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VOLUME VI.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MARCH 23, 1880.

NUMBER 12.

The Divine Guest.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER

To-day we give the readers of the CARRIER DOME one of our Author's grandest productions; and instead of expressing our own views in regard to its merits, we insert a notice of it from *The World's Advances* thought, to which journal it was originally contributed:—"The Divine Guest is a tide of poetic fire once poured through our columns—is one of the poems to which the critic may unflatteringly apply the adjective, *remarkable*."

Hail, all hail, ye striving mortals!
Ye workers, builders of the clay!
Ye who tread the shadowy portals
Of destruction and decay,—
Lo, I come as one commissioned,
Crowned, anointed from on high,
Angel-eyed and inner-visioned,
Looking through the earth and sky.

Behold in silent wonder how ye live and how ye die!

Standarded for a golden planet,
Quickened by a new desire,
From the balmy winds that fan it
I have quaffed the subtle fire;
I have quenched the burning fever,
And upon the streams that roll
Down the limpid tides of ether
Through a flood of light I stole.
Treading now this lower plane,
Wandering from pole to pole,
To unveil the revelations of a true immortal soul

On a chain of lightning peaces
That no mortal hand could stay,
Through the labyrinthine mazes
I have trod the fiery way;
I have passed the gate of morning,
I have touched the shining bars,
Of the clouds have made me awning
Over Jupiter and Mars,
I revel'd 'mid the asteroids and sang amid the stars.

O, the wildly-throbbing numbers,
How they flashed upon the breeze,
Like the music-tone that slumbers
In the heavenly Pleiades!
Like a swiftly-footed courier
In a circuit have I run,
As I made my spiral journey
In an orbit with the sun,
With my feet above the clouds and my mission well begun.

I have won the smiles of Venus,
And for Saturn made an ode,
Which I sang to all between us
On this high and dazzling road;
(Singing, singing O Apollo!)
How they sparkle, how they shide;
And the glory that may follow
May be mine, or may be thine;
Lovely Helix, bring the wine,
For this life is immortal, and this rapture is divine!

In my ear of burnished glory,
With my prancing steeds of light,
With the golden day before me,
And behind me sunless night—
Faster, faster, O, still faster,
There are higher steps to climb;
For I have one only master,
All the rest into my rhyme
Have I moulded with my fancy,
Have I vanquished in my time
Have I moulded to my liking,
Have I blended in my rhyme,
But the one who sits sublime
Crowned, anointed and accepted, on the steepled hills
Of time.

Who am I? what is my mission?
Can ye tell me, some of earth?
Whence this strange and lucid vision,
And this new celestial birth?
Who hath rent the veil and shows me
These perennial heights to climb,
Or what arm to this enthroned me
Up this starry sphere sublime?

Would I tell ye? ye will find it in the far-off future
time!

I have scaled the emerald mountain,
I have rent the veil of mist,
And have loved me in the fountain
Tint with pearls and amethyst;
To the bowers of love superlunary
In my rapture was I led,
And in marriage-bonds eternal
To my soul companion wed.

As the nuptial vows and pledges on a glittering scroll
I read

Who am I? what is my mission?
I'm a goddess in my right;
And I hold the high commission
From unfolded inner sight—
I have passed through all below me,
And aspire to all above,
With the God of Light to show me
What is duty, what is love;
By this sign ye will know me,
I am harmless as a dove,
And I bled the serpent's wisdom with the olive-branch
of love.

Through the fires of tribulation
I have found the healing helm,
And with wings of aspiration
Learned to ride upon the storm
In the thorny road of sorrow
Many a blessed light is won,
And full many a cool to-morrow
From the scorching summer sun,
As ye tread the seething billows, and in spiral orbits
run.

Would ye sweep while birds are singing?
Would ye darken 'neath the stars?
Or neglect the blossoms springing
By the outer prison bars?
Up the ladder-rounds of knowledge,
O, thou Spirit, through the gloom,
Decking with immortal foliage,
Arriving with perennial bloom,
All thy labyrinthine windings from the manger, mound,
and tomb!

Rise, O, rise, thou quickened spirit,
(Leave thy ornaments and bring

By the gift thou dost inherit,
Garlands of an endless Spring!
By the fires thou dost exult in,
By the incense thou dost burn,
Green and yet canopy shall dwindle
'Till the ashes in their arm
To the great four winds of heaven shall be scattered in
their turn!

God is speaking, and the angels
Catch the music-tones that roll,
And in sweet inspired evangel
Bear thee to the quickened soul;
And the golden seed is springing,
Springing from the heavenly soil,
In a flood of glory bringing
Palms of love and meeds of toil,
As the harvesters and reapers for the bounteous fruitage
mold

Up ye mortals, God is speaking,
All creation hears the tone;
Each the oracle are seeking
To encompass in their own;
God is speaking, and the sages
Each prophetic tone disperse,
While the poet to the ages
Sings it in melodious verse,
Stamps it on the golden page,
All its wonders doth rehearse
In an endless chain of beauty through the boundless
universe.

O, ye people, in your slumbers,
Ye will miss the mighty song,
With the glory of its numbers
Swift, exuberant and strong!
But the Sun of Light has risen
On the stricken world's eclipse,
And the soul from out its prison
Like a winged terror flies,
With a pen of its miss on
Dropping from the burning lips
Of its own Divine Avenger, Angel of Apocalypse!

Thought is speeding, light is breaking,
Spirit bursting from its clay,
And with valiant zeal is making
Room for a millennial day—
Light is breaking, thought is waking
From its long and dreamless sleep,
And with giant arm is shaking
Old foundations from their deep,
While along the European strains of retribution waves!

Thought is speeding, time is waning,
Let your banners be unfurled!
Tyranny hath long been gaining
Hidden marches on the world—
God is speaking through the Nations,
Trampling Error from its throne,
Truth with mighty inspirations
Thunders it from zone to zone,
And the voice of tribulation,
Justice creation for its own,

Peals along the vast creation in a seething judgment
tone!

Heroes, martyrs, pilgrims, toilers,
Misioned messengers of light,
Builders, Spirit-encircled destroyers,
Wondrous is your arm of might!
And ye heavenly Queens and Maries,
Spirits of celestial birth,
Love in its sweet mission farries
'Till its harmonious night!

With a golden benediction all the nameless woes of
earth!

Original Contributions.

Early Life In California.

BY LEON M. BOWDLEN.

NUMBER NINE.

Although wages were maintained at such a high figure (\$10 per day) for some time after the spring of '50 it was not such easy work to save money as might be supposed.

The new arrivals by every steamer, and the returned disappointed gold hunters from the mines, kept the number of mechanics far in excess of the amount of work to be done, and it was only by dint of continued rustling that we could find work for any length of time, and those that were too indolent or modest to look sharp after jobs, and to be persistent in asking for them, remained idle a great part of the time.

Jobs were, as a rule, short; they were rushed ahead with lightning speed. Paying \$10 per day, bosses expected every man to keep moving lively, and make every blow count, and there was a striking contrast between the gait of a crew of California workmen and the slow and easy way of Eastern hands, where wages were \$1.50 to \$1.75 per day.

This same difference in movement was observable in all other workers, and in business men of all classes, and the discipline of those days when time and material were so valuable, left its impress upon the people for many years, or a life time; producing a habit of "push," of despatch, and going straight to the mark, peculiar to this people, resulting in an effectiveness that has become typical of the genuine Californian.

It is seen not only in business affairs, but with writers and speakers, and even the loafer, a product of later years, has fallen into this way. He loafs in earnest, as though he meant it, and has developed into the tramp that will discount the world in his audacity in "beating" his living out of the community without work.

The speech of the country has become proverbial for its terseness and expressiveness, and has crystallized into such expressions as "you bet," "you get," "not much," "a balk," "a bummer," etc., etc., and though more expressive than elegant, shows the prevailing tendency to go straight to the mark, even if it has to go "across lots."

Among California writers, too, we see the effect of this trait, to make them "hit the nail on the head," with the least possible amount of verbiage, and with an economy equal to that of Lowell's New England country deacons, who were in the habit of "saving their pork and souls with least amount of salt and sanctity," and though sometimes losing polish and delicacy of expression in their eagerness to reach their

meaning, it is found that those writers are most in favor who say the most with the least possible amount of words, and we find ourselves admiring writings sometimes with this merit alone, having no other literary excellence.

In a letter written home, dated May, 1850, speaking of this habit of "push," this was said:

"If we get a job it is soon over, and we are out of work again. You can judge how things are pushed here when I tell you the store we have just finished was a large two-story building 25x100 feet.

We commenced the foundation Friday morning, and Tuesday night after we quit at 6 o'clock, they began moving in their goods, and were all in order for business the next morning, having worked nearly all night.

"It is no uncommon thing for men to contract for a new building before the flames are done with the old one, and contractors have in some instances come near having the lumber they had hauled for the new job, while the fire was yet burning, consumed by the old fire.

"I have heard of some who have actually contracted for a new building before the fire had reached the old one, so certain were the flames of their prey when once under good headway."

"We get good wages, but have to work accordingly.

"No nursing of jobs here to make them hold out; if you do you get 'kicked out.' And then, when weary with the day's struggle, our eyes, nose and ears full of cinders, sand and ashes, to go home and find no nicely spread table, with a clean, white table cloth on it, with the nice home-made biscuit and cookies, pies and doughnuts, and best of all, our dear old mothers to welcome us, it is cold comfort. But we think of the 'good times that are coming.'

"We each carry home an armful of cuttings (for by common consent the chips all belong to the carpenter here), and while the rest of us are washing up, the cook for the week kindles his fire, puts on the teakettle, slips on the beef steak, turns over the plates we laid upside down in the morning, and then while he is washing, those with clean hands cut up the bread, slice up the cold potatoes, and put them on to fry; set the tea to steeping, and by the time the cook gets washed up, supper is about ready. In our housekeeping, except on Sunday, we have to 'push things' just as we do about our work to make time—everything on the double quick.

"But Sunday we take it easy and grow fat. Usually we get the best the market affords, and get up a big dinner, and if some of the boys happen around to enjoy it with us, we have a merry time.

"Week days dishes only get washed up at night, but Sundays three times, for they have to be piled away to give us room to

write home, especially the Sunday before steamer day. Sunday after steamer day we all get our letters out and re-read them, not only once, but two or three times, and what there is of general interest is read aloud.

"Old Californians (that is, we who have been here three or four months) don't work Sundays, but the job we have just finished there were men at it all day Sunday. The Sunday workers are usually the new comers. The \$10 a day looks so big, they can't think of missing even Sunday if they can get work, but after a month or two they get cured of that and are as ready as the rest of us to lay off and let nature have its due amount of rest.

"When we go by a building and see men working Sunday, we say, 'There are some new comers.'

"I say we don't work Sundays, but we do sometimes, do a little washing and mending. At first I thought I wouldn't, but had to give in or go dirty. I kept my wash in some two weeks, rather than wash Sunday, and had to do it Sunday at last, for as soon as one job was done, found another, and couldn't think of breaking into a \$10 day to wash dirty clothes, so if you think I have 'fallen from grace,' this is my excuse."

In the spring of 1850 silver was a drug in the market, and it made the old hands growl to be paid off for their week's work in silver dollars, and the bosses used to pick out the new comers to lend them up with silver. It was such a novelty and so bewildered them to receive into their open palms \$50 to \$72 for sixty hour's work, that there was no room for growling. I remember with what gusto I hauled in my sixty silver dollars for my first full week's work, and crammed it into my breeches pocket, and didn't appreciate a smile and a sly wink that I saw pass between some of the old hands till I saw them receive their pay in "yellow boys" that they could carry in their vest pocket. But I felt too much elated, too rich, to raise any objections. Sixty big silver dollars for a week's work! Was it possible? I felt as though I had almost robbed the boss. It looked and felt so big as compared with the \$7.50 that I had received at home for the same length of time.

