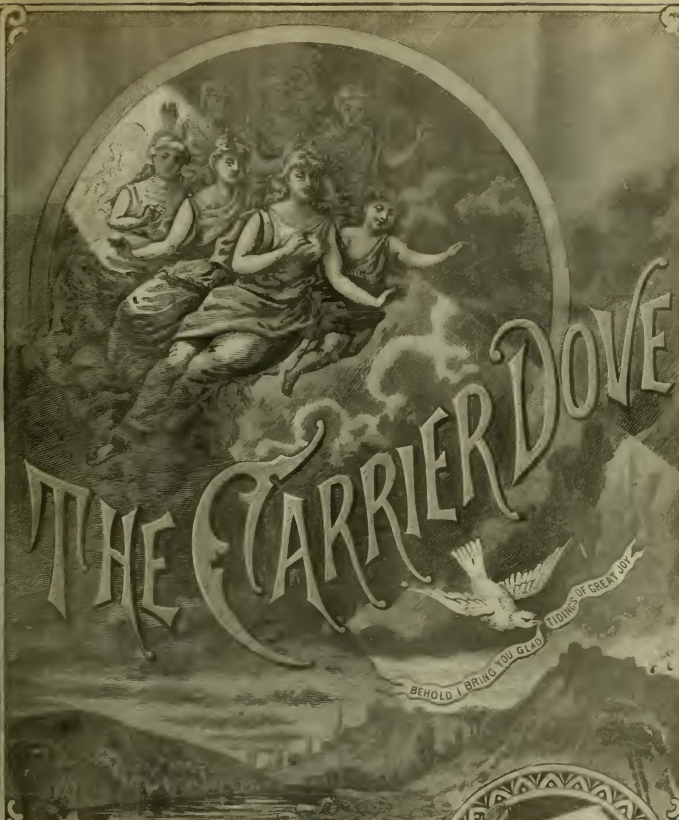


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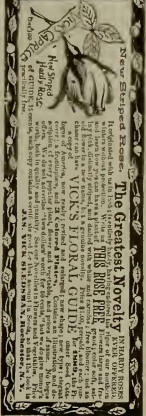
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The Platform.

Evolution Spiritually Considered: Its Logic and its Lessons.

A Lecture through J. J. Morse, of London, England, Delivered at Memorial Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, March 24, 1889.

It is frequently alleged that Spiritualism has no respect for the old forms of philosophy; that it is an agglomeration of inanities without any substantial core or center; that it floats like a rudderless vessel adrift upon the seas of speculation, with no reliable chart or compass by which to hope for escape from its dilemmas. While we cannot hope to dispossess the bigoted and prejudiced of such opinions, we are pleased to think that the impartial and open-minded may, perhaps, when we have closed what we have to say, come to the conclusion that Spiritualism has a philosophy, and that it is not a rudderless derelict upon a sea of foam, as has sometimes been asserted.

Our subject is "Evolution Spiritually Considered: Its Logic and its Lessons." Evolution is an intensely interesting topic in these times, and critics are applying it not only to the physical development of the human race, but to the physical development of the world itself, and reasoning from such considerations, they apply it also to the universe at large, and, coming back again to earth, they apply it to society, religion, politics, art, and science also, and claim that in every department of cosmic and human operation the law of evolution applies and works. Special manifestations of divine operation, in the form of creation—either of universes, worlds, or people—are now being relegated to the storeroom of antiquated and outgrown opinions. There is rapidly being erected a Museum of Antiquity into which many religions are passing, and which will contain many valuable contributions from some existing modes of thought, and succeeding people will be able to visit this temple of antiquity and say, "Here are what our forefathers used to believe in." Now, having, as it were, recognized that the mechanical operations of of Deity, *outside* of the realms of existence, is an antiquated opinion that must be laid on one side, it has come to be the fashion to suppose that God works *within* the universe,

instead of from without. It has come to be the fashion to suppose that there is something, a substratum, beneath the constitution of being, the cosmos, which is gradually and continually at work evolving from itself all that you are acquainted with to-day.

However, the theory of evolution may be susceptible of two interpretations. It may be that the mass of the world, that is, its material substances, arise out of certain primal conditions which have been differentiated, or broken up, into more minute conditions, while, to form the subsequent arrangements and resulting associations, further subdivisions of the various orders of life that you are familiar with have taken place, these divisions, acting upon each other, producing their resultants, in the various forms of inorganic and organic phenomena. Another view of the case may be that not only do these subdivisions take place, but that there are absolute chemical changes in the substance, and because of the differentiation of conditions new combinations naturally ensue, and from the results of these new associations, new forms of order, organization, structure, sensation, intelligence and consciousness ultimately evolve; the theory thus presented is an outwardly mechanical one, external in its nature and mainly confined to resulting effects of differentiated chemical conditions, flowing from the breaking up of the unity first established, whatever the original condition of the world's substance may have been.

Another argument may be this: that, inherent in the very substance of nature—we use the word here in a philosophical sense—the base, there may be a something else more subtle than is that substance, a subtle spiritual presence, an underlying life, shall we call it? and this underlying life is the real energy that effects the breaking up referred to, and that the phenomena resulting from that breaking up, which we will call for the sake of convenience, chemical activity, is but another result of the operation of this latent energy.

If evolution is true it is quite feasible to start the counter hypothesis of involution, that there is involved in the substance of being that from which energy is constantly being evolved and expressed in the forms and orders of existence you see around you. Here we are hand in hand with the scientist and the mechanical philosopher, up to a certain point. When that certain point is

reached the aforesaid mechanical philosopher parts company with us and says, "I only know of the phenomena that affect my consciousness. I deal with effects and causes which I am capable of comprehending, and I see those solely in the chemical and mechanical conditions of existence around me."

He falls back upon the laws of chemistry, attraction, cohesion, vibration, assimilation and disintegration and says, "Therein rest the keys to the differentiated phenomena that we are familiar with in the vegetable, animal and human worlds, in the terrestrial universe at large." The scientist may not admit the hypothesis we mention, that evolution implies involution, but, nevertheless, from our point of view we should be recreant to our duty if we did not insist upon it.

Here we have to leave the question in the position we have now placed it, and take up another line of argument that is related to it, the connection of which we shall presently see. Before we proceed further to the spiritual consideration of the subject, for that is what the doctrine of involution leads to, let us devote attention for a little while to the material consideration of it.

Suppose that you wished to trace the history of the world, how would you do it? We are not speaking now simply of secular history, but the progress of life. The easiest way would be to work backwards, and how can you work backwards ethnologically and geologically, and cosmically to the starting of man? What would you say of him? Physically considered, of course, he is sustained by the products of the earth. These products are evolutions and developments, mark you, from earth's conditions, therefore there must be an absolute relationship between the man, his food and the source whence that food is derived. The conditions of the world, the results of the world, the ultimates of the world, are thus severally represented in the man, his food and the source thereof. We want to go a little further. We take up geology here, and if the testimony of the rocks be of any value at all, there was a time when the condition of the world was such that it neither produced food nor people to eat it—when, in a word, the surface of the world and the atmospheric conditions of the world were such that neither man nor brute, grain or fruit, could have possibly subsisted. There was a time when the only organic life was in the steaming

seas of the prehistoric periods. But geology tells us something else. There was a time when those monsters of the deep could not exist; when burning acids dropped from the skies like rains, upon the prehistoric rocks, and wore their fibers away; when the lightning's bolt and the thunder's roar, and fierce convulsions and steaming seas of vapor that had dropped from the heavy clouds in the upper atmosphere, were all the world presented. Geology tells us also, that there was a time when this vapor and condensation were all impossible, and at last we strike the key-note of the situation by finding the world's substance was an incandescent agglomeration of burning, fiery matter; here astronomy takes up the tale, and says there was a time when that nebulous matter belonged to the parent sun, was part and parcel of the solar orb, and by the laws of centrifugal force it became a ring around its primary, conglobated and became a sphere, and then commenced its long, long travail of cooling and condensation, stratification, cataclysm and change, until, little by little, the latent possibilities contained within it began to assume organic form in the steaming seas of by-gone ages. Then at last, vegetable and animal life appear, and finally, after long, long periods of labor,—shall we call it?—the master workman completes the triumph of his skill, and lays the foundation of that humanity whose glories you are beginning to appreciate to-day.

What does this all mean? If we consider the logic of the situation, it means no less than this, physically considered, that everything that exists in the world to-day is the ultimate of a primate that originally existed it the sun itself, and has reached its present status through the long pilgrimage we have condensed into a few brief words. This is the story of the man of science of to-day. This is what the astronomer, the geologist, the chemist and the biologist have been earnestly and laboriously piecing together in this last hundred years. This is the foundation of the Bible of the future. This is the narrative that the universe has been waiting to speak to the comprehending ears of men; and as the chemist with his tests, the astronomer with his tubes, the thinker with his thought, weighs, measures, probes, examines and questions nature herself, she makes answer and says: "All my works are part and parcel of a connected whole, dating back, back in the infinite past, to the original nebula itself, to the first condensation in the far away, utterly impossible to conceive of ages of antiquity, before even the solar system herself was evolved, and coming down through that system through infinite variations and changes down to the present hour, in one long, unbroken series." And if the science of the future will say there is ever to be discovered a divine foundation of center, which to-day men call God, then it will be found that God is the universal primate, and

that humanity, in direct and unbroken succession, is the ultimate upon the conscious plane of individualized existence.

There is, then, this problem for acceptance, stated in set terms: The universe is sufficient for its own phenomena. A tremendous statement this, and one that we can only accept upon the hypothesis that the universe comprises and includes and is God; that that unimaginable, indescribable and utterly incomprehensible center is the basis of all things, and that the essence of that divine being is the underlying principle in the cosmos itself, and that involution being thus found, it, through the differentiation of the cosmos, not only creates the machinery, but constitutes the machine, that can individualize consciousness and give entity to it in the human form, and thus man becomes a living soul, made in the very image of his God.

This may seem a roundabout way of reaching this conclusion. Some may think it is a great deal easier for God to make a man directly by taking up a handful of dirt and moulding it into shape and breathing into his nostrils, than to take all this trouble through millions and millions of years to order a connected series of sequences reaching finally to man. But God has a great deal more time than you have. You may depend upon it that if you had to produce like results you would have to labor in precisely the same kind of fashion. What seems right and easy and proper to your judgment may be only because your judgment is not sufficiently expanded. When it is expanded into a philosophical capacity you will see that the order we have suggested rescues the universe from a personal God who arbitrarily creates it, and therefore may arbitrarily destroy it, and gives it to the divinity that is the underlying soul of it; and, therefore, as long as God lives the universe must be.

We will now resume the spiritual consideration of the subject. From the evolutionist's point of view the full type and high result are reached when the sequence of the human race has been accomplished. Is that true? He says yes. We ask him why. Because we can trace nothing beyond. But if all the myriad ages of the before time have results in the marvelous sequence suggested, and the great result you see, that is to say, conscious humanity—if the materialistic argument is true—then the sequences are exhausted, the end has been reached. When nature has made a man she has done all she can do, because she makes nothing beyond him! Is that the outcome? If so, then, when the materialist says that evolution is true, and stops with man, saying there is nothing beyond man, then all the laws of nature have accomplished, with their effects, and the long line of nature's progress comes to an end and concludes in the human race. We ask him why he comes to this conclusion and he says: Because death ends life for man.

But if it happens that death does not end the life of man, and that the law of evolution goes on beyond the grave, what then? Why, the philosopher is at fault, that is all; but his philosophy is extended and corrected.

If we might put it that way, we should say that the point of reversal is the grave; and the result of the reversal is evolution upon another plane beyond the present, just the same as the world to-day is an evolution beyond the incandescent plane of ages gone by, and between which incandescent plane and this present plane there is apparently but very little in common or in relationship. There is really no greater difference involved in the other comparison—that the grave is the point of reversal for the commencement of another order of evolution that shall be no more remarkable in its results, no more extraordinary, no more out of the realm of possibility, than is the blooming of the blushing rose in the July sunshine to-day as compared with the glittering mass of fiery material that made the surface of the world ages gone by, at which time the rise of another plane, on which roses should be possible, would have been thought an absolute impossibility.

Now evolution, when spiritually considered, is only the application of its laws to man and his future life. We have seen how absolutely perfect are the physical links of connection. What are the spiritual sides of it? If, as we say, God is the substance of being, then that substance is eternal, then its eternality must be innate and inherent in every atom of existence. Pantheists, you say; not quite, because this universal circumference implies a center of absolute power equal to the extent of the influences of its radiation. Therefore we accept, must necessarily accept, the spiritual presence as the underlying basis as well as the external manifestation of the universal being. If man is the highest product of nature, physically considered, there can be no question, but he will, as the ultimate of all nature's preceding activities, embody in himself the approximation of all her energies. Now that is a point well to bear in mind. If he is the result of all nature's activity, he will be the embodied approximation, individually, of all her possibilities; therefore the laws of evolution and involution find their combined and concentrated expression in the personality of man, and man is the minor cosmos; he is the universe in miniature, himself as conscious as is God, and that consciousness the underlying base of his life, as it is the underlying base of the life of God; surrounded by a minor cosmos, his personality, which we have seen, is related to the world in which he lives. He has an underlying Spiritua power in his nature which controls and dominates, through principles and laws every department of the major cosmos.

We say man is a miniature deity, a miniature universe, an embodiment of the large possibilities upon his minor plane. This is

point of evolution and involution that the Spiritual philosophy can best present to you, and when it is said that the Spiritual philosophy is a mass of inanities, and that Spiritualists are like rudderless vessels upon a sea of speculation, from what we have said, which we now offer you in the name of the Spiritual philosophy, you can very well estimate how just the criticism made against you is!

But what does this lead to? Just this—let it be put tentatively at present—that if man consciously lives after the death of his physical body, there must be a world for him to exist in. The logic of the matter is simply this: That you exist now, therefore there is implied a condition to sustain you. That condition is the material cosmos in which you are, and therefore if you exist after the death of the physical body, there must be another cosmos capable of sustaining that existence. The one implies the other; the one is the complement of the other. If the one exists the other must exist also. But how can that be determined? Not by transcendentalism, if you please. Not by intuitional speculation. Not by sailing on the wings of fancy into the rosy realms of speculation. Oh, no, you have to bring the spiritual side of life and man's spiritual nature to the same absolutely rigid tests of demonstration that you have brought to bear upon the material nature and the material world, and until this is absolutely done there is no philosophic soundness in the basis of the argument for immortality.

We are not discussing Spiritualism just now. We are putting that matter outside of this issue: we are demanding that the theologian, the philosopher, the thinker and the scientist—all of them—shall apply the same absolutely rigid tests of demonstration in regard to the spiritual side of life as they can in the other.

