for 'the approaching act of the Eastern drama,' which is to be the last and the decisive one, and that 'to sit idle now, when every one has to be busily preparing, is the highest of crimes, a treason to their country and their Czar.'

Other evidence obtained by Mr. Hodgson leads him to the conclusion that 'there is not much doubt that her real object has been the furtherance of Russian interests' in India and elsewhere. This object she has pursued with the most extraordinary diligence and after the most remarkable methods through thirteen or fourteen years, and her invention of the-

osophy, of Koot Hoomi, the 'astral forms,' the miraculous letters, and all has simply been a part of the scheme of this wonderful woman for furthering the ends of Russia.' Colonel Olcott appears from the evidence to have been rather a fool that a knave, and Mr. Hodgson regards him as merely her dupe; or, as she called him to Madame Coulomb, the chief of her 'domestic imbeciles' and 'familiar muffs,' and her 'psychologized baby.' Damodar may also have started out as a dupe, but he ended as her fellow-conspirator under the influence of 'patriotic feeling,' which, Mr. Hodgson observes 'has much more to do with the under-workings of the Theosophical Society than the followers of Madame Blavatsky in England commonly imagine.' Mohini Chatterji, who flourished here lately, appears in the evidence as among the silliest of the 'muffs,' but he also may share the feeling of Damodar.

If this theory of Mme. Blavatsky's theosophical imposture be sound, and it is undoubtedly the most probable and the most reasonable, she is one of the greatest and most successful of impostors of all times, and she has well earned her pay as a Russian spy and secret agent. Even to-day, despite her exposure, she is revered as a seeress by many ordinary intelligent men and women in England and in this country—more particularly in Boston. Here, then, would have been a remarkable career at any period, but that she should have been able to achieve success so great and widespread in this age of skepticism is astonishing."

Where is my place in the world? That is the question which most old maids are puzzled to solve. Other people solve it for them by saying, "Your place is to do good to others—to be helpful whenever help is wanted." That is right in some measure, and a very convenient doctrine for the people who hold it; but I perceive that certain sets of human beings are very apt to maintain that other sets should give up their lives to them and their service, and then they requite them by praise—they call them devoted and virtuous. Is this enough? Is there not a terrible hollowness, mockery, want, craving, in that existence which is given away to others for want of something of your own to bestow it on? I suspect there is. Does virtue lie in abnegation of self? I do not believe it. Undue humility makes tyranny; weak concession creates selfishness. The Romish religion especially teaches renunciation of self, submission to others, and nowhere are found so many grasping tyrants as in the ranks of the Romish priesthood. Each human being has his share of rights. I suspect it would conduce to the happiness and welfare of all if each knew his allotment, and held to it as tenaciously as the martyr to his creed.—C. Bronte.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 3, 1888.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

When the editor of this journal first launched the CARRIER DOVE upon the sea of life she little thought of the work that was before her. The little sheet, designed at that time as a purely local means of inter-communion among the members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Oakland, Cal., has now become a power in the cause, occupying a place in the front ranks of Spiritual journalism.

While the DOVE was issued as a monthly periodical, its circulation was most gratifying, its contents were varied in character, while its artistic features were without a parallel in our movement. No other Spiritual journal has ever given anything like the amount of pictorial matter contained in the monthly editions of this paper. Still its editor was not satisfied. There was something lacking yet. A journal was needed to give the news of our cause from week to week. A combination of circumstances arose that, last year, enabled the editor to extend the work of her life, and the DOVE became a weekly visitor to thousands of homes in this and other lands, as the result.

If our success as a monthly journal was more than gratifying the results of our weekly issue have been simply phenomenal. Since the commencement of our present periodical issue, the DOVE has literally winged its flight to the four quarters of the world in ever increasing numbers.

But, pleasing as is the material success, it is doubly pleasing to us to know that there has never been a journal published upon this coast that has ever presented an equal amount of solid literary value to its patrons. This is said without boasting. A reference to our last year's volume will abundantly support the statement. The ablest writers in our movement have contributed to the edification of our readers.

The illustrations have been profuse, and uniformly of high artistic merit. Yet, still, the editor was not satisfied! As the work enlarged the facilities sufficient for the old order proved inadequate for the new. The cry of "more room" went forth! For weeks past the above need has been earnestly discussed, quietly and carefully considered. And now, the cry has been answered by the DOVE finding larger offices, and more extended facilities than we ever dreamed of when it first appeared.

To-day we own our own type, printing materials and presses. We have competent assistants, capable of doing full justice to the mechanical departments of our paper. We are located in the most central locality in the city, immediately facing the leading theatre and hotel. Horse and cable cars from every section of the city, railroad depots and ferry landings, pass before our doors, while the sign above our windows makes known to all men that we are before the world.

To make our foundations so solid that no ordinary contingency can overthrow our enterprise we have added a jobbing office to our undertaking, and are thus able to undertake printing work of all kinds. We are ready to take orders for either the printing of a lady's card, or the production of a volume of five hundred pages. Resting thus upon a firm business base there is no need for us to cry wolf, or depend upon the charity of our friends. Having no directorate to consider or consult, our course is unhampered. We shall continue in the course we have hitherto pursued, satisfied, in all respects, with its results. We have no interests to conciliate. The only rights we have to respect are those of truth, justice and honesty.

Visitors from home and afar will always be welcomed. Friends will at all times be treated with all the courtesy and attention that our various duties will permit. Frankly, we have no time for idle chatting, for our position is alike onerous and serious. We are now fairly embarked upon the purpose of our life, deeply thankful to our angel prompters, as well as grateful to our mortal friends. We thank all—far and near—for their confidence, support and loyalty. Our determination now is to keep the CARRIER DOVE not only the leading Spiritualist journal of the Western Slope, but to make it the foremost in the world. Our motto shall be "Success or death!"

Special attention is called to the magnificent poem on Starr King by Eliza A. Pittsinger. It is the most brilliant tribute that the hand of genius has yet laid upon the tomb of that great orator and fervid patriot. What Starr King was in prose to the Union cause, Mrs. Pittsinger was in verse; and she, too, will have deserved an enduring memorial. For more than twenty years her melodious song has been reverberating through the valleys and hills of California, and she herself has been a minister of consolation, in the abodes and at the bedside of the afflicted.

A PUBLIC SPIRITED ACTION.

The old philosopher, Francis Bacon, has assured us that "knowledge is power," an axiom few will care to dispute. To contribute knowledge to mankind is among the noblest works of our lives. Thoughts are the currency in the realm of mind. Books are the treasure houses wherein thoughts are stored. Books are ever faithful friends—they never "talk back" when we abuse them, or their writers. Take books and periodicals out of civilization and a blank that nothing could fill would be left.

The creators and custodians of libraries—great and small—occupy most important positions. When the treasures they collect and guard are accessible to those who need their teachings, a public duty is accomplished in placing them at the service of students and enquirers. When that service is rendered without fee or cost, save those of honor and good behaviour, then the readers thus generously dealt with have indeed reason to rejoice.