And so I trudged off home with my kindling wood under one arm, and my other hand supporting my pocket to keep the bottom from dropping out. Once at home, where there were none to fear, my silver was dumped in a pile on my bunk, and my eyes feasted on it till they closed in sleep.

A favorite pastime with us Sundays after the housework was done up was to take a stroll up on Telegraph Hill, to watch for approaching steamers, and view the forest of shipping in the harbor below us, get a glimpse of the bay stretching far inland towards San Jose, Contra Costa and the Oakland shore, and with the Sierras in the dim distance, and the Pacific Ocean out through the Golden Gate.

But this time I held back—couldn't go. "Why, what's the matter with Bowdoin? Why don't he come along?" I didn't like to say, and made some flimsy excuses, but they were too thin, and soon they "dropped out to it." "Oh, he can't leave his money, and can't take it with him, and has got to stay by it." And they tauntingly said something about a "camel" and a "rich man," and the "kingdom of heaven," I have forgotten what it was. In fact I was too much engrossed with my silver to appreciate all their remarks, but I had to own up that the money was what incited me, and let them go without me. Their last remark as they looked back was, "Hope you won't get robbed." But I didn't fear that. There were "pepper boxes" in all the berths, well loaded, and I knew how to use them; and had I got "stood up," I would have fought more desperately for what I had than I ever would have done since, for it was my first hundred dollars. And if I had quoted scripture to suit the case it would surely have got reversed and made to say, "What shall it profit a man if he keep his life and loses all his money?"

But during the long hours of watching and waiting for my chums to return, I had plenty of time to ruminate on the subject of *money*, and *silver money* especially, and realize what a burden money was if you had to be tied to it, and if too long continued what slaves it would make of us. And I revived if I ever saw the light of another morning, as soon as banks opened, I would trust it in some of their vaults, slinky as they were, and I commenced the week by exchanging that pile of silver and thirty dollars more for a piece of paper with the figure nine on it with a cipher at the right, and in too many cases, as it turned out, it didn't matter whether the cipher was at the right or left of the nine, or whether the nine was right side up or not, you got back about the same in either case. Not one of the banks that took in money then survived as late as 1851, and half of them went under before '51 was passed.

But that short experience of mine that Sunday while a prisoner, was suggestive of what the inordinate love of money might lead to—increase that hundred dollars to thousands and millions, and extend the time into eternity, and see what a terrible web of slavery we may weave for ourselves by a life devoted wholly to the worship of gold!

There we shall be riveted to earth and its treasures without the capacity to enjoy them, and unable to break our chains and rise with freed souls to view the illimitable expanse of heavenly grandeur that fills the universe. We can then realize something of the meaning of the scripture where it says: "It will be better that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck."

Inspirational Teachings Through the Mediumship of L. C. Ashworth.

NUMBER THREE.

SPIRITUALISM AND PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

The laws of matter differ from the laws of mind, although mind is matter in the sense that it is a substance, an entity possessing weight, and the other ordinary attributes of matter. But the analysis and explanation of the laws of mind are not to be considered as identical with the proper comprehension of the laws of matter. The latter have a different basis, being governed or controlled by a force inherent in the particles; but the laws controlling mind are of an opposite, or, at all events, a very different kind. Here is the difficulty which Professor Huxley cannot overcome—a difficulty which he is not actually aware of, but which has none the less a very important influence on the theories which he gives to the world. Laws controlling matter can be classified and arranged in such a manner that cause and effect can be very readily determined and understood. The laws of mind, on the other hand, present such complex and intricate combinations that an altogether higher order of intelligence is needed to understand them, and, harder than understanding them is the power to control and arrange them, so that certain definite and tangible results may be secured. This difficulty, though known to exist, is not made sufficient allowance for, and the phenomena produced are set down as either fraudulent or stupidly silly by those whose intellectual powers in other directions, ought to make them better able to form a judgment in the matter. Huxley says the raps may be produced by the toe-joint, but the question is how were raps produced when no such a theory was in anywise admissible? This difficulty is ignored, but the fact is, the professor has not found time to give the subject the thought and attention it deserves. His content, apparently, to let the matter rest on such a very precarious basis as he has placed it, and people must be content with the toe-joint theory till such time as Professor Huxley, or some other professor, brings some other theory out in its place. But there is consolation in the fact that the mass of mankind cannot be prevented from the exercise of an independent judgment, because of the fanciful suggestions of scientific men. On subjects which touch so closely their own individual selves, they will arrogate to themselves the right of using that judgment in spite of the sneers or remonstrances of Prof. Huxley. Truth must eventually triumph, and the admitted truth is, even now, that phenomena have been observed and faithfully recorded, which no such a theory as Prof. Huxley's can possibly controvert.

Truth thrives no greater blessing can man receive or God bestow.—*Plutarch*.

The Exercise of Judgment.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

In an article published in a prominent Spiritualistic paper the following is quoted, apparently from the Bible: "Judgment is mine, saith the Lord," and then the article goes on to say that certain spiritual teachers seem to have usurped the Almighty's prerogative in their condemnation of some erring fellow-mortals, said erring fellow-mortals being certain fraudulent spiritual mediums.

In the first place no such passage as that quoted can be found in the Bible. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord," is what the Bible says. It is true that in a large number of Biblical passages judgment is ascribed to God; but in others it is likewise committed to men on earth. In John vii:24, Jesus is represented as saying, "Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment." This is a very sensible and excellent precept, and it is just what the friends of truth and honesty in Spiritualism endeavor to do. When purported spiritual manifestations are presented to them, they endeavor not to judge by the superficial appearance of things, as so many Spiritualists are inclined to do (accepting as genuine that which is spurious), but they search deeper into the matter, in order that they may give righteous judgment. Paul says, "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." In order to prove the character of spiritual phenomena, it is absolutely necessary that we use our judgment. In fact, a good judgment is the crowning attribute of human nature. "Reason is the dower of the spirit" and judgment is simply the exercise of reason. God never intended any one not to exercise his best judgment. The fact that man is endowed with the capacity of judgment, and that a man without judgment is perforce a fool, proves that it is no usurpation of the Almighty's prerogative to judge others, evil-doers as well as the righteous.

It is our duty to judge and condemn vice and crime, and to do all we can to suppress it. It is our bounden duty to aid in preventing our brothers and sisters from being played upon and swindled by knaves and charlatans; and no sentiments of false or mock charity should swerve us from the straight line of duty. True charity does not require us to aid the vicious and criminal by silence concerning, or approval of, their misdeeds. That is true charity both to the evil doer and to his victims which does what it can to check the wrong doer in his or her course, and prevent the victims from being increased in number or from being further preyed upon. Justice and charity should go hand in hand. So-called charity without justice is productive of much evil in the world; and so-called justice exercised independent of the considerations of charity is in

itself often rank injustice, cruelty, oppression.

Rash, hasty judgments, whether of a favorable or unfavorable character, should ever be avoided. In all cases, "judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment." Be careful and cautious, avoiding prejudice on either side. Seek honestly and candidly to know the exact truth. Be neither quick to condemn nor quick to approve. Search for the facts. Examine all the evidence in any given case, and let reason unbiased and untrammelled, be the arbiter. If convinced of wrong-doing being practiced, let no false charity excuse or condone it, unless there be extenuating circumstances calling for the exercise of the charity. True charity must never be lost sight of even with the vilest wretches. No motives of vengeance or vindictive retaliation should mar our justice to the wrong-doer; but the love of the supremacy of right, the welfare of humanity, the protection of society, demand that the criminal should be exposed and restrained; and no false charity should interfere with the exercise of "righteous judgment," to the suppression of evil and the advancement of the good and true.

How to Better Comprehend the All-Knowing Infinite Deity.

BY DR. E. B. WHELOCK.

We often read of great minds among the so-called clergy, but in what particular as yet I have failed to learn. For a great *mind* with my definition, is one that can think in all directions and rationally upon all subjects, free from prejudice and perfectly humanitarian and truly scientific in every sense of their words.

Present me with such a *priest* or clergyman, and I will place his name upon the roll of honor as being the first of his class I have seen in a life-time.

What important lessons has the world ever learned from them?

Read Buckle's "History of European Civilization," or Prof. Draper's "Conflict Between Religion and Science," and you may find the answer. And even as exponents of what is called the Infinite, and All-Knowing Deity, what have they taught the enquiring and ever-waiting world?

All rational knowledge is usually ignored, and the only thing most needed for "poor men" is "Faith, saving faith;" but is it not self-evident that an All-Knowing God must be well posted in the great law of mathematics?

If so, is not the study of arithmetic essential to a knowledge of Deity in this department of his, her or its wisdom?

Again, is not Deity a number one, boss mechanic?

Who can equal Him in the building of a flower, or even of the eye of a gnat, or in the more stupendous work of unfolding a system of revolving suns with their myriads of satellites?

Hence the greater our knowledge of mechanical arts, the greater will be our love and devotion for the great *Master Mechanic*, the All-Knowing Deity.

Let us ask again, is not nature's God a superlative artist, as witnessed in his universal paint-shop?

Think once of the rainbow and the star-spangled heavens, of the supreme glory of a western sunset, and the golden fringe that skirts the eastern sky in time of morn; think of earth's outstretched plains all bespangled with beautiful flowers nodding in the breeze and sweetly blushing in the summer sun.

No "holly bobs" can equal these. In these the "Word of God" is silent, but their effect upon the inner soul of man is more potent for good, than a string of wordy prayers reaching from earth to the moon.

Hence to rightly worship and adore the All-Knowing Deity, we should quietly close all moss-covered books and enter with brush in hand the ever open door of Deity's universal paint-shop and become rational Spiritualists by obtaining a knowledge of Deity direct, instead of indirect, through some unsooth records of the long-ago.

Is not the great Deity also the divine author of all works upon the sublime subject of chemistry? Is not the grand work of perpetual evolution the unavoidable result of chemical affinities, and the repellent powers of dissimilarities?

The make up of the human form and of the human spirit divine and all else whatsoever is found in the Universe are but so many chemical manifestations from the hand of the All-Knowing, the Supreme Deity.

Oh! ye priests, how small is your mission if ye preach naught but the stale gospel of some unknown man, or resorts by some unknown men called Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. The present living gospel, the gospel according to nature and God, is what the world needs and must have. In this gospel lies the only highway to a better knowledge and a sublimer conception of the ever present Instructor and Infinite Controller of all events.

I have long desired that our spirit mediums and writers and all lecturers upon the spiritual or harmonial philosophy, would outlaw the foolish and absurd idea that human spirits once disconnected from human brains still possessed evil dispositions, and were still holding revenge and malice aforesought against the undeveloped and misdirected children of earth life.

To me every angry or angry manifestation through mediums is only the earth life daggered, or repeated over again. It gives no evidence of the real character or disposition of spirit, or spirits in the higher life.

The doctrine of obsession by exorcise spirits, for a malicious purpose, and Milton's word-picture of a war in heaven are twin sisters and should be speedily expunged from our spiritual literature.

The divine code in spirit life from the lowest to the highest plane of conscious existence, is discipline and reformation and perpetual progression. The spirit of retaliation by a law is necessity its therefore unknown.

In each brain is the feeling of destructiveness and combativeness may rule for a while, and perhaps for a legitimate purpose; but on a plane of life where all is harmony, where there is no struggle for the survival of the "fittest," these feelings are lost. The feelings of love and elarity and a constant desire for wisdom and knowledge ascends the throne, and misdirection flees away.

