



Walter Howell.

The Carrier Dove.

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

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Biography.

Walter Howell.

The name of Walter Howell is familiar to nearly all English and American Spiritualists, and therefore some particulars concerning his career may be of considerable interest to our readers.

He was of humble parentage, and was born in the city of Bath. Unfortunately for his material prospects he was blind at his birth. During infancy he underwent several surgical operations, under the skillful treatment of Dr. Dolt and Dr. Soden, of Bath; but these operations were only partially successful, and therefore it was impossible for him to obtain an ordinary education; and he had not even the advantage of a blind tutorage. At a very early age Walter was taken from Bath by his parents to the town of Warminster, Wiltshire, where he remained until after the removal of his mother to the higher life. While in Warminster he was sent, as a matter of form, to the British School. In the infant class, where he was allowed to go up close to the alphabet-board, he learned the A, B, C; but he was quite unable to proceed beyond that stage, because his sight did not permit him to read ordinary type. Owing to the affliction of his mother with paralysis, he was presently obliged to leave school, when still under nine years of age, to help to earn his own livelihood. After the lapse of about four years, his mother passed away; then Howell left home and commenced to fight the battle of life alone.

Under such circumstances as these it can easily be understood that Walter Howell's life has not been one of ease and luxury. With the material vicissitudes of his career we have less concern than with those portions of his history which affect his development as a Spiritualist, and which afford convincing proof of the unseen guiding influence which has followed him and remained with him all through his career, and has formed and extended those spiritual powers which distinguish him. In this connection it may not be uninteresting to trace Mr. Howell's Spiritualism to a hereditary source.

Walter Howell's mother was a devout Christian, and from childhood had been a member of the Wesleyan body. In her early life she had no great educational

advantages; she was, however, a person of a refined and extremely sensitive nature, and was, no doubt, very intuitional. She was a most sympathetic soul, and always a ministering angel amidst scenes of sorrow. Her earnest prayer ascended to heaven daily that her boys—two in number—might grow up to be good and noble men. When it is stated that her husband was a continual source of anxiety to her on account of his intemperate habits, that she fully realized that her youngest son, Walter, was, by virtue of his defect of vision, wholly incapable of doing battle with the world, and that her life was a continual struggle for mere existence, it is not surprising that in early life she broke down, and passed on to a world where angel hands wipe tears from all faces. Truly the world knows not one half of its heroines and heroes. Many a brave heart combats in secret silence difficulties as great as any which are blazoned to the world, and performs actions braver than those for which the battle-field affords opportunity. But though the poets of earth have not sung its praises, heavenly bards proclaim the epic of its heroism. In the sensitiveness, sympathy, conscientiousness and spirituality of Mr. Howell's mother we see the involved mediumship of her son. Mothers, indeed, rock the cradles of the nations, and all men of note, in whatever sphere of life, owe their greatness largely, if not entirely, to their mother's teaching, or to the gentle refinement inherited from the maternal parent.

Mr. Howell became connected with the Methodist Church at as early a period of his life as was possible. There are, perhaps, few better places for bringing out latent ability than the class-meeting, the cottage services, and other institutions of that kind in the Methodist Church. Of course we do not mean to say that there is much freedom of thought there. Far from it; but there is an opportunity of expressing such thought as is permissible in that body. Mr. Howell was ten years of age when he first met in class to express his desire to "flee from the wrath to come." This is, as all Methodists know, the simple condition of membership. There never was a time since the beginning of his religious impressibility when it was not Howell's earnest wish to live, as far as was possible, in accordance with his conception of right. And being extremely sensitive, he was during early childhood subjected to the most painful ex-

periences, owing to the manner in which religious thought was expressed. Sometimes in the middle of the night he was thrown into convulsions of fear, as a consequence of his meditation upon some sermon which he had heard. His mother, imagining that the visitation was simply the workings of God's Holy Spirit, felt more gratified than alarmed, and in her pious hope and belief, distinctly encouraged the influence. When we remember what dear little children have had to listen to, in the form of orthodox theology, and knowing as we do the sensitiveness of their natures, ought we not to see that, as far as possible, these influences shall henceforth harm none over whom we are placed in the position of parents or guardians?

For two years Howell met in class, giving no evidences of a change of heart. The doctrines of the church were by no means understood by him; and his greatest difficulty was to believe that he did believe. In his childish heart he often wished there was no God; for instead of having a desire to know God, his only purpose was not to call down upon himself "the divine wrath." The God of theology was to his mind a monster. For the time the soul seemed imprisoned in a theological dungeon, where the highest hopes and aspirations were fettered. How often, like the winged bird, the aspiring spirit beats itself against the bars of a churchianic cage in utter anguish!

When about twelve years of age—our pilgrim having up to that time made but little progress "in the divine life"—there came a marked change, which has been described by him in the following manner: He was traveling along a country road, suffering as he had done for years, from depression of spirits. The thought occurred to him that he would try Jacob's plan and "wrestle with God." He entered a field, knelt down, and said, "Now, Lord, I will never let Thee go, until Thou dost bless me." Here the child remained for hours, "pleading with God." When evening's shadows began to mantle the earth, and stars, the sentinels of night, came out to watch over the slumbering orb, a light from realms supernal broke upon the horizon of his soul, and he arose transported with ecstasy. The opaque earth now became transparent, and the air was full of music. Involuntarily the words fell from his lips:

"My God is reconciled; His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child; I can no longer fear."

All Methodists can well picture the scene at the class-meeting on the following Sunday. He was the first to speak, and his joy thrilled the class. Even the sleeping echoes in the walls responded in joyful strain. From this time forward he was a missionary spirit.

The experience just spoken of did not destroy his child-likeness. He was by no means a consistent child, in the popular sense of the word. At the same time he was most consistent with his own nature. In illustration of this point, it may be mentioned that he would in all sincerity pray with some of his boy companions one hour, and arrange a piece of mischief with them the next. Anything he entered into he did with all his soul. Whilst he was by no means cruel, he was brimful of fun. To some minds, the statement just made will appear paradoxical to an assertion made earlier in this narrative, that Mr. Howell suffered from early childhood from depression of spirits. Those who are familiar with temperaments such as his, however, know that the sensitiveness that occasions keenest sadness, also is subjected to states of hilarity.

It would have been amusing to our readers to have seen the boy walking into some neighbor's house, and informing the inmates "that he had come to preach to them." To satisfy the eccentricity of the lad they used to stand him upon a chair, and on more than one occasion he came to consciousness, and found his hearers weeping. It is very easy to trace his mediumship from a very early age.

Although Walter was unable to read, he was recognized as an advanced scholar in the Sunday-school. More than one of the teachers found in him a critic of no mean order. They therefore removed him, before his age warranted it, to the Young Men's Bible Class. Here, too, he was found by the comparatively ignorant teacher, a troublesome element. This fact will explain what follows.

One Sunday afternoon the superintendent came into the Bible Class in search of a teacher for a class of boys. Mr. T—embraced this opportunity of getting rid of his most troublesome scholar, and the position was taken by our friend. After listening to the reading of the lesson by the boys, Walter proceeded to offer some remarks, and became so absorbed that he did not perceive that two other classes with their teachers came and joined the company to listen to his observations. When he came to himself he discovered the enlargement, and asked them why they had united the classes? Whereupon he was informed that his conversation had caused those unruly boys whom no one could control, to bend their heads and listen, and their companions thought there must be something worth listening to, and so they came to see. At

the next teachers' meeting our friend was appointed as the teacher of that class. The boys often made mistakes in reading to try if they could cheat Walter, but he always made them go over their verse again; and when he was asked how he knew when they made mistakes, he replied, "Something inside seems to tell me." This evidences remarkable intuition; to say the least. During the time he remained as teacher he was occasionally called upon to address the scholars. This offered him still further opportunity for developing his powers as a speaker. It was his exceptional ability which caused his name to be mentioned at the quarterly meeting, when he was scarcely seventeen years of age.

It was a matter of great surprise to him, one evening on entering his lodgings, to find the minister awaiting him. "Walter," said the minister, "your name has been brought before the quarterly meeting, and you are down for three Sundays next plan, on trial, or as an exhorter." "But," protested Walter, "I cannot preach." To this the minister replied, "I am told if you only speak to the people as you do to the children in the Sunday-school it will please any congregation." The minister found considerable difficulty in persuading Howell that he was fit to undertake the task, but quoted well-timed passages of Scripture which were calculated to afford him comfort and strength to take upon himself the new undertaking, and left him in earnest meditation. Howell, having determined that he would attempt the task, was at first in a state of perplexity as to how he should manage about the reading of hymns and appointed chapters of Scripture. He, however, succeeded in obtaining the help of a friend who was greatly desirous of introduction to the service of God, and who undertook to act as reader for him, and take his place as preacher if he should fail and break down.

It can with truth be said that their first ascent into the pulpit was with fear and trembling. Howell's assistant commenced the service by giving out, in thoroughly Methodistical style, the hymn, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing." Howell then offered prayer, and the rest of the preliminary service was conducted by his friend. During the singing of the hymn immediately preceding the sermon, Howell had a strange and indescribable feeling. Everything around him seemed to dance, he felt himself moved to rise, and then he heard himself speak. What he said he never knew, but he went on and on, and could not stop until he finally regained consciousness. When Howell descended the pulpit stairs an old man met him, grasped both his hands, and said, "God bless you, my lad; I never heard such a sermon in my life;" and a member of the congregation assured him that they had had a perfect treat. The

debut was at the morning service, and at the evening service of the same day the chapel was over-crowded.

After that wherever he went the congregations were large, for country places, and he was regarded as a kind of prodigy. It was often remarked, that "the Holy Ghost helped him." Be this as it may, it was not long before some defenders of the faith found in his utterances a heterodox spirit, and at the end of about three-quarters, he was brought before the local preachers' meeting to answer charges of heresy. In some of his sermons the doctrines of eternal punishment, trinity, and plenary inspiration of the Bible had been assailed. Whilst standing before the churchianic judge and jury, he was not the subject of any inspirational influence, and when these charges were made against him, he could answer nothing. At last he burst into tears, and sobbed out, "I did not want to preach, but you compelled me. I said I could not study my sermons, and you said God's Holy Spirit would help my infirmities. If it is God's Holy Spirit that has helped me, and you could prove that the Holy Ghost was not a Methodist, you would turn him out, wouldn't you." The judge and jury needed no more evidence. They had heard the blasphemy for themselves. His name was taken off the plan, and for fear he should taint the youthful mind, he was not allowed to re-occupy his former position as a teacher of the class of boys.

At this period he had not even so much as heard of Spiritualism. He was now an object of comment everywhere in the circuit. He was preached at from the pulpit, prayed at in the prayer meetings, and exhorted to return to the Lord in the class meeting, and altogether looked upon as something exceedingly dangerous. About this time he took a ticket of removal, and did not deposit it in any other circuit.