Libraries devoted to special topics are usually difficult of access, as being hedged about by many restrictions when admittance is obtained. Collections of standard acceptance do not contain—even in the largest cities—anything like a representative number of works upon Spiritualism, mesmerism, psychology, occult and progressive topics in general, while the works upon such matters that they do contain are frequently dealt out grudgingly and obtained with difficulty.

Hereafter, so far as San Francisco is concerned, such a condition of affairs will no longer exist; for now one of the largest and most complete libraries of spiritual and cognate literature in the land is open free to all every week day from 9 A. M. until 5 P. M., and on Sundays from 1 to 5 in the afternoon. The Society of Progressive Spiritualists, of this city have, through their Board of Directors, unanimously agreed that their large collection of books—upwards of eight hundred volumes—shall be removed to this office, where they will be regularly available the entire week instead of on Sundays only from 1 to 5 P. M. as heretofore. There is no charge for the use of the books. All are free and welcome to come and read as many works, and remain as long as they desire, or take them away for perusal, subject only to the few and simple rules designed to protect the interests of the library.

For this public spirited act, the Board of Directors and society are worthy of commendation. Hundreds are desirous of reading our literature who have hitherto been unable to reach it; now there is no obstacle on the road. Here are the books within reach of all—a boon as much to Spiritualists as to enquirers. In the interests of our common cause and on behalf of the Spiritualists of the Coast and city, we extend a cordial expression of appreciation and thanks to the Progressive Society for its broad and liberal policy. We are sure

it will result in good to all. Let us have a free Spiritual library in every centre of our work, and so profit by the noble example set before us by the above named society.

Remember, then, that this valuable collection of books is now open daily, free of charge, to all, at the office of the CARRIER DOVE, 841 Market street, San Francisco.

AFTER LONG WAITING.

After waiting and watching in the valley, through long months of anxiety and care, for the gleam of light upon the mountain tops that should herald the dawn, we have at last beheld the roseate hue upon the sky which prophecies the coming day. We are no longer groping amid shadows, but walking in the clear, grey light of the morning. The long-promised day seems near at hand when we shall find our sphere of usefulness enlarged and our work extended into new and broader fields. For nearly five years we have struggled with adverse conditions, sometimes almost despairing and overcome, yet ever upheld, sustained and strengthened by the dear invisible hands whose guidance over the rough and toilsome way was sweet, soothing and tender. Many times, when almost fainting with discouragement, have we felt their caressing touch, soothing away all care and bringing the forgetfulness of sweet, magnetic sleep, from which we have awakened strengthened and encouraged to go on in the path of duty so plainly outlined before us. And now, as we sit here amid new conditions and surroundings, we feel the baptism of their love and their inspiring presence; and dedicate ourselves anew to their service, which means the service of humanity, the exercise of patience, forbearance and gentleness towards all, and a clear, brave, and steadfast adherence to truth as it is revealed to our understanding.

FREE LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM.

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, held at the office of the CARRIER DOVE, 32 Ellis street, on Thursday evening, February 23d, it was unanimously voted that the Free Spiritual Library belonging to that society be transferred from Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, to the new office of the DOVE, at 841 Market street, where it will be open to the public every day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., except Sundays, when it will be open from 1 to 5 P. M.

At this meeting all of the nine directors were present, and the best interests of the society, library, and cause of Spiritualism were freely discussed, with the above result as an important step towards advancing those interests. It has long been the desire of this society to open a free reading room, where their library would be accessible to the public at all times; and now that a favorable opportunity was presented by the publishers of the DOVE, the generous offer was accepted at once. Mrs. J. Schlesinger was elected Assistant Librarian, and hopes that her friends will assist her to the extent of their ability to make this library and reading

room a grand success. Donations of books will be most gratefully received, and publishers are specially invited to send samples of their latest works to this library. All such donations will be acknowledged and reviewed in the CARRIER DOVE. Newspaper files will be furnished for the preservation of all periodicals donated to this library; and it is sincerely hoped that editors of spiritual and progressive journals will send copies of their papers regularly for that purpose. Address, Free Spiritual Library, office CARRIER DOVE, 841 Market street, San Francisco.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

The continued popularity of Mr. J. J. Morse was abundantly demonstrated by the two magnificent audiences which assembled at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday last.

A series of very able answers were given in the morning as the consequence of a very fine set of questions being presented from the audience. It is to be regretted that many of the replies given at these morning meetings are not reported, as they are extremely instructive and interesting.

At night the large company was in the most appreciative and sympathetic mood, while the lecture, "Spiritualism Non-Satanic," a reply to the attack of the Rev. W. M. Merseve, was something to wonder at. It was delivered with extraordinary energy, force and eloquence, and the applause was at times so prolonged that the control was compelled to pause until it subsided. We have had the lecture reported, and hope to present it to our readers in the next issue of the DOVE.

Miss E. Beresford Joy and Mr. W. H. Keith sang in their accustomed superior manner, in each case being rewarded with an enthusiastic encore.

The services will be as usual on Sunday next at 11 A. M. for answers to questions; at 7:45 P. M. a lecture from the controls of Mr. Morse, subject "Man; a Picture in Three Colors." Choice vocal and instrument music as usual.

WASHINGTON HALL.

An unusually interesting meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists was held in this place on Sunday last. The President, Mr. H. C. Wilson, occupied the chair for the first time in about eight months, and was warmly welcomed by his old friends. Dr. W. W. McKaig delivered the opening address upon the subject of "Paradise Lost." It was considered by all as one of the Doctor's most able lectures. As it will appear in full in our columns next week, a synopsis is not necessary. Mr. Thompson of Philadelphia, Judge Dameron, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Aitken, Mrs. H. C. Wilson and Dr. Aspinwall, followed with brief addresses. Mr. Wilson closed the meeting with a strong appeal to the society in behalf of the library. Mrs. Rutter and Mrs. Morris sang

very effectively, "Memory's Golden Shore." Thus closed one of the best meetings held in that place for some time.

MRS. ADA FOYE'S SEANCE.

Mrs. Ada Foye, for the first time in eight months, in San Francisco, gave a seance on Sunday evening last at Washington Hall. A large audience assembled, many having to be turned away who could not be accommodated with seats. Hon. Jno. A. Collins made the opening address of welcome, in which he paid a beautiful tribute to mediums and mediumship, eulogizing them and their work in a most felicitous manner. Mrs. Ellis also made a few remarks of greeting and welcome to Mrs. Foye. Judge Swift was then called to the rostrum and entertained the audience for a short time with a telling speech in which he criticised the decision of the body of reverend gentlemen in this city, who, last week, decided that Spiritualism was the work of the devil. Mrs. Foye then made a few remarks previous to the commencement of the seance. The tests were excellent, and must have carried conviction of their genuineness to all who heard or received them. Communications were written in French and German, each of which were declared perfect by the parties receiving them. Mrs. Foye understands no language except the English. These free seances will be continued every Sunday evening at the same place. Skeptics cordially invited.