— SPRAGUE, Mo.

Selected Articles.

(From the *New York Press*, Sunday Feb. 17th, 1889.)

THE BELIEVERS IN SPIRITUALISM

Statesmen, Officials, Merchants, Professional Men, Men of Business and of Letters Who Are Firm in the Faith—Unique and Strange Are the Manifestations—Prominent People Who Vouch for Remarkable Phenomena in the Way of Spirit Rappings, Drawings, Writings, Speeches, Healings and Communications—The Term Spirit-until, Strictly Speaking, Difficult to Define—All Who Call Themselves Spiritualists Believe in the Continuity of Life After Death, and the Return of Spirits to This Sphere—Beyond This There Are Many Differences of Opinion—Intelligent Men Who Give Reasons for the Faith That is in Them—Curious Ways in Which the Dwellers in the Usen World Frequently Return in Spirit to This One—The Innumerable Number of Spiritualists Spread Throughout the Land—Men of Wealth, Culture and High Position Who Are Not Cranks or Fools Who Assert Their Belief in the Spiritualistic Faith—Wonderful Mediums—Prominent Spiritualists in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Washington Furnish Testimony.

The *Press* to-day lays before its readers the reasons which have induced so many intelligent men to believe in Spiritualism. It is an undeniable fact, that the eminent lawyer Luther R. Marsh is only one of hundreds of other brainy and cultured men who believe firmly that the dwellers in the unseen world do frequently return in spirit to this one. It is also quite as certain that tricksters have wrung money from the purses and made weary the brains of intelligent people under the pretense that they are mediums, that is to say, people through whom speak the spirits of the dead.

IN NEW YORK.

Well-Known Spiritualists Explain the Reasons for Their Faith.

(Continued from page 173.)

"Do you think Spiritualism is gaining ground?"

"Certainly; inconceivably fast. These checks that it appears to receive from the discovery of frauds, either real or apparent, and the exposure of deceitful mediums are mediums probably nevertheless—they are, in some cases, I know, these are not interfering with the real progress of Spiritualism at all because that progress is silent and unseen. Tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds or thousands of these people are perhaps quietly

investigating the subject, and becoming thoroughly convinced of the reality of the phenomena as produced by disembodied spirits, and thus becoming believers, or rather, I should say, acquiring an actual knowledge of the actuality of the future life and the spirit world. I consider that Spiritualism, so called, as a practice is by no means to be approved of in all its phases, that it may become debasing rather than elevating. I would also say, too, that the moral and spiritual character of mediums should be very carefully scrutinized, and none of them should be patronized or even visited in any way unless their character and conduct as men and women are entirely exemplary."

Mr. Henry E. Newton, the president of the New York Society of Spiritualists, is one of the most prominent as well as one of the most earnest workers in the cause of Spiritualism. He claims not only to have seen spirits, but to have been able to take some of their photographs, he being an expert in amateur photography.

Mr. Newton says of himself: "I was brought up a Presbyterian, but afterward became a member of the more liberal organization of Methodism. My attention was first drawn to Spiritualism thirty-seven years ago. I was a piano manufacturer, and I went to Bridgeport to set up a piano. The instrument was shipped by boat, but I went by the cars. I waited there day after day, expecting the arrival of the piano, but it did not come. Some friends of mine who were believers in the spirit rappings suggested that the "table" should be got out, and then it was rapped out that a ship was aground. At first we did not know what the communication meant, but on inquiry it was found that the boat on which the piano had been placed had come to grief in the manner mentioned.

"I thought this was very strange, but I was interested, and told my wife the circumstances when I went home. She thought what had been done was wicked and sacrilegious, but I talked about it so much that she finally overcame her scruples, and we sat down to a table of our own, placed the tips of our fingers upon it in the manner required, and it began to move. We could neither of us believe it, and one said to the other, "Did you do that?" or "I am sure you moved that," but once we were convinced that it was done by an outside power we sat down to the table every night, and after placing heavy objects upon it, invited our friends in to see how easily it would move in spite of any amount of weight. The result of investigations made both of us strong Spiritualists, and some of the most remarkable manifestations that have ever been given have taken place in our house. The mediumistic powers unfolded and unfolding in our time is only the swelling of a bud or celestial germ inherent in the human constitution. The Spiritualism of history was simply me-

teoric flashes of light, prophetic of this time and the time to come when this bud shall become a radiant flower. Then humanity shall not grope in darkness with lamed eyes and palsied hands, bowing to mystic shrines with superstitious fear and terror, but will walk upright in its redeemed manhood.

"Mediums are mostly found in private families. The public mediums are few compared with those in private life. Mediumship is a fact as well and firmly established as any fact possibly can be, and it is with us because there is need for it. The progress of Spiritualism can no more be stopped by human efforts than the workings of any other law of nature can be rendered inoperative."

Mrs. Newton exclaimed with enthusiasm after her husband had ceased speaking:

"Everything in life looks so different from our standpoint. We consider this world only the primary school. The church people think that we do away with hell and fiery spirits, but if we do we don't do away with punishment. We believe that evil doing is surely followed by suffering of some kind. Miss Jennie B. Hagan, when she spoke to us at Adelphi Hall last Sunday, said she had visited a hat factory in the East and she found that all the hats before they were sent to market went through a bleaching process, and she thought it was the same with people, that we all had to go through with the bleaching process.

"We don't believe in the forgiveness of sins," continued Mrs. Newton. "Whatever of wrong we do in life we must atone for it, we must make amends, although not always in this life. There are many states of purification, and we are in a constant state of progression in the other life. Only, however, according to your own ability do you progress. I long for the day to come when ministers will preach that people cannot live a wicked life and go to heaven. Criminals are taught that they will go straight to Jesus, but it is all wrong. Spirits have come back here and told the remorse they have suffered for the life they had led here."

"About how many people attend the meetings at Adelphi Hall?"

"Sometimes there are 300 or 400 in the audience, and often not more than 200, but this number does not at all represent the number of Spiritualists in New York. People think it more respectable to go to church than to come to our meetings, but I may say with truth that there are Spiritualists in most of the churches here. Of course, we all know there is a great deal of trickery and fraud about the mediums."

"But why is there this trickery and fraud?"

"Because there are evil minded persons in the other world, just as there are counterfeiters. Those who speak for us at Adelphi Hall, and there are a great many women

among them, are engaged for months, sometimes a year ahead. They are given subjects for a discourse and poem, which they find on a slip of paper after they come there. Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham is one of the favorites. She travels about from place to place, speaking every night in the week and twice on Sunday. Besides this regular work she often has funerals to attend, sometimes going long distances to officiate over the body of a person she has promised in life to attend. She, like the others, is an inspirational speaker, her spirit seeming to go out of herself as she delivers the discourse. She makes quotations from books she has never read, and she says she listens to herself as she makes these quotations, shrinking and fearing that she may have made a mistake, but on looking them up afterward finds that she has always been correct. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith is another speaker, and Mr. Lyman C. Howe and Mr. J. J. Morse and others. A curious instance of Mrs. Brigham's power is her ability to write backward, so that the communication is only distinguishable if held before a glass. She first discovered her force when her hand began to move involuntarily one day. She did not take any notice of it at first, but afterward concluded to take up a pencil and see if she could write. It resulted in her being able to pen words backward."

MYSTIC STATESMAN.

Senators and Others Who Believe in Spiritual Lore.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—There are many public men at the national capital who believe in Spiritualism, but there are few of them who can be made to acknowledge it. Men who stand for preference before the people and who run for elective offices regard a Spiritualist as open to severe criticism, and for that reason they cover up as far as possible their religious belief when it runs in that direction. Occasionally a bevy of Senators or Representatives get together at the Capitol, and during a free and easy private conversation they express their views in such a way as to disclose their spiritualistic beliefs, but there is seldom an opportunity given in any other way to ascertain when a man in public life has faith in Spiritualism.

Senator Coke of Texas is regarded as one of the most prominent Spiritualists in Washington. The Senator is very large and brusque in physical composition, with a head of heavy hair and a face covered with a bushy beard, all of which is snowy white. One would not regard him as a Spiritualist, but to his most intimate friends he does not hesitate to say that there is something more than theory in Spiritualism. He believes that there is power possessed by the spiritualistic mediums to call into communication with the living spirits of the dead, and he has attended more than one seance in which

he participated. Senator Coke is the uncle of the wife of Count Eugene de Mitkiewicz, the famous Russian-American diplomat, who secured the Wharton Barker telephone and telegraph franchise in China. Count Mitkiewicz is a noted believer in Spiritualism, and claims that he secured the "tip" in regard to the chances for electrical introductions, and that he was able to reach Li Hung Chang, the uncorrupted king of China, and secure from that functionary certain concessions through the operation of the spirits. It is stated that Senator Coke and the count not infrequently go together to spiritualistic circles.

Representative Plumb of Illinois, who is a banker and financier of signal success and who is always counselled whenever there is monetary legislation pending in Congress, makes no secret of his belief in Spiritualism whenever he is in a circle of his friends. He believes that the good spirits linger with their friends after mortal dissolution, influencing them for good, and that the contrary is true of bad spirits. Mr. Plumb believes in the direct communication of mortal beings with those in the spirit. He does not attend circles for amusement, but because he believes he derives benefit from them. Mr. Plumb regards Spiritualism as a religious belief in rather a doubtful way in this respect. A too close study and an absolute concentration of the mind on the subject may lead to mental wanderings and therefore result in harm. On general principles, however, he accepts the belief as a whole.

Dr. Baxter, who is one of the most prominent physicians at the national capital, being called into consultation with the most distinguished physicians of the country, is such an ardent believer in the faith that he holds private circles at his residence, and there are among his guests some of the distinguished figures in public life.

More has been written about Senator Leiland Stanford of California in connection with the spiritualistic belief of public men in Washington than any other. Senator Stanford says he is not a Spiritualist—at least in the common acceptance of the term—and he does not want to be classed as such; but he gives a very interesting account of how he came to be regarded a Spiritualist, and what he really does believe, and I will relate it, as coming from one of his best friends.

Five or six years ago the only son of this well known millionaire and philanthropist died, away from home and his parents. He was travelling in Europe with his tutor, and there was no parting message, no last farewell to father or mother. This fact preyed upon the mother's mind that it distressed her friends very greatly. Spiritualistic mediums heard of this and went to Mrs. Stanford with their theories. She accepted their doctrine to a limited extent and believed that with the aid of mediums she could converse with the spirit of her son. When Mrs. Stanford

conveyed what she learned and believed to the Senator he attempted to dissuade her from the belief. He did not then have any patience with it. Finally, however, he consented to a trial of the power of the mediums, and when they went to New York they secured the services of the most respectable Spiritualists to be found. Seances were given, three or four of them, and communications were held with what was represented as the spirit of the dead son. They were not satisfactory to either the Senator or Mrs. Sanford, but they put the former to thinking.

He would have been willing, he would now, to make almost any sacrifice in order to obtain for either Mrs. Stanford or himself a communication with the spirit of their boy which was satisfactory. The feature that impressed him most during the efforts to secure spiritual communication was the sincerity of the mediums and their evident honesty of purpose. Senator and Mrs. Stanford have for years been pestered by dead bents, beggars and fortune hunters, and one of the principal objects of those who worked up the medium communication was to get an advertisement. Nevertheless, the Senator believes that they worked in good faith, and their earnestness and the sincerity of all who believe in Spiritualism impressed him greatly. He began to study the theory, hoping to solve it and to derive benefit in some direction.

The Senator's communication through the spirit mediums was not satisfactory because he knew that the spirit was not that of his son. It was not the voice, he says, nor the manner of his son. The study he has made has probably put him in the general category of the Spiritualists, however, and his philosophy on the subject is in the direct line of the most popular theories.