This idea that the spiritual world is all away beyond you, and cannot be gotten at, is a remnant of the days of superstition and ignorance, a theological ligament; for, as long as the church can fill you with the delusion that you cannot examine the next world, they can impose upon you with just whatever they please concerning it. Whenever it is brought within the purview of demonstration and knowledge, the theologian's "occupation is gone," and he will have to seek for "fresh fields and pastures new" in which to revel. If evolution results in all that has been stated, they, the theologians, must apply it to man's immortality, and we may argue that, if he exists after the death of the body, he can only exist because his immortality is potential and sequential, because it is an innate possibility, a result of the present condition of his being. It is not a gift. It is not a miracle. It is not something given to him because he believes this, that, or the other doctrine. It is potential and sequential. It is innate in his nature. When this train

is rooted firmly no theological speculation can disturb it, no Papal fulmination can destroy it, no belief or lack of belief can uproot or impair its foundations. It is part and parcel of the scheme of life, and no matter what you believe, it is there and cannot be disturbed.

We say death may be accepted as the point of reversal. You know that if you follow matter forward you presently lose it, for whether you go backwards or forwards, a point of disappearance is at once reached, and it becomes so rarefied, so refined, that it eludes the most delicate instruments of research. Are we to suppose that at last it has become so rarefied, so essentially refined, consequent upon the evolution of this divine spirit, that a still subtler part is rendered up, and, for instance, when you die the startling fact is revealed that the evolution of the human body has resulted in an evolution within the human body, and that nature has all the while been refining her materials, and depositing another universe, so to speak, within itself; that a double refinement, in nature and humanity, has been going on simultaneously, and that there is constantly passing from what we shall call a sublimated substance, which becomes the element of the spiritual universe, a second order of evolution as a consequence of primal involution which is thus carried on another plane of operation; therefore, when you die, you carry this spiritualized body with you, this spiritual body we have been speaking of as evolved within the physical body? Then shall we say the earth itself renders up its spiritual quota too, and that thus the logic of evolution is: that it, instead of stopping when man has been reached, is in reality carried forward upon a higher plane through man, who verily becomes himself the point of reversal; so we say, so far as he individually is concerned, the involution of the divine energy evolves itself in the second order of existence, so that a substantial spiritual realm, which is the second order of organized existence, counting the material universe in its totality as the first order, shall be evolved from this as a home, or plane, for man's second career?

The logic of it all is that God, in the promises, involved in the constitution of being, is using all his outer nature, shall we call it so?—"All nature is one stupendous whole, whose body nature is, and God the soul."—the great poet has told you. In the constitution of the universe? Then all of God, of which you form a part, is differentiated in yourself, and therefore, not only are you physically rooted in the body of God, but you are spiritually rooted in the soul of God, and whithersoever you go that divine energy, which is man's inmost, must be continually evolving forever, at least as long as the divine energy continues. That divine energy continuing forever, man and his surroundings, his personal consciousness and

objective conditioning must go on forever also. Therefore, the logic of evolution is that everlasting development and everlasting evolution, rather than special immortality, are the heritage of all conscious humankind; so, instead of looking for immortality you must, in philosophic truth, be looking for continuity; that immortality is, in the real sense, a continuity of life, a continuity of development, a continuity of evolution, of sequences and consequences forever and forever. What there may be beyond, speaking philosophically, the second stage of spiritual life of the evolutionary process, it is not for us to say. The second stage is quite sufficient for your contemplation on this occasion. The first stage is quite fruitful enough of thought, if you will but give it careful consideration.

The lesson and the logic of evolution, spiritually considered, are that man, spiritually, is the product of the energies and evolution of God; that man, physically, is the product of the evolution and differentiation of the forces of nature, of the cosmos; that man's immortality is the sequence of all these and the starting-point of a new series and a higher order, and, therefore, as we claim the continuity of life, rather than special immortality, which, as already described, must be the real interpretation of life beyond the grave; and that continuity is but the natural outcome of the initial energy which is the activity of the soul of nature, God, himself!

At this point we will leave it to you to determine what amount of justice there is in the charge that Spiritualism is devoid of rational philosophy?

We have one other point to present: the unity of the mental and spiritual consciousness. You know that the intelligence of some persons is very much below the intelligence of some other persons. You know that the active consciousness of some people is very much in excess of the active consciousness of some other people. The physical environments, hereditary conditions, the lack of training or its presence are all determining qualities in this problem of relative acuteness. But you know that some people by training evolve to a higher plane of consciousness, a higher plane of intellect; and if this is true, while you are living here, under what may be considered the imperfect conditions of your present surroundings, what must be the case in regard to yourselves when you get upon a higher plane of evolutionary operations, where the faculties are so much more acute and powerful? Why may it not be that this law of evolution applied to you, in whom is involved the divine spirit, shall work out into new forms of activity entirely, and that there shall come a time when there shall be as marked a difference in your consciousness and intellect then, as compared to their development now, as there is to-day between the verdure-clad earth, the blue seas and the starry dome above, and that long, long distant time when

chaos revelled in the fire-clad world, struggling from the grasp of the mousers of force, and striving with the might of her internal potencies which to-day are unfolded in the forms of use and beauty in sea, land and air?

As Spiritualists you know you hold communication with the spirit world. What you require is a scientific and philosophic understanding of the relationships between the natural and spiritual world. What you require is a comprehension of the method by which that spiritual world is created. What you need is a philosophic understanding of the way in which your immortality is accomplished, and all your phenomena and all your demonstrations are produced. In all your communications you will have to address yourselves to these questions if you will become, as you must become, the champions of the Spiritual side of evolution, and the demonstrators of the continuity of life, through the reversal point of death, into the realm that lies beyond. When you stand in that position, with the scientific and philosophic demonstration in one hand, and practical proofs of the life beyond in the other hand, there is no body of thought or opinion in the world to-day, there never will be any body of thought or opinion, that can possibly turn you aside. Your position will be absolutely impregnable. You can challenge the world and the world will have to say: "These Spiritualists have alike the facts and the philosophy, and we must submit that they have solved the problem of evolution by carrying it forward to its legitimate and natural sequences," proving to all that immortality is the natural sequence of mortality. When this is done the battle will have been won, the day of conflict will be over, and all old theological speculation will be stored in that Museum of Antiquity we referred to in our opening remarks, and standing on the sure ground of nature, the demonstrations of science and experience, the question of immortality will never be raised again. It will be accepted as logically and naturally flowing from all that has gone before in connection with the laws of evolution. The solution of it is that it implies involution. The logic of it is eternal and infinite evolutions beyond the present plane.

The continuity of life after death, proved by the return of spirits, mark you, gives every assurance, and emboldens us to say beyond all question, that the philosophy we have endeavored, all too imperfectly, we know, to present to you is a prophecy of the science and philosophy of the centuries close at hand; and when that day dawns the continuity of the universe, the brotherhood of being—the continuity of humanity in one common brotherhood here and hereafter—will stand out as the articles of your future creed, and when they are admitted, and the doctrine of relationship to

the Divine Source substantiated—the admission is made that that is an eternal source of energy and power—then will follow the one great admission of all, that that eternal source of power and energy, ever active, always moving, will carry itself forward and onward, and that the continuity of life in the next world is a reality to you, fixed and anchored in the very center of God, and shall go forwards and onwards forever and ever, evolving that which is involved in the nature of God himself, and no tongue can tell, no mind conceive, what the future glories of the universe and the man shall be; for as God everlastingly unfolds himself, as his children everlastingly unfold as well. Evolution, then, as the stepping-stone to the continuity of life gives a philosophic beauty to the doctrine of immortality, and imparts nobleness to its teachings that lifts it forever beyond the clutch of priest and roots it in the heart of God, makes it the heritage of man, and proves beyond all question the everlasting life and power of that mysterious source that men call God.

Original Contributions.

Did Paul Teach That It Was Right to Lie for the Glory of God?

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

It is currently believed that Paul the apostle, in a passage in one of his epistles, inculcated the doctrine that it was commendable to lie for the glory of God, or, in effect, that it was right to do evil that good might come. In proof of this, the following passage from the writings of Paul is often quoted: "If the truth of God, through my lie, abounded unto his glory, why, therefore, am I also still judged as a sinner?" In former years I shared the popular opinion that Paul did so teach; but an examination of the passage quoted, in connection with the context, showed me at once that a monstrous injustice had been done the great apostle of the Gentiles.

The passage occurs in Romans III: 7. Romans is an undoubtedly genuine epistle of Paul, and the third chapter thereof is marked with the peculiar mental and spiritual characteristics of its author. In this chapter Paul dilates upon the justice of God's judgments, especially upon the unrighteous. Through God's judgment of the unrighteous, his justice and glory are made manifest. The evil done by the wicked man enables God to exercise his just judgment upon the evil-doer, and thereby manifests his glory. If no evil existed to judge and condemn, God would have no opportunity to exercise his judgment of the evil-doer. The existence of evil, therefore, redounds to the glory of God. This

being true, the question may be asked by the sinner, "If my evil causes the glory of God to abound, why does God judge me a sinner?" to which the reply is made that his condemnation is just, and that it is wrong to do evil that good may come.

The foregoing is the substance of the first eight verses of the third chapter of Romans, and it teaches a doctrine directly contrary to that falsely ascribed to Paul. In the fifth verse Paul puts a question into the mouth of the inquirer upon these matters, and in the sixth verse he answers it. "But it our unrighteousness commendeth the righteousness of God, what shall we say? Is God unrighteous who visiteth with wrath? (I speak after the manner of men.)" Paul, in the parenthetical clause, "I speak after the manner of men," tells us that he is merely quoting a question that an inquirer might put. Here is his answer in the sixth verse: "God forbid; for then how shall God judge the world?" In the fifth verse the sinner asks if his evil commends God's goodness, is not God unjust for punishing his evil deeds? And to this Paul replies that in order that God should judge the world, it is necessary for him to condemn and punish the wicked.

In the seventh verse Paul again quotes the sinner as follows: "But if the truth of God through my lie abounded unto his glory, why am I also still judged as a sinner?" And in the eighth verse Paul continues the sinners' question, with an explanation in parenthesis concerning his (Paul's) position in the matter. "And," continues the sinner, "why not (as we [that is, Paul] he slanderously reported, and as some affirm that we say) let us do evil that good may come?" And Paul finishes by adding, "Whose condemnation is just." It is seen that the passage so often quoted as voicing Paul's teaching is only a quotation by him from a sinner, who is asking why God judged him a sinner, although his sin redounds to the glory of God. Paul stated the question in the manner he did, evidently, for the purpose of refuting it, as he does the slander against him, that he taught that we should do evil that good may come. In the eighth verse he distinctly states that he had been slanderously charged with so affirming, and that, notwithstanding the truth of God might abound through the lie of a sinner, God's condemnation and punishment of the liar were just. Paul merely states the proposition in order to refute it; and yet how often has this religious reformer of the first century been foolishly charged with the inculcation of lying for the glory of God. The very next verse plainly shows that Paul was quoting sentiments diametrically opposed to his own views. It is as unjust to quote the seventh verse as expressive of Paul's sentiments as it would be to quote from Matthew, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," and "Hate thine enemy," as expressive of Jesus' sentiments. In the same manner as Jesus quoted these to refute

them, so did Paul quote the obnoxious passage in question in order to refute it.

Freethinkers and Spiritualists rarely do justice to Paul; indeed, few Christians have any just conception of the true greatness of Paul. In some respects he towers far above Jesus. He is really the true founder of Christianity. Jesus was the founder of a local, Jewish phase of religions thought which may be called Jesusism; but it is to the more comprehensive and liberal mind of Paul that what may properly be called Christianity owes its birth,—a universal, world-wide religion, not a narrow, Jewish sect, such as that founded by Jesus and his immediate disciples, the twelve and their followers. Paul is the man that virtually overturned the world theologically. Had Paul never lived, it is probable that Jesusism would have perished in the first century.

The theology of Paul has many defects and errors, viewed in the light of to-day; but, under the circumstances of the times producing it, it was a grand and wonderful evolution of thought, and well adapted to the purpose which it subserved. The theological errors of Paul should not, however, cause us to depreciate the excellent moral code which found expression in Paul's epistles. As a moralist Paul rose to sublime heights, largely free from the hyperbole and Oriental extravagances which present themselves in the sayings ascribed to Jesus in the gospels. It is a shame that so pure a moral teacher as Paul should be so often credited with teaching so pernicious a sentiment as that it is right to lie for the glory of God. It all comes from the reprehensible custom of taking a detached portion of the Bible, irrespective of the context, and using it as expressive of the views of the entire book, or of the writer or speaker, as the case may be.

Notes of Travels and Explorations During a Second General Tour of All Europe by Daylight.

BELGIUM, AS WE SAW IT.

BY DR. J. SIMMS.

Belgium is the southern and more elevated part of that large tract of low-lying country which for many centuries bore the general name of Netherlands, or Low Countries, lying north of France and west of the German empire. The appellation *Belgium* is quite modern, but derived from a very ancient one. The Romans, making little account of the swampy lands in the north, subjected this more promising portion, and called it *Belgia Gaul*. After the decline of their power, however, it was broken up into several small sovereignties and during the ensuing ages had no distinctive name to express the collective idea of Belgium as a nation, but it bore that of "Netherlands" in common with the portion now called Hol-

land. It partook also of pretty much the same political changes, suffering much from the domination of foreign powers, till its independence was achieved by the Prince of Orange and his brother of Nassau. The Congress of Vienna, after the fall of the first Napoleon, who had dethroned all the petty sovereigns, sanctioned the establishment of the "United Kingdom of the Netherlands," under a prince of the house of Orange; but in 1830 these southern states revolted from him, and formed under Leopold I. a separate kingdom, thenceforth to be called Belgium, while the northern portion came to be more commonly called Holland.

This is an interesting and pleasant country to travel in. It has a complete system of railways, and in the leading towns streets, telegraphs, telephones, electric light, and other modern appliances. The people, too, are extremely polite, and appear very amiable; but there are far too many of them, 5,720,800 within a space of 11,373 square miles, or above 500 inhabitants for every square mile, bespeaks a denser population than is to be found elsewhere in Europe. No wonder that labor is poorly paid. An establishment for the manufacture of lace employs 1,200 women, who receive from ten to forty cents a day, without board or lodging. The poorer classes wear thick, heavy wooden shoes, which rattle along the footpaths, and create an amount of noise which is oddly disagreeable to the ear of a stranger. These shoes are manufactured in Belgium and sold at the rate of a \$1.20 a dozen for small sizes, and \$1.40 a dozen for large ones.