A BENEFIT FOR THE UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY.

Mr. John Slater, the eminent test medium, gave a benefit seance in Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening, February 23d, in aid of the above mentioned society. Mr. Slater, having learned that the treasury of the society needed replenishing, very kindly proffered his services for that purpose.

Upwards of five hundred people were present at the opening of the meeting. Mr. J. J. Morse presided in his usual genial manner, introducing Mr. Slater in a brief speech, eulogizing the kindly and fraternal sentiment manifested in his action in thus assisting a struggling society. Mr. Slater, for upwards of an hour, presented test after test to the audience, never once making a mistake or having a failure. The audience repeatedly cheered the medium, as point after point was made by the spirits directing him. It was a wonderful and convincing series of manifestations.

Fearing that the proceeds would not prove so large as the society deserved, Mr. Slater took up a contribution from the audience, heading it with ten dollars from himself. As a consequence, the funds of the society have been enriched by the addition of the very satisfactory sum of fifty-five dollars.

On the motion of Mrs. Ada Foye, who made a pleasant little speech, a cordial vote of thanks was given Mr. Slater for his kindly action. Mrs. J. J. Wilson, the president of the society, also thanked Mr. Slater on its behalf for his timely assistance. After a few remarks from Mr. Morse, the meeting was brought to a close.

Gihps.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilson have been visiting friends in this city and Oakland during the last two weeks, and making arrangements to locate permanently on their homestead in Fresno county, where Mr. Wilson has been industriously at work for the past two months.

We are requested by Mr. W. E. Coleman to state that as soon as he can find time from his multifarious labors, he will prepare for the DOVE a reply to the criticism of Mr. James G. Clarke, in the last week's number, upon his remarks on Jesus and the Christ-principle.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* and *Daily Alta California* of Monday last each gave good notices of Mr. Morse's control's lecture at Metropolitan Temple the previous evening. The notice in the *Alta* was a third of a column long and occupied a prominent portion on the front page. The lecture was well worth the publicity thus given it.

Emma Miner, writing upon re-incarnation, in *Light on the Way*, makes the following sensible statements: "To believe that a spirit who has passed through an earthly experience and transition must or would return to earth for the purpose of re-incarnation and progression, would imply that infinite wisdom could commit an error. Whatever may be the moral or intellectual deficiencies in our earth-life experiences, nature will never retrace her steps to perfect them."

Emmanuel Swedenborg writing in his celebrated *Diary*, on January 26th, 1748, of spirit writing, says that spirits "have sometimes, and indeed often, directed my hand when writing, as though it were entirely their own, so that they thought that it was they themselves who were writing,—which is so true that I can declare it with certainty; and if they were permitted, they would write in their own peculiar style, which I know from some little experience,—but this is not permitted."

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., who recently graduated in the Vermont Medical College, has been elected Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics by his Alma Mater, and will occupy that chair at the spring term in Rutland. Bro. Fuller is an able inspirational speaker of most excellent abilities, as well as the talented editor of *Light on the Way*, published at Dover, Mass., a sparkling little monthly, fully alive to the best interests of our cause. His journal has just completed its first year of existence. We wish him every success for his ensuing volume.

Robert Cooper, one of England's earliest Spiritualists, writing in *Light* of a recent date mentions among other experiences how he accompanied Mr. Moncure Conway, one Sunday afternoon, to Mrs. Marshall's, when she alone acted as medium. Among the things that occurred was the name of Mr. Conway's

brother, "John," written on paper under the table in full sunlight. On leaving the house, Mr. Conway remarked, "I shall tell my people I have seen something very wonderful;" but the impressions were not of a very permanent character. Mr. Conway has evidently forgotten the above, else why his abuse of Spiritualism in this country and England?

Give me the storm and tempest of thought and action, rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith! Banish me from Eden when you will, but first let me eat of the fruit—of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.—*Ingersoll*.

Written for the Carrier Dove.

Starr King.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

In the dark morn of strife and gloom,
When woe unrolled her clouds of doom,
When freedom's armies thronged the land,
A hero crossed the Golden Strand;
He came—at once a mighty host
Of valiant men were on their feet,
And ringing down the sunny coast
Was many a benediction sweet,
And peerless eloquence was heard where
Wave and valley meet.

He was a never failing power,
Appointed and designed to be
A prophet in the darkest hour
Of human pain and misery.
And as the raging sea was tossed
With winds that beat upon the shore,
Oh, when the cause seemed almost lost,
When hopes were weak and hearts were sore,
For all those days of heat and moil the magic
balm he bore!

His voice was like a deep-toned lyre;
Now sweet and soft, then bold and strong—
And swelling, as on wings of fire,
The heavenly currents rolled along;
And overcharged with quickening life,
With zeal and eloquence sublime,
Amid the boisterous whirl and strife
Whose shadows swept the Golden Clime,
He swayed the masses, and brought low the
deadly python of his time.

Most valiant and beloved Starr King!
Thou dear apostle of thy day!
The golden bells of memory ring
Through harvest-fields now bright and gay;
As down the vales the blossoms shine
Whose seed thou scattered on thy way.
O Genius, in thy power divine,
Thy triumphs are not for a day;
They soar above the wrecks of time, and
God's eternal ages sway!

It is a blessed thing to know
That life outlives its bonds of clay;
That love can never fade, nor grow
Dim with the symbols of decay.
The soul is victor of the field,
It shineth near, it gleameth far;
Its power is like a burnished shield,
Its light is like a blazing star,
A glorious beacon in the gloom, a rainbow
in the time of war.

O loyal and beloved Starr King!
Thine image lingers like a spell!
And from the spirit's inner spring
A thousand tender memories swell—
Like Orpheus, with sweet-toned lyre,
That charmed all nature, so didst thou
Attune thy speech with heavenly fire,
Until from many a laurel bough
The people plucked their shining leaves and
made a garland for thy brow!

That garland still is bright to-day;
Its leaves shall never die nor fade—
It shines like some resplendent ray
Through wintry storm and summer shade.
'Tis growing brighter with the years,
Exhaling odors like a flower,
Baptised with love and bathed with tears,
'Tis gleaming through each doubtful hour,
Forever speaking to the soul of glory, light
and power.

Dear name! thou symbol of his might!
A king he was 'mid kingly men;
A star, whose brilliancy and light
O'ercame the sword and swayed the pen.
It robbed itself in such a blaze,
As up the heavenly way it sped,
That woe and sorrow stood amaze,
While Victory the pathway led,
And o'er the wan and stricken land,
Bright and shining banners spread.

The blue and boundless horizon
Of heaven enfolds earth's risen Star;
Whose light is like the morning sun,
Now gleaming near, now glimmering far.
Shine on, thou dazzling orb sublime!
Death could not mar thee with its blight,
Nor power of earth, nor fate, nor time,
Reach up to thy immortal height,
The beauty of whose golden bloom transcends
all human speech and sight!
SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1888.