"I believe that the spirits of the dead inhabit the atmosphere," said the Senator the other day in discussing Spiritualism. He says that heaven is undoubtedly a spirit condition, and that there has never been any location given it by astronomers or logicians. He is every day influenced by some intangible power which he attributes to spirits about him. The doctrine of some of the denizens of the Orient, that the bad or good spirits of the departed move the living in their every day deeds, attracts his attention and solicits his consideration, although he does not believe in the doctrine itself. It is a mystery to him in connection with his belief that the spirits of our friends are all about us. He says the doctrine of the average Protestant, literally construed, as it commonly is, will not stand under the surgeon's knife or last under the test of the astronomer. The Senator is not a disbeliever in the doctrine of future punishment or reward, but he does not believe that they come in just the form or at the time most Protestants do. The fact that he is guided in his actions, given impulses

which impel him, by some invisible power into contact with which he comes, makes him believe that the spirits of our friends are not located beyond our immediate reach. He regards the spirits of the dead as in daily, momentarily contact with the living, and he is constrained to believe that contact must move the living to deeds which they would not have suggested to them under other conditions. Whether these spirits can be commanded by the powers of the medium he does not pretend to say. So far as his researches have gone he is led to doubt the claim, and there he departs from the prime doctrine of the Spiritualists of the day.

Professor Elliot Cones and Bishop Newman, the latter who was General Grant's minister and who was recently promoted to the situation he now occupies, with headquarters at Omaha, are believers. Dr. Sunderland, who is President Cleveland's minister, is also classed as a Spiritualist, and some of his friends go so far as to say that President Cleveland himself has conversed with Dr. Sunderland on Spiritualism, and is at present studying the principles upon which believers base their religion.

Ex-Senator Spencer of Alabama, who at one time wielded a powerful influence in legislative circles, and who is now living in the West and pursuing mining, was so firm a Spiritualist that he used to talk it in the cloak rooms of the Senate, and relate experiences with the spirits through the influence of the mediums that he became a subject of general comment. He believed he possessed the powers of the medium, and imagined that he could from his seat in the Senate converse with the spirits.

Had it not been for the fact that he was very sensitive to ridicule, President Arthur would have openly acknowledged his faith in Spiritualism. I am told that private seances conducted by three or four intimate friends and a medium were more than a few times held at the White House between the years 1882 and 1884. President Arthur communicated with the spirit of his wife, and said he had great satisfaction in it. Those who learned that he was a Spiritualist and who desired to converse with him on the subject were unsuccessful, however, in their efforts. He did not want the public to know that he believed in or studied the subject.

Dr. Lincoln who was one of the leading physicians to President Garfield, is a Spiritualist. Those who have talked to him at the private circles say his views are exceedingly interesting, going as they do far below the surface of the ordinary believers, and branching out into depths of philosophy which show to good advantage the breadth of his intellect, which takes the very highest rank

(To Be Continued.)

Injuries are forgiven only in their ceasing to be such, and then, what is there to forgive? Macdonald.

CARPENTER'S THEORY.

A Comparison of the Phenomena Explained by Dr. Carpenter, and the Phenomena which Dr. Carpenter Did Not Explain.

G. F. BRADFORD.

Dr. Carpenter, F. R. S., one of the strongest opponents of Spiritualism, delivered at Lancaster, in 1871, a lecture on "Epidemic Delusion," among which he classed modern Spiritualism. Now I am a Spiritualist, and possibly prejudiced; but I like to see fair play, and I propose to analyze Dr. Carpenter's reasons for classing Spiritualism as a delusion. I am free to confess that I can see in this lecture nothing prejudicial to a belief in the theory of spirit, as being the only possible explanation of a certain class of phenomena, and while I am quite in harmony with Dr. Carpenter's explanation of the phenomena he observed, and his methods of investigation, as I am, perhaps, no less skeptical than he, I object to his considering the crude instances he relates and explains being a necessary part to, or all the bases of, Spiritualism. My object in this article is to furnish an answer to the objection to Spiritualism, so frequently raised, that it is fully explained by Dr. Carpenter on the "Ideo Motor," "Involuntary Muscular Action," "Mental Cerebration," etc., theories, would like to quote all that part of the lecture that bears on the subject, but space forbids; so I will simply present sufficient extracts to enable the reader to gather a fair idea of the line of argument used. Dr. Carpenter does not as many believe, consider it to be a scientific impossibility, either that there are spirits, or that they might communicate with mortals. He says:

"I can only assure you of myself that having, as I have said, devoted considerable attention to this subject, I have come to the conclusion most decidedly, with, I believe, may say, as little prepossession as most persons, and with every disposition to seek or truth simply—to allow for our ignorance, or I would rather say for our ignorance, a very large margin of many things that are beyond our philosophy, with every disposition to accept facts when I could once clearly satisfy myself they were facts—I have had to come to the conclusion that whenever I have been permitted to employ such tests as I should employ in any scientific investigation, there was either intentional deception on the part of interested persons, or else self-deception on the part of persons who were very sober-minded and rational upon all ordinary affairs of life."

Judging from this, it appears safe to assume that had Dr. Carpenter witnessed such phenomena, as are, though rarely I admit, to be observed nowadays, such as I shall describe later on) he would have become a

Spiritualist, as will become evident when the character of the phenomena on which he bases his conclusions is presented. The first instance he relates is of a seance at which a table was supposed by the sitters to have arisen bodily from the floor, under their hands, by spirit power. Had it really done so, a scientific explanation of the phenomenon would be very interesting; would be an explanation science has never yet presented; but Dr. Carpenter found by watching that all the feet of the table were never off the floor at one time, so he had nothing to explain save the "involuntary muscular action" of the arms and hands of the sitters under the "stimulus of belief," and these theories he further demonstrated by an experiment of Farraday's, from which it will be seen that, instead of explaining how a table rises bodily from the floor under the hands of the sitters, he simply explains how in this instance it did not—nothing more. He then proceeds to explain the "stimulus of belief" as the result of "subjective sensations," which "will be felt by the individuals as realities, and will be presented to others as realities, when they are really the creation of their own minds, that creation arising out of the expectation which they have themselves formed."

The next instance he relates is one in which intelligence occurs in connection with the movements of the table. In this way the spirit of a poet announces itself to a young man who is sitting with his sister, and spells out a line of poetry, by request; but the young man has no recollection of the line, and, in response to a question, is told it is in a volume of which he has no recollection of having read, but which he afterwards ascertains by certain marks in a volume he finds in his library, that he has read. In regard to this, Dr. Carpenter says:

"I have no doubt whatever that that line had remained in his mind; that is, in the lower stratum of it; that it had been entirely forgotten by him . . . but that it had been treasured up, as it were, in some dark corner of his memory, and had come up in this manner, expressing itself in the action of the table, just as it might have come up in a dream."

"These are curious illustrations, then, of the mode in which the minds of individuals act when there is no cheating at all,—this action of what we call the subjective state of the individual dominating these movements, and I believe that that is really the clew to the interpretation of the genuine phenomena."

This last paragraph contains the gist of the whole lecture, and it is safe to say that if Spiritualism is founded on no phenomena that differ entirely in character from those recorded by Dr. Carpenter, and that are absolutely inexplicable on any of the theories he prescribes, then Spiritualism must go; science and truth can not. On the other hand, if

there are such phenomena which can be observed under certain conditions, no matter what the conditions, so they are above suspicion, then, while all the conclusions drawn by Dr. Carter from the phenomena he observed may be conceded, Spiritualism, the theory of spirit, is, so far as Dr. Carpenter's theories are concerned, a fact; and now, after allowing for these theories all that Dr. Carpenter claims for them, allowing that his theories are correct concerning the phenomena on which they are now based, I must confess I can see no connection between the phenomenal delusion "described and explained," and the phenomena on which rests my basis of belief; no analogy in fact.

Dr. Carpenter made his investigations in England prior to 1871, at a time when modern Spiritualism was in its infancy; since then millions of people have investigated, have placed themselves under the conditions necessary to a proper investigation; and where tens had developed their mediumistic faculties at that time, thousands have been developed since; and these faculties differ in individuals as individuals differ from one another.

No doubt Dr. Carpenter exerted himself in his part of the little island of Great Britain to find the best exhibitions of these powers that had been developed up to that time; but by his own confession, the best exhibitions he succeeded in finding were but sorry affairs in comparison with what may be witnessed under proper conditions any day in the presence of the best mediums, public or private, in America, in 1889, a few of which I will briefly present for the purpose of showing their complete difference in kind, and how utterly inapplicable and inadmissible are Dr. Carpenter's theories when applied to their explanation.

In the city of San Francisco, in 1888, in the presence of a number of friends I blindfolded Mrs. Livingston, a public medium, with cloth pads lined with kid, held in place by a heavy handkerchief tied tightly around her head; over this and passing beneath her nose I tied a string, tying another handkerchief loosely over all,—the method of blindfolding being left to myself. In this condition she read correctly a letter presented by myself, the contents of which were unknown to any mortal present. This is clairvoyance.

In the same city and year, I wrote at home a half-dozen names, each of dead or living persons; sealed each in a separate blank envelope, and shuffled them until I had no idea which envelope contained a certain name; then, at a seance with Dr. L. Schlesinger, I took from my pocket each envelope separately, and he told me at once; first, if the envelope presented contained the name of a dead person; second, the full name of such dead person, the envelope remaining the while in my own hands; and, third, the relationship, if any, between the dead person and myself; and the relationship be-

tween the various dead people, and in one instance he stated the relationship between the name of a dead person he had given, and the name of a living person, which name he selected from the remaining sealed envelopes, and all this without an error. This is a case where the conception of an intelligence outside that of any mortal present is a logical necessity.

A careful perusal of Dr. Carpenter's lecture shows no reference whatever to such phenomena as I have just described; the phenomena he mentions being of an entirely different order and connected with movements, with or without intelligence, of ponderable bodies possibly operated on unwittingly by honest but interested parties. Now, in regard to the intelligence exhibited by the movements of ponderable bodies or of raps, the explanation he offers becomes at once inadmissible if it can be shown that it cannot possibly be referred to the "subjective state of" any mortal present, "dominating the movements" or raps.

In reply to this I have to say that in pursuing my investigations in Spiritualism, sufficient mediumistic powers have been developed among the members of my own family, including myself, for the production of raps; either on the table at which we sit, or in any part of the room, or on any article of furniture; and that by calling the alphabet and writing down the letters indicated by these raps, I have received hundreds of long communications from what purport to be the spirits of dead friends; and since these communications are often of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of their being derived from the "subjective state" of any mortal present, I am, with all due deference to the well understood theories of Dr. Carpenter, Herbert Spencer, and other renowned scientists, who claim never to have observed anything of the kind, placed under the pleasant necessity of believing that these communications are exactly what they purport to be.

The following extract, which bears so pertinently on this subject, I have copied from a very interesting volume, entitled, "Where, What, Where?" by James R. Nichols, M. D., A. M., Editor of "Boston Journal of Chemistry:"

"Among the instances of exalted sensation which have come under my notice during the last third of a century, and which have been subjected to thorough and protracted study and experiment, I recall those of two ladies of the highest social standing. These ladies have frequently in the trance condition, so-called, engaged in conversation with unseen intelligences, alleged to be departed friends, standing near them, whom they asserted they could distinctly see and touch. These scenes, as described by the one and the other, in homes widely separated, were in striking correspondence; and the alleged appearances, the information conveyed, de-

scriptions of the future home, etc., were in such congruous and intelligent accord that the most intense interest was awakened. The results of experiments in like exaltations of mind on the part of others have been found to be uniformly alike where the parties have been of the educated and intelligent class.