The country is rather flat, but fairly productive. A great deal of flax is raised, for the manufacture of linen cloth, and thread from which lace is made in all the principal towns. We visit the capital first, Brussels, a city of about 300,000 inhabitants, stands partly on a hill and partly on a fertile plain. For beauty and cleanliness it is excelled by no city in Europe, except Paris; and it must be admitted to deserve the praise that Byron, Scott and Southey embodied in such mellifluous strains. As we stand in one of the streets, there pass us two men talking in French, followed by two others speaking Flemish; near us stands a party conversing in the Walloon dialect, while others speak English; and we understand that these four languages are commonly current in this capital.

Now we are struck with the sight of the small milk carts, hundreds of which every day bring the precious fluid from the surrounding country into the city, and distribute it from house to house. They are drawn by one, two, and sometimes three large dogs, of mongrel breed, and of all colors. They are almost invariably managed by women, who walk on the side pavements, while the dogs keep the horse-way, and attend most obediently to every command. These women, like all others of the working class, wear

white caps as their only head dress. Everything here is scrupulously clean. Men as well as women may be seen in front of public buildings or houses of business washing the pavements with cloths, as we are accustomed to see women do the floors inside a house. The police officers are in uniform, and wear swords instead of batons.

This city is rich in palaces, museums, statues, monuments and various public edifices, many of the last having been built by Maria Theresa. There are many valuable galleries of art, containing paintings by celebrated Dutch and Flemish artists. The collection of the Duke of Arenburg is said to be worth a million dollars. In one gallery there are about a hundred pictures of Christ at various stages of his life, from the manger to the cross, and in all conceivable attitudes, even to that of pointing his feet to the skies, while the head is turned towards the nnd.

Here, as is usual in Roman Catholic countries, all the art galleries, museums, etc., as well as all the shops, stores and newspaper stalls are open on Sundays; the only rest being from what is called servile work.

About ten miles from Brussels is the famous battle-field of Waterloo, where the fate of Napoleon was finally settled through terrific carnage and torrents of blood. The memorable spot is generally visited by American and other travellers that come to Brussels. Generals Grant and Sheridan have made acquaintance with it since our great (uncivil) civil war.

In the pabny days of the Low Countries, that is in the fourteenth century, their industrial and commercial activity surpassed that of every other country in Europe, and we may say in the world. There were 4,000 looms of Ipres, and Ghent had 50,000 weavers; while Antwerp and Bruges, each containing 200,000 inhabitants were the great marts of the commercial world, and almost monopolized the trade of northern Europe. Often there were as many as 2,500 vessels in the Scheldt at Antwerp, waiting for their turn to come to the wharf. At this time Van Eyck brought out the beautiful oil colors for which the Flemish school of painting is renowned. Painting on glass, polishing diamonds, making lace and tapestry, chiming bells, were all invented in Belgium at this period; and most of the magnificent cathedrals and town halls in the country were built before close of the fourteenth century. Van Dyck's portraits were highly finished and life-like, and are renowned throughout Europe, and many of them are to be seen in Belgium. He was born at Amsterdam in 1689, and was considered as the last great Dutch painter. Van Eyck was the first who attained to great success in oil-painting, as a Flemish painter, but he died about 1440, and his brother also a famous Flemish painter died in the year 1421.

We now visit Antwerp, still the chief com-

mercial city of Belgium, and the second in point of size, containing 240,000 citizens. It is Sunday; and under pouring rain thousands of men are marching through the streets with banners and bands of music, as they sing in commemoration of the three hundredth birthday of the poet Van Vondel, the Shakespeare of their country.

Napoleon I. did much towards reviving the ancient prosperity of Antwerp, by dredging the river Scheldt, which is here about a quarter of a mile in width.

Belgium has been styled "the battle-field of Europe," because the contending armies of various countries have so often met here whether by chance or design, and fought out their quarrels. So Antwerp, as well as Brussels, was once surrounded by immense walls, to keep invading armies in the open country. But the modes of modern warfare have rendered walls a useless protection; and in both these cities they have been removed, and have been replaced by those fine, wide streets called "boulevards." So even in this almost stereotyped old country, civilization is turning the monument of war into places of utility and pleasure.

In the church of St. Jacques, at Antwerp, is the burying place of Rubens, one of the greatest of the Flemish painters. Over his tomb is a magnificent oil-painting of his own, representing the infant Jesus and his mother. Some of the figures in the tableau are true portraits of the artist himself, his father, his two wives, and one of his sons. Several pictures by Van Dyck are likewise in this church. The Hotel de Ville is the French name for the city hall; and within its walls every marriage in Belgium must be concluded; after which the contracting parties may or may not go through a religious ceremony in the church, just as they please.

Opposite Antwerp, on the other side of the Scheldt, is the once-famous country of Flanders, still remarkable for its large, hairy-legged horses.

In no country in the world has agriculture attained a higher degree of perfection than in Belgium; about half of the land is arable and little more than one-eighth of the whole is waste.

The government is a limited monarchy, under King Leopold II., sustained by a senate of sixty-nine members, elected for the term of eight years, and a chamber of representatives, numbering 138, who are elected by the people for the term of four years. No person, however, is allowed to vote, unless he pays annually a tax of eight dollars, which leaves only about 126,000 actual voters in the country.

There are about 3,000 miles of railway in this little country of Belgium, nearly 2,000 of which belongs to the State. These railroads are well managed, and it is rare that an accident occurs. There are in operation about 4,000 miles of telegraph lines; the post-office department carries about 300,000,000 letters

and post-cards annually; a large ratio in proportion to the population. The canals in operation are 560 miles in length, while the rivers of the country are navigable to a distance of 684 miles. The army numbers 47,734 in time of peace, with a reserve of 66,673. They have also a *Garde civique* for special duty, consisting of 35,000 men. There are no vessels of war; but the mercantile marine consists of 67 vessels, besides 312 fishing boats.

The Momentous Question.

BY JOHN B. WOLFE.

Shall Spiritualism stand alone upon its own merits, and demand recognition of its demonstration of continuity of being, and the highest science of life yet evolved; or shall it be compromised and handicapped by a *quasi* or real recognition, of the Christian or any other religion?

To every lover of truth and right this is indeed a momentous question. While all creeds have taught more or less of moral and spiritual truth, no one of them has as yet reduced to a science the demonstration of a future life.

To ascertain the inferiority of the past, and the superiority of the present, it is necessary to discuss dispassionately, radically, logically the basis and superstructure of each.

If Christians desire to unite with us, and demand toleration and recognition of their creedal crudities, it is but just that they shall show us exactly how much, and the reasons why, they want to put their old wine into new bottles. Then we can have a clear conception of what is required of us.

In discussing this question, I would treat their prejudices with all possible tenderness, concede all the sincerity I claim for myself. But when it comes to a question of truth or error, right or wrong, there exists no obligation to tolerate or palliate the error or wrong. I know no Spiritualist who denies the rights of conscience in respect to any religion. But Christians, as a rule, deny these rights by asserting that Divine revelations are not subject to human reason, and thus deny the right to reason on them, and the rights of conscience, and then insist that we shall make a seeming concession to their myths, errors and prejudices, so that they may harmonize with us.

Those of us who have been in this battle for nearly a half century, and know by bitter experience that persecution, prosecution, and denunciation, even to damnation eternal and infernal, (the secular press is but a reflex of the church) comes from so-called Christians; of right, object to Spiritualism being saddled with any other ism, especially mythicism, full of errors, immoralities, and monstrosities.

There is and can be no safe compromise between truth and error, right and

wrong, fact and fiction. All attempts to harmonize them will produce confusion and discord, retard progress, and finally fail, as they have heretofore.

If Spiritualism is true, fact and doctrine, then the whole Christian system is wrong and false as a system.

If harmonious organization can only come by concession to that which to me is not only error, but immorality, it will never come with my consent.

Every well informed Spiritualist knows that in order to grow in knowledge and spirituality, it is necessary to get rid of our errors and prejudices. It is, therefore, of no benefit to us, or them, to coddle them into our ranks, where they necessarily become a disturbing element.

Spiritualists generally concede that Jesus was a medium, and a very good sort of man; but they deny to him especial Divinity, (immaculate conception—a monstrosity in fallibility or superiority over thousands of others, entitling him to be set up as a special example above all other men, for all time. Wherein, then, is the ground of complaint, unless this "sort" wants to add the superhuman?)

Spiritualism cannot save them as long as they hang upon the skirts of Jesus, or any other savior. The most of this "sort" do not pretend that Jesus was superhuman; then, if not, of what avail to lean upon him, or give him credit for that which is not due him.

I do not believe that Christianity is built upon the principles (doctrine we presume,) of immortality, through a life of purity and morality, (nautological) on the contrary, the whole Christian system is built upon the mythical Satanic Majesty: whose wicked designs upon the work of the Almighty, against whom he seems to have a grudge, and not being able to reach the principal, he vents upon poor Adam and Eve, and by his wiles mars the entire work of his enemy for all time and eternity, compelling him to re-consider, revise and exert all his wits to compensate, in part, for the successful raid of the devil upon the first pair.

But for the devil there had been no temptation, no fall, no sin, no death (eternal life here); no knowledge of good and evil, no consciousness of the shame and nakedness, (when there were but two to gaze upon that nakedness); no miraeulous conception, no incarnation of deity, (God-man, a common heathen myth), no Jesus, and no Gospels setting forth his extraordinary virtues.

It is upon faith in these myths, and the Grace of God through that faith, and not upon the "principles of immortality," or morality, all of which are but filthy rags, without saving grace by faith, that the Christian looks for heaven and happiness hereafter.

Nor do I believe that we can "advance Spiritualism without tearing down other people's beliefs." The logical sequence of preaching truth is to tear down error, of enforcing

right to attack the wrong. I have utterly failed to comprehend the mission of Spiritualism, if it is not to supplant the myths and errors of the past in regard to the material as well as the spiritual universe, by supplementing faith by knowledge, error by truth, religion in its broadest sense by science and philosophy. If these are its mission, then it follows as the night the day, that its propagation is a direct attack upon all issues which antagonize its facts and teachings. Without this it would be an abortion or failure.

With the devotees of Christianity, their beliefs and prejudices, I am not concerned. That may be their fault or misfortune. If they cannot harmonize with the enemies of their whole system, they are free to set up a theological shop of their own in their own way, and make it just such a conglomerate as suits their mental and moral condition.

Hitherto there has been a strong tendency, especially in those whose leanings are toward the church, to concede to Christianity a high order of morality, and to enthroned Jesus and his teachings as standards of morality and imitation. Very few Spiritualists have assailed these; they have rather essayed to assail the doctrine *per se*, leaving out the question of morality, or conceding the moralities good when free from doctrines.

Christianity makes distinct recognition of the Jewish Bible; Jesus "came not to destroy but to fulfil the law and the prophets." The two systems have one God and one code of morality, and must stand or fall together. Christianity, without the fall of man, and the incarnation of God "in the person of Jesus," is a building without a foundation. If man did not fall, as recorded in the old Bible, then the incarnation and crucifixion of Jesus, in the new dispensation, is without object or use.

As this promises to run into too much for a single article, I stop here and reserve for a second article a critical analysis of the moralities (immoralities) of the Christian system, and especially the immoralities of Christ and his teachings! In this direction there has been entirely too much lenity, a quasi-recognition of the so-called Christ principle; whereas there is no principle for which any person can claim a patent, and upon the strength of that claim set up a superiority shop, and challenge the admiration, homage, or servile imitation of his followers.

The Jewish system, which is a part of the Christian system, is full of gross errors, immoralities, and monstrosities. For these there is no word of condemnation in the Dispensation, thus giving silent assent to all the crudities and immoralities of the Jewish God and his chosen people.

The Christian system proposed to supplant the Mosaic, and all other systems; but it has utterly failed. The Jews remain a people, intact, *sui generis*, here and everywhere. Passing by the vulnerabilities in the old system, I propose to point the errors and immoralities of the Christian system, and its supposed founder.

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

Life in the Spirit World.

NUMBER NINE.

A great deal has been said and written about life in the second sphere, and we are forced to admit that the subject is of sufficient interest to make the large amount of attention given to it excusable. The question to our mind is, firstly, how much can definitely be made known on the subject? and, secondly, can any practical benefits accrue from whatever information is imparted? These are the two points we shall try to throw some light upon in this article.

First, as the question of how much can be made known, we assert that this depends greatly on the condition of individuals. One person may obtain decidedly erroneous views of (his existence, without in the least having the intention to misrepresent. Another, which is, perhaps, more dangerous, obtains partial truth, but so mixed with error, that it is little better than entirely false. Perhaps we cannot do better than attempt an illustration. Suppose we refer to the question, as to whether spirits can pass through opaque objects, such as stone, wood, etc. Now it would seem that this question ought to be easily settled decisively, in one way or the other, but it cannot very easily. Spirits can pass through hard substances, in the sense that their shape, and even some of their individuality—their presence can be felt, but, still, they are not actually present. This seems a somewhat far-fetched way of compromising the matter, but it is correct. Spirits can act to all intents and purposes as if they were in a room, when they are some distance outside. How is this done? Here we have to be content for the present with mere assertion, leaving demonstration for the future. It is sufficient at present to know that some truth may exist in both seemingly irreconcilable statements.

Another illustration of a different kind is found in the descriptions which are given of the location and life of the spirit world. Here the difference does not amount to an absolute contradiction usually but considerable discrepancy may be discovered in the details. Well, the details are very difficult to give. Existence is existence in every sphere and there is a certain affinity in all, but the particulars have infinite modifications. It is not too much to say that there is as much divergence, as much diversity of occupation, condition and ways of modifying existence here as there are individuals. Man naturally thinks and says "we can surely be told at all events approximately how you live and pass the time there, but he cannot be told very accurately in his present condition. The power to realize the mode of existence here is only given to a few, otherwise

people would become dissatisfied and would hardly tolerate their present surroundings. Can nothing be told then accurately? Yes; sufficient can be learned by people who desire it, but it must be done more by onward promptings and by natural unfoldment than by direct communications through mediums. The latter would seem more accurate and reliable, but it is not so, only in very rare cases can men or women attain a plane of spirituality which enables them to judge with sufficient accuracy of spirit life. As the world progresses, however, it will be different, and by the time the actual existence of the spirit world is generally credited it will be much easier for men to realize what is actually going on there.

In regard to the benefits which might result from the dissemination of this knowledge experience would seem to teach that the effect would be at best indecisive. Men would be in some instances happier with the knowledge of a future existence in their minds, others would view it differently, many would indeed consider it evil. Nature's plan compels people to attain a certain height, before their view is extended beyond a given point, and slowness in reaching that height makes no difference. Man lives and moves and has his being in a certain element, and that element has abundant possibilities for all his real needs—to force him into a higher one by any abrupt or violent means would be useless, and result in an unsettled and unnatural condition which would be far worse than the old one.