Written for the Carrier Dove.

The Love of the Angels.

BY EMMA TRAIN.

Let me write of the love of the angels
In their beautiful homes o'er the tide,
Where the sunshine of truth glows forever,
And life's harmonies holy abide;
Where the rivers of peace softly flowing
Fill the soul with a rapture supreme,
Where the flowers of wisdom e'er growing
Have a perfume more sweet than earth
dream.

Let me write how they leave those fair valleys
For the mountains of evil below,
How they enter the mist and the shadow
And partake of the discord and woe;
How they bind up the hearts that are broken
How they guide the weak feet that have
strayed,

How they bring to the mourner a token,
As he wanders 'neath sorrow's dim shade.

Let me write how they bend o'er the body,
Who have gone from the pathway of night,
With their heavenly purity holy
In their fair, spotless garments of white;
Never shrinking away, nor yet scorning,
Never fearing a mar nor a stain,
But pointing the way to that morning
Where the sunlight shall fall o'er life's path.

Let me write how their songs that are sweeter
In the valley of shadows are sung,
How the notes of their souls, the completeness
From the lowlands of sorrow have sprung.
Oh, the souls that are grandest and purest
Have no fear of life's tumult and din—
In the light that forever endurest,
They will rise over evil and sin.

Let me write of the love of the angels,
Of a glory that cannot be told,
Of a truth that is higher and grander
Than the confines of earth can unfold;
Till the lofty and proud learn the beauty
That out of the shadow may bloom,
And descend at the bidding of duty
E'en to regions of discord and gloom.

Correspondence.

How a Spiritualist Passed Away.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: In the course of a large and varied correspondence, embracing all quarters of the globe, many interesting items of note constantly occur, among them being some which at times deserve publicity in the higher interests of our cause. Personal delicacy upon the part of private individuals looks up from public use much valuable testimony as to the efficacy of our faith—our knowledge—in sustaining our supporters in hours of trial. During the past week, however, a most intensely interesting letter reached me from a valued friend in the Garden City, upon the shore of Lake Erie, and suppressing names—as I am desired—I submit the following extracts from my correspondent's favor. I may add that he is a well-known dry goods merchant, a most reputable citizen, and a gentleman most favorably known by the brethren of the square and compass—while I can vouch unreservedly for the reliability of the statements made.

The subject matter refers to the transition to spirit life of the physically aged mother of my friend, and is one of the best answers to the oft repeated queries of what benefit to Spiritualists is their faith? Here is my friend's statement which gives the answers:

My dear wife's mother, whom you have seen in our household, separated from earth sphere on January 20th, 12 M.

Being perfectly well for a lady of eighty years and one and a half months old, she withdrew from her body just like emerging from a loose-fitting garment. For three days previous she was troubled with an exhaustive cough, for which I thought necessary to counsel a physician, who not even realized the approaching dissolution as much as our impressions dictated it to us (to my wife and myself), although the doctor has quite a reputation as a medical practitioner.

On Friday, 2 A. M., coming to her bedside, I at once noticed the coming of the change as indicated by the preparatory bodily muscular motions. She informed me as soon as I entered her apartment that her end was coming, and requested me to procure pen and ink, and chronicle her last wishes. Consenting to all she demanded, and promising the fulfillment

of her desires, as for instance: how her coffin should be—plain, covered with black cloth, *no flowers*, under any consideration, *no crape*, no mourning, and no funeral displays—because, as she expressed it, "anything will answer a lifeless decaying body. Now," she said, after having made her depositions, in a clear, loud voice, "I am through with this world, and the world is through with me. I owe nothing to anybody, and nobody can make any claim upon me. I am glad to meet my loved ones gone before. All I am afraid of is the struggle. At 12 o'clock noon I will have to depart!"

I reasoned with her as follows: "When a child is to be born into our sphere, do we not make all kinds of preparations to receive the child with the utmost care, have physicians and nurses ready to make the child's first stage of existence easy and painless as possible? Now, when *we*, in our crude condition of life, are capable of such scientific actions, how much more will our spirit friends be advanced to assist you in your transition, in your second birth to a more progressive state of existence?" Then mother said, "If this is true, as you have just pictured it to me, I feel relieved, and can quietly await the time." At 8 A. M. she desired to be assisted to the lounge, which we made as comfortable as possible, for she seemed to suffer in bed upon feathers, and so I really think that the animal aura arising from the feathers hinders the body from severing its connection with the spiritual body.

At 6 A. M. our immediate relatives and nearest friends (for whom we telephoned) arrived, and with whom she exchanged greetings and spoke continuously. At 11:30 A. M. a dear friend of ours, a gentleman and wife, visited us, and as he, the gentleman, pressed her hand, she at once spoke distinctly: "Almost too late, Mr. M. Have we not been true friends for thirty-three years? and now we have to separate, but should I be able to write to you from the other side of life, rest assured I will." The same promise she made to me in the morning after my explanation about transition: "If it is as you explain, be assured of my return (provided I can) to affirm your statement." At 11:45 A. M. she enquired of me about the time of day, and informing her of the fact, she seemed to doubt it, and asked me to show her my watch, which I did.

Making yet a few remarks about her chilly feeling, attributing it to the snow-fall, she breathed her last, as soon as the clock struck the first stroke of 12, without any visible motion or movement of the muscles.

Is not such a death-scene a lecture in itself? Is not our philosophy as beautiful to die by as to live by, provided we understand the law of harmony governing our relations to our surroundings.

Truly such a death scene is a lecture in itself. May the time soon arrive when all deaths shall be as free from fear, as unclouded spiritually, and as plainly indicative of the good the spirit world has done by robbing "the last enemy" of his old-time terrors. Respectfully yours,

J. J. MORSE.

331 Turk street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Ada Foye.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—Two months previous to this writing, Mrs. Foye, who has been a resident of San Francisco for many years, determined to make Chicago her home permanently. Confident that she could become accustomed to the climate by remaining here during the severest weather and not attempting but very little public work. But much to her regret and the loss of Spiritualism, she has again departed for the Pacific Coast. Her throat and lungs have been affected quite severely, and would not allow her appearing before an audience. She says: "I never regretted leaving Chicago as I do now, feeling that a wonderful work might be accomplished, and I might be one of the aids in its accomplishment. But at the same time realizing my weakness and inability to take the platform again, I must give up to the monitions of my guides, and trust at some future time to meet the friends, even for a few evenings at a time, in my public work, after I have grown stronger and am able to withstand the severity of the climate. "The disappointment to the public cannot be less than it is to us as a society; for we have felt confident that she would soon be able to appear under our auspices, and hence have failed to make a few engagements ahead.

A. L. COVERDALE.

CHICAGO, Feb. 23.

Young People's Progressive Society.

CHICAGO, Feb. 23.