Some two years afterwards, Modern Spiritualism came under his notice. At first he did not know what to make of it. There was nothing to attract him in it, for as yet he knew nothing really of it. When in South London he commenced to investigate physical phenomena, and sometime afterwards he was invited to go to Liberty Hall, Church Street, Islington, on a Sunday evening. Mrs. Bullock came on the platform, and said, "We've been disappointed of our speaker this evening, but the spirits have told us they are bringing a speaker, and we await the fulfillment of their promise." The audience was then asked to sing. Whilst the singing was going on, Walter was controlled and took the platform. After he had addressed the audience, his inspirers told the audience they had used his organism for years, and had at last found the sphere where their thoughts could find more perfect expression. The influence was the same as that felt in the pulpit, only the control was deeper.

At that time, Mr. Howell was engaged in business, at King's Cross. Arrangements were made for sittings at the house of business, and the heads of the firm and employees united in investigating. They were all ere long convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. Friends were also invited, and many of them became Spiritualists; and for more than two years, the principals of the firm held communion with their departed friends through Mr. Howell's mediumship. During this time, it was often observed that the medium would have to take the platform. Mr. Howell, however, seems to have had an objection to so doing, and it was sometime before his scruples could be overcome.

Eventually, our friend left London and went traveling in the Provinces. While on a journey, he had a misfortune with his glasses, and continued his journey without them. The cold east wind struck his unprotected eyes, and inflammation set in. He was blind for more than six months. When his sight returned to its former state, he was obliged to seek a situation. He went to Liverpool in search of employment, but failed to obtain anything to his advantage. Having a kind of agency, he went to Manchester, where he afterwards commenced to speak publicly in behalf of Spiritualism. A gentleman wrote to Mr. Fitton, the chairman of the Manchester Society of Spiritualists, stating that Walter Howell was a medium of promise, and if he could get him on to the platform, it might be a boon to the Cause. Mr. Fitton invited Mr. Howell to his house, asked him to accompany him to the hall, and then introduced him to the Manchester audience. The Manchester friends were so much pleased with him, that they invited him to occupy their platform often. Mr. Howell's reputation soon spread all over the country, and he was solicited to speak everywhere. The work of this laborer must speak for itself in the hearts and minds of his auditors.

In the year 1882, Mr. Howell crossed the Atlantic. His work in America has attracted the attention of some of the most cultured minds. Those who have listened to the discourses of his guides can bear testimony to their scientific and philosophical character. Audiences have had the opportunity of choosing their own subjects, and have invariably expressed their appreciation of the inspiring intelligence. In September, 1886, he returned to his native land, to visit his old friends. During the past few months he has been hard at work in the field of human progress. He returns to America in this present month, to continue the work begun there.

Mr. Howell acknowledges his entire indebtedness to his spirit friends for his education. Surely, such an instance as this is a striking example of spirit-guidance. Mr. Howell's life is consecrated to the work

of the spiritual world; and his untiring labors evidence that,

"Life's more than breath, or the quick round of blood;
It's a great spirit and a busy heart.
He lives most, who thinks most, feels the noblest,
And acts the best."

For nearly twelve years the phenomena of Spiritualism have been investigated by Mr. Howell, and he is fully convinced of their genuine spiritual origin. If no such external evidences had been forthcoming, his own experiences would have been sufficient to convince him of a spiritual origin for some of his inspirational accomplishments. Materialization, transfiguration, personation, independent slate-writing, and painting by direct spirit agency, and automatic drawing and writing, occult rappings, passing of matter through matter, the direct spirit voice, automatic musical performances, clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance test mediumship, fire mediumship, trance and inspirational speaking, spirit impressibility and the like, have all come directly under his notice. If, therefore, a comparatively full account of Mr. Howell's life, travels, investigations, and personal mediumship were called for, a far larger space than that at present occupied would be necessary.

Before concluding, it may be well to state that Mr. Howell does not pride himself upon having had no educational advantages in his youth, as might possibly be imagined. He deeply regrets not having had the opportunity of being thoroughly cultured, fully realizing that the more cultured the mind of the medium, the more intellectual will be the spiritual surroundings. It is deeply to be deplored that so many Spiritualists glory in the ignorance of the medium, if the controls be only somewhat more advanced. It should be the aim of every medium to cultivate his or her mind, so that the influence may find a clearer method of expression. Mr. Howell is of opinion that those mediums who so desire, can, in a great measure, appropriate the knowledge which passes through them. The brain—being the organ through which thought manifests itself, whether abnormally or normally expressed—retains an impression of that which is transmitted. If, therefore, the medium is in sympathy with the highest thought thus expressed, Mr. Howell says there may be a development therefrom, like developed impressions received upon a sensitized photographer's plate. In this way, he believes, mediums are helped in an educational manner by spirits. Much might be said in this direction, but we must not lengthen this article. Mr. Howell owes much to his guides for their educational influence. Those who know him but imperfectly would not regard him as an uneducated man, but those who know him well accredit him with strict accuracy, whatever he has said about himself.

The records found in Bath Eye Infirmary show that Walter Howell was born blind.

They also give a full account of the state of the eyes after the operations had been performed. The books containing medical testimony prove that his sight must be, and must always have been, too imperfect to enable him to study. Those who live in the neighborhood where he was brought up, can also testify to the fact that he received no blind education. If, therefore, we find a man who is capable of delivering discourses on any subjects chosen by the audience, and calling forth complimentary criticism from avowed non-Spiritualists, we are surely bound to acknowledge an avenue for acquiring wisdom, other than that of the senses.

Names of persons referred to in this article have been omitted, in order to avoid the possibility of giving offense to some who might feel aggrieved at seeing themselves publicly announced to be in association with an unpopular movement.—*The Medium.*

The Platform.

Death—Its Nature.

A Discourse by the Controls of J. J. Morse, of England, Delivered at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday Evening, September 25, 1887.

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

The subject that we have now to introduce to your consideration we deem of the greatest possible importance. It is the old one of death. We shall treat it in regard to "Its nature" in this lecture, while in our next we shall view it in regard to its need, and in the third lecture of this series we propose to deal with it in regard to its effect upon the individual. Our object in dividing the subject into these three several parts is, that we may present as comprehensive a conception of what is involved in death, as it is in the nature of things possible to present to those who have not actually gone through the experience of death.

Unfortunately, death is usually painted as a grim and hideous spectre, as a bony skeleton armed with that ruthless scythe, and carrying the relentless hour glass. With this scythe it cuts a broad swath through the ranks of human life, and when your sands are run, this relentless mower cuts you down, and the friends you leave mourn you as having gone forever.

What is death, and why should it be viewed so lugubriously, and accepted as the most dread reality that humanity has to encounter?

It has always seemed to us—and here, perchance, we may be wrong—that when religion takes up the task of teaching men concerning spiritual things, the effect of that teaching ought to be to steady, strengthen and sustain them when the time of trial and bereavement comes. Unfortunately, this is not the result usually presented. Very fre-

quently it happens that the more ardent the faith of the believer in the teachings of his creed, the less reliance will he place upon the hope of meeting his beloved again when death removes them. There are certain reasons, which we need not stop to inquire into now, why these lamentable results occur; why tears and lamentations, doubts and weakness visit you when your friends are taken from you. But if there be any real consolation derivable from religious teaching, then it should come to you in the hour of your great trial. There are a great many people who have faith in God and who believe just so long as the car of their life keeps upon the way of life; but directly it happens to "jump the track," and a friend dies, then all their faith vanishes, and they commence to wail and to weep in anguish, thinking that friend never can be set upon the rails again.

If God brings you into this world, if he sustains you while you are in the world, it is surely very easy for you to think that he can sustain you after he had taken you out of the world. If you cannot trust him in all these three conditions, then something is lacking, and perhaps it may be that after all the lack does not lie so much in the inefficiency of religious teachings to accomplish the results we are mentioning, as it is in the lack of actually understanding the nature of death, which lack of knowledge is, unfortunately, lamentably prevalent in the community at large. You ask almost any individual why people die, and they will tell you it is the law of life; they cannot help it; their bodies wear out; they are overcome by disease, and such like statements are about the only answers you can elicit. As for having any philosophical understanding of the nature of the death process, or what leads up to it, how it unfolds its operations, and the ultimates arising from its fulfillment, the great majority of people appear to be in a state of profound ignorance.

We here make the somewhat bold statement, to the effect that there is no such thing as death! That, you will say, is contrary to universal experience, for we have gazed upon the features of the dead. The bereaved will say they have seen their darlings laid in their coffins, and they have shed tears over them ere they have been consigned to their last resting place. The soldier will say that he has gazed over the battle field and seen thousands of his comrades dead thereon. Then how can it be said there is no such thing as death? There is no such thing as death in the conventional understanding of that word. If death is absolutely a fact then immortality can not be true, for if the individual dies beyond all question, he is dead and that is the end of him. But then, perchance, you are waiting for the resurrection morn when the great summons shall reverberate through the spaces and the sleeping dead be wak-

ened and resurrected into life again. But who knows that is going to be? No one; it is an assertion pure and simple, without the slightest fact or evidence in nature to warrant you believing in it. Therefore we are brought back to the proposition previously advanced, that it is a lack of knowledge concerning the nature of death, rather than the inefficacy of religious faith, that weighs you down when death invades your domestic circle.

Let us look at the nature of death in the realm of nature outside man. You plant the tiny grain of corn within the ground; that corn bursts its greyish covering and sends its tendrils into the soil, the tiny sprout shoots up seeking the sunshine. When that sprout has grown with the full ripe ear waving there in the sunlight in its golden glory, you will look in vain for the little grain from whence that full ear sprang. That grain died; it is absolutely gone and lost so far as its individual existence is concerned, but out of it has come the splendid results that were potentially contained within it. You may say the grain of wheat has died, but it has only changed its character. And this great law of death which runs through every department of terrestrial existence, is but an immediate change of a particular character, which brings out the latent potentialities into actual development. The grain of wheat has died as a grain, but it has only liberated that which was contained within it, and that has become the full ripe ear in due time of harvest. If, then, we take it in this light, and apply the law throughout all nature, you may see that death is absolutely only a condition of change, but a change that only becomes actualized in proportion as contributing conditions minister and assist the result.

Now, if death be accepted in this light, that the latent possibility becomes the actuality through contributory causes, we have here, in the realm of nature a very powerful argument, to the effect that death is a matter of law, a matter of principle and of necessity, and dependent upon natural conditions. You do not grieve because the grain of corn you have planted dies; you do not grieve over the change of the bulb you have put into the ground, because you know the sure and certain result of those changes is an increase of the grains and fruits of the world.