Something, however, can and will be done before very long on this subject. A rational, and in every respect, more satisfactory account will be given of the conditions here and those who are fit to receive it will realize that such is indeed some faint attempt at a realization of what they have long felt and yearned after. Progress is being made rapidly, and as sufficient vehicles of communication are developed there will be such light thrown in this subject as is little thought of at present.

Matthew Arnold, in an article on America, published in the Nineteenth Century, laments the fact that not one man in a hundred in this country changes his shirts oftener than once a week. Mr. Arnold, who is distinguished as a critic of the impossible, probably had in mind when he wrote, the history of the Scotch miner and his pastor. The reverend gentleman beheld his untidy parishioner in an exceedingly dingy shirt, and, remonstrating with him, asked, "How often do you change your shirt, Bobbie?" "Wank a nunk," was the self-satisfied answer. "Once a month!" exclaimed the astonished dominie, "Why I change mine twice a week." "Twa sark a week!" said the stupefied Scot. Then looking contemptuously at his clerical adviser, he remarked, "Ye maun be a darty beaister."

Selected Articles.

Anomalies of the Situation.

At the utmost possible estimate there are only twenty million Christians in the United States.

Over against this twenty millions there are forty millions who are non-Christians; persons who do not attend Christian churches, who do not believe Christian doctrines, who do not want Christian legislation, who are totally indifferent to the Christian name.

This is an astounding fact on the assumption that Christianity is a divine religion, that its founder and supporter is God. It has existed for eighteen hundred years, and yet in the most civilized portion of the globe it can claim only one-third of the population. How long will it take Christianity to subdue the world at this rate?

Considered as a divine religion Christianity is a stupendous failure. Considered, however, as a merely human religion it exerts a marvelous power.

These twenty millions rule the country against the real wishes of forty millions of people. Practically this is a Christian nation. Church property is to the amount of one thousand million dollars is exempt from taxation. If this property were taxed like other property it would yield an income to the public treasury of \$25,000,000 a year. Twenty millions get the benefit of this; forty millions get no benefit at all, yet these forty millions pay, without protest, over sixteen million dollars for the support of the churches. Who shall say, in view of this fact that Christianity is not a powerful religion?

In the army and navy, in the legislature of the several states, chaplains are appointed and the government is compelled to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars to support them. Who will say that Christianity is dead when it can thus command the treasury of the United States?

The celebration of Washington's centenary was highly colored and adorned with religious paraphernalia, and yet only a third of the people had any regard for such an aspect of the celebration. Two-thirds of the people cared no more for these ceremonies than a Chinese gong—would rather not have had them—and yet the Christians had their own way in the matter as if they were the whole people.

In every State except California and Nevada, there are Sabbath laws. The people don't want these laws. They are foreign to American institutions, and yet one-third force them upon the other two-thirds, and the two-thirds silently submit. Christianity may save but a few souls, but when it comes to government it lays its hand upon all. As a system of redemption it comes to

a lame and impotent conclusion, but as a political machine it is the most triumphant of the day. It cannot be ignored, however much we may depise its dogmas. Christianity would be voted down to-day, two to one, if there were an honest expression of the opinions of everybody, but as a matter of fact it is king in the Republic, and it dictates the conduct of sixty millions of people.

Forty millions of people in this country are thoroughly non-Christian, yet out of these forty millions how many take any active part in maintaining their own rights or the rights of others? It is popularly supposed that this is a Christian country. It is a non-Christian country. The non-Christians, if the issue were simply made, could sweep the polls from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This is a nation of Liberals and Freethinkers, yet, strange anomaly, its government is still the government of the Christian church. The President must still take his oath, the Senate and House of Representatives must pay for chaplains and listen to their prayers, railroads must stop running on Sunday, the Christian Bible is read in the schools, and the public treasury overflows into the coffers of the church. This not to be wondered at if Christians were in the majority. But they are not. They are in the minority.

The subscribers of all the Freethought and Liberal journals in the country do not number over fifty thousand. These subscribers represent a reading population of two hundred and fifty thousand, out of forty millions, in essential sympathy with Liberal ideas. Only one out of one hundred and sixty of the non-Christians reads a non-Christian paper. Only one out of eight hundred takes a non-Christian paper. Of these fifty thousand not more than ten thousand are in active working sympathy with Liberal organizations. These ten thousand are the actual representatives of forty millions of people. Upon their shoulders the whole burden of reform lies. They stand for the opinions of two-thirds of the American people. The impression seems to be that there are about fifty-nine million, nine hundred and ninety thousand Christians in America, and about ten thousand non-Christians. But these ten thousand Freethinkers are not thus isolated. Back of them is a mass of forty millions intellectually in accord with Freethought. It might be better if there were only ten thousand Freethinkers. The issue would then be sharp. As it is now, only one out of eight hundred of the Liberals of the land takes any lively interest in the conflict between Christianity and civilization. Those in favor of civilization and against Christianity allow Christianity to win the day, so far as political power is concerned, and practically turn the cold shoulder to the few who are in the heat of the battle on their side.

It does seem strange, when we think of it, that these ten thousand must toil and sacri-

fice, must meet social ostracism, business losses, and political failure; be regarded as fanatics, wild enthusiasts, disturbers of the peace, and "Infidels," when, as a matter of fact, they represent the ideas, the life, the sentiments, of a vast majority of the people who would stand side by side with them if the issue could be distinctly and universally comprehended.

There is no question that Christianity is intellectually defeated—that as a "divine religion," it is put upon the shelf. Science has labeled it "superstition," but as a governmental power, as a social tyranny, Christianity is still victorious. As a machinery of despotism it is unequalled. It is the greatest instrumentality of oppression in the world. But it is so subtle, so all pervading, that its victims don't seem to realize that it is such a complete monster.

The situation points out two lines of work. The ten thousand, the guard of freedom, must not simply contend against Christian usurpation, but they must rouse the vast number who, intellectually, are non-Christian, to the importance of maintaining their rights and dignity; of treating Christianity not as if it were an effete religion to be simply ignored, but as a living tyranny, the more terrible because dead at heart. Christianity is not simply a doctrine, it is an institution wonderfully organized for conquest and power. It is a vast bread and butter making machinery, and for that reason there will ever be an immense motive for its continuance, and especially for its political prestige. There will be, for years to come, a hundred thousand persons, too lazy to work for a living, but always ready to preach for a living; and these as one man, will devote every energy to the preponderance of Christianity.

These one hundred thousand represent the concentrated force of Christianity; they are the guard of despotism, the representatives of twenty millions of Christians.

The forty millions of non-Christians are represented by ten thousand pioneers. The representation is unequal, and for that reason Christianity triumphs. There are one hundred thousand to ten thousand, in the lists of battle. The one hundred thousand are thoroughly disciplined and urged on by the overmastering desire for self-preservation. They are backed up by the wealth and plaudits of the millions of Christians who delight to do them honor. The ten thousand pioneers of freedom are scattered, have but little fellowship, and the millions whom they serve treat them with cold indifference. Instead of earning a living at their task, like the one hundred thousand clergy who are opposed to them, they sacrifice both time and money for their cause.

In the world of ideas it is forty million non-Christians to twenty million Christians. In society, in government, it is one hundred thousand Christians to ten thousand non-Christians.

It will be a long time, therefore, before the intellectual defeat of Christianity will result in its political overthrow.

The greatest danger is through indifference; that Christianity will triumph, not because it is a divine religion, but, being a human religion, animated by a human motive—the desire for power and good living—it will achieve success because non-Christians although in vast majority, are too careless of the rights and liberties of themselves and others.—*Free Thought*.

Sunlight, Vital Magnetism, and Other Refined Elements, to be the Great Curative and Uplifting Forces of the Future.

BY E. D. BARBITT, M. D.

Dean of the College of Magnetics, New York.

The truth is, that the whole system of gross elements and rude methods, including drugs in their coarse conditions, blistering, leeching, lancing for every little thing, the use of moxas, and setons, and other slaughter-house methods, is to be done away with, and the refined, exquisite, and searching elements of nature and spirit are to be used mainly in their place. I have demonstrated in one of my works that *coarse elements and poisons in medical treatment, like coarse and despotic enactments in civil government, are the weakest and least enduring in their good effects, the most dangerous and lasting in their bad effects, and, on the whole, are rude, costly and unavailing*, while, on the other hand, *the fine forces are more penetrating, powerful and enduring in their good effects, more upbuilding to the nervous and spiritual energies, more safe, more pleasant and more economical.*

What are the fine forces? It is now well-established that the universe presents four grades of matter, namely, solids, liquids, gases, and ethers, or, as Prof. Crookes calls the last, ultra-gaseous matter. These ethers include electricity, magnetism, light, color, heat, mental force, psychic force, vital force, spiritual force, and are what we term especially the fine forces. These four grades of matter are atomic; but ethereal atoms, being exquisitely fine, are made to sweep through and kindle into brisk action the coarser grades of atoms. Interpenetrating this whole range of atomic being which we term matter, my investigations have shown me that there must be an inconceivably elastic, unatomic intersoul, which is a positive, quickening principle of matter, as matter is the negative, formulating principle of the intersoul. Both matter and spirit must forever work in correlation, but ethereal forces can be wielded more directly by spirit, and are a kind of a link between spirit and matter. I am simply here making assertions, but these assertions come from a life study of chemical and spiritual forces, and I have given extensive demonstration elsewhere. These ethers are efflux and influx through all things, and their pathway can be discerned by hundreds, yea, by many thousands of people whose inner vision is opened.

The reason why fine forces are so powerful is that they can penetrate the nerves, and through them reach the brain, and kindle that positive, mental battery of the whole system. Nerves are lords, muscles and blood-vessels are servants. But nervous diseases have been called the "scandala medicorum," and are almost entirely beyond the control of

our allopathic friends. They are unable to see this nervous force, or to cut it or bind it, and what can they do? In fact, they are wholly ignorant of what nervous force is, and their drugs are too coarse to reach such a subtle power to any advantage. If you talk with them about vital magnetism, they deem it a mere system of rubbing, and haven't any idea that persons charged with the lightnings of spiritual power, such as Dr. J. R. Newton, Dr. R. C. Flower, and very many others have anything connected with them over and above what could be found in a stick of wood.

If you tell them that diseases of years' standing, are sometimes cured in a few minutes by magnetic massage, they will simply deem it impossible, or in some cases where they themselves have failed, and some massage or massage has been triumphant, they will become indignant at the progress of quackery, and invoke some despotic State law to put them down.

It is amusing to hear them talk about these "ignorant magnetists," while they, in spite of all their great thundering words from the Latin and Greek, do not understand the commonest principles of life, such as the philosophy of respiration, of pulsation, or nerve force, of muscular contraction, of mental action, or the processes of chemical affinity in connection with the functions of life. If they would come and sit at the feet of some of us whom they are so anxious to tyrannize over, by means of despotic State laws, they would begin to know something of the philosophy of life, and would become far more successful.

The most dangerous enmities of all are these men who have been run through the ruts of a medical college, and, with a knowledge of all spirit, are ready to destroy those who have not gone into the same ruts.

The two great leading remedies in all the world for perverted or exhausted nervous conditions are magnetic massage and sunlight aided by special colors, which forces are yet to bless all mankind, but these medical laws would crush them at the very start. By aid of the Solar Sweat bath, the chromo disc and the chromo lens, we may play my tune we please on the sensitive human system.

I would glorify an institution like the Dr. Flower Health Palace, for adopting all these higher natural methods. The bath system, the massage, the solarium, with scientific sun-instruments, the color rooms for different physiological conditions, Prof. Homiston's superb system of ventilation, and the many other fine points show what can be done in harmony with modern progress.

The *Woman's Journal* of Boston tells of two Yassar girls, Misses Ella S. Leonard and Caroline G. Linde, who brought a delapidated newspaper, at Atlantic Highlands, N. Y., and have made a revived success, and have in connection with it a large job printing establishment.

About Women.

Woman at the Centennial.

"The great event, the centennial of the inauguration of George Washington as the first president of the United States, was celebrated in many places, but especially in New York City. The wonderful parades, the speeches, the music, the attendant circumstances, are fully reported in the daily papers. History has garnered them up for future ages. But history will further record that the country which honored this occasion is itself guilty of the very injustice against which George Washington drew his sword. Great Britain taxed and governed the colonies without allowing them representation. These United States tax and govern women in the same way. But no man of all speakers at this great centennial observance reminded a listening nation of this fact, or pledged himself to follow the example of George Washington by a worthy effort to establish a true republic in place of this oligarchy of sex, where all men are sovereigns and all women subjects. When the second centennial arrives, George III. and this government will hold the same unworthy place in history, and for the same reason."

—Lucy Slane.

The First Declaration of Independence Signed by a Woman.

"When the absolute authority of an unjust parliament and a tyrannical king was asserted and reasserted to the annoyance and oppression of the people in America, in response to the proclamation for suppressing rebellion and sedition, as the remonstrances of our forefathers were termed, a woman, Abigail Adams, wrote thus in a letter to her husband, John Adams, then at Philadelphia:

"This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our parent state and these colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them; and instead of supplication, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels, and to bring to naught all their devices."

Said the *New York Tribune*, in July, 1875, commenting on the above: "Here was a declaration of independence, preceding by seven months that which has become so famous: and it was signed by a woman!" — *Daughters of America.*

Caste women in Corea who uncover their faces, are pronounced outlaws, by both custom and law.

THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

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

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THIS WORLD SPIRITUALITY.

It has been said that the Christians—many at least—take their religion as "insurance against fire in the world to come." With too many a Spiritualist, his Spiritualism is the doorway through which he expects to pass to a state of happy rest in the spheres "beyond the river of death."

Hope of the future is, doubtless, the incentive to much of life and effort. But there is no past. There can be no future, it is in reality, always, the eternal *now*. With this fact clearly in mind, do the best to-day. There is something to think of beside the evergreen shore, something beside remission and rest; something more than merely gaining heaven. Make heaven. Not for one alone, but for humanity. Deserve rest before it is asked. Work, that rest may be sweet. Go forth into the world, that the bliss of home coming can be appreciated. Plant the seed if the ground is to be covered in verdure.

The world needs workers. The brain must have a hand to execute its thoughts—for man to realize the conceptions of the mind. There are hungry to feed, naked to clothe, wounds to bind and pains to heal. Though looking away to the bright beyond has its place, Spiritualism is not a gateway, it is a mighty temple wherein its votaries must dwell, working as well as watching, to know the beauties and the worth, of having come into the knowledge of the truth that makes men free.

JOHN SLATER'S COLLECTION FOR THE ELSMERE FREE KINDERGARTEN.