"The impression, to one intently watching and directing these experiments, is almost that of awe. The conviction is irrepressible that one is brought into close contiguity with the mysteries of the unseen life: that the clamor on the part of the persons in the exalted sense condition, that they are looking behind the veil, is valid and truthful. It is only, however, within the sacred precincts of well regulated and orderly homes that such phenomena are observed with any degree of satisfaction."—*Religion-Philosophical Journal*.

A DREAM.

Why the Seybert Commission Failed to get Results.

Weary with my morning rounds, I threw myself on the lounge in my office, and commenced reading an article in the *R. P. Journal* of Feb. 4, 1888, entitled "Somewhat Critical," from which I will quote: "I see frequent mention made in your columns of the Seybert Commission, generally in a sarcastic and denunciatory style. It may be true that its report is not altogether a fair one, still it is useless to assert that the verdict of a number of highly respectable men of probably average intelligence and honesty in a matter which they have deliberately investigated, can be treated as of no importance, especially when on the other side of the question we have but a confused, heterogeneous, and badly authenticated series of statements. It must be apparent to any one, that if it is impossible among the hundreds of so-called mediums in the United States to produce evidence of the existence of communications from departed spirits sufficiently strong to convince any half dozen fair-minded and intelligent men, Spiritualism stands upon a very shabby foundation.

"Certainly experiences of the kind named by Dr. Wolfe will not be entertained by any reasonable man; they serve but to make the very name of Spiritualism ridiculous."

I let the paper drop down over my face and fell to wondering why it is that just when most needed, the whole spirit world seem to desert their poor frightened media.

The paper shot out all outside thoughts and sights, and my imagination was fully occupied with this question. While pondering thus, I pictured to myself a scene in the spirit world—a magnificent palace, with all its surroundings transcendently grand and beautiful. The walls were of the purest Jasper, and the stately columns were of coral-

ian. The dome was studded with diamonds and rubies, that flooded the halls with a softly-tinted, sparkling light. This magnificent edifice I imagined to be the council chamber of spirits. It was studded everywhere with gems of rare beauty and seated with thrones of gold and ivory, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, glistening with jewels and cushioned with a cloth of satin and gold. At one end of this hall was a raised platform upon which stood a magnificent throne, which seemed one mass of glittering stars, so brilliant were the precious gems of which it was formed. On this throne sat a venerable personage whose massive brow and far-seeing eyes showed him to be a spirit of vast intelligence and wonderful power. His robes were of glistening whiteness and his superb form with matchless grace. At the foot of this throne was an orchestra of bright being whose instruments were of gold set with precious stones.

The hall was fast filling with spirits of surpassing beauty and grace, who approached the thrones and seated themselves thereon. They were of human form but far finer mould. Their every movement was majestic; every lineament of their celestial faces bespoke benevolence of purpose and exhalation of character. At this moment an exceedingly musical voice at my side said, "This is the eighth sphere, the home of the bright ones who once lived on earth and have come up through great tribulation, and have been purified, and have had granted to them thrones and crowns, principalities and powers; and have been counted worthy to become ministering angels. These are they who control the media of earth and by them are called their "guides." The venerable one on the throne at the end of the hall is an ancient spirit who lived on earth over eight hundred years ago. He was then a great healer, teacher and medium, and was considered wondrous wise and good, and is still accorded the chief seat among the glorious ones who have come up to this high sphere from earth. These bright beings which you see have each been on a mission to worlds which you of earth call stars, to make arrangements for connecting them all with this sphere by spirit magnetism. It is a grand scheme. The bright one with the two golden rings on his crown has just come from Saturn. The one with the crimson star has been to Mars. The one with the yellow star—" but at this moment the celestial band began to play such enchanting strains of music that the voice ceased speaking, or was drowned in the divine harmony.

During the performance of this orchestra, bright spirits thronged the hall until every seat was occupied. As soon as all had found their places and were still, the Ancient One on the throne waved his hand and the music ceased. The business for which the council met was about to begin when a shining mes-

senger was seen approaching in great haste from a distant world, and with one accord they awaited his arrival. Approaching the ancient spirit, to whom he bowed reverently, he said: "I come on hasty wing with a message from the media of earth. A rich man has just passed out who willled sixty thousand dollars to defray the expenses of a commission for the purpose of investigating the truth or falsity of Spiritualism. This commission has been appointed; here is a list of their names;" and he handed the Ancient One a scroll. "These men," continued the messenger, "are counted among the learned and wise of earth. They have summoned the media with their guides to come before their august (?) tribunal, and challenge them to prove their philosophy true, or they will proclaim it false before the world."

"We will see who these presumptuous mortals are," the ancient spirit said, and reaching beneath his throne he drew forth a ponderous volume and spread it open on his knees, and as he read the names upon the scroll, he searched for them within the open volume. And as he read their meager record of good deeds done for love of God or fellow men, he found them far outweighed by selfish acts, strivings for gold, for place and fame. He found their sordid souls puffed up with pride, arrogance and self-conceit; that they loved the praise of men more than the favor of God. A look of fire soon overspread the features of the Ancient One. As he closed and replaced the book he said to the messenger:

"And think these puny ones of earth in their pride to command the angel world, that they summon us before their petty tribunal or bid us come at their behest? It is love that moves the spheres, not pride. These haughty ones of earth are not my witnesses, nor could they bear the sacred vessels of my truth to hungry souls. Truth passed through such unholy hands would, through fear of man's opprobrium, become perverted and to falsehood turn. Free spirits bow not at the behest of mortal man unless he come in love; therefore, go tell my media of earth that their guides go not with them; that to meet these men. They shall not be the messengers to bear my truth." And then he turned and wrote upon the Jasper walls with a pen of flame: "Cast not your pearls before swine," and the messenger withdrew to carry the message back to earth. S. T. S.

Carpentry for Women.

One of the new reforms which are expected to revolutionize the world is the instruction of women in the arts of carpentry. An active member of a committee of educated women in charge of a large private school in the East protests against the plan of teaching girls sewing in schools, while the "pleasant work" of handling tools is kept for the favored boys. It matters not that the girl's

ignorance of sewing will interfere with her usefulness, and consequently with her happiness, all through life, while she may never need any more knowledge of tools than she could learn in an hour—the old fashion savors of tyranny and must be abolished, "Give the dolls to the boys," says Miss Willard, "and the jack plane and saw to the girls." The boys will pulverize the doll incessantly, and the girls will cut off all their fingers with the plane the very first thing, but the experiment is worth trying.

In the Women's Training College for teachers in Cambridge, England, recently, a school of scientific carpentry has been started. One afternoon in the week the young ladies are trained in the use of tools. There is no attempt to teach a trade, only an effort to develop a certain degree of manual dexterity on the part of the young ladies, and the experiment has been so satisfactory that Miss Hughes, the principal, thus sums up her estimate of its value as a means of training: "I can not speak too highly of the educational value of scientific carpentry. I am delighted with the result here, although we can spare very little time for it. The relief from mental work is immense, the exercise excellent one rule is, we learn to saw equally well with the left and right hands, so as to develop both sides of the body equally; the pleasure is very great, and the powers of observation, accuracy and common sense that can be developed by this manual work are simply marvelous. It is also the very best possible training for a future technical training." A lady who has seen the Cambridge class at work thus sums up the advantages of their trade: "The whole subject is suggestive of new departures in our educational systems. If needle-work be an indispensable accomplishment for the future mothers of England in the middle and lower classes, would not a little elementary knowledge of the use of carpenter's tools come in useful? How many things in a house wear out or fall to pieces, bringing unspeakable discomfort to the inmates, which a little timely mending would save! What mistress of a household, wrestling with economy and a limited income does not dread the necessity of sending for a 'handy man,' because of the bill that is inevitable in which so much seems to be charged for so little that has been done?"—*Inter-Ocean*.

Every event that a man would master must be mounted in the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him.—O. W. Holmes.

There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate; it is this noble quality that makes all men to be of one kind, for every man would be a distinct species to himself were there no sympathy among individuals.—South.

ADVOCATES OF CREMATION.

Prominent Eastern Women Who Favor Incineration.

Cremation societies are being augmented in this country by women of the better class, who are joining them rapidly. In New York, Brooklyn, and Boston particularly there are a great many well-known women enrolled among the cremationists, and the movement is indorsed by a still greater number who have not taken pains to become members. Mary A. Livermore, Lucy Stone, Miss Penbody, Clara Erskine, Clement Waters, Edna Dean Proctor, Lillian Whiting, Lucy Larcom and Miss Whitney are among those in Boston who advocate burning the dead. In New York there is yet greater company of literary and artistic women, and throughout the country the prominence and numbers of cremationists is surprisingly large. Nearly all the members of the Nineteenth Century Club are outspoken adherents of this ancient custom. Many members of Sorosis, of the Authors' Club and the Artist League are cremationists, and the rank and file of heterodox people are its advocates. Among Unitarians cremation is generally accepted as the best mode of disposing of dead bodies, and not a few orthodox Christians favor it earnestly. Miss Frances Willard, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and of the American Woman's Council, indorses it, so likewise do Miss Maria Mitchell, the astronomer; Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, who is in this country on a visit after an absence of thirty years; Mme. Le Plongeon, the archeologist, and Mrs. Frances B. Thurber. Mrs. Livermore attributes her horror of the grave to a string of verses which she had to commit to memory as a Sunday-school lesson. It began:

Oh, could we step into the grave
And lift the coffin lid,
And look upon the greasy worms
That eat away the dead—

And its realism shocked her into a life-long aversion to burial. Mrs. Elizabeth Stanton believes in cremation on hygienic grounds, also do Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Thomas, president of Sorosis, and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi. Among literary women who are avowed cremationists are Grace Greenwood, Edith M. Thomas, Celia Thaxter, Shirley Dare, Helen Campbell, Mrs. Ella Wilcox, Mrs. Abney Sage Richardson, Olive Thorne Miller, "Bessie Chandler," Sarah K. Bolton, Elizabeth Kenne, Rose Terry Cooke, Margaret A. Preston, Laura C. Holloway, Octave Thianet, Miss Holley (Josiah Allen's wife), Kate Field, Rebecca Harding Davis and Mary D. Bryan. A perfected list would include the majority of the prominent women writers of the day and a large percentage of the college-bred women of the nation.—*New York Sun*.

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SPREADING THE TRUTH.

How can we, as Spiritualists, best spread the truths of our philosophy, that those who are now unfamiliar therewith may be led to investigate and know for themselves? This question may be answered in various ways according to the different views entertained by different individuals, each of which may, of itself, be successful in a measure, but yet fail of embracing all the advantages embodied in other methods. Some advocate the diffusion of spiritual truth through means of the press, and the generous distribution of spiritual literature. Others think that it can best be proclaimed from the rostrum, through gifted speakers. Others still, believe that the test mediums are the only avenues through which the world can receive the demonstration of immortality.

Each of the above are important and indispensable in the promulgation of truth; but there is another and still more important agent that must accompany them, or each and all will fail of attaining the highest and best results. This other agent, the one that bears greatest weight and carries most influence with the more intelligent and cultivated classes, the one that is a practical demonstration of the purifying and refining power of spiritual truth is the daily lives and practices of its exponents and adherents. Unto them is turned the eyes of a critical world, and their faith is judged by their works. If the mediums and teachers to whom is given the power to demonstrate the truth of immortality, and proclaim its message of glad tidings to the

world do not embody their teachings in their daily practices of what avail are their teachings? If the "communion of saints," the daily and hourly companionship of angelic beings, is not sufficient to refine, purify, and ennoble those blest with such high companionship, of what avail is the condescension of these loving ones who leave their homes of light and love to mingle with and minister unto the lowly ones of earth? And if such influences do not thus bless and refine their recipients, what power in heaven or upon earth could do it? There can be no sweeter incentive to lives of goodness, than the knowledge of this divine companionship with those who have passed beyond the portals of death and gained higher ground, loftier attainments, clearer vision, and a deeper and more unselfish love for those who are still struggling amid the mists and shadows of earth-life.