CARRIER DOVE:—Please insert the following from the *Chicago Herald*. It is the first recognition the Society has received from our daily papers.

A. L. COVERDALE.

The Young People's Progressive Society gave its first masquerade ball last night at its hall, 159 22d street. This society was organized less than a year ago, its main object being the advancement of its members in literature and science, but it is especially devoted to Spiritualism in its highest and truest meaning. But for one night they cut loose from ethics and gave themselves up to pleasure. The party last evening was very select, for though a small admission was charged, no one was allowed admittance without an invitation. It was,

therefore, as one might say, a family party, and the knowledge that none but personal friends were present added a freedom which gave zest to the enjoyment of all. At 10:30 a brief recess was taken, in which a short musical entertainment was given, and then the company fell in for the grand march, headed by R. G. Hourtney and Miss Mamie Armstrong.

Good Words.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Your kind letter and the little cluster of DOVES came safely to hand, for which I can scarcely find words sufficiently expressive to thank you. I do not believe that you are overburdened with material wealth, but you are surely rich in the possession of great, big, generous hearts, overflowing with divinely inspired, loving kindness and sympathy for all of God's human family. Part of the DOVES that you sent are duplicates of some that I have on file, but I will distribute them where they may prove to be like good seed sown in good ground. I am sincerely pleased to see that you are prospering beyond your expectations, and hope you will continue to be sustained, both spiritually and financially.

I am very much interested in Brother Morse's contributions to the DOVE. Blessed is the man or woman around whom clusters so pure and high an order of spirit inspirers. San Francisco is greatly favored in the possession of so many highly inspired teachers.

I think I have seen somewhere that Brother Coleman was not supposed to be mediumistically inspired. Be that as it may I think that his very logical and scholarly article published in the CARRIER DOVE, in opposition to the theory of re-incarnation, was the soundest and most reasonable argument I have ever seen on that subject. The (to me uncanny) doctrine of re-incarnation is, after all, nothing but a theory, utterly impossible of being proven either true or false;—a mere matter of opinion which ought not to—and I think *will not*—disturb the harmony of liberal minded and progressive Spiritualists. While I agree with Bro. Coleman in regard to the re-incarnation theory, I am diametrically opposed to his conclusions in regard to obsession. In regard to that subject he is surely laboring under a mistake. I have myself had altogether too much unhappy personal experience of the fact of obsession ever to be able to endorse his views. Obsession does not, however, in my opinion, excuse or justify any one in leading a dishonest and bad course of life. The greater the obsession, the stronger the resistance, and the more glory gained by the one who gains the victory. There is a great deal more obsession in the world than most people imagine—mor-

tals obsessing mortals and the obsessors being themselves in turn obsessed by disembodied spirits.

I had no idea of writing so long a letter as this when I commenced, and it would be still much longer if you could read between the lines.

Fraternally yours for truth and justice.

H. C. McCLURE.

COPPER CITY, Cal., Feb 22, 1888.

I am much pleased with the CARRIER DOVE, and I am interested in it very much, especially Mr. Coleman's articles. They are very fine literary productions, and I am beginning to be more favorable to the Bundy-Coleman aggressive policy toward frauds. At one time I thought they were a little too hard on them and on mediums in test conditions, etc.

B. F. L.

An Instructive Book.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—I sent a copy of Mr. J. J. Morse's new work, "Practical Occultism," to an old spiritual friend in Leavenworth, Kansas. I am in receipt of the following letter from him, which speaks for itself. My friend's head is level in my opinion.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

"I sincerely thank you for Mr. Morse's "Practical Occultism," which I appreciate more than I can express. I have been wading, for some time past, through a vast sea of literature, occult, Christian science, etc. I had about come to the conclusion that I was either very much behind the times, or else that I had been stuffing my brain with a lot of confounded nonsense.

"Now, let me say that I have learned more of Spiritualism as I believe it to be, according to my ideas, from that book you sent me, than all I have ever read before. If Mr. Morse is with you, give him my kind regards, and tell him I thank him, and if he publishes any more, or if his discourses have been published, to send me *all* of them, forward bill, and I will remit right away."

MR. J. J. MORSE'S NEW BOOK.—In a volume bearing the title "Practical Occultism," the exceptionally fine inspirational lecturer, Mr. J. J. Morse, places before the public a course of seven lectures of great value, not alone to Spiritualists, but to all thinkers whose minds go forth in search of truths concerning this life and the one that follows it, and the mutual relations of the two worlds and their occupants. The method of treatment adopted by Mr. Morse, or the Intelligences controlling his utterances, is designed to be antithetical to the speculative theories that some are endeavoring to introduce. The opening lecture refers to the trance as the doorway to the occult. Two lectures are devoted to a full and explicit presentation of mediumship, and after other matters are dealt with in the intermediate lectures, the volume outlines the natural, spiritual and celestial planes of the Second State; the Soul-World, its hells, heavens and evolutions; life, development and transition to higher states in the spirit-world. A more extended notice of the book will be given in these columns at an early date,—*Banner of Light*.

Only Waiting.

BY W. C. WARNER.

Only waiting till life's sunbeams
Gild the gateway of the West;
Only waiting till the evening
Chants the vesper-song of rest;
Till the waves shall cease their tossing,
As I near the harbor bar,
And through rifted clouds are smiling
Faces bright as Bethlehem's star.
Only waiting for the dawning
Of a morning free from pain;
Free from the dull, aching sorrow
That each day but brings again;
For a noontide whose bright splendor
Clouds of grief can never dim,
For a love that's pure and tender,
Such as holy hearts can win.
Once I dreamed the Master would meet me
With a harp and shining crown,
And the anthems of the blessed
Sweep the corridors adown;
Now I know the hands that greet me
Are the old-time ones of home,
And the music is the trilling
Of the heart's sweet undertone.
Only waiting till the gloaming
Ushers in a brighter dawn;
Till I see the bridge of beauty
Joining night and heaven's morn;
Till I catch the starry glances
Of the eyes that wait for me,
Feel the balmy breezes wafting
Fragrance o'er the summer lea.
Only waiting; shadows deepen;
Evening stars are blossoming;
Hold my hands till others grasp them,
And a soft, sweet ballad sing.
Now the "mystic veil" is parting,
One farewell to earth's dim light;
Waiting not, my soul is drifting;
One last kiss, and then—good night.

A Little Longer.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Yet a little longer labor,
Toil, for day is not yet done;
For the rest that you are longing,
You must wait till set of sun.
Yet a little longer labor,
Sow the seed in many a field;
Somewhere still the golden harvest
Waits its ripened grain to yield.
Yet a little longer labor,
Stay with patience at the gate;
Angels will undo the portal,
If you labor while you wait.
Yet a little longer labor,
You must take of grief your share;
Yet your Father will not give you
Greater than your strength can bear.
Yet a little longer labor,
Thro' the mist of by-gone years,
For the happy moments gathered,
All too short the time appears.
Yet a little longer labor;
Day by day, and year by year,
Nearer, by our heart's devotions,
Will the golden gates appear.
Nearer, by our prayers, the praises:
Nearer, by our song, the sun;
If we falter while we say them,
Something will be left undone.
Yet a little—and the longest
Day of all our life is done;
The long journey is accomplished,
And heaven's glory is begun!