Last Sunday evening Metropolitan Temple was crowded upstairs and down, and Mr. John Slater's tests were as usual excellent; indeed, on this occasion, as on several preceding Sunday evenings of late, he seemed to surpass himself in the matter of the variety, the striking character, and the completeness of his tests. In the course of the evening Mr. Slater made an appeal to his vast audience on behalf of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten. His remarks were earnest and apposite and excellently put. A collection was then taken up, headed by a liberal donation from Mr. Slater himself, and the sum of \$54.25 was gathered in and turned over to the Ladies' Elsmere Club, for the benefit of the kindergarten. The sincere thanks of the Club, and of every friend of the kindergarten, are due Mr. Slater for his generous, unselfish action in this matter. E. F. K.

THE BARTLETT-STREET KINDERGARTEN.

We learn that the closing exercises of the Bartlett-street Kindergarten, of which Miss Mina Robinson is principal, took place last Friday morning. There was a large attendance of the friends of the school and of the parents and relatives of the little scholars. The exercises of the children were varied in character; and their proficiency and cleverness in their execution of them, and the perfect order and discipline exhibited, reflected much credit upon the principal and her assistants. Everybody present seemed to have "a lovely time;" the children included. The rooms were handsomely decorated, and the entire affair was a grand success.

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 Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

Do not let us seek the demolition of the so-called religious churches, until our Godlike freedom of thought, feeling, and action becomes sufficiently and universally cultivated and refined to not only substitute them, but to lend a broader foundation, a brighter glow, and a clearer and more extended vision of the spiritual possibilities and their practical unfoldment, than could ever have come through their teachings, however moral and refining their influence may have been. If we diligently and properly present and promulgate our beautiful, rational, spiritual philosophy, and live it, the era of true religious enterprise, minus church or creed, titles or emoluments will have well begun.

ELLA L. MERKIAM,

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

A NEW BOOK.

"Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Hon. John A. Collins," is the title of a pamphlet published at this office, and on sale here for the benefit of Mr. Collins. It contains an excellent likeness of this venerable gentleman, and will prove interesting reading to those who care to know something of the history of the most important reforms that have been inaugurated in this country during the last half century, and of the leaders who were the advance guard in such reforms. Mr. Collins having been associated with, and one of the leading spirits in the anti-slavery movement, his reminiscences of those days are of absorbing interest.

We trust that this little work will find a rapid sale, and that its perusal may prove an inspiration and help to the purchaser, as we are confident the pecuniary aid it renders this "grand old man," will prove to him. Price, ten cents. CARRIER DOVE office, 841 Market St., S. F.

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 346 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 orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

We have on hand a number of Doves of various dates from its beginning, six years ago, which we will send post-paid to any address in packages of from five to one hundred, at the rate of two cents per copy. Friends of the cause can do good missionary work with these books, and the price barely pays the postage. Many of them are the beautifully illustrated monthlies that sold at twenty-five cents a copy.

"RAMBLINGS."

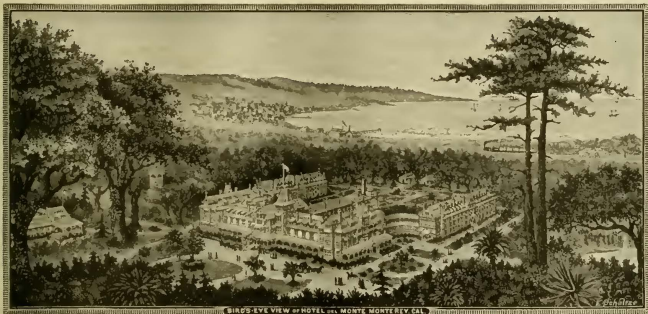
A Trip to East Monterey.

DEAR READERS: As Mrs. Crossette, who is occupying the editorial chair during my vacation, promised some "Ramblings" from my pen, I suppose the contract must be respected and herewith is the first instalment of my rambles which, so far, have not been very extensive, as some duties have occupied much of my time since I have been sufficiently recovered to attend to them. The rest from constant confinement in the office has been very beneficial, and already I am beginning to think of the old work again, and wondering how long I can indulge in the luxury of rest. But I intended this article as an account of one of my most pleasant rambles, and I trust those of my readers who have never taken a trip to the place I am going to describe will allow their imaginations

their sterner brothers and the level vales at their feet, had yielded to the husbandman's toil, bountiful harvests; these, with glimpses of old ocean, and the blue sky overhead formed a charming background to the magnificent views. Exclamations of delight were heard from all sides, as the members of our party had never passed over the route before, and everything was new and novel to them.

We arrived at Del Monte station at 11:30 A. M., and were met by Mr. J. D. Houghton, the gentlemanly proprietor of the East Monterey tract, of which Mrs. Scott Briggs is an agent, and which she has been advertising in the DOVE during the past few months. Being naturally rather skeptical, when I hear glowing accounts of places or occurrences I am inclined to make great allowance for fervid imaginations, objects of gain, etc., and consequently had not taken a very deep interest in Mrs. Briggs' enterprise, knowing how easily a fraud

main trunk of the tree was very short and from each side projected an immense limb almost equal in circumference to the parent trunk, thus giving the appearance of three great trees from which the twisted and interwoven branches extended to the banks on each side of the short ravine where they rested as if weary of the struggle to support themselves longer against the blasts which for many centuries had swept over them. From any direction, except that of approach by way of the ravine, which is short and broad, the tree has the appearance of a short growth of brush, as the top is almost level with the hills which form a horse-shoe around it, as it completely fills the space between the hills, and is about 375 feet in circumference. The thick foliage overhead, the solid banks on three sides, and the low-bending network of boughs for seats form a completely sheltered and protected resort for pleasure seekers, where tables can be spread, hammocks



EAGLE-EYE VIEW OF HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTE REY, CAL.

free play, and accompany me in fancy on my pleasant journey.

For several weeks I had promised some friends to visit East Monterey, but various circumstances had prevented, until Sunday, June 2d, when with a small party the trip was made.

We took the train at the Valencia street depot, at 8 A. M., and were soon speeding along over miles of such beautiful country as is found nowhere on earth except in California. Farms, orchards, vineyards, gardens, and villages in rapid succession passed before our vision like the dissolving views of a vast panorama, all set in beautiful frames of gold as the morning sunshine broke through the clouds of fog and mist, and lighted them with its glory. The cloud-capped mountains, some covered with thick growths of live oaks, others with bare, grim and rocky sides, others gradually sloping down into the valley, into a series of graded hills, forming connecting links between

could be "boomed," if there was money back of it, as instances of such a nature had come under my observation before. But as we drove along through the beautiful grounds of the Hotel Del Monte, around the borders of the lovely lake, Laguna Del Rey, and up the gentle slope towards East Monterey, where we could take in all the beauty and variety of the scene before us I realized that nothing had been overdrawn concerning it. Passing up a small ravine we came to the "Big Tree," of which we had heard so much.

The first view of it elicited expressions of wonders and astonishment from the entire party; and as for myself I could only say that "the half had not been told," that could have been said of it. It impressed me as being a gigantic octopus with arms, or "feelers" extending in a thousand directions, laced and interlaced together in a most fantastic fashion. Upon a closer examination it was seen that

hung, and nature's most weird and fantastic freak contemplated without discomfort from sun or wind, heat or cold. Mr. Houghton intends having it photographed soon, and, if possible, a view of it will be given our readers, as it is certainly the greatest natural curiosity in the shape of a tree in the known world. Under this magnificent live oak we found a table spread for lunch, and a number of friends awaiting our coming. Among these were Mrs. Houghton, Dr. Roberts and wife, and Mrs. Roberts, a sister of Mrs. Houghton.

The gentlemen were just preparing the campfire for the barbecue, and the ladies were making delicious coffee and fragrant tea. We were soon seated to an appetizing repast, and did ample justice to the tender, juicy meat which the Doctor had "barbecued" and the sweet home-made bread, butter, pies and cakes, prepared by Mrs. Houghton; and the coffee—a most delicious beverage with real, genuine

cream in it. The flavor of the strawberries, also seemed remarkably fine, due, no doubt, to the unusual accompaniment of rich cream. After having finished our repast, we drove over the grounds, where the future city of East Monterey is to be located, and discussed the eligible sites for building purposes. It is a beautiful tract in a fertile valley, about half a mile distant from Hotel Del Monte.

The Southern Pacific Railroad divides it in two sections, and the grounds for a depot are already laid out and a side track built. The streets are broad, and bordered with young evergreen trees, at regular intervals. There are two wells of water; and an abundant supply can be obtained anywhere at a depth of fifteen feet.

Mr. Houghton and Dr. Roberts are each building residences, and expect to have them completed and move there in a few weeks. Some ladies from the East have built a little cottage and are already occupying it.

The Pacific Improvement Company, owning Hotel Del Monte, have endeavored to negotiate with Mr. Houghton for some lots upon which the big tree is located for the purpose of making it one of their attractions, but he prefers reserving them for a public park for East Monterey. It will assuredly prove a great attraction to visitors, and should always be accessible to the public.

From this point a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained. The beautiful Bay of Monterey, Pacific Grove, Old Monterey, Hotel Del Monte with its charming grounds and miles of beautiful drives, the low range of green hills, the distant mountains, the valley dotted with grand old oaks, the silver lake, all lay spread out before us forming a scene, grand beyond the possibility of my pen to describe. Before returning home, we drove over to the bath house, belonging to the hotel, and which is open to the public at all times. Large swimming tanks, of various depths and temperatures, were filled with sportive swimmers of all ages and both sexes. The interior presented the appearance of an immense conservatory, with its roof of glass and wealth of palms, ferns and foliage plants, which surrounded the swimming tanks. After leaving the baths, we went on to old Monterey and visited some places of historical interest. Among these there was the old adobe custom house partly built by the Spanish government, the Mexican and our own. The flag staff, from which floated the stars and stripes for the first time on the Pacific Coast, still retained its place above the crumbling pile.

The old mission church built by the Jesuit Fathers in 1794, was also visited, and as we passed up the narrow aisle and stood before the old altar, it seemed that the very air was palpitating with the ghosts of the three generations who had worshipped at its shrine, where they had been christened, confirmed, married, and the last sad rites of burial performed. After leaving this interesting relic of former times we drove to Mr. Houghton's home and picked

a bouquet of choice flowers which grew in luxurious profusion, the result of Mrs. Houghton's careful tending and love of the beautiful. It may not be generally known that in this city was convened the first State legislature and here was framed the first constitution which governed its people until supplanted by the new, about nine years ago.

As the train left for San Francisco, at 4:30 p. m. we were obliged to make brief our observations in this historical city and turn our faces homeward, and again enjoyed the beautiful landscape, until the shadows of evening closed over the swiftly flying train, and the lights of the city gleamed in the distance, telling us we were nearing home; and as I looked through my open window upon the welcome sight, I wondered if, when we take our last journey out into the darkness, towards that other city, whose gates are of pearl and gold, if we shall be able to catch glimpses of its cheering lights, and realize that at last we are indeed nearing a home where there will be no buying or selling of corner lots, but each will find a home of his own building, either a palace or a hovel, "according to the deeds done in the body."

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER.

Neatly bound in cloth, price 75 cents, Hertha, by Elizabeth Hughes.

"The ever womanly leads us on."—*Goethe*.

Address E. Hughes, P. O. Box 1772, Los Angeles, Cal.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. 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 neatly 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 spiritual meetings of the city will be closed the remainder of the month, so that the officers and members may take part in the State meetings.

We present in this issue a beautiful view of Hotel Del Monte and surrounding country, which Mrs. Schlesinger has so graphically described in her "Ramblings." From this bird's-eye view, it will be seen that nothing has been overdrawn, as no pen-picture can adequately describe this magnificent garden spot of the Pacific Coast.

We were glad to welcome to our city the past week, H. C. Wilson of Tulare, ex-President of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists. Mr. Wilson looks very much like a granger being tanned to a healthy brown, but is enjoying the best of health. Being limited as to time, his stay was much shorter than his friends would have liked to have had it; he was unable to visit all his friends, although he visited very many. He bade us say that he wished to be remembered to all. We hope that his good wife may accompany him on his next visit.

DOVE NOTES.

"The constellation called 'Coleman,'" to quote from another contributor, appears once more in the firmament of the Dove, this week.

We begin this week the publication of Dr. Simm's series of articles "Europe by Daylight."

Celestial City, published by W. J. Innis, No. 184 William street, New York, is a new venture on the sea of spiritual weeklies.

The lecture on "Evolution," given through J. J. Morse should be read by all who are looking for the "missing link."

The Kingman, Kansas, *Voice of the People* gives a two-column report of the "Leavenworth County Spiritualists' Association's" semi-annual meeting.

Psychic Studies, a new monthly devoted to spiritual science, makes its bow to the public this month. It is issued in this city by Albert Morton, 210 Stockton street. Yearly subscription price \$1.00.

Woman's Public Opinion of Des Moines, Iowa, comes to our table this week in new dress, home made garments—in other words, set in its own type and printed in its own office.

The San Jose friends propose inaugurating a Free Spiritual Library. When any society begins practical work it is a sure indication of coming prosperity; and the promise of spiritual growth in our sister city is shadowed forth by the zeal displayed in this new departure in active effort.

If the friends in various places where spiritual meetings are being held, will send an occasional report, they will be doing themselves good and giving strength to other societies that may feel themselves alone, as they do not hear of the work in other places.

The State Campmeeting opens to-morrow, in the big tent, corner of Van Ness Ave. and Fell St. The programme for the first day is morning lecture by W. J. Colville; afternoon, Miss Carrie E. Dower, and evening lecture by Chas. Dabarn. Such talent ought to fill the tent at each service.

Two of San Francisco's best mediums, Mrs. Ladd-Finnigan and Dr. Schlesinger, have gone to New Era, Or., to be present at the campmeeting held there this month. We congratulate the Oregon friends on having such talent for their meeting; while we can but regret, that our own meeting is to lose the presence of such competent workers.

Mr. J. J. Morse will commence his final month's regular lecture work, in Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., corner Bedford avenue and Fulton street, on Sunday next, continuing through the month of June. During July he will visit Jacksonville, Fla., and in August his time is taken up for camp work. Himself and family sail for Great Britain the last week in August.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn gave his third and last lecture before this society Sunday afternoon, and to say that it was a grand lecture would not half express it. The lectures that have been delivered by this gentleman are such as cannot be heard here, except through him, and we hope everyone will embrace the opportunity of hearing him at the camp-meeting where he has been engaged to lecture at several of the meetings. After Mr. Dawbarn's eloquent address Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, of New York, a gifted medium, gave satisfactory tests from the platform. Excellent solos, and duets were rendered by Mesdames Ritter, Chapman, Kelly and Eugenia Clark.

As has been usual with this society during the month of the camp-meeting, there will be no Sunday meetings, when they are resumed meetings will be held Sunday evenings instead of afternoons, as hitherto, of which due notice will be given. Mrs. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Secretary.