To those, then, who have deeply and truly drunk from this living fountain, and partaken of the heavenly manna, there must be the outward manifestation of the indwelling spirit of truth, or they are indeed but as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal, having failed to grasp the deep import of the teachings of their angel guardians.

When we see mediums through whom the spirit world can voice the most exquisite melodies, can speak the most exalted sentiments, and discourse upon all that pertains to our immortal heritage in language the most elevating and inspiring, yet yielding to all the weaknesses of common humanity—selfish, ill-tempered, passionate, and vindictive, making no effort to overcome evil but yielding readily thereto, the question arises, of what value is their mediumship? "By their fruits ye shall know them," is the sure and certain test; and when Spiritualists, mediums or otherwise are unjust, unkind, full of bitterness and envy, speaking falsely of others, depend upon it the spirit of truth abides not with them; they have never tasted the life-giving waters or feasted upon its soul-satisfying bread. To them the divine messenger has appeared in vain; they only see the outward and physical sign of his presence, and are content with the "sign," the "test."

If the table moves and answers, by tips, the question, "Is my friend here?" that is satisfactory to them. The deep, grand, and wonderful significance of the manifestation as it appeals to those of spiritual discernment, is not apparent to them; and consequently fails of becoming the helpful, saving power it should be unto all who truly interpret the message.

Lives of true goodness and purity do not consist in an outward observance of forms and ceremonies, but in doing good to our fellows; dealing justly and honestly with all; relieving the suffering and distress of others as much as in us lies; helping to plant the seeds of love, faith and hope into the cold, barren soil of hearts-seared to human tenderness; making the rough places smooth for weary feet; dispelling the darkness of despair with the beautiful rainbow of promise; bearing ever in our hands the

olive branch of peace to those who are tossing upon the turbulent sea of life without one star of hope in their deep night of grief; living daily and hourly the beautiful teachings of the angels, and drawing unto us those who are without this blessed faith, by the sweetness and charm of lives befitting those who claim the fellowship and guidance of angels.

Thus will the light and truth spread over all the earth, for men seeing our good works will be constrained to investigate the source of our inspiration, and turn to it for help and healing as the flowers turn their faces to the sun.

A NEW BOOK.

Studies in the Only Living Fields of Psychic Science.

I have contributed to various journals during the past year, sections from a work on Psychic Science, which embodies the inspirations given me on the spiritual nature of man, in its connection with his physical existence and independent thereof. Those who have read these articles will, at least partially, understand the character of the work. It essays to utilize and explain the vast array of facts in its field of research, which hitherto have had no apparent connection, by referring them to a common cause.

The leading subjects treated are as follows: Matter, Life, Spirit, Mind; what the Senses teach of the World and the Doctrine of Evolution; Scripture Methods of the Study of Man, and Results; What is the Sensitive State; Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Somnambulism, Clairvoyance; Sensitiveness proved by Psychometry; Sensitiveness during Sleep; Dreams; Sensitiveness induced by Disease; Thought Transference; Intimations of an Intelligent Force Superior to the Actor; Effect of Physical Conditions on the Sensitive; Unconscious Sensitiveness; Prayer, in the Light of Sensitiveness and Thought Transference; Immortality—What the Future Life must be granting the preceding Facts and Conclusions; Mind-Cure, Christian Science; Metaphysics, their Psychic and Physical Relations.

I hope to publish the work the coming spring, but desired to secure the co-operation of those interested in this subject by receiving at once, in advance, as many subscribers as possible. Those who are willing to be promoters of the early publication of the book, will please send their names and addresses to me. They can send the money with their order, or when the work is commenced, as suits their convenience. The book will contain about 250 pages, be printed on fine paper, good type and handsomely bound in cloth. To those who subscribe in advance, the price will be \$1.00, postage free. Subscribers copies will contain the autograph of the undersigned. Address,

Hudson Tuttle,

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—O. W. Holmes.

EAST MONTEREY.

Three Hours From San Francisco, and Half a Mile From the grounds of the "Hotel Del Monte," One of the Largest Summer Resorts in the World

We offer the public in the above tract some choice lots, \$35 for inside and \$50 for corners. These lots will be very much sought after owing to: first, their desirable and healthy location and second, their close proximity to one of the world renowned hotels.

The temperature varies but six degrees between summer and winter, making what is so much sought after, namely, "Indian Summer." This places it ahead of all other Summer Resorts inasmuch as it omits the extreme heat, and the extreme cold, "Del Monte" being visited both summer and winter by all who visit California, and also by our own residents would naturally give this Tract superiority over any other part of the State, in never being dull or quiet. Here everything is always life, and amusements of all kinds can be found, such as surf-bathing, warm salt water bathing, in the beautiful bath house of the hotel (the latter being open to the public) drives that cannot be excelled, for most all the points in the vicinity are historical, boating on a beautiful lake right on the Tract and yachting in the bay of Monterey, etc.

Everything conducive to both health and pleasure can be had here, leaving nothing to be desired, and surely placing the locality far ahead of any competitor. Here for a small outlay you can purchase a site on very advantageous terms, and build yourself a residence to your own taste, and what can be more beautiful than having your own home, and where your neighbor is your friend. There are several fine wells of water on the Tract, and water can be found anywhere on the grounds, at a depth of from twelve to twenty feet.

The distance from San Francisco by rail is one hundred and twenty-five miles and is reached by express trains in three hours. Those whose business interests keep them in the city during the busy season of your year will find this a most delightful place for a summer residence, and being so near the city the trip can be made at a trifling expense. For a beautiful, healthful home where children can be reared free from the moral and physical contagion incident to city life no more desirable place could be found on the Pacific Coast. Call and consult the agent, Mrs. Scott Briggs, CARRIER DOVE Office.

We have received an installment of Prof. O. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems gently bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or \$2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tittle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 846 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is \$3 in cloth; or full morocco, gilt-edges, \$5.50. The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for \$5 for both books.

Send in your order at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

PERSONALS.

J. J. Morse was the recipient of a handsome American flag, presented by the Spiritualists of Philadelphia at the close of his labors in that city.

The numerous friends of Mrs. Eugenia Wheeler Clark will be pained to learn that she has been seriously ill for a week or ten days past. Her physicians pronounce her disease to be typhoid fever.

We clip the following from the *New York Dramatic Mirror* of March 9: "Valerie Hickether, of Oakland, Cal., will probably go East in two months and prepare for the stage. She read several pieces with Coquelle during that actor's visit to San Francisco." We learn that Miss Valerie will probably leave for the East the first week in April. It is expected that she will give one or more of her excellent recitations in San Francisco at the approaching celebration of the advent of Modern Spiritualism, her last appearance in public in this city prior to her departure East.

DOVE NOTES.

Fred Emerson Brooks will be present at Prof. Perkins's social on Saturday evening next, March 30th, and give some of his original humorous recitations.

The Elsmere Free Kindergarten is another outcome in San Francisco of the bracing activity of Mrs. Wards's young enthusiast and quartet. — *Chicago Daily* (Unitarian).

The annual election for Directors of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, will be held at 2 P. M., Sunday, April 4, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, San Francisco. Mrs. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Secretary.

Next week we will give our readers an address by F. Muhlhauser, of Cleveland, Ohio, entitled "Joseph's Cup, or Modern Spiritualism," an answer to Rev. Dr. Machol's lecture, delivered on Feb'y 1st, in that city.

Prof. Burdick will give a domino party at his dancing academy, Metropolitan Hall, on Saturday evening, March 30th. This party will present a new, original and novel feature, and will be an assured success under the Professor's efficient management.

Mrs. F. A. Logan, lecturer and healer, holds public meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, also public circles every evening through the week at her rooms 23 and 24, 841 Market street. Good, reliable mediums in attendance.

"The Auxiliary to the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society," of San Francisco, an organization of women, has changed its name to the "Ladies' Elsmere Club," finding in the plain name of the plain here an embodiment of practical inspiration beyond even the commencing abstractions—religion, philosophy,

Prof. Perkins informs us that the Young People will celebrate on the 30th of March by a musical and literary entertainment followed with a social hop and refreshments, at the St. George's upper hall. Extra efforts will be made to provide a first-class entertainment and a "good time" for everybody.

In a letter by J. J. Morse in the *Banner of Light* of March 9th, he speaks of the CARRIER DOVE as follows:

To the CARRIER DOVE I am under unqualified obligations for a frank, generous, disinterested and sustained support, that helped to spread far and wide the work my inspirers did. I found its editor, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, and its publisher, Dr. L. Schlesinger, earnest and untiring workers, their joint aim being to make but one kind of paper—the best! and certainly the handsome appearance of the Dove, and the excellence of its contents indicate a high and satisfactory order of results.

We certainly appreciate the kind words of Bro. Morse, and would say that the courtesy extended by the Dove to Mr. Morse when he came a stranger amongst us, is always as freely bestowed elsewhere when we feel that in so doing we are aiding a noble, unselfish worker to advance the true interests of Spiritualism.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL.

On Tuesday evening, April 2d, there will be a grand musical and literary entertainment and ball, at Irving Hall, in celebration of the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. The various societies or individuals holding spiritual meetings in this city have determined to commemorate the day, March 31st, and as a fitting finale to these exercises it has been decided to conclude them with a social dance. Preparations are being made to present a choice programme that will interest and amuse old and young. The Committee having the arrangements in charge are John Slater, Wm. Emmette Coleman, T. R. Newton, Prof. J. O. Burdick, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Mrs. E. B. Crossette, Miss Bertha Davis and others.

Fred Emerson Brooks, is preparing an original poem expressly for that occasion and it will doubtless be a rare treat. Miss Valerie Hicketier has also promised a recitation, and as this will be that popular young lady's last public appearance in this city for some time, as she leaves for the East early in the month we trust her friends will take advantage of the occasion and give her a hearty farewell reception.

Further particulars will be given next week.

STUDIES IN THE OUTLYING FIELDS OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

The announcement that I would publish the above entitled work if a sufficient number of subscribers had been secured, has been responded to with such promptness, that I have been enabled to at once place the MS. in the hands of the printers, and can assure its publication by the 15th of April next.

The publishers price will exceed that stated by me, but all those sending their names with subscription price (\$1) before April 15th will receive a copy post paid. After that date the book will pass into the hands of the M. L. Holbrook Co. New York.

I assure the friends who have made possible my placing the work at once before the public, that they have my heartfelt thanks, and I sincerely hope that it may not disappoint them. Address, HUDSON TUTTLE, BERLIN HEIGHTS, Ohio.