Selected Articles.

Spirit Problems.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Modern Spiritualism claims to solve much that has seemed very mysterious to ignorance and superstition, but all the same it leaves many a mystery almost as much in the dark as ever.

Perhaps there is nothing more perplexing to the believer than the limit to the spirit return. We have now had "Gates Ajar" for well nigh forty years, and yet many of our old friends—noble men and women, perhaps investigators and believers whilst in earth life—have made no sign of the old love. Not a word comes back, save perhaps some almost grotesque or distorted message, that carries no evidence of identity to a receptive mind. This one fact, even if it stood alone, should sadden the heart and cool the fond enthusiasm of those who see in spirit return a giant lever to lift the world heavenward in a single generation; and it still remains a mystery why no wise spirit comes back to solve for us this problem.

It is no use denying that Modern Spiritualism as yet does little more than give us a new algebra by which some problems, impossible to the old arithmetic, may now be solved. But the use of the new system has yet to be learned. So some spirit friends come with a vivid personation that startles and awakes conviction. Others, alas! bring with them a dark cloud of doubt when we would fain believe them present, while myriads are silent, as if in the old grave, waiting the old judgment under the reign of Christian theology. But spirit silence chills our eager demand for a satisfactory explanation. And, as we view the world of mortals, we see sin, weakness, suffering, woeful injustice, and men cursing his fellow just as in the days gone by. At one stage of history man holds his brother man to slavery by fetter and lash. At another he claims the right to own the land, and, whilst proclaiming universal freedom, establishes a yet worse slavery in the name of civilization. For instance, the Hindoos have no slave driving overseers, but rent-collecting monsters have sunk that noble race into so debased a manhood, that history is silent as to their having ever dared to strike a blow for their own freedom. And machinery is to-day unfolding an intellect embodied in wood and iron and brass, with cranks and pulleys and cunning movements that hold the woman and the child to cruel tasks, but say to the strong man, "Go, slave; I have no use for you in the coming century!" But, alas! just as the advanced spirit has given no sign either

of power or will to help the poor Hindoo, so he is silent in this the hour of our greatest need. And, as if this were not enough of agony for the present (and dull despair for the future), we have a vast theology proclaiming that man is a mental slave by birth, whose only hope of salvation is to smother his own mind, and think as he is ordered by his slave-owning God through the overseers, who call themselves priests and teachers of the holy church.

Amidst all this saddening outlook came a gleam of sunshine, for there were men and women who began to read and to think, and sometimes to act, regardless of what priest and creed might say. But all the same the infallible church foe was wide awake to the danger, and, having laid his plans, suddenly seized our entire system of education by the throat. Parochial schools are already established, or to be established, in every parish in our land, whose business is to see that the rising generation shall be mentally dwarfed to the old level. And in a few years it will be that not a man of that church may dare to think his own thought, or seek his own aim uncursed by the priest. The ages we called "dark" and thought dead long ago, have awoke as from a drunken stupor, and are vomiting their superstitions and ignorance all over the dying years of the nineteenth century. It is but a repetition of the old history. Brahmin spirits have used Brahmin priests to maintain their rule in India for 5000 years; and the spirits of a Catholic Christendom are sinking to the bedrock their foundation for a coming rule in America.

What have our Spiritualists of 1888 to say to these problems that declare the helplessness of the advanced spirit to raise to higher manhood those who put forth no self-effort? Are they awake to the danger and their responsibility, or are they whiling the hour with some phenomenon, uncaring that it too has its unsolved mysteries. The facts will speak for themselves. See the vast majority playing with ghosts, and usually fooled to their heart's content. Watch yonder cabinet. Screw in your partition, and label it "fraud-proof" from the mortal side. Now, remember that since the form cannot be mortal it must be spirit. How glorious, how thrilling! Listen to your name, and that of your darling, as it falls from materialized lips. What a grand test! The light was not very good, but what of that? There was the test; so all, all is from the spirit. Joy, unutterable joy, as the form sinks into the floor, leaving you breathless, but with an enthusiasm that carries you home to dream of more such nerve-exciting exhibitions.

But the old mystery is there just the same. Did you mark that child-form and sweet voice that gave key note to the en-

tertainment by wit and sharp repartee; so wonderful because from childish lips in child-like form. Do you remember how ten years ago you went to these same "Gates Ajar," and that the same "wee one" was there, rocking in the same little chair, and talking with the same childish voice from the same form that has grown no bigger in all these years? The girl who waved a flag and left it on the floor as she vanished, is there still, and is the same old girl. And the presiding spirit has the same tone and ponderous dignity, with never a wrinkle of age or a gleam of angelhood, to mark the passing years. What does it all mean? Dare you stop and think, O, test worshipper, and then apply your thought to these forms that give you the wonderful tests, and that call you father, mother, brother, sister, or dear old friend? Or are you given to ignore these problems, and say as of old, "I know it is my mother because she carries the old look, and besides she gave me wonderful tests known only to us two." Do you suppose your mother carries those wrinkles in her spirit life; that she totters as she walks the golden streets of the New Jerusalem; or utters blessings on her child through trembling limbs and toothless gums?

I am amazed at the superstitious belief of thousands calling themselves Spiritualists, who seem unable to rise one inch above the phenomena. The ignorant savage of yesterday fled shrieking from the dreaded ghost. The ignorant believer of to-day throws his arms around that ghost's neck and exclaims, "O, my prophetic soul, my uncle." Such fear and such faith, are alike ridiculous to the man who has learned to do his own thinking.

Of course the average Spiritualist declares that all is beautiful "because it must be my mother and can't be anybody else." He shuts his eyes to the fact that that child-form is not the real child, for no real child stays at the same mental and physical level year after year. But if that child be not the spirit it seems, why should your spirit mother be a living truth? That is a question for you to answer, O, test-hunting Spiritualist. And it is no answer for you to point us to spirit power, and tell us your friends come in the old-time form, so that you may identify them. Why should it be the mother you seek any more than the child you listened to ten years ago?

But don't, dear reader now rush to the other extreme, and declare you didn't think of that, and now believe there is no truth in materialization. My object is to stir you to do some unwonted thinking, and these mysteries are only trifling problems compared to those involved in the race problems with which I began my article. And let us remember that Mod-

ern Spiritualism comes not as a crutch to our old manhood, but to stimulate us to self-effort whereby we may gain knowledge and power, each for himself, that shall enable us to solve just such mysteries as these

And yet further, let us take careful note that just as the spirit of evil has ever proved more potent than the spirit of good in man's dark past, so will it surely be here in America, unless man of to-day shall gain a knowledge and evolve a power that shall hold him secure against invisible foes. From self-effort shall come protection.