MEDIUMS' MEETING.

Last Sunday afternoon was enjoyed by all seekers after true spiritual knowledge at the mediums' meeting, 909½ Market street.

The exercises were opened by singing a few rousing hymns and some stirring remarks by G. F. Perkins, the chairman, the subject being the "True Position of Spiritualists." No matter what the condition of things is around us we should hold fast to the knowledge within us and set such examples as can be safely followed by all the world.

Mediums should look well to the kind of influences which surround them as well as to the quality of light given out by them.

Dr. Abbott made some stirring remarks in the same line, as did also Mr. Bean, a new convert.

Mr. McCann, a new medium who is rapidly developing as a test medium related some of his wonderfully convincing experiences, and expressed himself as happier than ever before in this new belief.

Practical experiences attract the attention of thinking people friends, and would it not be well to have more of them?

Mrs. Perkins gave her usual true manifestations, and circles were formed, giving the different mediums an opportunity to satisfy the hungry audience. These meetings will be open free to all true mediums and voluntary contributions instead of the admission fee, hereafter. Come out, friends.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS.

Last Sunday evening a larger number of people than ever gathered at 909½ Market street to enjoy the young people's meeting.

A fine program was given by local talent.

Singing by G. F. Perkins, Dr. Dewey and Oscar Stormfield; recitations by Miss Geneva May and Clement Ward; piano solo by Dora Hill; two beautiful ather solos by Mr. John Koch.

Phrenological examinations by G. F. Perkins who read, standing across the hall from the subject.

Mr. Perkins and Dr. Abbott gave excellent tests and everyone seemed to be happy. Come out ye inquirers.

THE ELSMERE KINDERGARTEN SOCIAL.

The social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club, at the residence of Mrs. O. M. Washburn, 2728 Howard street, last Saturday evening, was a complete success socially, artistically and financially. All the available space in hallway and parlors were thronged, there being some eighty odd persons present. A very enjoyable, literary and musical programme was presented during the evening. The little prodigy, Laura Crews, gave two recitations in her usual excellent manner,—“The Jealous Wile,” and “The Inventor's Wife,” Master Ray Irwin, song, “Little Window Bright,” and recited, “The Missionary Woman,” both being capably and creditably performed.

Mrs. Amos Adams' dialect recitation of, “Barbara Freitchie,” was very amusing, and well received. Mrs. J. D. Wheelock recited, with good effect, the pathetic poem by Will Carleton, called “The Funeral,” Mrs. Josephine Wilson made a few remarks, partly poetical, in reference to the humanitarian work being done by the kindergarten, and the allotment of love in our relations one to another. Mrs. Laveria Matthews said that she was glad that there was one work in which all classes of Spiritualists could write, without friction. A number of songs were sung during the evening in chorus.

A letter was read from Mr. Colville, expressing regret at his inability to be present, and enclosing two dollars from a friend for the kindergarten. Mrs. Wheelock, the President of the Club, states that the club was now free from debt. The salaries of the teachers had been increased \$15 per month, all expenses were paid to June 1, and there was \$27 in the Treasury. It was desired to procure additional furniture, and increase the pay of the teachers, who still received insufficient salaries; and for that purpose additional subscriptions were solicited.

A march being played on the piano, the guests repaired to the dining room, where strawberries and cream, cake, coffee and lemonade were most liberally spread, and as liberally partaken of.

After supper two lovely cakes were sold at auction, several times, by Mr. W. H. Mills, in his customary felicitous manner, for the benefit of the school,—six dollars being in this way added to the treasury of the club. The usual collection was taken up, the entire proceeds of the social amounting to over \$20.

BOOK REVIEWS.

“The Christ; Who and What Is It?” by Moses Hull, Chicago, is a little pamphlet showing the parallelism of the mediumship of the Bible and of to-day. To those who must yet have present knowledge endorsed by old teachings; to those who wish to fight their orthodox opponents with their own weapons, this little work will be enjoyable and be of use.

“Hertha,” by Elizabeth Hughes, Los Angeles, Cal., is a small volume on the spiritual side of the woman question, written from the Occultist's point of view. Many practical and beautiful thoughts are to be found within its pages.

“What I saw at Cassadaga Lake, Adlemdum to Review in 1887 of the Seybert Commissioners Report,” by A. B. Richmond. From this admirable defense of truth, a few passages are quoted below, beginning with the closing of the preface:

“Since I visited Cassadaga in 1887, my conviction of the truth of the so-called spirit phenomena has become stronger and stronger, as I have investigated under strictly test conditions. While I have rejected *much*, I have been compelled to receive *more*, or else ignore the positive evidence of my senses; and I now feel as one standing on the shore of a mighty ocean, who feels on the sands at his feet, a beautifully painted shell, or a curiously variegated pebble to admire, while the whole bosom of the mighty deep lies unexplored before him.”

The writer explains the *modus operandi* of many of the fraudulent manifestations; but he likewise gives the accounts of some excellent tests in slate writing and other physical phenomena.

Though much is written in a vein of sarcasm, as is fitting in a reply to the Seybert commission, there are other passages of exquisite beauty and pathos. Speaking of Evolution he says:

“The law of evolution is a fact now denied only by the ignorant unlearned. Scientists differ as to the extent or the application of this law, it is true, yet its fundamental principles are admitted by the learning of the world. Under the influence of that law man has progressed from savagery to barbarism, from barbarism to civilization, and from thence to Christian enlightenment. The taste and skill that first decorated the rude garments of early man with gaudy colors, was but the embryo of that genius that spread the beautiful frescoes of Michael Angelo. The rude huts of early savagery were the offspring of the same constructive skill that now erects the palace and cathedral. The law of evolution from a lower to a higher life is as fixed and certain in its operations as the law of gravity or chemical affinity. As with the physical condition of men, so it is with the mental and moral. There was a time in the history of our race, even within the Christian era, when the tiara throned for the mitre, the mitre for the cassock, and the cassock for the people. That time is past, and men, developed by education, now think for themselves. The myth of demons and devils belongs to the ignorant past, and the followers

of the Saviour now serve him through love not fear. The green earth and its landscapes, the hue and perfume of flowers, the songs of birds, and the affections of mankind, all prove to the thinking mind that love governs the universe as well as the destinies of our race; and the man whose morbid mental condition leads him to see demons and devils in ambush along the pathways of our race is truly an object of pity or contempt, as he may be viewed from the different standpoints of human life and experience. The beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism teaches no such doctrine, no imaginary horrors stain the white pages of its cheering creed; it makes no war on the enlightened religious belief of today, but only seeks to prove the truth of the fundamental principles of Christianity by demonstrating that which hope prays for and faith believes, yet is not certain of.

Chapter V. on "Faith, Hope and Demonstration;" the account of a thrilling adventure of danger and escape in Mammoth Cave, closes thus:

"How like the story of the cave is the drama of life! The race of man is standing on the very brink of the Stygian river, environed by the impregnable walls of one common doom. In front is the dark stream that bounds the limits of human life. Day by day we see its waters approach nearer and nearer. Certain as fate, and remorseless as its decrees, it slowly creeps up the treacherous sands on which we stand. Daily by our side it reaches those dear to us. Uncounted millions of the past have been engulfed by its ceaseless flood. We know that we cannot escape from its deadly embrace. Beyond the river all is enshrouded in an impenetrable gloom; a dread and dreary uncertainty, through which neither hope nor faith can penetrate, envelops all the country of the dead. We stand appalled on the brink of eternity and its unknown possibilities. With life, its endearments and affections around us, and the unknown before us, how gloomy is the ending even of the most virtuous and upright lives! As in this life we have often hoped for blessings that never came, so may be our longing for a future existence. As in this life faith has made us so many promises never realized, so may it be in its assurances of a life hereafter. Oh, for some demonstration that would carry conviction to every mind! for some feeble ray of light from out of the gloom beyond! for some faint sound that would tell us with certainty that over there was life and intelligence! How longingly do we listen for the now silent footfall that once made glad our home! for the whispered words of love and remembrance whose tones were once the music of our lives! Faith hears them not, neither does hope return even their answering echo. The silence of the grave envelops our dead, and all that saint, sage, or sophist ever wrote fails to give us that certainty that alone can assuage the grief of bereaved affection.

Of all the blessings conferred by a benevolent Creator on sorrowing man, the greatest would be demonstrative evidence of a future beyond the dark river that crosses the pathway of all our race. It would lighten the burden of every life, and gladden every heart; for we would then know that we were on that river in safety, and that the gloom of the dark cavern before us only concealed the sunlight of God's love; that beyond was a world of spirit existence, of a continuity of life, affection and friendship; that "death would be swallowed up in the victory of immortality, and all tears wiped away." But no creed gives this assurance, no theory of philosophy conclusively proves its truth; no uncertain revelation of the past, no dogma founded on hope and faith alone can make certain the solution of the great

problem that is hidden in the "windowless palace of death." Demonstration alone can satisfy the thinking mind, and if it is not found in the phenomena of Spiritualism, even the continuity of life is doubtful, our future an unsolved enigma, and it is probable that the infidel sentiments propagated by the Seybert Commissioners are true, and that

"we are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

In his conclusions, he says, "I am constrained to say . . . in the language of Prof. De Morgan, 'I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which can not be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me.' . . . A grain of truth no larger than a mustard seed deserves consideration. . . . Gentlemen of the Seybert Commission, let us have a careful, candid investigation and a *truthful* report thereof."

R. A. Proctor, being asked on one occasion how he managed to work so incessantly without resting or lusting, he said he particularly attributed his unusual powers of endurance to his, very temperate habits. He said that if he wanted to work he must drink water, and if he wanted to play he could indulge in a little wine.

LINES ON A SKELETON

Behold this ruin! 'twas a skull.
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat
Whence came the thought's victorious seal.
What dreams of pleasure long forgot,
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Gaze shone the bright and busy eye;
That start not at the dismal void—
If social love it eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready swift, and tuneful tongue,
If falsehood's honey it dispensed,
And when it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke!
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time annuls eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or war the gem
Can little now avail to them;
But if the page of truth thy sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
That none a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod
If from the bowers of ease they held
To seek affection's humble shed;
If grandeur's gait they by the way straggled,
And home to virtue's cot retraced,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
Nor tread the palace of the sky.

Our Exchanges.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE LAW.

Oakland Enquirer.

We are at all times responsible, in large or small degrees, for the enforcement of laws. We may think they are not the wisest which could have been made, but to say that because they are defective or do not meet with our approval we will let them go unenforced so far as we are concerned, is the height of incivism. "Let the persons who made this law enforce it," is not the expression of good citizenship. An organization formed to promote the cause of temperance is not to be excused from giving assistance to a law which provides means for shutting up deadfall and banishing the bar from the grocery store merely because a majority of members of such organization believe in total prohibition and not in high license.

MARKS OF WOMAN'S SUBJECTION.

Woman's Tribune, Bozette, Neb.

The marks of woman's subjection have come down to our own age as a connecting link with the barbaric past. It is but lately that the enlargement of woman's liberties has found expression in the laws; and still traces of her former servile condition are around us everywhere. Inequality of wage, the cold shoulder of society to the woman worker, the derisive shrug which greets any departure from the beaten track, the different standards of morals, the frivolous tones of the ordinary man's conversation when talking with women, and the thousand arts by which woman seeks to secure the adulation and favor of man. All these are traces of that deeply rooted sentiment expressed in elegant language by Milton, "He for God only, she for God in him." A sentiment which has done more to curse society than all other conditions beside.

"SCIENTIFIC SPIRITUALISM."

Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

We learn from the daily press that a "Society for the Advancement of Scientific Spiritualism" has been organized in Cleveland, O., with forty-eight charter members, who are well known in the leading social circles of that city.

They propose, it is said, to pursue their investigations on a purely scientific basis. If such is the fact, we hope the new Society will be mainly composed of *Spiritualists*. It will not be a success unless it is so constituted.

Psychical Research Societies have been formed in London and in this country by non-Spiritualists—men who possessed no knowledge whatever of the occult laws governing mediumship—hence up to this time no (or at least but very little) information has been made public upon this highly important subject. This is why our personal friend, the late Ebes Sargent, of this city, wrote a book upon "The Despair of Science." This is why the Seybert Commission—formed of reverends and doctors—has been and still is a failure in its investigations of the phenomena, as was the Harvard College Committee in 1857-8, whose members never made their promised report, and no solicitation on our part could induce them to do so. There is a Society in this city, with an imported Secretary, the members of which have made several reports that amounted to nothing worth seriously alluding to. All they have been talking about for several years "in the interest of science"

has been in regard to "haunted houses," "dreams," "predictions," and kindred subjects. We published a card some years ago wherein this Society said that it did not wish to engage "mercurial mediums"—meaning, we suppose, those mediums who were known as public instruments for the spiritual phenomena. We replied by saying if that was to be the *modus operandi* of this body, it would be only enacting the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, and would end in action like unto that of the Arab, who "folded his tent and silently stole away."

As the matter now stands, in so far as the professed Spiritual Research Societies are concerned, nothing has been accomplished by them whatever of a practically scientific nature.

When Spiritualists *per se* become more united in their endeavors to convince the world of direct spirit-return, sinking all personalities in the one great thought, they will be doing humanity a mighty service. But so long as petty jealousies and crimination and recrimination prevail, so long will the outcome hoped for be delayed, and scientific Spiritualism be kept in the background.

PAINE'S "COMMON SENSE."

Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Paine's "Common Sense," was published at Philadelphia, January, 1776, a year after the battle of Lexington. He foresaw at that early day the grandeur of the destiny of this country. He saw that mankind at large were interested in its future. In the preface to "Common Sense" he says: "The cause of America is, in a great measure, the cause of mankind. . . . The sun never shone on a cause of greater worth." 'Tis not the affair of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom, but of a continent, of at least one-eighth of the habitable globe. 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually involved, and it will be more or less effected, even to the end of time, by the proceedings now. Now is the seed time of continental union, faith, and honor." He scorned the idea of Continental America remaining in a perpetual state of provincialism, vassalage and dependence on Great Britain. "We may as well assert that because a child has thrived upon milk, it is never to have meat, or that the first twenty years of our lives are to become precedents for the next twenty."¹

Why could not a clergyman recognize these historic facts in a patriotic address on the characters and events of the Revolution?

Although Paine was an Englishman, he denied England's relation of maternity to this country. Europe, and not England, he said, is the parent country of America. The satellite, he affirmed, could not be larger than its primary planet. It was absurd that a continent should be governed by an island. Paine was as determined in preaching independence, instead of reconciliation, after the war had begun, as Webster, three-quarters of a century later in the crisis of the anti-slavery question, was in preaching the necessity and inviolability of the Federal union. Independence was the watchword of Paine in 1776, as Union was that of Webster in the decade between 1840 and 1850.