He who is most slow in making a promise, is the most faithful in the performance of it.—*Rousseau.*

It is such a sad thing to be born a sneaking fellow, that I sometimes feel as if we ought to love the crippled souls, as if I may use this expression, with a tenderness which we need not waste on noble natures.—*O. W. Holmes.*

You can't keep a dead level long, if you burn everything down flat to make it. Why, bless your soul, if all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes, you'd have a new set of millionaires in a couple of years or so, out of the trade in potash.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

A very interesting meeting was held on Sunday afternoon. The subject of "Responsibility of Mediumship" was again discussed, being the third Sunday it has been before the Society, showing that it is a deep and momentous question. Mrs. Cummings Ellis was the first speaker, followed by Mrs. M. J. Hendee. They are two of our oldest mediums and are well qualified to speak on mediumship, which they did very acceptably. The next speaker was the Hon. W. H. Mills, who spoke at some length on the question. Dr. Mead gave a little talk. Judge Swift's address was deep and earnest; he spoke of the importance of the subject, not only to mediums, but to all interested in the progress of humanity. Judge Collins gave the closing address. Dr. Schlesinger gave tests to *skeptics only* and all testified that the sitting with him was truly wonderful. Singing by Mrs. Rutter. Piano solo by Miss Violet Wheeler.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD,

Secretary.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

Neither the persistent rain, nor the three other meetings upon the same floor at the St. George's Hall, interfered with the young people in having many more in attendance than was expected. In addition to the good congregational singing, Miss Margie Kolin, Nellie Bacon in songs, and Mr. Purcell in a tenor solo, favored the audience, while the zither solo by Mr. John Koch was a charming musical production, and had a spiritual effect that could be realized by all sensitive people.

Mr. P. C. Tomson spoke for three quarters of an hour, relating some of his wonderful experience with spiritual phenomena in its different phases. He has promised to favor us next Sunday with some of his investigations with the insane and obsessed unfortunates who have been in the hospitals. He cannot fail to interest you, reader; come out.

Mrs. Perkins made a short speech and gave tests and communications from the spirit spheres. The young people are making extensive preparations to celebrate the anniversary upon the 30th of March (Saturday), with a grand entertainment and social. Fred Emerson Brooks will contribute to the programme. Come friends, patronize them and enjoy yourselves.

ONE OF 'EM.

MRS. LOGAN'S MEETINGS.

DEAR DOVE: If thy wings are not too heavily laden, we would wad the spiritual essence of our meetings of last Sunday in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, to the far-off shores of the Atlantic and down the Pacific, that those who can discern spiritual things may be encouraged to step steady onward in the cause

of progressive unfoldment, however much the bigot may cavil, or the uninitiated may slur at manifestations that they have not wisdom or experience to comprehend.

Our meetings are not for the purpose of setting ourselves or any one else, over the assemblage as the *all in all*, but to hold the forces in harmony and yet with perfect liberty for each and all to speak, as their controlling guides may impress at the time. We have no lack of talent to instruct the child or the philosopher in the fundamental truth of Spiritualism. An honest, upright young man, whose very countenance betokens sobriety and purity of character, attends our meetings and is sometimes controlled. On being asked to relate his experience, he said that his attention was first called to the subject of Spiritualism by attending John Slater's meeting in Metropolitan Temple about eight weeks ago.

He went more to hear the large organ than for anything else, as he was fond of music. Mr. Slater told him that he was to become a better medium than himself. He thought it all "bosh" being an Orthodox in belief and sentiment; but consented to sit with two or three of his own acquaintances in private circles and then an invisible power took possession and caused him to speak in different tongues. Being wholly unconscious he knew not what he had said or did until informed by his friends. He says he is not a Spiritualist only an investigator, and if he is convinced of the truth there will be none more willing to advocate it; if it is a fraud he will most surely discard it. We shall continue these meetings every Sunday while our mortal strength holds out, if not in this city elsewhere. Our dear co-workers will excuse the non-mention of their names in this article, for we could not ask space to do them justice.

We have decided to celebrate the forty-first anniversary on Sunday, the last day of this month in our own hall, by speeches, recitations, tableaux, marching, good music, etc.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN,

831 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE PEOPLE'S MEETINGS.

The meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening was well attended; notwithstanding the pouring rain, the hall was well-filled. Mr. E. G. Anderson assumed the duties of chairman very acceptably. The address by Judge Swift on the subject of "Salvation by Sam Jones" was a severe criticism on the slang utterances of Sam Jones as a preacher of Salvation; he ventured the assertion that if Satan had taken account of stock, the day Sam Jones opened his batteries on his work in San Francisco and again at the close of the attack, he would find his stock in trade had not been diminished a particle—that such slang utterances from a pretended advocate of salvation, had a tendency to degrade society and debase Christianity—it was hardly up to the standard of the method of reformation of the Salvation Army.

If we would save men we must appeal to their reason and judgment. The day for saving

men by singing to them "There is a fountain filled with blood," is passed. The world no longer seeks salvation through the "blood of the lamb," but consists in being good, and adopting the system as promulgated by the immortal Paine "to do good," no higher or truer system of religion was ever uttered or practiced by man or angels. Questions were answered by Mrs. E. B. Crosette, in a very pleasing and interesting manner. Mrs. D. N. Place gave platform tests which were very satisfactory and well received. Dr. Schlesinger as usual gave tests to several skeptics and unbelievers, eight in number, who expressed themselves individually as not only convinced, but perfectly astonished at the manifest presence of their spirit friends.

The songs by Mesdames Rutter, Muhlner and Mr. Ely were well rendered and appreciated by the audience, as also the piano accompaniment by Mrs. Katz, the pianist. Notice was given of the forty first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism to be held on the last Sunday evening of the month. A complete and interesting programme will be presented, consisting of songs, recitations and short addresses by the best talent to be procured, and will be made a highly interesting occasion.

REPORTER.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Despite the downpour of rain, both of Mr. Slater's sances were largely attended, demonstrating beyond the shadow of a doubt the great interest created by Mr. Slater for the cause of Spiritualism in this city. It is ever a theme of wonder to every one. Taking into consideration the fact that Mr. Slater has been before the public of San Francisco for almost three years, a record never attained by any other medium, and still the good work goes on. Thousands have had their first experience of Spiritualism at these public meetings, have been convinced of the great truths, and have been made very happy accordingly. The "tests" on Sunday afternoon were, as they always have been, of a most convincing nature, and recognized by the recipient in every case as correct. In the evening the rain poured in torrents, and yet the large auditorium was almost filled. The flowers were very handsome, and in profusion. Mr. Eckmann officiated at the organ, playing the overture from "Martha," very acceptably. Mr. John W. Mackenzie sang very beautifully "The Heart Bowed Down," and was encored. Mr. Slater, after the audience sang "Nearer My God to Thee," presented tests for over an hour, holding the audience to the end. To our thinking, some tests were very pointed and carried conviction to the receiver.

Mr. Slater wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not thinking of leaving this city. He has engaged the Temple for one year from last December, so he wishes it to be understood that although he has numerous letters from all parts of the world, he does not contemplate any removal at present. Mr. Slater will cele-

brate the 41st anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Sunday afternoon, March 31st, at 2:30 p. m. sharp, and also with a grand concert and test seance on Sunday evening. The concert talent is the best obtainable, and a grand time may be looked forward to. The prices of admission to the evening entertainment will be 25 cents, and fifty cents reserved seats. Reserved seats can be had at the Hall on Sundays, or at 336 O'Farrel street. The concert has all the appearance of a grand success.

LECTURE, TEST AND HEALING.

The weather was a little against lecture goes on Sunday evening last, nevertheless many of the sterner and a few of the weaker sex, faced the elements and the result was quite a respectable audience assembled at St. Andrew's Hall, to listen to the controls of Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless. Mr. and Mrs. Hatch opened the services with a duet, "Beautiful Isle of Sometime." Invocation followed, then the controls spoke from the words: "What is Spiritualism Doing for the World?" It has proved to millions, that which all other isms has failed in proving, that which man most desires to know, "the immortality of the soul." All the creeds of the past have been speculative, have lived on faith. Spiritualism comes to the world with the fact and has demonstrated that fact over and over again. The lecture was a grand one and we wish it could have been listened to by the over anxious and starving millions, who are living on husks, but are seeking patiently the bread of life. We heard many exclaim! Why, Mr. Nickless should have a large hall, such words as these should be given to the multitude." After the lecture "Sunflower" gave many wonderful tests, which were greatly appreciated by those to whom they were given. The services were concluded by public healing by Dr. Nickless, each patient receiving demonstrative relief from the treatment. Mrs. Nickless gives a seance every Tuesday and Thursday (not Friday) evenings at No. 108 McAllister street.

Very few people are good economists of their fortune, and still fewer of their time.—*Chesterfield.*

That lesson which a dunce can learn at a glance, and likes mightily, must contain little, and not good.—*H. S. Landor.*

Whenever you are angry with one you love, think that that dear one might die that moment, and your anger will vanish at once.

Sins of commission are the usual punishment for sins of omission. He that leaves a duty may well fear that he will be left to commit a crime.

The blessings of fortune are the lowest; the next are the bodily advantages of strength and health; but the superlative blessings, in fine, are those of the mind.—*L'Estrange.*

INSPIRATIONAL TEACHINGS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF L. C. ASHWORTH.

NUMBER TWO.

SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

Professor Huxley has given us what may be considered as the average opinion prevailing among men of science to-day in regard to Spiritualism. It seems content, even at this time of day, to accept the "big toe" or "joint and tendon" theory. To many people it would appear that the opinion of such a man must possess great weight. Science speaks through him, and Modern Science has attained a high place in the estimation of most people. But the question arises, how far does Modern Science extend? What are its theories compared with its facts? Every one who has much acquaintance with the achievements of science is aware that while the facts cover an enormous area, the theories are in a very different relative position. The latter need to be separated very clearly from the former, and the trouble is that men are apt to confound the two, or at all events to keep within their own minds a constant relation between the two. This relation, however, does not exist. Sensuous perception means the evidence of the senses; but the power to collect those evidences, and to formulate a rational and consistent theory as to their origin and meaning is altogether another matter. Instead of patiently investigating the principles on which the phenomena are founded, Professor Huxley adopts his scientific method in examining the phenomena. Such a process must be ever full of difficulties, because to separate the actual facts from the preconceived notions of scientists requires an amount of freedom from intellectual bias which even Prof. Huxley has not got. His opinion, once given, he has the idea that the matter is settled with himself, and also a great many more whose opinions he knows are moulded to a great extent on his own, but he is very much mistaken. Science cannot radically effect the spiritual feelings which are at the foundation of every human organism. These things are beyond science, and the claim made by the latter to erect a standard of judgment on such subjects is utterly untenable. Men must be permitted to exercise a free and independent judgment on matters which come not within the province of science. While science can very well teach us on subjects which require the culture of the intellectual faculties, keen powers of observation and unbounded confidence, it is not competent to teach us on those higher faculties which the Infinite Justice of Nature has bestowed equally on all. This may not be comprehended by many who have set up Modern Science as their authority and guide, but it will come as a comfort and encouragement to the few who have the intuitive promptings of nature for their daily teacher.

Throw life into a method, that every hour may bring its enjoyment, and every employment have its hour.

Poetry.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

"COMPENSATION."

BY MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

In this life of cloud and sunshine,
Strange, dark shadows sometimes fall,
Hiding from the keenest vision,
A wise purpose over all:

And when hope's fair birds are blighted
By untimely frosts, or death,
We may see no compensation,
In the fleeting things of earth.

Wealth may give but transient pleasure,
Ere the phantom flies away,
And the treasures that we cherish,
Vanish at the close of day.

Out into the midnight darkness,
Eyes may peer for some bright ray,
Some faint hope of compensation,
At the dawning of the day.

Though it may be always darkest,
Just before the dawn appears,
Lo! there comes a rosy morning,
Glimmering with crystal tears:
Nature speaks in gentle love tones,
In the music of the rill,

As well as in the storm and tempest,
And the thunder's deafening peal.

Nature's open book, whose pages
Reveal to mortal sight,

Richer treasure's veiled in darkness,
Than have ever seen the light;

Age on age, the silent forces,
Have so performed their ceaseless round,

Looking as her valued treasures,
In the storerooms, under ground.

Typical, of priceless thought-gems,
That lie deep and unexpressed,

Waiting for a true unfoldment,
In the restless, human breast.