463 W. 23d street, N. Y.

—The Better Way.

An International Council of Women.

The International Council of Women to be held in Washington, D. C., commencing March 25 and holding until April 1, promises to be of much interest. It is called for the purpose of celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the "first public demand for equal educational, industrial, professional, and political rights for women."

At this international convention there will be a review of the work done and points gained for women during the last forty years, as well as new work laid out for future action.

It is humiliating to think that for forty years the agitation of the question of equal rights for women, has brought no more than it has. It is still more humiliating to witness the lukewarmness of woman herself in respect to her own enfranchisement.

True, woman has gained some laurels and made some headway within the last forty years, so that she stands to-day upon more solid ground than ever before. She has acquired the right to teach, to preach, to practice the professions, to vote for school committee in some of the States, the whole ticket in others, and to stand at the polling places and distribute votes on election day. This is something, but not what it ought to be.

That woman has made no great progress, is due in great part to the fast hold she has kept upon the Bible and popular religion. "No man can serve two masters," and no woman can obtain her entire independence until she throws off the yoke of religious bondage. The Bible is no friend of woman, but her greatest enemy. It teaches that the first woman brought all sin and sorrow into the world, and in consequence all women had to be cursed for her sake. Let women read the words of Paul, the great leading light and expounder of popular religion, "Let the women keep silent." "If they want to know anything let them go home and ask their husbands." "Wives, obey your husbands." "I suffer not a woman to usurp authority."

"Keep your wives in subjection," and much more of the same sort and worse. Let them read, and then go and open a Woman Suffrage meeting with reading of more of the same "scriptures," followed by prayer to a being who was never known to lift a lazy hand to help woman to a better position, but who pronounced the first curse upon her!

It is the shame of woman that she has been held captive to the church so long, kept in leading-strings to do the work that men did not care to do to do *all* the real work and to get no thanks for it, either. She has been the auxiliary doing the drudgery, while men bore off the honors and the prizes. Only last week I read of a new hospital scheme, where the officers were all men, but they voted to have an auxiliary of women to aid in furnishing the hospital and in meeting the expenses for the same. In the beginning of this scheme, the women were called upon to collect funds, and they did, by real work, to the amount of over two thousand dollars, while the men sat by cracking jokes and telling stories.

There are two factions among woman suffragists, those who have faith that woman may obtain her rights by adherence to the Bible and religion, represented by Lucy Stone, Mary Livermore, Francis Willard, *et als*; the other side battle for women outside of the Bible and its teachings, and notably among them are Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Matilda Joslyn Gage, and Susan B. Anthony, followed by other younger but intelligent and justly celebrated women.

That women will obtain their just rights is only a question of time, for all will finally come to see with the late Frances Wright that "until women assume a place in society to which good sense and equal rights entitle them, human improvement must advance but feebly, for, let women stand where they may in the scale of being, for good or for evil, for knowledge or ignorance, their position decides that of the race."

If the International Congress of women will work to show women that in order to be free they must first break the fetters that binds them to the false and ignorant theories—that they must turn from the superstitions of the past, and take on the white garments of the living truth—if they will do this, the great convention will not be vain. SUSAN H. WIXON.

As in a race, it is not the large stride or high lift that makes the speed; so in business, the keeping close to the matter, and not taking too much of it at once, procureth despatch

The DOVE is now established in its new office, 141 Market Street, and after the confusion and delay of moving, is in working order, and ready to receive its friends—and enemies also, if it has any.

Religion in the School.

Sectarian schools ought not to be supported by public taxation. It is the very essence of religious tyranny to compel a Methodist to support a Catholic school, or to compel a Catholic to support a Baptist academy. Nothing should be taught in the public schools that the teachers do not know. Nothing should be taught about any religion, and nothing should be taught that can, in any way, be called sectarian. The sciences are not religions. There is no such thing as Methodist mathematics, or Baptist botany. In other words, no religion has anything to do with facts. The facts are all secular; the sciences are all of this world. If Catholics wish to establish their own schools for the purpose of preserving their ignorance, they have a right to do so; so has any other denomination. But, in this country, the state has no right to teach any form of religion whatever. Persons of all religions have the right to become citizens, and citizens have the right to advocate and defend any religion in which they believe, or they have the right to denounce all religions. If the Catholics establish parochial schools, let them support such schools; and if they do, they will particularly lessen or shorten the longevity of that particular superstition. It has often been said that nothing will repeal a bad law as quickly as its enforcement. So, in my judgment, nothing will destroy any church as certainly, and as rapidly, as for the members of that church to live squarely up to the creed. The church is indebted to its hypocrisy to-day for its life. No orthodox church in the United States dare meet for the purpose of revising the creed. They know that the whole thing would fall in pieces. Nothing could be more absurd than for a Roman Catholic priest to teach a public school, assisted by nuns. The Catholic church is the enemy of human progress; it teaches every man to throw away his reason, to deny his observations and experience.—R. G. Ingersoll, in the *Truth Seeker*

The Psychograph, or Dial Planchette.

This is the perfection of the instrument used by Prof. Robert Hare in his investigation of Spiritualism, and has gained astonishing results, both as to communications given, and development of mediumship. A well-known lady in San Francisco writes that she obtained valuable communications at the first sitting and has by the means become a writing medium. Numerous letters of commendation might be given. The psychograph is endorsed by such eminent writers as Dr. Samuel Watson, Dr. Eugene Crowell, Giles Stebbins, W. H. Terry of Australia, etc.

Full instructions with each instrument. It is admirably designed for the home circle. Sent post paid for \$1.00. Address Hudson Turtle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Our Exchanges.

A report comes from Louisville, Ky., says the *R. P. Journal*, detailing the awful experiences of a man named Hancock. He lives now in that city. He spent eight days of his life muffled up in a coffin in a burial vault. The horrible experience unsettled the man's reason, and he seldom leaves the room in which he sleeps and eats. Sixteen years ago Hancock was a man of some means, living then in Kansas City. He was taken ill one day, and gradually grew worse until apparently he died. An undertaker was called in, and the usual ghastly preparations for an interment were gone through with. Two days after his death the funeral took place, and the man was followed to the burial ground by his sorrowing friends. The body, instead of being put in a grave at once, was placed in a receiving vault. Eight days afterward the sexton took his men and started to remove the coffin to the grave that had been prepared, when he was horrified to find something move, and hear a slight groan from the supposed dead man. The lid was removed, and it was found that the man was breathing slightly. Physicians were summoned, and a galvanic battery applied. After some time the man was resuscitated, and he was then removed to his home. He has never recovered from the effects of his awful experience, mentally, but is still a fairly strong and healthy man of his age.