Paine was the St. John who heralded the advent of the great western republic. He was present at its birth throes, and indicated its horizon. He was with his pet what Washington was with his sword to the cause of freedom and independence, of which "Common Sense" was "the trumpet of a prophet."

By the publication of his "Age of Reason," Paine incurred the *odium theologian*, and became the subject of unmeasured pulpit denunciation and popular hatred, even on this side of the Atlantic. But at last has dawned a real age

of reason in the enlightened quarters of the world, when historic characters like Paine, who have been unjustly clouded by the pleasure of theological bigots, are given, so far as their memories at least are concerned—a rehearing in the chance of reason. Paine is at last certain to occupy a high and permanent niche in the history of his adopted country, and to be universally regarded as a worthy member of that immortal constellation of patriots, Washington, Jefferson and Franklin, that will shine forever in the American historic firmament.

THE MIDDLE COURSE.

The Better Way

It is very strange that some people cannot understand what conservatism or a charitable middle course means, even upon being explained to them by precept and example. We have been accused at intervals for directly opposite tendencies. By the Christian side of Spiritualism for rapping at orthodoxy or creedism occasionally, mistaking this for a rap at Christianity, which is not our intention; and by the radicals and iconoclasts for being charitable towards true Christianity or honest believers in its teachings, mistaking this for a flirtation with the church, which is neither our intention. We simply mean to tell the truth without bitterness where we see error, so as to keep Spiritualism freed from appendages that retard its growth or onward march. No ism can thrive when hampered by too many supplements. And Spiritualism, of all isms, needs it least, for it is a truth in itself, and supplies all the necessities to support it.

CHURCH AND STATE.

American Sentinel, Oakland, Cal.

Many who avow opposition to the Church and State scheme of the National Reformers feel so confident that the measure can never be carried in this country, that they look upon all effort to counteract the movement as superfluous. Herein, to a great extent, lies the strength of the amendment party; and when the wicked work shall have been carried to a successful end, the people will have an opportunity to look back upon their lost liberties as largely the result of apathy and indifference.

LOVING WORDS.

Loving words will cost but little—
Journeying up the hill of life.
Evils they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never one was said in vain.
When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow
For the ones who walk beside you,
If you love them tell them so,
What you count of little value
Has an almost magic power,
And beneath their cheering sunshine
Hearts will blossom like a flower.
So as up life's hill we journey,
Let us scatter all the way,
Kindly words to be as sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day,
(Grieve no loving word, my brother,
As alone through life you go;
To the ones who journey with you,
If you love them, tell them so.

Poetry.

THE VAGABOND BOY.

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

On one happy Christmas Even,
When the rain was soft and slow
In the shadows of a corner,
I stood a boy of ten or so.
Oh! that happy Christmas Even!
Earth knows no fairer time.
When Life's clouds no longer threaten
And its stars of glory shine.

The brilliant streets were crowded,
And the tramp of happy feet
Kept the gay and merry measure
That the hearts so blithely beat.

The boy stood in the shadows
With a hapless, homeless air,
His pallid face betraying
The finger marks of care.

The flaxen hair was tangled
Beneath the brimless hat,
The clothes were soiled and tattered,
And very thin that fat.

The fresh wind danced about him,
With a light and airy grace,
And snatched its frosty fingers
In the little beggar's face.

It tossed from head to pavement,
The broken brimless crown,
Which prancing horses, cloudbing
And daintily crumpled down.

The child had borne without complaint,
For long and weary trials,
A banding of those petty trials,
Which Patience makes sublime.

As he watched to-night the parents
Who braved the wind and rain,
That good old honest Santa Claus,
Might all his charms recall.

And saw that crowd of happiness
Go on its careless way,
He wondered that he gladdened not
On such a gladsome day.

The small brave heart was throbbing,
The straining eyes were dim,
Through soot, and sighs, and weeping,
Where rare indeed with him.

He crept from out the shadows,
Away from gloom and glare,
And sobbed out, "Mother, mother,"
Because he knew no prayer.

The rain fell quicker, colder,
He shrank, but muttered low;
The sharp, he ran, he hurried on,
But where could beggars go?

He reached at last the ragged docks,
He saw a far-off light
That streamed out with a kindly look,
On that repellent night.

He smiles, he clasps his child-like hands,
And on it keeps his eyes,
Nor sees the treacherous ring of black
That just before him lies.

It yawns so deep! so kindly on
The trusting footsteps go,
'Tis like some dark assassin
In ambush for his foe.

His eyes are fastened eagerly
Upon that kindly gleam;
He steps upon the broken plank
Oh God! a splash! a scream!

On the happy Christmas morrow,
In the house of death there lay
A poor form—waiting—waiting
Some one to claim the clay.

But there came no weeping sister
To kiss each care-cut line,
There came no fearless mother
To say "The boy is mine!"

But maybe on Christmas Even
The white gates opened wide,
And the tatters of beggar
From the pure soul fell aside.

And 'twas *there* the loving sister
Smoothed out each weary line,
And *there* the fearless mother
Cried out, "The boy is mine."

Death is not as he's painted,
A phantom gray and grim,
But a tender cherub, calling
The weak and worn to him.

'Tis we who faint and falter
And fear to go his way,
'Tis we who shrink and shiver
And call him grim and gray.

When his yearning arms would bear us,
In mercy, lo! his kind,
Where were we could never wear us,
Where chains could never bind.
Our Grief is but the shadow
His glory throws behind.

But when we fall, despairing,
With broken faith and trust,
We seize his lily garments
And trail them in the dust.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

The following earnest and tender poem is taken from Joaquin Miller's "Songs of the Sun Lands," and is classed among those entitled "Falling Leaves:"

Is it worth while to jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other:
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the
heather.

Pierced to the heart: words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the ictemus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other:
Look at the herds all in peace on the plain.
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain:
Shamed by the herds that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow sold down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time of our son will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust:
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

Works of which the effect is to correct our errors, to strengthen our reason, to elevate our spirit, to improve our mind, are as productive in their way as those that tend to lower the price of meat or bread.—*Edmond About*,

June 9, 1889, June 30.
THE
California Spiritualists Campmeeting Ass'n.
will hold their
Fifth Annual Meeting in San Francisco, Cal.
Commencing on
SUNDAY, JUNE 9th, 1889.

(Continuing over four Sundays.)

Location.

As formerly, the meetings will be held in the large tent of the Association, which will be erected on the west side of Van Ness avenue, near Market street, a place easily reached from all points of the city by lines of cable cars.

Officers.

I. C. Steele, President.
Mrs. Eggert Aitken, Vice-President.
Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Secretary.
G. H. Hawes, Corresponding Secretary.
C. E. Eliot, Financial Secretary.
J. L. Batchelder, Treasurer.

Directors.

I. C. Steele, Pescadero.
Dr. D. J. Bentley, San Jose.
J. L. Batchelder, Tulare.
C. E. Eliot, Oakland.
J. H. Shepherd, "
Mrs. S. Cowells, "
Frank Brown, "
J. J. Owen, San Francisco.
Mrs. Eggert Aitken, "
W. H. Yeaw, "
G. H. Hawes, "

As in former years, the platform will be occupied by able speakers, and the most popular test mediums that have ever appeared before the public. The management take great pleasure in presenting the following:

PROGRAM.

Sunday, June 9th.—
11:00 a. m., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.
2 p. m., Lecture by Miss Carrie E. Downer.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.
Tuesday, June 11th.—
2:30 p. m., short address by Mrs. E. B. Crossette and conference.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.

Wednesday, June 12th.—
2:30 p. m., Lecture by Miss Carrie E. Downer.
8:00 p. m., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Thursday, June 13th.—
2:30 p. m., Answers to Questions by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, and Conference.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Friday, June 14th.—
2:30 p. m., Answers to Questions by Mr. W. J. Colville.
8:00 p. m., Literary and Musical Entertainment.

Saturday, June 15th.—
2:30 p. m., Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette.

Sunday, June 16th.—
11:00 a. m., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.
2:00 p. m., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.
8:00 p. m., Tests by Mrs. J. J. Whitney.

Tuesday, June 18th.—
2:30 p. m., Answers to Questions by Miss Carrie E. Downer.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Wednesday, June 19th.—
2:30 p. m., Answers to Questions by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou and Conference.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Miss Carrie E. Downer.

Thursday, June 20th.—
2:30 p. m., short address by Mrs. E. B. Crossette and Conference.
8:00 p. m., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Friday, June 21st.—
2:30 p. m., Children's Meeting.
7:45 p. m., Literary and Musical Entertainment.

Saturday, June 22d.—
2:30 p. m., Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette.
8:00 p. m.,

Sunday, June 23d.—
11:00 a. m., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.
2:30 p. m., Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.

Tuesday, June 25th.—
2:30 p. m., Conference Meeting.
7:45 p. m., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Wednesday, June 26th.—
2:30 p. m., Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Miss Carrie L. Downer.

Thursday, June 27th.—
2:30 p. m., Answer to Questions, by Mrs. E. B. Crossette and conference.
8:00 p. m.,

Friday, June 28th.—
2:30 p. m., Short address by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou and Conference.
8:00 p. m., Literary and musical entertainment.

Saturday, June 29th.—
2:30 p. m., Lecture by Miss Carrie E. Downer.
7:45 p. m., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.

Sunday, June 30th.—
11:00 a. m., Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette.
2:00 p. m., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.
8:00 p. m., Tests by Mrs. J. J. Whitney.

The musical department and the Friday evening entertainments will receive special attention, and be made an enjoyable part of the exercises.

Accommodations.

There will be no camping upon the grounds. In close proximity, good board and lodging can be obtained at reasonable rates.

All strangers from abroad are cordially invited to unite with us in this prominent spiritual event of the year, and feel they have a home among us.

This is the first time the State Association has pitched its tent in the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and a large attendance is expected, with an outpouring of spiritual blessing from the hosts of light.

All are welcome.
Any further information desired can be obtained by addressing the corresponding secretary,
G. H. HAWES,
320 Sansome St., San Francisco.

Miscellaneous.

BELLES OF BURMAH.

The Dress and Ornaments Worn by the Ladies of the Upper Class.

The dress of the Burmese lady is simple and elegant. They wear the silk loongyee, as the men do, over their lower limbs, and which is simply tucked in at the waist. They wear a finer and thicker silk than the men, of a smaller check pattern. A sleeveless jince, a jacket, close-fitting and worn high at the neck, serves to cover the upper portion of the person. This jince is generally made of fine cloth or velvet, and is ornamented with gold buttons and lace as the taste of the wearer dictates. With young women of position it is indispensable that the bosom be completely covered. Their beautiful long hair is combed back off their foreheads, which are broad and low, bangs not being in fashion there, and deftly twisted in a coil at the back of their simply little heads, then fastened in its place with elaborately curved, high tortoise-shell combs, aided by pins of the same material or of gold.

They wear a golden undling, a necklet, of beautiful workmanship, around their necks, hanging down in two or three rows. Golden padding, bracelets of massive form and exquisitely chased with figures of beasts, birds, reptiles, etc., real and mythological, adorn their arms and wrists. Anklets of gold and silver are sometimes, but not universally worn. Their most curious ornaments are, however, their ear jewels. They are made of massive gold and consist of two pieces of tubular shape, fitting closely, one into the other, the outer ends being closed with a sort of cap carved in various patterns. The girls' ears have long slits cut in the lobes when they are children about four years of age. The men also have their ears cut in this fashion when of an earlier age. Dainty slippers of soft leather, with pointed toes, and "down at heel," cover their small feet. They are innocent of stockings, and their feet are as carefully attended to as are their hands, the nails of both being carefully pared and trimmed.—*Burmah Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Congressman dead against woman's rights was talking to a delegate of the International Council of Women.

"Why," he said, "you women can't be men, you can't vote, and you can't fight."

"Can't fight, can't we?" she said, with a cold glare in her eyes, "You are a bachelor, ain't you?"

He was.—*Washington Critic.*

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

San Francisco.

THE FREE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY AND READING ROOM of Progressive Spiritualists is open every day from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. at 84 Market St., CARRIER DOVE Office. All are invited to avail themselves of its privileges. All the standard spiritual journals are kept on file for the benefit of those who wish to spend a pleasant hour in reading. Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Librarian. Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Ass't. Librarian.

THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meets every Sunday at 2 P.M. at Washington Hall, 15 Eddy St. Good mediums and speakers always present. Admission 10 cents.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street. Good speakers and mediums at each meeting. Admission 10 cents.

THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH meets every Saturday, at 730 P. M. in rooms 106 McAllister street. Interesting and instructive papers and essays are read by the members, and no subjects are excluded from discussion. Free Library, and free admission.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM meets every Sunday for their usual exercises at Fraternal Hall, Pythian Castle Building, No. 909½ and 913½ Market Street, near Fifth, at 10:30 A. M. New Hall, kind teachers and new arrangements. A general attendance of children and friends is solicited. Come one and all; see for yourselves and help us along.

MRS. E. PERKINS WILL CONDUCT A DEVELOPING CIRCLE and conference and test meeting in Fraternal Hall, Pythian Castle, every Wednesday afternoon and further notice. Circle commences at 1 o'clock; conference at 4:30.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING IS HELD EVERY Sunday evening at 7:30 in Fraternal Hall, Pythian Castle, No. 1. Its object is to interest the youth in our beautiful philosophy. An excellent programme will be given each session.

Chicago, Ill.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE SOCIETY holds Reading Circles every Sunday evening. Social Entertainments are held every first and second Thursday in each month, at Martines Dancing Academy, Indiana Avenue and 22d St. The Progressive Circle holds meetings every Sunday evening at Avenue Hall, 159 2d street, at 7:45 P. M. Friends are requested to be present.

The Spiritualist Medium Society meet in Avenue Hall, 159 2d street, at 3 P. M.

Cleveland, Ohio.

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

How Boys Should Treat Girls.

Boys should always be polite to the girls, however vexing they may be. when anybody is giving anything away, always let the girls have their turn first. They like it. Girls are not so strong as boys, their hair is long and their faces are prettier, so you should be gentle with them. If a girl scratches your cheek or splits in your face don't punch her, and don't tell her mother. That would be mean.

Just hold her tight behind the arms for a minute or two, till she feels you could give it to her if you had a mind to. Then say to her kindly, "Don't you do it again, it is wrong." Give her a shake or two, and let her go. This is far better than being unkind to her, and she will thank you for your politeness if she's anything of a girl.—*School-boys in Youths' Companion.*

A Description of War Arrows—How the Indian Boy is Taught to Shoot.