Now nature is at one with herself in every department. Neither nature nor God ever contradict themselves, and if the law that we have referred to holds good in the realms of vegetation, it equally holds good in the realm of man. Trace it backwards to the mineral and chemical kingdoms and you find that certain chemical combinations are entirely destroyed, as such, by the introduction of one or more fresh elements, and as a consequence of the introduction of those elements an entirely new condition is

evolved. Indeed, the death of one age, or one condition of nature or existence, is always the preliminary step to the development of a new age, or the unfoldment of a new condition.

Before taking the question up to a higher plane, let us indulge in one little consideration. We believe that the law, the purpose, and the will of God are just as much concerned with the mineral, chemical and vegetable conditions of the world as they are with the conditions of man. We make no exception to the operation of law—God's law. We make no exception to the operations of God's providence, from the tiniest grain of sand upon the sea-shore, to the most towering intellect the world has ever known; in the grandest mountain that ever rears its lofty peaks towards the empyrean, to the deepest caves of the grand old oceans in which the waters rise and fall in rhythm all unknown to those upon its surface; in every department of being, the law, and the purpose, and will of God are true in every case.

Therefore, if this be the law of death that we have referred to, we must come to the conclusion that in its effect upon human beings it is as much the manifestation of the will and purpose of God, as it is in any of the realms we have just been speaking about.

Accepting this philosophical foundation, how unwise it is for you to look upon death as something dreadful, and altogether terrible; whereas, in fact, it is really the actualization of the possibilities latent in yourselves, and which contributory conditions have at last caused to culminate in the result that you call physical dissolution.

Now, you will ask us what those contributory causes are. Ere we deal with them let us turn for a moment to another issue. You all think that death is something awful, you clothe yourselves in black, shed bitter tears, and are inclined to arraign the love and justice of God at the tribunal of your own personal affections. This is because of ignorance on your part, and when you are enlightened, this terrible grief, which sometimes develops into a species of emotional insanity, will be stayed, and instead of arraigning the justice of God, you will take an altogether different view of it, and when you then say, "our loss is his gain," you will say it understandingly; you will know beyond all doubt that the words that you utter are words of truth, because the nature of death, its results, what it leads to, will become a matter of common knowledge and understanding to you all. But when you say that your loss is his gain, and you suppose that he had gone away up there millions of miles and you can never see him again as long as you live; that God has called him home, where he holds him in close confinement forevermore, then you say it with your lips, while you disbelieve in your hearts the words you utter. But ah! what

would you not give could you only know that he was not dead; that the hand would clasp yours, that the voice would whisper in your ear again! But you will know that this is true when you have an intelligent understanding of what death means.

What are the contributory causes that lead to death? In other words, why should man die? The physicist assures you that health is the balance of forces, the harmonious fulfillment of the functions of your life, that if you keep your body healthy and it duly fulfills its functions, that its wastes will be properly repaired from time to time, then why should not that machinery run on forever? Why does it not do so? Because there is an irresistible impulse in nature itself, in every atom of being, that is totally opposed to the possibility of permanence in any form of phenomenal manifestation.

We mean that the persistent energy of God is latent in every atom of existence and is moving everything onward, urging it all forward, allowing no rest; and therefore this divine energy pushes you into being now, urges you along while you are in this state, and pushes you over its boundary into the spiritual state, all in due and proper sequence, all in harmony with its own divine energy. Standing still is absolutely impossible, and the nature of death when thus understood reveals the fact that it is God's hand urging you forward and onward through and up the eternal highways of everlasting being. If it was not for God's hand urging and pushing you on, a great many of you would be so intolerably dilatory that you would dally on the confines of mortal life indefinitely. This is the philosophical interpretation of the matter, but other and more practical reasons we shall now bring before you.

Death in its nature is the culmination of the organic process of material life. What are the operations that contribute to it, and when do these operations commence? The phenomena that result in what is called death commence their operations just as soon as you are born. You begin to die from the time you begin to live!

"Oh! that is nonsense. You look at the child, he matures to the man, and the man becomes full and vigorous and manifests all the pride and glory of the prime of life; there is nothing dying about that man; it is utterly absurd to say that he is dying."

Indeed, have you never learned the lesson that the real essence of things lies behind and not upon their surface, and that this outward appearance of beauty and health and strength may be symbolical as well as actual; may have an internal as well as an external significance? And if this be the case the understanding of the problem we are discussing will enable you to realize the inner as well as the outer meanings of these physical expressions of growth, beauty, health and maturity.

Now, death is a liberation of the immortal consciousness from the external environment, and unless we at once admit (and therefore close the argument), that death is the end of life, we must take the other proposition that the immortal consciousness survives its translation from the material existence and is an independent, rational, conscious existence after death. The latter proposition is actually the fact, therefore it must be possessed of the necessary machinery after death for the expression and manifestation of itself, as it is possessed of like machinery while it is living here and now.

Where does this machinery come from? The nature of death is to remove the consciousness *per se* from the physical environments, but it must provide it with another environment to which it must be related and attached, and through which it must continue to manifest itself. Here we are treading close upon the boundaries of the vast unknown.

The nature of death is the removal of yourself from one plane of attachment and environment and putting you upon another plane, the character of which will have to be considered later on.

We now come to this conclusion, that if you commence to die when you commence to life, the contributory processes that finally accomplish the result are going on with you every day and moment of your lives, and the understanding of the nature of these contributory processes surely solves the problem of the nature of death, and puts you in possession of information that will enable you to die decently and properly when the time comes. What do we mean by this? We claim, and on very good authority too, that the spiritual environment that you take with you when you depart from mortality, is being distilled and elaborated from the physical environment now, is indeed built up of its refined essences and qualities, and that this process has been going on all your life, so that when you have attained the full dignity of physical health and splendor, you have then reached that point of spiritual development wherein the spiritual man has attained its personal maturity. Then commences the second process of death. The first has been a contributory process that has built up; the next stage is a series of contributory processes that release the ties that have hitherto bound the thing developed—that is to say, the spiritual body—to the conditions from whence it has been derived. Then you grow old and you grow weak; your eyes begin to fail, your ears begin to fail, your hand begins to shake, your limbs to totter and your back to bend; you need a stick to lean upon. You cannot read books very long, conversation tires you, digestion gets troublesome, your brain gets a little weak and your mind wanders, and everybody says, "poor old fellow, how you are breaking up!" but are you breaking up? By no

means. You are breaking free, but not breaking up. It is the chick cracking the shell before it comes out into the world. But every little crack is an indication of the strength of the chick within the shell, an indication of the demolishing of the prison house wherein the chick has lived, so that it may enter into a larger life.

So you grow old because all those powers of mind and soul that you have hitherto expressed through the brain and body and its functions are being withdrawn; the links that have related the inner man to the outer man are being sundered one by one, and thus bone and sinew, nerve and muscle not receiving that accustomed amount of spiritual stimulus and direction do not respond as readily to your desires or your will. You are getting ready to die; and by and by when you have got ready to die, you die decently. How do you die decently? In your bed, with an admiring circle, or a weeping one, as the case may be, of friends and relatives around you, the physician on one side of you, and the minister on the other side, and you lying back there exhausted, weak, and melancholy? And now it is oh! you are going to die; you are going to a better world than this, where the sorrows are left behind, where everybody is virtuous, and everybody is good. Why, if you could only die about once every day what a great deal of good it would do all around. If people would be as good every day of their lives, and keep in as amiable and spiritual frame of mind twenty-four hours out of every day, as they get into on their dying beds and not wait until they are quite sure they are going to die, before they become as good as then, the world would be a great deal more virtuous and happy than it is. Unfortunately a great many people are like the Irishman who was dying, who had a very angry feud with another Irishman. The priest was by his bed-side and he said, "Patrick, now won't you forgive Phelim before you die?" and Patrick in the last stages of exhaustion, whispered, "Your Riverence, I will forgive him if I die, but if I don't, when I get up I will knock splints out of him."—But this is not the way to die, because in the great majority of cases it implies death from disease, and we claim, solemnly and earnestly claim, that dying by disease is not dying properly. Disease is the violation of the law of life; it is contrary to the laws of being and opposed to the loving purposes of God. This may seem like strange doctrine to some of you. But it is because we want you to understand the nature of death that we place the proposition thus boldly and plainly before you.

If the laws of God can build up the spiritual body without injury to the material body, though it be distilled therefrom, surely the laws of God are capable of taking the spiritual body out of the material body without injuring it also. If the one process is

possible without injury, the other process is possible without injury; and if you are sick and diseased, and go out because of your sickness and diseases, then you may take it to heart that, civilized though you be, you have not learned how to die, and therefore can not have yet learned how to live. The proof of the correctness of our argument is easy enough to be obtained.

There are many cases where, after a long and cleanly life of virtuous deeds and noble service to humanity, wherein bodily health has been carefully conserved and preserved, the aged—those grand veterans of the army of life, whose grey hair in snowy folds falls around their features, whose calm eyes gleaming and flashing gaze into yours with a limpid depth despite the accumulated years that lie behind—have quietly folded their hands and said: "I am sleepy, I am tired, the day grows dark." And the sleep has deepened, the darkness grown more dense, and the day has peacefully vanished in the night of death, to open in the splendor of the eternal morning; no pain or sickness, from disease, but the liberation by the kindly hand of nature has lifted these departing heroes of life's strife from the realms of mortality to the regions of eternal life.

That is dying decently, when you have lived as spiritual beings in this physical realm so long that you cannot live any longer by reason of the fact that you have grown up to better things, and therefore by your own powers grow up and pass out of the mortal environment, then you die in harmony with the laws of your own life, in harmony with the principles of nature, and in harmony with the purposes of God.

But when the body is reeking with all kinds of disease and abominations, when the internal organs are diseased almost beyond all recognition, the blood poisoned, and every function so impeded that it is a merciful wonder that you are able to live at all, when for all your life you have violated every physiological law, when you have trampled under foot the blessings of health and the power of mental vigor, when you have sunk yourself to the very eyes in all kinds of bogs and sloughs of iniquity, when in your mad race for wealth you have outraged every law of physical existence, when in an insane and sensuous pursuit for pleasure you have depleted and degraded your bodily functions, and brought upon yourself all the ills that flesh is heir to, no wonder that you writhe upon the couch of suffering, no wonder that the fires of fever rage and burn within your temple of life, no wonder that death looks hideous, and even the fires of hell seem to be kindling before you. It is from these dreadful conditions that death receives much of its terror, and you clutch at any straw that shall give you hope in the hour of death that these awful pains shall be exchanged by death for the

glories of the world beyond. You will find if you will look into the matter closely that the gloom and dread of death to the dying is in nine cases out of ten the outcome of the devilish diseases that rack the unfortunate body before the departure of the spirit.