Dr. J. Rodas Buchanan, in the February issue of his *Journal of Man*, writing upon "Metaphysics," writes the following telling sentences, which may be read with advantage by some folks hereabouts: "The class of Metaphysical Healers inspired by Mrs. Eddy's unthinkable propositions, deny the existence of matter verbally. As no human being outside of an asylum ever really disbelieved the existence of matter, or failed to make use of food and clothing, this metaphysical formula only shows how the speculative and credulous can learn to use words without really meaning what they say. The Rev. W. I. Gill, author of "Pneumatopathy," has condescended to admit the possibility of the existence of matter! He says in a *Mental Healing Monthly*: "If there is any such thing as matter apart from mind, it must have its own forces and laws which must be respected." This is very just and polite towards matter, but matter has a way of enforcing respect for itself. If a brickbat were flying through the air a mile a minute, the Rev. Mr. Gill would have very few doubts on its approach, and would be as prompt to get out of the way as common people who have not slipped into the depths of Boston Metaphysics, and know nothing about the non-existence of their own bodies. The taproot of all this crazy talk is found in the barbaric Greek Metaphysics, which even Lord Bacon could not annihilate, which the Concord School still cherishes, and which all our universities still foster by placing the inane verbiages of Plato in the hands of callow youth as something 'worthy to share the reverence given to the Bible, and worthy to rank with the productions of Shakespeare and Milton.'

In an article entitled "Is it Spiritualism?" (referring to Christian spiritual science), which appeared in the *Mental Science Magazine*, Prof. A. J. Swarts answers the questions most decidedly in the negative; he says: "We deny the existence of visitation of spirits, and assert immortality on much higher or scientific grounds. We say the vain belief that one is

controlled by a spirit to tip tables, to hear voices and to see spirits 'materialize' to represent the departed, is doubtless an honest belief, but it is devoid of truth.

"Our science holds that all such claims are delusions; that they are mere beliefs and nonsense when compared with the higher understanding of Christian Science touching immortality. Spiritualists claim that spirits control them to heal disease with human magnetism, while we claim that God, as universal cause of Spirit, does the curing in our science. Spiritualists believe as much in 'matter' as do the rest of the community, and they strongly oppose us in our system and science."

Our Australian contemporary, the *Harbinger of Light* adds the following pertinent comments to the foregoing extract. Bro. Terry says: "Dr. Swarts says he was an investigator of Spiritualism till he was instructed by Mrs. Eddy, some two years ago, in the new system, and then he turned from it. It is perhaps as well for Spiritualism that he did, for it is heavily weighted with theorists and cranks who impede its progress far more than downright oppositionists. Men with well-balanced brains, capable of grasping and harmonizing the spiritual and physical sides of things, are the sort to help forward Spiritualism by attracting both the religious and scientific to their standard."

The twelfth annual meeting of the Theosophical Society was held at Adyar, Madras, during December last. The *Theosophist* gives a report of the proceedings. Col. H. S. Olcott delivered the Presidential address; we quote a paragraph that will show just what Spiritualists have to accept from one of the founders of this society; it is interesting and instructive: "From the fact that many leading members of our Society, myself included, were old Spiritualists, many infer that ours is a branch of that movement. This is not so. If Theosophy were a modern instead of an archaic school, it might be described perhaps as an evolution of phenomenal Spiritualism upon the higher plane of pure philosophy. But there can be no two opinions as to the likelihood of our movement having a very decided, and highly beneficial effect upon Spiritualism. The ancient philosophy does not deny a single one of the facts of mediumship, quite the reverse; but it seems to offer a truly scientific and reasonable explanation of them all, and a far nobler idea of human evolution on all the ascending planes."

R. A. Proctor, the astronomer and lecturer, contributes an article on apparitions to the *Cosmopolitan*, in which, while giving due weight to the various physical causes likely to produce illusions, he cites two instances where neither diseased mental nor physical conditions nor expectant attention, offers a reasonable explanation. He concludes as follows: "It appears to me that the evidence regarding the communication of impressions from mind to mind over great distances, in such sort that apparitions of distant persons dying or suffering seem to be seen by their friends or relatives, is too strong to be rejected by any conscientious student of facts. Science is no more justified in rejecting this evidence merely because no explanation is available than astronomers would be justified in rejecting the observed fact that bodies influence other bodies from a distance, merely because, as Newton himself admitted, no one can explain how matter can act where it is not. Some communication there must be between sun and planet, between planet and satellite, and beyond each solar system between sun and sun, and between galaxy and galaxy; but

no one has yet shown what that communication may be. In like manner, even the most cautious student of science may well believe that there may be some means of communication, under special conditions, between mind and mind at a distance, though no one may be able to explain how such communication is brought about."

James G. Clark, the poet, says, in a letter to the *Saturday Evening Spectator*, of Minneapolis, with which he is editorially connected: "I can name scores of country 'bankers' and farm brokers who are making from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year out of the necessities and miseries of their fellows. Yet some of these men are church members in good standing, and are contemplating removal to one of the Twin Cities, where they will blossom into deacons and class-leaders, and take their place among the solid men of the community. These are the class of men who are responsible for the kind hung in Chicago last November."

The Better Way of Feb. 25th has the following on Spiritualism in the East: "We are advised by dispatches from our Eastern correspondents that Spiritualism was never more popular and useful in that section of the country than it is at the present time. Throughout the New England States our cause not only holds its ground, but it is steadily gaining in recognition and power. We hear of private circles in every quarter, and the number of home mediums that are steadily serving as teachers of immortality, and of the new dispensation of truth, are far beyond what the world deems possible. In good old Massachusetts Spiritualism holds its vantage ground, and there its footing is as solid as the eternal rocks of the soil. Boston presents to the world its numerous meetings, its numberless circles, its army of mediumistic workers, its works and journals from the spiritual press, with unceasing regularity, and in that stronghold of spiritual progress, any thinking, candid mind, that wishes to investigate the claims of Spiritualism, impartially and fairly, finds ample opportunity and any number of avenues for doing so.

Occasionally, with the good reports of what our Eastern contemporaries and workers are doing, comes a wave of accusation against some so-called medium or a report of some one of the advocates of Spiritualism; but the wave soon passes and the report dies out, while the *Cause* stands even more erect and firmly, if possible, than before, as if to show the world that it is so securely founded upon the rock of faith that no tidal wave nor sweeping gale can hurl it from its base.

We are satisfied by the accounts that reach our sanctum, and by the unimpeachable evidence of intelligent minds, that we receive not only from the East but from elsewhere, that from every seeming exposure of fraud in Spiritualism, and for every uncertain manifestation that occurs in the presence of mediums, there are one hundred cases of direct and unmistakable communication between mortals and their spirit friends; and any quantity of strong and useful manifestations of spirit power through the agency of mediumship.

Yoking all the facts in the case into consideration, we are safe in the conclusion that Spiritualism has come to stay as a fixture in the life of humanity. Its work and its purpose cannot be overthrown by priest, demagogue nor bigot of any school. Its religion is one of love and tolerance toward mankind; its purpose, to call men out to better effort and nobler living; its object, to relieve the world of its weight of superstition and ignorance, and its work must and will result in blessing to the human race.

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