"You see," said Dr. Carver, as he deposited a whole sheaf of brightly-feathered arrows on a table, took off his umbrageous felt, and drew up a chair, "I must be shooting something or other all the time. If it isn't a Winchester, it's a bow and arrow. Pretty, they are, but most too fine! Fancy things, these arrows, for handsome young ladies to shoot on grass plats at straw targets. Now an Indian arrow is a good bit longer—maybe thirty-two inches—and when a Sioux draws it chock up to the bow, it fairly hums when he lets it fly. An Indian arrow has grooves in it behind the barb—that is to say, the ones they use in hunting—so that the blood can flow; otherwise the wound would swell and spoil. The fighting arrows are nasty things. The barb is so put on the shaft that when it hits you, the steel, the old hoop-iron, stays in the flesh when you go to pull out the arrow. Dear sakes, what ugly wounds I have seen them make! An Indian boy begins to bundle a light bow when he toddles. His bow is taller than he is. He shoots at everything around the camp. At 12 he uses sharp arrows. A boy must be strong at 18 to use a man's bow. Now a white man who takes an Indian bow for the first time has all he can do to bend it. Its needs strength, but more knack. The bow is made straight. When it is strung, the cord, even when in tension, almost touches the bow. It is thick, some four and a half or five feet long—that is, their hunting bow—and has extra stiffness by having sinews pasted on it. I have seen We-shessa-has-ka—that is, the long man—and he was the best of the Ogallala Sioux, kill an antelope with his arrow at 125 measured yards. We-shessa-has-ka was nearly seven feet tall, and a good Indian. On horse-back, broadside to a buffalo, I have more than once known that Indian to send an arrow through a big cow. The arrow hung out on the other side. The bow for horse-back and for war is a trifle shorter, and may be stiffer. You do not draw the arrow to the eye, but catch aim as I do when shooting from the hip. That can be acquired only by long practice. The long string is drawn by the clutch of the whole fingers, though some of the tribes use the thumb and three fingers. The long man could shoot an arrow in the air out of sight and so can I (the doctor pointed to an arrow buried to the feathers in the ceiling of our office, his own peculiar ornamentation of the Forest and Stream sanctum.) I think that in a couple of months I could get into perfect practice, for I used to hold my own with any Indian on the plains. Sometimes after I had been shooting with my Winchester, an Indian would come up and show his bow, and tell me his bow was "mucchee good," but then I used to take his own bow and beat him with it.

"To pass away the time when I was at the

Brooklyn driving park, I bought an English bow and arrows of Holberton, and soon got into the trick of it. I hit blocks of wood thrown into the air quite as often as I missed them. The English bows and arrows are fancy, but good. I would rather have an old Sioux one, made of bickory or ash, but the boss bow I ever owned was made of Buffalo ribs. An Indian carries his quiver of arrows over his right shoulder, so that he can get his arrows quickly. When he has discharged one arrow, with the same motion that he uses in pulling the string he clutches another arrow. If he shoots one hundred yards he has three or four arrows in the air all going at the same time. It's great fun shooting at a bird with a long tail that flies over the prairie. Knock out his tail and his steering apparatus is gone. I have knocked the tail out of many a one, and so caught him in my hands when he tumbled."—*Forest and Stream.*

Best Sidewalk for Easy Walking.

It may be thought that the making of which a sidewalk is constructed is of no importance so long as a sidewalk is there. This is a great mistake. The influence that the surface of a sidewalk has upon the ease with which a pedestrian gets about can only be realized by close observation and experiment. Take a number of side walks, all slightly undulating, and experiment. It will be found that a polished stone sidewalk requires fully one-half more exertion to traverse than an equal distance of granite pavement does. A brick walk gives much less fatigue, while the iron walk, east with little projections, is, by far, the easiest of any to walk upon. My attention was called to this while making a series of walking races with a man who invariably passed me in going home. Do what I could, I could not keep pace with him on the smooth stone. One night, however, I chanced to take to the iron walk that was inside the stone, and to my surprise found that I excelled him in speed, with far less fatigue to my limbs than when being regularly distanced on the same footing.—*Pedestrian in Globe-Democrat.*

The French Pronunciation.

A Boston girl who has been visiting—it seems queer, but Boston people go everywhere—at Newark, N. J., had been studying French for months before she went on the visit, and had flavored all her imaginations and perceptions, so to speak, with French. In driving about the town, where, it hardly need be said, there is a large German population, the Boston girl noticed over the doors of a great many establishments the sign, "Lager Bier."

"Tell me," said the Boston girl, "after inspecting one of these curious signs for the fourth time, does M. Lahzahaybeyway own all the stores in Newark?"—*New York Tribune.*

Special Notices.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION. By G. H. Stockham, M. D. Price \$1.00.

THE PRAXION FORMS: Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life, by M. Curtis P. Fox, Mediumistic author. Postage paid, \$1.00.

MYSTERIES OF THE BORDER LAND: or the Conscious Side of Unconscious Life and THE GOLDEN KEY: or, Mysteries Beyond the Veil, same author, 350 pages, post-age 15c, \$1.50.

Same, heavily bound, beveled covers, gilt edged, a beautiful book; postage 10c, \$2.50.

OTIS'S CANTO and Christmas Offering, 100 pages, fine cloth, binding, gilt edged, the best Spiritualistic book ever issued for the young. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mediumistic author; Postage paid, \$1.00.

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

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

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

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HENRY C. GARDNER, price 10 cents. QUINTESSENCE OF BIBLE CHARACTERS by M. P. Rosenkrantz; price 10 cents.

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PROGRAMME. TABLE OF CONTENTS:

I. The Trance as the Doorway to the Occult. Its Magnetic, Natural and Spiritual forces of Influence.
II. Mediumship: Its Physical, Mental and Spiritual Conditions.

III. Mediumship continued: Its Foundation, Development, Dangers and Advantages.

IV. Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.

V. The Solar, Spiritual and Celestial Planes of the Second State.

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 by Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1897, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mos. pp. 150. Price, \$1. Postage, 5 cents extra.

For sale by the publishers of THE CARRIER DOVE, 311 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Advice to Mothers.

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

Amusing Metaphors.

George Stevenson was once asked by a scientific lady what he considered the most powerful force in nature. "Oh," said he in a gallant spirit, "I will soon answer that question; it is the eye of the woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back. There is no other force in nature that could do that."

Equally ready with a similitude was the negro, who, when giving evidence in court was asked about the honesty of a neighbor, "I know nothing against him," was the reply; "but if I were a chicken, I would roost high when he was hanging around."

A thoughtful writer describes one-eyed travelers, who see a great deal of some particular class of objects and are blind to all others and adds: "The Irish jaunting car, in which the passengers sit back to back, is a sort of type of what befalls many tourists in Ireland. Each sees a great deal, and reports faithfully what he has seen on one side of the road, and the other on the other. One will have seen all that is green, and the other all that is orange."

"A cunning knife can turn no notion of a nobler nature," says the same writer "He is like the gents on Robinson Crusoe's island, which saw clearly everything below them, but very imperfectly what was above them; so that Robinson could never get at them from the valleys; but when he came upon them from the hilltop, he took them quite by surprise."

Ridicule, says a German critic, is like a blow with the fist; wit, like the prick of a needle; irony, like the sting of a thorn; and humor, the plaster which heals all these wounds. All of these qualities may be found in some metaphors.

Man is said to be an animal that was a man for getting up societies and making himself president. If the presidency has been already claimed he contents himself with the position of treasurer. In a cynical old bachelor's opinion, ideas are like beads—men only get them when they are grown up, and women never have any. It was probably another old bachelor who said: "Nature shudders when she sees a woman throw a stone; but when a woman attempts to spit wood, Nature covers her head and retires to a dark and mouldering cave in temporary despair."

A spinster says old bachelors are frozen-out old gardeners in the flower-bed of love.

To say that a coquette is a rosebush from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband, is not very complimentary. Complimenters are the coin that people pay a man to his face, sarcasm, what they pay him out with behind his back.

A farmer said, "One thing I don't like about city folks—they be either so stuck up that yer can't touch 'em with a haystack pole, or so blamed friendly that they forget to pay their board."

A rural poet said of his lady love, "She is graceful as a water lily, while her breath is like an armful of clover."

An American poet wrote a eulogy of Washington, whose glorious life should compose a volume as Alps immortal, spotless as its snows. The stars should be its types, its press, the age, the earth its binding, and the sky its page. Truly, some American poets go in for marvels of metaphor.—*Chamber's Journal*.

"The use of tobacco by ministers of the gospel seems to cause a great deal of trouble in some of our churches. We learn that a church has recently been divided—a portion sustaining their pastor in the use of the narcotic. What would Paul have done if he had been a smoker or a chewer of the weed? Hear him: "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh, while the stomach standeth." If the use of tobacco is offensive to some, would it not be well for ministers to practice a little self-denial? Of course it is hard to abstain from the use of this narcotic, but no harder than for others to give up the use opium or ardent spirits. Would it not have a good effect upon a congregation, to know that their pastor had relinquished a habit which so many of his hearers feel, stands in the way of his usefulness?"—*The Religious Herald*.

Home Love.

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and for deeds left undone. "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me." "I always meant to make more of our friendship." "I never knew what he was to me till he was gone." Such words are poisoned arrows which death shoots backward at us.

How much more we might make of our family life, our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are not now speaking of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best languages of affection. But there are words and looks and little observances, thoughtfulness, watchful little attentions which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart wealth for more of them.—*Hurriel Beecher Stone*.

The Hardest to Bear.

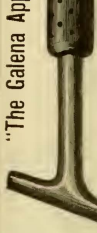
Old Gentleman (to convict)—What is the most objectionable feature you find in prison life, my dear friend?

Convict—Visitors.—*New York Sun*.

GALENA APPLIER.

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DISEASES OF THE RECTUM.
Unlike all other remedies for Piles and complaints of a similar nature, the Galena Applier is the ONLY instrument made by means of which the patient can obtain COMPLETE RELIEF OF INTERNAL PRESSURE AND SPICIT, together with CONSTANT MEDICINAL APPLICATIONS, DIRECTLY AND IMMEDIATELY TO THE AFFECTED PARTS OF THE BODY.

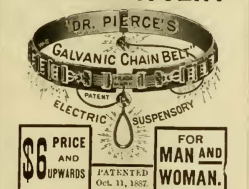
This new system of rectal treatment is accomplishing a great many cures. Patients who have wasted large sums of money, and spent years in trying to effect a cure by the old methods should try this instrument a trial.

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N. B.—Any harmless saline or liquid may be used with the Galena Applier, and to those who desire a good medicine we would respectfully direct attention to the following:

Dr. Pierce's PILE REMEDY.
Its action upon the diseased parts is soothing, allaying inflammation and affording relief in EVERY CASE. Dr. Pierce's Pile Remedy is prepared as an Ointment of precise consistency for use in the "GALENA APPLIER."
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Seeking Information.

From the Virginia (Nov.) Chronicle.—Running over Ralph Waldo Emerson's new book yesterday we came upon the following passage:

"Courage to ask questions; courage to expose our ignorance. The great aim is, not to shine, not to conquer your companion—then you learn nothing but conceit—but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning. There is a defeat that is useful.

We resolved to act upon the above at once. We called in our landlord and asked him what the rent of our room would be the coming month. He told us. That was a fair start. We had exposed our ignorance and mentally praised ourself for courage. Then we proceeded to multiply questions. We asked him where he lived before he came to Nevada. He informed us that he was by birth a near neighbor of the late Daniel Webster. That increased our respect for him. (For the landlord, not for Webster.) We then asked him how much lumber was worth in the Granite State. He answered promptly—promptness is a characteristic of our landlord. Then we got the price of brick in New Hampshire, the value of mechanics' labor, the probable cost of a bed, carpet and washstand and the rate of interest on money in the land of the White Mountains. We said to ourself: "Emerson would be delighted could he but hear this." At last we ventured to ask our host if he belonged to any religious denomination. He informed us that he was baptized in a mill-pond on the Merrimac and had tried to live a life becoming a Christian and a "close communion Baptist. We then asked him how he could reconcile his conscience to charge us more rent for a room than it would cost to build a house in New Hampshire, and an interest on an investment here which is more per month than the State of New Hampshire permits landlords to take by the year. He eyed us a moment over his spectacles, and then said: "That's what you are driving at, is it? Let me tell you that a man who mixes religion with rents in Virginia City will not last long; and, further, that if you do not like this room there are plenty outside who would. The rate I spoke of is only for this month; next month it will be more." We had followed Emerson's advice to the letter, gained a good deal of information, but somehow we didn't feel any better. It must be that Emerson is not so great a man as we thought he was.

Virtue, if not in action, is a vice; and when we move not forward we go backward.—*Mossingr*.

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other.—*Wordsworth*.



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Extraordinary Deaths.

Lely died of jealousy at the success of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Elphinstone, the Chancellor of Scotland, was heart-broken by the battle of Clodden.

The Emperor Frederick III, and his son, Maximilian I, both died eating too heartily of melons.

Falencia, the Spanish theologian, died because he was accused by the Pope of having falsified.

Cheke, the great English scholar, "who taught King Edward Greek," died of grief at having been perverted from his religious belief.

An hour before Malherbe, the great French writer, breathed his last, he woke suddenly from a profound swoon, to reprove his nurse for using a word which, in his opinion, was indifferent French.

Angeleri, a Milanese actor, was so overcome by his enthusiastic reception on his first appearance at the theatre in Naples, that he fell down at the side scenes and died.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Company,

Company is one of the greatest pleasures of the nature of man; for the beams of joy are made hotter by reflection, when related to another; and otherwise, gladness itself must grieve for one to express itself to. It is unnatural for a man to court and hug solitariness; yet a desert is better than a debauched companion, for the wildness of the place is but uncheerful, whilst the wildness of bad persons is infectious. Better, therefore, ride alone, than have a thief's company.—*Falley.*

"Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

What He Meant.

Donn Platt is noted for the illegibility of his handwriting, and when he sent a note to a friend the other day, the friend was shocked to read a postscript which read, "I am in a blamed hornet's nest." After some further study, it was discovered that what Platt had really written was: "I am in a blessed haven of rest." He meant the Providence hospital.—*Journalist.*

A Pointer.

An agricultural journalist tells how to prevent a dog from killing hens. Another good way is to shoot the dog before buying your hens.

Agricultural editors cannot be expected to know everything about farming, never having engaged in the business, and we take pleasure in giving them a "pointer" now and then.—*Norristown Herald.*

Not That Kind of a Flower.

A young mother living in Detroit has one charming little daughter named Lily, who is very fond of playing out of doors.

The other day she came home covered with mud.

"Oh, oh!" said her mother, severely, "can it be possible that this is my good little girl, my sweet, pure Lily of the Valley?"

"No, mamma," answered the little girl, sorrowfully, "I guess I'm your bad, naughty Lily of the Alley now."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Evil Communications," Etc.

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