Let us be just even here. Physical diseases are not the only abnormal contributory causes of death, there are causes in the realm of mind. Erroneous opinions, improper treatment and training, lack of mental sanity and development are all competent contributory causes in helping you to murder yourselves. Bear in mind that the influence of the mind and the influence of the body, abnormally considered, are alike contributory causes to the premature removal of human beings. You see your friends and relatives cut down in the full prime of life, and if you read the record of of birth and death on the tombstones what startling lesson is brought to you in regard to this point; the great majority seem to be dying before they have really properly begun to live. When they should be in the prime and beauty of their strength, vigorous in mind and body and of most service to the world, behold some weakness manifests itself, and an unsuspected rift in the lute allows the divine melody to escape.

The nature of death, through the operation of the laws of nature, is to enable you finally to escape—shall we say—the confines of the material existence, and take a flight to the pure country that lies beyond. If this be true, death cannot be a manifestation of God's displeasure. Death cannot be accepted as harsh, cruel and arbitrary, but should be interpreted rather as a perfect fulfillment of the laws of life, a manifestation of the purposes of God. While you are embodied in this world you are getting ready to die, and as you get ready to die, you learn the true nature of death is, after all, only the fulfillment of the purposes of nature. We are now in that position of our argument which leads us to consider the need of death, which we shall deal with in our next address.

The nature of death is part and parcel of the divine plan; it is the culmination of preceding agencies operating within your own personality, and being of such a nature there is nothing horrible or dreadful to be associated with it. You may take it, then, as much as a part and parcel of the loving providences of God as is birth—it is really birth into the better and larger life beyond.

What will ultimately become, then of the grief and fears that have been so large associated with this too little understood problem? They will vanish in the clear light of knowledge as the mists disappear before the rising of the sun. There is no death; there is change, construction, destruction and re-construction, but the vital soul can never be destroyed.

God can never die, therefore death is impossible in the universe, and the use of the term "death" as describing the departing of humanity for this stage of life to the one beyond it will bye-and-bye be considered so anomalous that it will be discarded altogether.

There is no death; then why should you mourn? The world is being filled with the glorious light, the truer dawn of spiritual truth is upon you. From the hills of the life beyond the gleaming glory streams down into the darkened homes of men, shining in the hearts that have been bereaved, and to the hearts that have been filled with silence and gloom there comes the voices of the dead, who, have lived beyond death, who, in accents tender, proclaims that death is but the door-way to eternal life, and when you join your loved ones "over there," you will learn, beyond all doubt, that death is but the fulfillment of the loving purposes of God, that it hath no other end or nature.

Literary Dept.

TWO LIVES AND THEIR WORK.

BY J. J. MORSE

AUTHOR OF "WILBRAMS WEALTH," "RIGHTED BY THE DEAD," "CURSED BY THE ANGELS," "O'ER LAND AND SEA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

SHOWS HOW OPPOSITE CAUSES MAY INDUCE SIMILAR RESULTS. ALSO INFORMS THE READER FURTHER UPON THE CAREERS OF ERNEST COURTENAY, AND HENRY PILKINS.

The innumerable little things of life that are drawn into the stream of its major current by its own resistless suction, help, each in themselves, to swell the volume of the flood that bears us on upon its tides. These small additions had been numerous of late in the life of Ernest Courtenay, whose thoughts, for doing some great thing in life, had now gained a swifter and far deeper volume. Since his interview with his father, he had thought out a plan that one day dawned upon him as if by accident. He had read in one of the daily prints, how a poor wretch on being discharged from jail for a first offense found it impossible to obtain honest work since he had been a felon. The Prisoner's Aid had failed to serve him, for just so soon as the fatal fact of his having been in prison came out he was compelled to go—where mattered not. He was a jail bird, so go, he had to! This displeasing commentary upon our social virtue impressed him deeply. He found, upon inquiry, that many relapsed to criminal lives because they were refused—no milder term will fit—refused an opportunity to redeem themselves by those with

whom they would have to labor! While, also, many lacking knowledge of any useful trade could get no task, the doing of which would keep them honest by its gains. Just, too, at this crisis in his fate he fell heir to a modest, but sufficient competency, enough to relieve him of either dependence, or fear of poverty. The more he debated over his present circumstances the clearer became his purpose, and thus he planned, and ultimately executed, the endeavor that took him from Berkstone for the labor of his life.

Resolving to put aside, once and for all, the various doctrinal questions that proved so profitless to him, to waste no further time upon the probable hereafter, he would, in future, work for the present and its needs. He was now able to do so without needing to put his father to any pain concerning his subsistence, when his withdrawal from the old home was made—for go he would. He knew something of the place where the poor creature, who had excited his sympathies, had made his unavailing attempt to enter into honest labor once again, and there would he go to take up his self-appointed task, the education and reclamation of the criminal and vicious. His modest means should be devoted to that end, and all his talents and energies should be used in such service. He would find the better side of these semi-wrecks upon the sea of social life, bring out their manhood, lift them up to self-respect, see if it were not possible to educate, and manually instruct them, so that these rejected stones might find their true place in our industrial and social edifices.

Would he succeed? He scarce stopped long enough to ask himself that question. Was he right? that was to him the only point; he felt within his soul he was. Feeling so he was determined to do for the right and his fellows all he could, because it was right and truly needful. Thus, as truly as did ever chivalrous knight of romance dedicate himself to his ladye fayre, so did Ernest Courteney, with like lofty and unselfish devotion, dedicate his life and arm to the humbler brotherhood of misery, that the world calls crime, forsaking, for his choice, home, place, preferment, ease; a father's countenance, a mother's presence, a sister's helpfulness; going out from all he most should value, casting no glances backward as he went, inspired by no hope of future joys when his task was done; aye, having no God to ask counsel from, but trusting manfully to himself; brave, beyond all doubt; not boastful, surely, for the grave face and gentle manner spoke truly of the pathos, earnestness and deep hopefulness within the man.

Berkstone knew him not, hereafter, from one early morn as he turned his face from it towards the city he was bound for, and which he now has made his home. New

Northtown they call it, and by its side there flows a stream towards the sea, dust stained from many a coal mine that skirts its flowing waters.

There were silence and tears in the old vicarage in Berkstone, for many days thereafter. The venerable pastor was more solemn than of yore, and moved with a tenderer solicitude among his flock. The grieving mother wore a sad and fearful look in her eyes and face, while the loving Constance, bravely cheerful in spite of all her secret tears, did what she could to cheer and ease the burden of their hearts.

As men have died for creeds and faiths, that they might be assured of meeting peace hereafter, so this man was going on as perilous a course, that might mean death for him, as it did mean exile, that men might be taught to live aright on earth, and for his reward he would be content to be remembered for some little good attempted when his dust lay mouldering in the last rest place for poor mortality's flesh and bones.

To New Northtown then let us follow Ernest Courteney, and briefly make ourselves acquainted with his projects and career therein. As every one must know, this town is an important centre of traffic, industry and manufacture. Standing upon the great north road, a town and county in itself, it has of late been raised to civic dignity, boasting now a Bishop, and, owing to a local magnate's generosity, a bishop's palace, also. Here the memory of one of the world's great men is cherished, and as the iron steed speeds borderwards, he expresses in his flashing flight the genius, that near two-thirds of a century past, planned and toiled, that such monsters as itself might drag men and merchandise behind it, the fair, green island over. The old time frays destroyed the old castle keep, but the new one, built in far-back times of Scottish forays, still stands, a grim monument of those troublesome periods of England's history. Two streets of massive, but harmonious architectural character, commemorate two good men, whose enterprise gave impetus to New Northtown's career, and for one to whom a tall column rises skyward in the center of the town. These three monuments of public spirit are pridefully pointed out to visitors as great achievements, all unsurpassed by the glories of the metropolis, nearly three hundred miles away. A piece of local pride, quite pardonable in this case, even if not quite well founded. A town where streets bear unfamiliar names, being termed "Chares," "Gates," and "Banks," names of sturdy northern character. Having, too, a Quayside and a Corn Market, the very joy and pride of the merchants who deal in grain from Russia, India, the great grain plains of the far-away American States, and other places too numerous to be heeded here. But, standing just a little from its new and beautiful library,—wisely free to all who care

to enter—there is a great, dull, wall-enclosed institution, that, as if ashamed, lurks out of sight. It is a lawful place, though. Justice casts her mantle over it; religion takes charge concerning it; society views it as a safeguard; the community provide funds to maintain it; yet, withal, it is a mansion it was hoped would never more be needed, on the coming of a certain gentle faith, but, alas! preach how we may, exact all penalties law can demand, still jails remain and multiply amidst us. While, too, a little dozen of miles away, there stands another bishop's palace, whose daily shadows fall athwart another jail! In this city of workers in iron, hewers of coal, dealers in corn, sailors of-ships, in full light of Cheviot's graceful hills, within easy ride of the heaving North Sea's tides, in this city of northern life, so different in character to the southern softness, came Ernest Courteney, on his mission to lift criminals from out the soil in which they are planted at their birth, or become transplanted to by some fitful chance in the fevered struggle men call life.

His introductions gave him admissions to the houses of people of local consequence, but his plans were politely discounted, whenever broached. Merchants smiled doubtfully, but declined to help. Ministers were with him heart and hand until they found he would teach no creed. Pompous counselors referred to statistics of crime and hinted 'twas waste of time to fly against such facts. Prison officials listened with ill concealed impatience, and pointed to regulations especially devised on the immortal how-not-to-do-it principle, until, worn out and disgusted with his ill success to obtain help he resolved to undertake the task single-handed and alone.

What he did and how it was done, with all other matters proper to his part in this chronicle shall be set down in due order latter on.

At this point a pause must be made, and the reader transported to altogether different scenes, for some regard must be paid to Master Henry Pilkins, else might he, with just cause, complain of cold neglect at the author's hands. That no such charge be possible let us at once proceed to his present whereabouts.