Labor on, ye struggling mortals,
There's a mine of wealth within.

To unfold in light and beauty—
Compensation, there, you'll win.

There's a language of the spirit,
That no art has framed in words,

Soul speaks to soul in voiceless cadence,
Only by the spirit heard.

Listen, to its gentle whisper,
Of the priceless gems we hold.

Only waiting for an unfoldment,
To reveal the shining gold.

In the furnace of affliction,
Oft, the spirit is purified,

And the precious ore is gathered,
That no more, the dross can hide;

Thus, we see the law morning,
In the spirit realm of thought—

Compensation in just measure
Where no soul is sold or bought.

STERLING, Ill., Feb. 27, 1899.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

INVOCATION.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Immortal spark of heavenly glow,
Illuminate this vale below,
Pen' forth thy warmth, thy love, thy cheer
Upon the many homes so dear,
Infusing hope to hearts despairing,
Diffusing light to souls wayfaring,
Revealing beauties long concealed

By passion, pain, and weary strife,
Till keenest wee is human life!
O, fount of Light and Truth and Love—
Open the way to joys above,
And grant the weary, careworn soul
Fall entrance to this peaceful goal
Where virtues thrive and fructify
And carnal germs so surely die—
Where stain, and care, and fondest blot
Are cl-ansed, removed, and fall forgot
In joyous, universal flight
To brightest day, from deepest night
Of human ills and poisonous crime,
Up purifying steep of Time,
Till love's perennial, blissful stream
Shall fill each heart with peace unlearned—
Redeeming, blessing every soul
From deep to deep, from pole to pole,
'Till this new scene, this earth elysian
Reflecting to heaven its beauteous vision
Of "Peace on earth, good will toward men"
While angels answer back, "Amen!"

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

"THE MEMORY OF THE PAST."

BY ELLEN F. B. MARSHALL.

If my lips have been too ready
In the strife to censure wrong,
If my heart hath been unsteady
In the clamour of the throng,
If bitter thoughts have entered me,
And poisoned me at last,
Ah! then indeed a blasted flower
"The memory of the past."

If I have been too slow to speak,
For justice, or for truth,
If I have lost the rounded cheek,
And buoyant heart of youth,
By cowardice or envy,
Or hatred's deadly blast,
Ah! then indeed a poisoned flower
"The memory of the past."

But if with loyal heart I've clung,
To all the good and true,
And sacrificed the mach of earth,
For that I dared to do,
If parent motives all unseen,
Have buoyed me through the blast,
Oh! then indeed a fragrant flower,
The memory of the past."

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river our friends have passed,
Over the waters calm and clear,
Borne by breezes soft and fair,
To the home of angels and loved ones dear
Over the river our friends have gone,
And landed safe on the gleaming shore,
Whose air is laden with sweet perfumes,
Where music peals forevermore.

Over the river the spirit's home,
Where parted friends in joy shall meet,
Where death and pain shall never come—
Sweet rest is there for waverer foot.

Over the river sweet flowers bloom:
Over the river the wrong's made right;
Over the river the soul shall roam
Thro' all eternity in fields of light.

No tears are shed in that dear land;
Care and sorrow have no home there;
All is light, and love, and joy
In the home of the spirit bright and fair.

SAN FRANCISCO, Mar. 8, 1899.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

RUNNING ALONE.

BY EMMA BOOB TUTTLE.

Ha! when I was a little tot,
With feet about three inches long,
And head which knew not right from wrong,
I learned to do a pretty feat
Whereat my courtiers cried "The Sweet!
See, baby runs alone!"

And on I ran, from day to day,
Without the aid of chair, or hand,
Until I thought, my feet are sure,
Running alone I understand;
The wisest grandmas in the land
Need not look after me.

I ran alone! Indeed, indeed!
My feet, may be they learned to go;
But yet, I cannot run alone,
I make mistakes and stumble so!
I find there is so much to know
Before one runs alone.

Sometimes I say in pettish pride,
"Stand back, oh, friends, and leave me be!
My soul is bold, and I am strong,
And no one need look after me;
I stand defiant, centered, free,
And I will run alone."

Abs, I do not journey far
Before I feel a thousand strings
Pulling about my aching heart,
And aching with the pain and stings,
I cry, "I uttered foolish things;
I cannot run alone!"

O, little conceit of babyhood!
O, little tongue which used to say
"Now I have learned to run alone
And all you folks can go away,"
You practiced in a silly way,
"Tis hard to run alone.

LOVE.

Who can resist thee, O thou mighty king?
The proudest spirits quail before thy breath;
In every conflict victory plumes thy wing,
For thou art strong as death.

Who can resist thy smile, when on thy face
Its radiant, tender, thrilling beauty glows?
The lonely heart, the solitary place
Dumb blossom as the rose.

Brighter than stars that o'er us nightly roll,
Sweeter than dew-washed buds at early morn,
Love breathes upon the unconscious slumbering soul,
And straightaway heaven is born.

Free as the wind, what power can bind thy wing?
Restless as waves upon the morning sea;
Tender as new-born blossoms of the spring;
Snilime infinity!

O fair! O terrible! O heaven! O death!
Spirit of beauty, angel, demon, dove!
Ah, breathe not on our souls with angry breath
Give us thy smile, O Love!

UNMASKED.

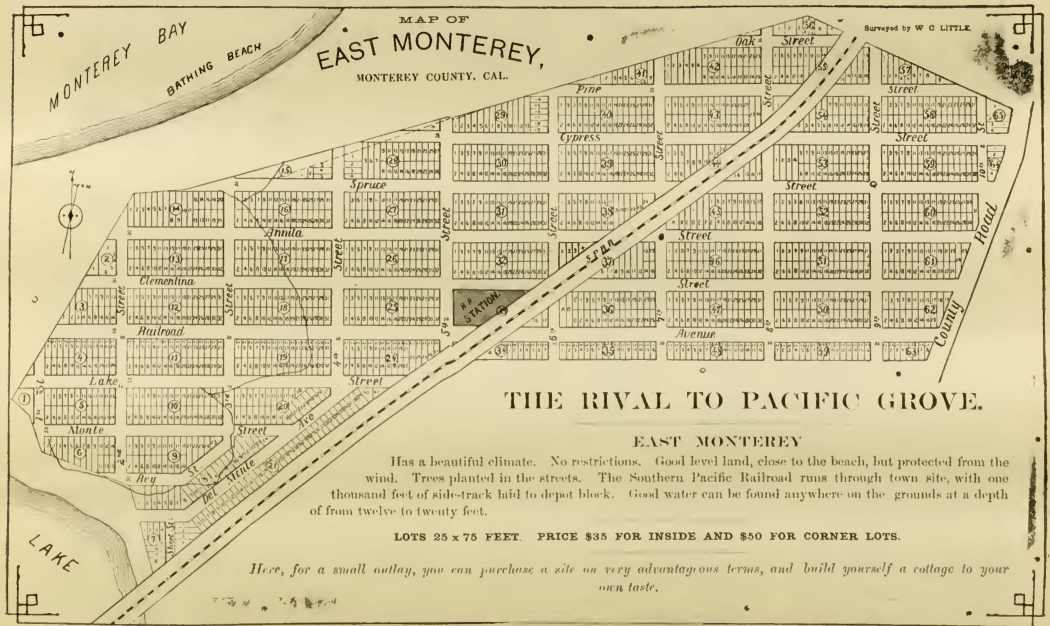
There used to live a learned man,
As wise as wise could be;
You'd find it very hard to find
A wiser man than he.
He'd studied all the ologies,
And knew them all by heart;
No man was better versed than he
In science or in art.

His neighbors all revered him, and
Deferred to him with awe;
They thought he was the wisest man
This old world ever saw.

But even this wise man proved no
Exception to the rule;
For finally he fell in love
And acted like a fool.

A. P. W.

—Journal of Education.



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—WITH A PREFACE BY—

WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

PHYSIOLOGICAL.

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- I. The Fringe as the Doorway to the Occult. Its Magnetic, Natural and Spiritual forms of Induction.
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- VI. The Soul World: Its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.
- VII. Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land.

APPENDIX.—Answers to Questions.
The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all magnetic and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 150. Price, \$1. Postage, 5 cents extra.
For sale by publishers of the CARRIER DOVE, 811 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

Advice to Mothers.

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

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

How Small Fingers Harped on the Heart-Strings of Justice.

"The officer tells me that you were drunk and disorderly, and that you have often been arrested for the same offense," said Justice Footo yesterday, as he frowned through his eye-glasses at a hard-looking woman who stood before him. "I have no sympathy for women like you, and I will fine you a bun—"

"Papa!" interrupted a little voice, clear and sweet, and two soft arms stole around the judicial neck and a soft face was laid against the judicial cheek.

Justice Footo's frown changed into a smile. "Aha, you rascal!" said he, seizing his little daughter and seating her on his knee. "So you came to see me just while I am hard at work, did you, and you slipped up behind me and tried to scare your old pap? Ah, you!" and he gave her a great hug.

Clerk Clingen, poised his pen, ready to record the fine; the lawyers took their seats with a snarl; the prisoner was left alone before the bar. She looked at the little child and passed her sleeve over her eyes. For five minutes the old head and the young head nodded at each other, while from two red lips came a wonderful story of "Oh! such fun at the park! and how funny the deers looked!" Then a bright ten-cent piece was produced from the Justice's pocket and put into a little hand. Then came a long, hard hug, and the little girl skipped away, shouting good-bye as she went through the crowd.

When Justice Footo turned his face toward the courtroom there was spread over it a smile that would have graced the countenance of a saint. "Where was I?" he asked, as he rubbed his glasses and looked down at the sheet. "Oh, yes, this drunk and disorderly case." Then he looked at the prisoner. "You look like you might have been a decent girl once," said he; "I will give you one more chance. The prisoner is discharged."

"Mrs. Fuller wore a begum dress of gray that was frizzled in front with silver thigmombs and brocade omniumquamtherum. The skirt was emboutpoint and trailed along the floor like a thing of life. Miss Fuller was in blue, and Miss Mary in an empire dress of rustic wool, with eremation armanidons upon the bodice, which made her look rashashy. Mrs. Nathaniel Paige and Mrs. Rabston were in the dining room, and sat dosa dos at a well spread table, both of whom recognized the writer and received him rapturously."—*The Hatchet, Washington, D. C.*

Love labor; for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayest for physic.—*William Penn.*

DR. PIERCE'S BODY-BATTERY



ELECTRICITY, AS APPLIED BY DR. PIERCE'S NEW GALVANIC BELT, will positively cure disease, WITHOUT THE AID OF MEDICINE. This Belt is the very latest improvement in Electro-therapeutic Science, and is warranted to be far superior to anything of a similar nature ever before invented. It contains from 20 to 90 degrees electrical power; giving mild, strong or reversible currents which "AN INSTANTLY FELT BY THE WEARER. Is a PORTABLE BODY-BATTERY, and contains special appliances for both sexes for curing the following complaints:

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SAVED HIS LIFE!

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Gratefully yours, W. L. PEARCE.

Note: As the writer is of the same name as the inventor of the Belt referred to above, we desire to state that he is a relative, and at the time he purchased our Belt, was a stranger to us.

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SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

San Francisco.

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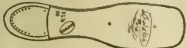
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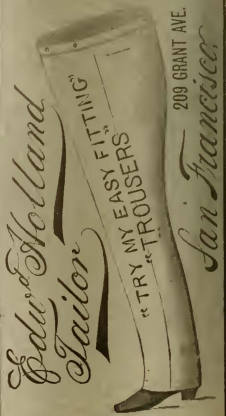
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