Since we last saw him he has been traveling with his professor in the quite towns of Surrey, Kent and Sussex, where his remarkable susceptibility as a mesmeric subject had won him much fame, and his master many shekels. But, slowly and surely, the astute young man had been working out the thoughts born in his mind when we saw him at the Countess de Golmar's some months ago. He then knew next to nothing about the Spiritualism he heard of there, but discovering himself to be a medium had opened possibilities to his mind hitherto undreamed of, and quite beyond anything like to come to him as the

subject of a traveling mesmerist mountebank, and this discovery determined him: he would cut the professor and start out upon his own account. He soon wormed himself into the confidence of a confiding disciple of the new wonder, and complaining how the professor was debasing the gifts he was sure were in him, pleaded so well that he presently disgusted that worthy man by coolly turning his back upon him, with the sage remark that he could do better for himself! His new found friend was then his dearest friend, as is ever the case with such gentry, and he forthwith proceeded to become developed. Suddenly the breath of inspiration fans his brow! Marvelous accounts are heard of the high order of this new agent, and e'er many weeks are passed the new light is blazing with its fullest power. Of course the Countess was appealed to, and successfully, for Pilkins magnified her in every direction and upon her retiring awhile to Paris, Pilkins, with admirable ease, attached himself to an eccentric lady of musical instincts and reformatory proclivities varying his toddying there with an ardent interest in a female disciple of medicine, who published wonderful books that were profoundly wise or otherwise! Pilkins had admirers, real genuine admirers, themselves as honest and true as he was tricky, so for a season all went well. For three years Pilkins thrived, made friends, money, fame and was as bright and shining a light as needs be in the little circle wherein he moved. But during this time Pilkins developed a talent almost akin to genius. Finding that eccentricity was more serviceable to him than aught else, he developed such a strain in that direction that many counted him as off his balance. Not so, by any means; he was possessed of pranks and purposes the most remarkable, and once on being questioned thereupon, he modestly made answer that being the greatest man in all the world he was commanded to do thus in the upholding of his noble and exalted purpose as became the dignity of a royal line, of six thousand years ago, whereof was he, though now upon the earthy plane for the twentieth time in fulfillment of his mission, whereat his friends smiled in ecstasy. All these delightful traits and amiable peculiarities, were able ministrants to an inordinate vanity, rising from an unbalanced nature, fired by the indiscriminate praises of unreflecting friends. Pilkins was the result of his surroundings, as are all of us. Pilkins became what he was at this time, because he had no friend to hold him down; because he had no mentor to teach him he was sowing the seeds of a wretched crop that he must as surely garner as he was so surely sowing. The marvel of the youth being what he was quite undid him. He was on public occasions gaped at, wondered at, looked at, like some curious animal; made merchandise of by paragraphers and editors, of a certain kind, and therefore with all the fuss

surrounding him, it was small wonder he took the noise of his own drumming as the echo of a nation's plaudits.

Within himself the situation seemed to him every way satisfactory. He congratulated himself upon the happy turn of his affairs since he deserted the professor. He was talked about, sought after, read about, and had a considerable following of a sort. But he had no friends! From the mighty lesson of communion with the mystic world beyond, from the marvel of his own powers, he drew no lesson that made him the better for it all. Fluent, mystical, self-sufficient, he brooked no rival, would have no help, but in his own way worked out his own end—notoriety at any cost. He forgot his mother, dropped friend after friend, tired the patience of all, alike, until at last, he saw his fame trembling in the balance, and himself in danger of neglect. Then, thought Pilkins, why not fresh fields and pastures new? So he announced his call—was to cross the great waters to the western world—adding that he was of the sturdy pilgrim stock, that he was born there in the new world, and his dear mother now his tutelary angel, bade him depart thither. Whereas, that venerable lady was at that time still doling out her stock in Waterman's court, some three miles off, and wondering "wherever that eye 'Enery could be!" Yes, he would go to America, there he would be able to start afresh upon a greater scale, raise himself up to the place of a great teacher, become a light, be seen and heard of on all sides, and determined to stand on no ceremony, as to how he attained eminence, he sailed from the scene of his present triumphs, and in due season set his foot upon the soil of the home of the brave, and the land of the free.

The days roll past alike in the little island, wherein is Ernest Courteney, and the great continent whereon is Henry Pilkins. Each of these men work out the purposes pertaining to them, and over each unseen eyes are watching. The one flattered, petted, courted and made much of, faring well, and prospering—this is Pilkins. The other, Ernest, striving against innumerable difficulties, sneered at, slandered, misunderstood, help denied, and rebuffed on all sides, a dreamer, and an outcast from the altars of the common Faith. No greater contrast was possible than between these two—one the soul of honor, to whom a lie was utterly abhorrent, a mean action as impossible as was a mean thought, who strove only to do good, because it was good to do so; the other, crafty and selfish, yet sailing bravely on the flood with favoring gales. Does it not seem at times that merit is useless—hypocrisy the only road to success? Yes, for a time, truly. But, wait; right will conquer. We may all heed the old truth; beware when all men praise thee.

(To be continued.)

Original Contributions.

*Articles appearing under this head are in all cases written especially and solely for the CARRIER DOVE.

Woman in History.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

A sailor, once obscure, but firm and brave,
Unto his age a new-born project gave;
Which scheme, alas! the comrades of his time
Declared a delusion most sublime—
From town to town he went, from court to court,
To find no aid or means for its support;
But waited, journeyed, wandered, searched to find
The narrow, sordid aims, of humankind.

And thus it was—undaunted still was he
Whose eye was charmed with scenes beyond the sea;
And after meeting many a faithful friend,
Who like himself had nought to give or lend,
Behold a woman, a most worthy queen,
Sped, with majestic grace upon the scene;
And with the light of intuition brought
The aid and patronage for which he sought.
She listened well, proposed the noble plan
A safe and timely fleet to fit and man;
And wavering not, sent forth her faithful maid,
Who brought the crown with dazzling gems inlaid—
Ah me, the jewels! how they flashed and shone!
What splendor did they shed around her throne!
The fairest symbols of her noble birth,
And held most dear of all that graced the earth.

The sailor then impatient, nervous grew,
For well the worth of such a prize he knew—
The scheme might fail! O would she part with them?
Pluck out a kingdom from her diadem!
Her new-born inspiration mingled not
Its hopeful light with clouds of after-thought;
But quickly followed without argument
The consummation of each high intent—
Hope's heavenly star was beaming! "now give way,"
Said she, "my jewels to this needful day!"
"Accept, my noble friend, accept the prize;
My gems are pledged, receive the sacrifice!"

Castilia spake! and goodness claimed a peer,
The world another hero and a seer,
A record history, a wonder time,
The age a deed miraculous, sublime—
Castilia spake! the oracle was fraught
With woman's inspiration, woman's thought;
Columbus' ear caught the enchanted tone,
And a new world bowed to a woman's throne!

Ah, most imperial one! type of thy kind!
Thy noble deeds thy station well defined,
As for the hero thou didst cheer his way
To fame that lives while other things decay!
O, Isabella! woman of thy time!
Thine acts have placed thee in a sphere sublime—
Thine offerings made thee, what thou still should be,
A radiant star to shine beyond the sea!

And thus it was; and often thus the fate
Of those untiring ones who learn to wait,
To work and strive, devoid of peace or rest,
That life may grow divine, and man be blest—
For truth we fear not; self-poised, serene,
Within her own fair realm she reigns, a queen,
And plants her banner on the rugged soil
Where heroes win their fame and martyrs toil.

Amen!

BY LUPA.

Do the readers of the DOVE remember, how, when we were children, we sometimes tired of the old games and longed for something new, so when, after anxious deliberation,

one of our number had an idea not before worked out, we all cried eagerly, "Let's do it; O yes, let's!"

When I read the DOVE editorial entitled "Homes for our Aged and Friendless," I said, *let's do it*. While we are trying with half our might to prevent poverty and suffering, we should do well if we used the other half in relieving what already exists, and thus prove that our religion is a practical one.

It is a one-sided smile that you raise, when, comfortably clothed and fed, you pause on your way home to remind one enfeebled by hard work, tottering with age or pale with a semi-starvation that has lasted for years, that his compensation will come in the hereafter, that the loving angels will care for him, and I wonder if he would not better appreciate the Frenchman's, "By Gar! I pity you two dollar," when

"Some pitied much, some very much,
Some very much indeed,
But not one cent did they bestow
To help the man of need."

"Now is the time and the accepted time," so why could not an unoccupied plot of twenty acres, more or less, be at once looked for and secured, perhaps on the instalment plan, and what more suitable place could be found than the rolling hills back of Oakland, in sight of Lake Merritt and the Camp ground? The land could be bought and buildings erected by contributions from all parts of the state; the needed architects, carpenters, painters, gardeners, etc., should be those of our own faith who need the wages they would thus earn, and there are many things the guests of the Home could do to prevent any feeling of dependence on charity. A carp pond, a vegetable garden, a fruit orchard, berry fields, rows of mulberry trees for feeding silk worms, and numerous other similar things would furnish employment, food, and money.

Would not this be a good time to test some of the much-talked-of co-operative ideas without going away from home to do it? Friends, read the editorial again, and then say, "Amen!—Let's".

Long-felt Wants.

BY G. F. PERKINS.

The above expression has become, to use a boy's phrase, a "chestnut." The birth of newspapers are the result of this "long-felt want."

Some time ago there sprung into existence a reform paper from somewhere in the vicinity of North Beach, San Francisco; its object was to use its influence in favor of the labor movement. Its father had the good sense to head it with the suggestive sentence, "Published for the Good of the Cause and two bits a month."

Reform papers generally start out with

the intention of appealing to charity and the sympathies of people and their loyalty to the "cause." Such are generally short-lived. We see no reason for appealing to the charity of people to support a paper. Everybody knows that a legitimate number of periodicals are necessary. We see no necessity for the customary dissertation every now and then about what "we ought to do," etc. It is the business of any paper to create a demand for itself: It matters not whether it started from a "long-felt want," or from the pocket-book of some enterprising citizen. It matters not if it is, or is not, backed by a great amount of unpaid capital. The secret of its success is that the public *want it*.

If such educators have many years of experience to back them, very good, but do the people want their papers? "that's the question." The public care nothing about the vast amount of labor required to run a paper, nor do they care how much sleep the editor does *not* have during the week. Now and then a journal starts up and creeps slowly along with simply a woman to push it. That's all. It commences with four pages; it talks with the children at first. The *wise men* don't even stop to look at it, but it grows so surely, that we awake to the fact that it really amounts to something and a woman has been pushing it all the while. Some of the editors of these papers have not even a private office to shut themselves in, nor even someone to take care of the baby, but the little paper goes on just the same. The time will come when such enterprising papers will have their private office and library and reading-rooms. Meanwhile don't wait for it to come, but if the paper is worth anything just send a P. O. order for \$2 50, and it will be sent to you. If the paper gets the "cramps" waiting for your name the editor's experience with babies has taught her the remedy for said cramps.

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To introduce the CARRIER DOVE to new readers we will send it every week for four months for fifty cents, free by mail. We consider this a better plan to extend a knowledge of our paper's character and worth than paying exorbitant commissions to canvassers—which, by reducing returns, generally endanger the stability of undertakings that adopt such plans. The above offer does not apply to present subscribers, but we will send the paper to the friends of our subscribers to any addresses furnished us by our present patrons.

This is at the rate of \$1.50 per year. We cannot renew the paper at the same rate to the same parties.

The Freethinkers' Magazine.

Published monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. H. L. Green, editor and publisher, T. B. Wakeman, Associate Editor. Price, 25 cents a single number; 50 cents for three months; \$1.00 for six months; \$2.00 per year.

This is the only *free* magazine published in the world. All questions relating to the interests of humanity are discussed in its columns. All can here have a hearing, *who have something to say and know how to say it*. It is in every respect a first-class publication, and got up in a style that makes it an ornament to any centre-table. The contributors to this MAGAZINE represent every phase of advanced thought. All sides of every important question that *the people* are interested in is here presented by its ablest exponent. The following are the names of some of the distinguished writers who contribute to the columns of this MAGAZINE: Robert G. Ingersoll, Richard A. Proctor, Thomas Davidson, Wm. Emmette Coleman, James M. McCann, Frederick May Holland, Helen H. Gardener, Allen Pringle, J. M. Peebles, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, A. B. Bradford, S. H. Preston, Courtlandt Palmer, Matilda Joselyn Gage, Harry Hoover, J. Wm. Lloyd, Lyman C. Howe, M. M. Trumbull, Susan H. Wixon, Parker Pillsbury and A. L. Rawson.

TESTIMONIALS.

I am greatly pleased with the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, and wish it the greatest success.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Without doubt the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, as now published, is by far the handsomest journal in the Liberal field. No matter how many Liberal papers a Freethinker may be taking, he cannot afford to be without the MAGAZINE.—*C. P. Farrall, Col. Ingersoll's publisher.*

I beg to congratulate you and your readers on the splendid appearance of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE. Nor is the mental part behind the mechanical. It must surely prosper, as it certainly deserves to.—*Allen Pringle.*

I think the MAGAZINE grows better and better with age. I like its liberal spirit. I believe it will live. I shall do all I can to help it. *Judge G. W. Lewis.*

The FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is excellent. Is growing super-excellent. May it live and flourish so long as the world has need of it.—*Parker Pillsbury.*

The FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is the only thing of its kind in the world, and should be taken and read—every word read—by every Liberal in America.—*Moses Hull, in New Thought.*

The MAGAZINE, as published at Buffalo, is a decided improvement over Salamanca's best effort—in fact it is a perfect gem in general appearance and make up.—*Ralph Helm.*

The FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE is a clean, liberal journal, whose editor does not trim his sails to the breeze of any crank who makes war upon society.—*John W. Truesdell.*

I like the spirit manifested by the editor of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE, in allowing all sides a hearing through its columns.—*Clara Watson*

If you are not acquainted with the MAGAZINE send fifty cents for three months on trial.

Address,

H. L. GREEN.

165 Delavan Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editress

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class
Matter.

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, MRS. J. SCHLESINGER,
PUBLISHERS.

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual Workers of the Pacific Coast and elsewhere, and Spirit Pictures by our Artist Mediums. Also, Lectures, Essays, Poems, Spirit Messages, Editorial and Miscellaneous Items. All articles not credited to other sources are written especially for the CARRIER DOVE.

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land.

THE CARRIER DOVE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., OCT. 8, 1887.

On Some Advertisements.

Our esteemed contemporary, *Light*, of London, England, in a recent issue makes some very pointed editorial comments under the above heading upon the advertisements appearing in some American spiritual journals. As the subject is one we have frequently been requested to call the attention of our readers to, we make extracts from the article which so perfectly coincides with our views that it affords us pleasure to find them endorsed by so eminent an authority as *Light*. It has been the aim of the DOVE to exclude from its columns all advertisements of people and businesses that could not be recommended by the proprietors as worthy of the patronage of its readers; hence liquor dealers, cigar and tobacco dealers, frauds and humbugs of all kinds have never found in it a channel for defrauding the people. Our journal is devoted to "Spiritualism and Reform," and as long as that is its aim its columns are *not for sale* to any person for the purpose of robbing the unsuspecting or credulous who might be imposed upon by seeing some ne-

farious business advertised therein. If there are not enough honest people to support our spiritual journals without compelling them to advertise the very evils they are endeavoring to eradicate and suppress; then the editors had better turn their attention to other subjects than Spiritualism, where their preaching and practice will better harmonize. Therefore we commend the following criticism as just and proper, and hope the advice it contains will be heeded, and the noxious weeds of fraud and humbug be eliminated from our spiritual gardens of thought, where should bloom only the fair plants of truth and honesty. Says our contemporary: "We have often thought that some advertisements which appear in papers devoted to Spiritualism are very little credit to the cause. Some of these we do not deal with; their object is gross, open, palpable, and they should not find publicity at any price. But the feverish advertising of the present age has its comic as well as its repulsive side, and the funniest advertisements of all are perhaps to be found in American Spiritualist journals. It is in no unkind spirit—we have no such feeling—that we comment upon some of these. We have carefully excluded all objectionable notices, and on those which we have selected at random, and from which we have excised anything of the nature of a trade advertisement, we venture to make an appeal to our contemporaries. We name none; we blame none. But let us calmly contemplate a very small selection taken from some recent issues of American journals; and let us try to realize the general impression that would be formed by an unprejudiced reader of them. We put it to our friends whether any good can come of such publication except to the advertisers and those who rise to the fly thus unskillfully thrown. * * *

"The following advertisement * * indicates that the loss of the body does not altogether remove a care for the complexion. The 'guides from the angel-world' have got up an 'English face-powder' which seems unnecessary in San Francisco, and which suggests speculation as to the general employment of the alleged 'guides':

"'ENGLISH FACE POWDER.—Beautifies and preserves the complexion. No poisons are employed in its composition, and it can be used freely without injury to the face. The guides from the angel world evolved the idea that a harmless beautifier of the complexion would be a blessing to the world, and it has been placed in all the drug stores of San Francisco, for sale. Price 25 cents per box.'

"But when all has been said 'young Dr. Hammond of New York' carries off the palm. 'He reads your destiny while in a

trance,' the doctor, we presume, not the patient. He is depicted—we greatly regret that we cannot reproduce the very striking portrait—as a young man in a smoking cap, surrounded by most of the heavenly bodies, and in immediate proximity to a globe on which the signs of the zodiac are shown in most disproportionate size. His advertisement winds up with an injunction to 'cut this out.' We have cut it out, and here it is:

"'PRINCE TRANCE CLAIRVOYANT OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.—Born with double veil; seventh son; with the power of any two clairvoyants you ever met; tells your entire life, past, present and future, in a dead trance; every hidden mystery revealed; tells names, business; love and marriage a specialty; unites the separated, and causes speedy and happy marriage with the one you love; genuine Egyptian charms for the unsuccessful; those who are in trouble from any cause are invited to call without delay; challenges the world! Persons will save time and disappointment by consulting this clairvoyant first, before going to others. Reveals everything; fee one dollar and upward.'

"'One dollar and upward' is good. We wonder how far the 'upward' extends. As far, probably, as the gullibility of those 'who are in trouble from any cause,' and who answer the invitation 'to call without delay.'

"We confess to a certain amount of mild amusement at the specimens above quoted; and we are sensible of a more pronounced feeling of something akin to indignation at the discredit so done to a subject that need not invite a heavier weight to bear it down. There will be fools in the world forever, and there will be persons who are *not* fools to prey upon them to the end of time. But Spiritualists need not advertise the game of Fox and Geese as exemplified in such notices as we have quoted, even if they are well paid for so doing. There should be something at the back of our action higher than mercenary consideration, and, if there be not, it may be suggested as worth thinking of whether this sort of thing does really pay

"Much has been done in recent times to purify Spiritualism from its plague-spots. It is the inevitable lot of such a subject that it is beset and infested with those who desire to make an easy living on the frailties of their fellow-creatures. Such persons reckon upon the crankiness of all who believe what the world at large does not yet accept. It should be the constant care of those who have public dealings with such a subject as Spiritualism to show these gentry that they are mistaken."

Next week the DOVE will contain a beautiful poem entitled "Home," from the pen of the gifted Mrs. E. L. Watson.

Mrs. Ada Foye in Chicago.

This wonderful medium, so well and favorably known in this city, is doing a grand work in Chicago, where she has been holding most successful meetings, under the auspices of "The Young People's Progressive Society." A public reception in her honor was given on Friday evening, Sept. 23d, at Avenue Hall, 159 Twenty-second street.

An excellent literary and musical programme was arranged to be followed by a reception and dancing. Col. John C. Bundy made the opening address, to which Mrs. Foye responded. A most delightful social time was had by all present.

Advanced Teachings.

The subject the Controls of Mr. Morse will discuss at the Advanced School of Spiritual Teaching, meeting at this office on Thursday evening next, the 13th inst., will be: "The Soul World—its Hells, Heavens, and Evolutions." Single admission fifty cents. Commence at 8 p. m. All those who desire to hear a subject eloquently presented, logically treated, and consistently adhered to should attend. Vocal and instrumental music by Mrs. Jennie Clark.

J. J. Morse's Next Class.

The next advanced class to be taught by the control of Mr. J. J. Morse, while he is entirely entranced, will assemble at the office of the DOVE, 32 Ellis street, San Francisco, on Friday, October 21st., at 8 p. m. The current advanced class has been intensely interesting, and our parlors have been crowded each evening with a highly satisfied class. We understand the list of subjects for the ensuing class will be issued shortly, and if they are simply equal to the topics now being discussed, they will excel anything of the kind ever known here before. This new class will be Mr. Morse's fourth class since he commenced this form of work in July. The class will consist of seven lessons, and the fee has been fixed at the very generous rate of \$3.00 for the course; single admissions to this and all other classes, 50 cents. Tickets can be had of Mr. Morse, or Mr. M. B. Dodge, at the Temple, or of Dr. Schlesinger, at this office, and as Mr. Morse limits the number to fifty students, early application is necessary to secure seats.

Spiritual Meetings.**METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.**

The morning service at Metropolitan Temple was quite well attended on Sunday last, and a more intellectual looking audience would have been hard to find. The questions submitted to the control of Mr. J. J. Morse were extremely interesting and diversified, and in all cases the replies elicited hearty demonstrations of approval.

In the evening the usual excellent attendance was fully maintained, and a very noticeable spiritual warmth permeated the assembly. The vocal solos by Mrs. L. P. Howell were sung with exquisite taste and feeling, eliciting quite a storm of applause. The organ solos by Sig. S. Arriliga were fully up to the talented professor's best exhibitions.

The control of Mr. Morse continued his lectures upon "Death," treating the audience to an admirably sustained discourse upon "Its need," which was listened to with the closest and keenest attention to its close, the ending of the beautiful peroration being received with a vigorous expression of sympathetic and appreciative applause. On Sunday evening next the lecture on "Death" will be closed with the third one upon "Its Effect Upon the Individual in the World to come." Service commences at 7.45 p. m. The usual question meeting in the morning at 11 o'clock. Admission free to both meetings.

The Children's Lyceum recommenced its sessions immediately after the morning service, with quite a large attendance of the little ones, Mrs. Michener, Assistant Conductor directing, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth leading the singing, Mr. G. F. Perkins presiding at the piano, and Miss Michener as director of calisthenics. The first meeting was quite a success, and the Lyceum will, hereafter assemble in the Temple at 12.30, noon, every Sunday.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The attendance last Sunday afternoon was large and the interest manifested very encouraging to those who are working so unselfishly to make the meetings a success. Mrs. McKinley gave the opening address, followed by the Hon. John Allyn of St. Helena, and Mrs. Sarah A. Harris of Berkeley. Mrs. M. Miller gave some platform tests and symbols which were inter-

esting and satisfactory. Mrs. Rutter, Anna Johnson and Prof. G. F. Perkins each sang some choice musical selections, and Dr. Schlesinger gave sittings in the ante-room, which gave general satisfaction. To-morrow it is expected that Fred Emerson Brooks, the celebrated poet and humorist, will be present and entertain the audience with some of his exquisite recitations.

Chips.

Satire is the best weapon to direct against pretense. To argue with a fool is a waste of time. Folly and fools are good to laugh over.

Portraits of J. J. Morse, price 35 cents, can be had at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. It is a very fine picture—cabinet—by Bushby, of Boston, Mass.

The daily morning prayer of the male Jew in all the ages past, and thousands of thousand times repeated, is, "I thank thee, oh God, for not having created me a woman."

There is nothing consolatory for the patient suffering from a severe cold in the head, to be told that "colds always attack the weakest spot!"—*Salem News*.

Oh, that men and women could realize that they are never alone, that they are surrounded by a "cloud of witnesses," to whom every thought is apparent and every motive revealed.

Begging and borrowing are the sure destroyers of independence. Those resorting to such methods to sustain themselves or their enterprises are made slaves to policy at all times.

Continual striving after higher and better things will gradually bring them nearer to us, until we are filled with their divine presence, even as the sunflower turns its disk towards the sun and absorbs its life-giving rays.

There are moments in the lives of us all when we seem to stand alone so far as human love and sympathy are concerned; moments of isolation from our dearest and best, when in the secret chambers of our own souls we must meet and do battle with the enemy who would destroy us.

A poor woman, coming from a wretched garret in an inland manufacturing town for the first time, to see the seashore, gazing at the ocean said, she was glad for once in her life to see something which there was enough of.

The late Dr. Bethune once asked a morose and miserly man how he was getting along. The man replied: "What business is that of yours?" Said the doctor: "O, sir, I am one of those who take an interest in even the meanest of God's creatures."

A former Oaklander, now living on a ranch in Nevada, engaged in hog raising, writes to a friend saying that he had just returned from A—, where he had gone with a drove of said swine, and was now contemplating writing a book upon the "Spirituality of Hogs."

The entertainment given by the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, for the benefit of Mrs. Ella Wilson, at Father Curtis' hall, Oakland, on Wednesday evening, was a social and financial success. A nice little sum was cleared, which will be a great help to the lady.

Envy and jealousy of another's success can find lodgment only in the breasts of narrow-minded, selfish people, who feel that the "whole world and the fullness thereof" belongs to them, and no one else has a right to any part or parcel of their self-appropriated possessions.

The Children's Lyceum which meets at Metropolitan Temple is well attended and gives promise of good results. What is most needed is devoted, unselfish workers who will gather in the little ones and teach them the grand truths of our beautiful philosophy.

To live in harmony and peace with our fellowmen we must first be in harmony with *ourselves*. An instrument "out of tune" will always give forth discordant sounds, and if we wish life's measures to flow along musically and sweet, we must *keep in tune*, and then no harsh discords will mar our peace and happiness.

The press is a mighty power; it can boom anything or anybody into notice, but only the intrinsic merit of the article or person,

can insure a lasting popularity in either case. We are often asked to "boom" things and people "for a consideration," but always decline. Thus we are under obligations to none, but are ever free to act as we deem the best interests of the cause demands.

The effect on the health of women produced by sixteen hours per day of cooking, dish-washing, sewing, sweeping, baby-tending and numerous other labors that constitute the sum and substance of housekeeping, has never disturbed the digestion or conscience of men. They are concerned about the health of those women only who enter remunerative occupations, or seek for "higher education."—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

There is no love so true and unselfish, no kiss so pure and sweet as that of a little child. Happy indeed is the mother who feels the encircling arms of a darling babe when others seem cold and indifferent. Such childish sympathy and affection will heal wounded hearts, and bring peace and calm to the tempest-tossed soul of woman, when the night may seem utterly dark, hopeless and starless.

Special Notices.

Premium Notice.

We have still quite a number of bound volumes of the CARRIER DOVE for 1886, which will be sent to any address upon receipt of \$2.50, or they will be sent as premiums to those sending us subscribers at the following rates: For three subscribers at \$2.50 each, will be given a cloth bound book; and for four subscribers, an elegant book, full leather binding. These books contain fifty-one full-page engravings of prominent Spiritualists and spirit photographs, also a very valuable collection of biographical sketches, which are a distinctive feature of this journal. Send in your orders at once.

J. J. Morse's Meetings.

J. J. Morse's Sunday services under his engagement with the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of this city are held in Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. Morning for answering questions at 11 o'clock. Evening an inspirational lecture at 7.45 o'clock.

Organist, Sig. S. Arrilliga; vocalist, Mrs. L. P. Howell, late soprano of Dr. Barrows' church. Doors open free to both services. Reserved seats \$1.00 per month, which can be secured from M. B. Dodge Esq., at Metropolitan Temple at every service.

Classes in Physio-Psychological Science are held by Mr. Morse every Monday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock, and at 32 Ellis street, (CARRIER DOVE office,) Thursdays at 8 P. M. Single admissions Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays, fifty cents.

Membership for classes can be secured of Mr. Dodge at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday, or at the class room on the evenings of meeting, or at this office.

J. J. Morse's Classes.

The second class is now meeting at the office of the CARRIER DOVE, 32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, on Mondays and Fridays at 8 P. M. Tickets for this course of twelve lectures, price \$5. Single admissions, fifty cents.

The third or Advanced Course of six lessons, assembles at this office on Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Single admission fifty cents.

Course tickets or single admissions, can be obtained at the class room any Monday, Thursday or Friday evening; or of Mr. M. B. Dodge, Manager of the Temple meetings, every Sunday, or at the office of THE CARRIER DOVE at any time. The first course has been extraordinarily successful.

Communications concerning the classes can also be made direct to Mr. Morse, at 331 Turk Street, San Francisco. July 30, t. f.

EXAMINATIONS AND ADVICE UPON

Life, Health, Mind, Psychological Power, Marriage, and the General Unfoldment of Body, Mind, and Soul,

ARE GIVEN BY

J. J. MORSE, of England,
in accordance with his System of Physio-Psychological Science.

Mr. Morse, by his system of Physio-Psychological science, is able to give personal delineations indicating the mental possibilities; spiritual development, psychic powers, bodily health, and functional capacities of those of either sex, thereby imparting sound, practical advice to all consulting him upon the above matters.

A CHART

Upon an entirely new basis, which contains a systematized statement of the organs,

functions, divisions, attributes and physio-psychological composition of the human being, has been prepared, for the purpose of marking out the relative powers, capacities, characteristics and development of the individual as ascertained by the examiner; thus enabling all to obtain a tabulated statement of great value in all the relations, duties, and engagements of life. This chart will prove of great service in aiding physical, mental, moral, and soul culture. With the chart is included

THE MANUAL

which contains a complete explanation, including a concise description of the divisions of the chart, over eighty in number, and is in all cases given with the personal examinations. It contains the chart above-referred to.

A MARRIAGE TABLE

Is also included, and the advice it presents will prove invaluable to many in the selection of their conjugal companions; the rearing and management of families, and other domestic matters of importance to happiness and morality.

Mr. Morse is quite remarkable as an Inspirational Examiner; often giving very wonderful readings to those consulting him.

For a complete examination marked upon the chart, and including the manual.....	\$ 3 00
Ditto, ditto, with examination and advice written out in full.....	5 00
Examination No. 1 to members of Mr. Morse's Physio-Psychological Science Classes.....	2 00

Examinations at all times, or by appointment, which can be made in advance, either by letter or personally, as below, or at either of Mr. Morse's classes on the evenings of Monday, Thursday, or Friday, in each week, at the office of the CARRIER DOVE. Fees for classes of seven lessons \$3, single lessons admission 50 cents. Mr. Morse's office is 331 Turk street, San Francisco, Cal.

Aug. 27, f. t.

Popular Sunday Evening Lecture.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Arrangements have been made with the liberal lessee of the new Columbia Theatre, on Euclid avenue (Mr. B. C. Hart), for a continuous course of lectures on Spiritualism, designed to reach the general public of this city. The Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., opening the course on Sunday, October 16th, 7:45 P. M., occupying the rostrum three Sundays, followed by Mrs. Ada Foye, of San Francisco, the world-renowned platform test medium, November 6th-13th. Chas. Dawbarn, of New York, one of the ablest and most scientific exponents of Spiritualism, November 20th-27th, and the incomparable J. Frank Baxter, of Boston, during the month of December.

Other announcements later. The profits, if any, to go towards the establishing of a free Spiritual Library and reading room in Cleveland, Thos. Lees, chairman.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, meets every Sunday forenoon in G. A. R. Hall, as usual.

Correspondence.

*Under this head we will insert brief letters of general interest, and reply to our correspondents, on topics or questions within the range of the CARRIER DOVE'S objects. The DOVE does not necessarily endorse the opinions of its correspondents in their letters appearing under this head.

Spiritualism in Florida.

That fine trance speaker, Mr. George P. Colby, has been with us the past week, and gave seven lectures, which could hardly be surpassed by the best speakers in the spiritual ranks. He also held many private test seances, by which many have been convinced of spirit return and communion, who had never seen anything of the phenomena before, also affording an opportunity for believers to get a good talk with their spirit friends.

Mr. Colby is employed by the Southern Spiritualist Association to lecture through the Southern States. The following resolutions passed by the Spiritualists of this place show how we appreciated Mr. Colby and his lectures.

Resolved: That we, the Spiritualists of Crescent City and vicinity, do hereby tender our most heartfelt thanks to Mr. George P. Colby, who has so admirably ministered to us during his short stay among us, and we regret much his departure from our midst, but hope that he may be with us again in the near future, and as he goes from us into new fields of labor, in whatever community he may sojourn, we can heartily recommend him as an excellent spiritual medium, and an honest, truthful and upright citizen.

Resolved: That while we give such heartfelt thanks to this medium we do not forget to offer the same to those angelic guides, who have so grandly spoken through his lips and so ably defended our cause.

Resolved: That much praise is due Dr. E. T. Crossette for the gentlemanly manner in which he has conducted the meetings.

Resolved: That the Southern Spiritualist Association is doing a great and good work in sending out lecturers through the Southern States, and we deem them very fortunate in securing so able and excellent a medium as Mr. George P. Colby.

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be placed in the hands of George P. Colby, and also a copy sent to each of the leading spiritual papers of the country for publication.

A. JOSSELYN, Secretary, pro tem.
CRESCENT CITY, Fla., Sept. 12, 1887.

Our Exchanges.

Friendly Caution, but no Slander.

The Eastern Star, Bangor, Me.

If you see faults in your neighbor and you must tell of them, go right straight to him and enter your complaint. This backbiting business is almost too contemptible to think of. No Spiritualist in the land ought to countenance it for one moment. For our part we have something else to do besides even listening to the idle gossip. "A dog that will bring a bone will carry one away;" that is an old saying but not altogether true, as we have friends that sometimes warn us of those who are trying to injure us.

We all like to know who our friends are, and if they are not what they claim, we wish to drop from their influence into more congenial society, therefore, those who come with an honest heart, for friendship's sake, to inform us of those pseudo-friends, we feel deeply grateful to. Spiritualists, be on your guard against the contemptible traits herein named, and judge not lest you judge from your own reflection.

Unpoetical But True.

Hall's Journal of Health, New York City.

An old New Yorker, who was brought up in hotels and restaurants, and knows all about eating, gave some points to a reporter of *The Sun* the other day, about the way for a man to make friends with his stomach. "There are two big mistakes that almost all persons make," said he. "One is that they don't eat the right things, and the other is that what they do eat they don't eat right. Dyspepsia and indigestion are killing more people than rum ten times over. If the stomach is right the head will be clear. No glutton or dyspeptic can stand up alongside of a man with a sound stomach and a clear head."

"When you got up this morning what did you do? Went off to breakfast and filled yourself, with your nose in the papers and your mind wandering over the earth. You don't know what you ate, or how much or how long it took. For all the good it did you, you might as well have swallowed bacon and corn bread, or turkey and buckwheat cakes, or any other mixture that would take up space in your stomach. Then, while you ate you gulped down ice water and coffee alternately, and when you got through you lit a cigar and went down town, glad you had done part of the work of the day."

"That's not breakfasting. It's loading up your stomach, and it's worse for you than if you hadn't eaten anything. Then you have a headache and feel bad, and grow fat, and wonder why it all is. It's because you don't pay as much attention to your stomach as you do to your office boy. Your stomach takes its revenge by making you wretched."

The Correct Shakspeare Theory.

Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

The renewed attempt to unseat Shakspeare from the throne he has so long occupied among the world's immortals is to be regarded as much in the light of personal ambition as anything else. If it were good, healthy criticism only, that would be one thing; but we cannot see that at best, and if it proved successful, it accomplishes anything for truth or for literature that is to redound to the benefit of either, while it does serve to magnify temporarily the fame of one who evidently counts on achieving a liberal share of it as an iconoclast instead of a commentator.

It is with no purpose of discussing the Donnelly cipher theory, much less of attempting to answer the low personal attacks on the character of Shakspeare, that we now comment on this current controversy. The poet doubtless had many of the weaknesses that are incident to humanity. As for Bacon, we all know of a certainty that he possessed them in full measure. But we desire to approach the subject on its purely inspirational side, which was clearly the commanding one. Years ago, when the Bacon-Shakspeare controversy was started up in the public press, we improved the occasion to inquire through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, of the

BANNER circle, whether Shakspeare was or was not his own author. The answer given was that he was the writer of these plays to a greater extent than any other mortal; *i. e.*, that he was the mortal instrument through which they were given by wise intelligences in spirit-land to the people of earth. The age in which he lived was one in which a new and brighter light broke upon the minds of men. The three great events had occurred in modern history that signalized the dawn of a new day for the human race. The sum and substance of it all is that Shakspeare was a medium, whose rare combination of faculties the higher intelligences were able to inspire. That little or nothing is personally known of him is only calculated to strengthen this belief.

Solid Sense.

Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.

A skeptical world gives the Spiritualists' best proven statements but small credence. True, it is most convincing to have some personal experience and knowledge, but this one can have touching but a small part of what is readily accepted in other matters. Take, for instance, the undulatory theory of light, everybody believes it, but not one in a hundred thousand has ever witnessed any experiments to prove it. So of evolution, which is winning wide acceptance, as it should, yet of which the multitude know little or nothing by actual and personal observation. How do they know? By reading the books and hearing the lectures of a small company of scientific men, by accepting the testimony of Darwin and Huxley, Tyn dall, Wallace and others. All this is second hand evidence and is held worthy of credence as "the consensus of the competent," and on this a great and growing company of intelligent people build their faith. They do not build on sandy foundations, and we surely do not wish to detract from the just merits of these men. It only seems that too ready and implicit faith is placed in their conclusions, although they would not claim that their methods were perfect or that they had reached the final bourn of research and discovery.

But why yield these men such ready credence and still be so skeptical in regard to the testimony of Spiritualists? Why, for instance, accept the verdict of the Seybert Commission, and dismiss that of Wallace and Hare, Zöllner and Crookes and others, given after investigations tenfold more thorough and extended, and conducted in a far more impartial and truly scientific spirit? Have not Spiritualists their "consensus of the competent," as strong as any others? Nothing in the whole wide range of science has a greater array of evidence than this supreme fact of spirit return—of the real presence of people from the life beyond, members of that innumerable company of the blessed immortals who have "shuffled off this mortal coil" and are clothed in spiritual bodies, and have the larger powers which are but in germ here and expand "over there."

Independent Slate Writing.

Franklin County Reformer, Greenfield, Mass.

[Dr. Joseph Beals, the many years president of the New England Spiritual Camp-meeting Association, at Lake Pleasant, Mass., contributes the following facts in a lengthy letter to our above named Eastern contemporary. Ed. C. D.]

Now, in regard to "Independent Slate Writing," I will mention just a few cases that came under my own observation. Although I am not a professor in any institution of learning, I do profess to have a modicum of common sense and as well capable of judging plain facts as any scientific men who have so strenuously opposed facts that have since been not only established, but accepted the world over. The first seance I had with Chas. E. Watkins was in this town I think, in June, 1877. He was stopping at the American House. I procured two slates, took them to my office, washed them clean, put a small bit of slate pencil between them and then with two screws one on each side, screwed them tight together. I carried them to the American House; about 10:30 in the forenoon we sat down to a table and I produced my slates—understand this was the first time the

Medium Watkins had ever seen these slates. He sat one side of the table and I the other; we both took hold of the slates holding them above the table. Soon I heard the sound of writing; when that ceased I took the slates, and Watkins went and threw himself down on a lounge. With my knife blade I turned back the screws and found these words written:

"JOSEPH BEALS,
H. H. BEALS,
MRS. A. W. SLADE, ♀
We are all here."

The names of my father and brother—Mrs. Slade was an acquaintance. Again the same year, Watkins gave a public exhibition of Independent Slate Writing from the speakers' stand at Lake Pleasant, in the presence of at least five or six thousand people. I was with Watkins when the slates were bought at the book stand. I saw the paper put around them, and tied with a string. Watkins did not handle them at all. I took them and they remained in my possession until the close of the afternoon lecture, when Watkins came upon the platform. A committee of three skeptics were chosen from the audience, to come upon the platform and watch the proceedings. I then handed them the slates; they had not been taken out of the paper or handled by any one. The names of these parties were: Eben Ripley, Daniel D. Wiley of the Boston Custom House and F. L. Sargent. They took the wrapper from the slates and carefully examined them, and publicly declared they were new slates, and there was no writing on them. A small bit of slate pencil was dropped on one of the slates, the other put top of it; the committee held on to one end and Watkins the other, all clasping the two slates. Soon, to the astonishment of all the committee, they heard writing between the slates; when it ceased the committee took the slates and upon removing the top one found forty-seven words written, filling three-fourths of the slate. The committee read the communication to the audience, and stated that although they could not understand how it was done, they could not see how any fraud or trickery could have been practiced in the writing. At my request they signed their names on the other fourth part of the slate. I have those slates in my possession to-day.

Mrs. Sawyer, wife of the Mayor of Lincoln, was recently admitted to the bar of Nebraska.

A lady living near Nyack, N. Y., has an Angora goat farm, which is proving very profitable.

Mrs. Myra Bradwell has for the eighteenth year prepared for publication the session laws of Illinois.

Ida Lewis is the only woman in the world who holds the position of keeper of a light-house by government appointment.

Miss Ada Lee an attorney in Port Huron, Mich., has held the office of circuit court commissioner for three years. She is only twenty-three years of age.

One of the most successful breeders of fine horses in Colorado is Mrs. Annie D. Clopper. Her yearly sales are attended by purchasers from all parts of the West.

"My boy, I'm sorry to see you flying your kite on the Sabbath day." The boy—"Why it's made out of the *Christian Weekly* and got a tail of tracts!"—*Puck*.

A Rochester baby with two tongues has come to stay. It is a girl of course. A boy would have been satisfied with an extra row of teeth.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Those who are denounced as having no religion are sometimes the most religious; and the opprobrious epithet of infidel has almost become a synonym for religious fidelity to honest conviction.

And as man rises up and he cares more for the men who are beneath him, the weak and lowly, we recognize the greatest man is the one who has the profoundest sympathy for the poor, the bad, the unfortunate.

At a church fair, a lady offered the plate to a wealthy man, well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing to give," was his surly reply. "Then take something," she replied; "I am begging for the poor."

The authorities of the Inner Temple—the guild of the English bar—celebrated the jubilee of the Queen's accession by removing the restrictions which now prevent women from being recognized in the legal profession.

He who ceases to do evil and learns to do well has experienced real conversion and is baptized with a saving baptism; but the soul that conceives only evil and teaches the hand to practice iniquity—not all the waters of the ocean can wash clean.

The shoe pinches when it is on the other foot. A man in Lafayette, Ind., recently obtained a divorce from his wife on the ground that she used tobacco. It is strange that as nice as woman are they can endure nuisances that men will not put up with for a minute.

There is no compensation for the woman who feels that the chief relation of her life has been no more than a mistake. She has lost her crown. The deepest secret of human blessedness has half whispered itself to her, and then forever passed her by.—Geo. Eliot.

The ignorance of heathen is amazing. A Chippewa chief says: "A woman can carry or haul as much as two men can." When he learns to read he will find that women have not enough strength to endure a higher education, or drop a slip of paper containing a few names into a box.

Parishioner—"I am sorry, but I can't pay my pew rent this quarter." Clergyman—"I am very sorry, too, Mr. Jones. I presume you lost your money gambling in stocks?"—"No."—"Then in speculating in oil?"—"No. The fact is, I attended your church fair the other evening, and got roped into a lottery."

Mrs. Agnew and Miss Dodge, the two women members of the New York School Board, pay particular attention to the sanitary condition of the schools, and to all matters relating to the comfort of the buildings. They notice little defects which escape the attention of men. The janitors are said to be dismayed when asked to show the cellars.