



ALFRED KITSON

The Carrier Dove.

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

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The Progressive Lyceum.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

WHAT IS IT?

BY ALFRED KITSON, OF BATLEY, YORKSHIRE,
ENGLAND.

This may very properly be designated a new term, coined to represent a new system of Sunday-School training. What this system is; its origin, basis and plan; and why Spiritualists in general, and parents in particular, should give it their hearty support, it will be my effort to elucidate.

We wish to deal with the latter clause first, in order to pave the way to what is to follow.

WHY SPIRITUALISTS IN GENERAL, AND PARENTS IN PARTICULAR, SHOULD GIVE THE LYCEUM THEIR HEARTY SUPPORT.

"A child is the repository of infinite possibilities," says Mr. A. J. Davis, the spiritual philosopher. And most truly, that reformation is the greatest which lays its foundation in the minds and affections of the young and rising generation. The impressions received during the tender, susceptible years of infancy, become the most indelibly imprinted upon the constitution. Let the mind grow and expand in its mental capacity, and become trained to the accurate observation of the phenomena of nature as it may; let it use its reasoning faculties to sift truth from error, fact from supposition, reality from fancy, yet on the occurrence of certain incidents which in infancy it was taught to regard as ill omens, it will, to a certain degree, be subject to an awakening of the emotions of dread and fear of some indefinable, impending danger which it remembers as appertaining to these incidents when occurring in its tender, confiding years of infancy. We will give a case or two in point. It is an early impression of ours that to spill salt before noon was an ill omen. Consequently, whenever such an incident befell us we were filled with the fear of impending evil, or that an indefinable calamity was about to befall us. And to-day although we place not the slightest reliance in it, being more inclined to treat it as a childish fancy than in sober earnestness, yet we prefer to spill the salt after rather than before noon, as we find an interior satisfaction arising therefrom—a sense that the

incident is of no consequence. Again, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Peebles* refers to the early impression that to first behold the new moon over the left shoulder was an ill omen. And to-day, after having lived to a good old age, and he has proved many things to be but mere supposition and fancy, which in infancy he was assured were realities, and this among the rest, yet he confesses that such is the power of those early impressions that he still prefers to first behold the moon over the right shoulder, as there is an interior satisfaction arising from the incident. I have no doubt that each of my readers could give corroborative incidents from their own experience.

The same law of impressibility holds good with regard to religious impressions.

There is a class of individuals within the Spiritualistic body who, while they are fully convinced as to the genuineness of spirit communion, and the fact of the immortal existence of the soul, and notwithstanding the united testimony of the immortals as to the state and condition of the great Beyond, and the influence our earth-life has thereon, yet they fail to shake off the influence of their theological training, and in order to make certainty doubly sure, they wish to retain their theology in one hand, and spirit communion in the other, and give to the world an amalgamation of the two in the form of "Christian Spiritualism." It is the old story over again, that of striving to put new wine into old bottles. But all such efforts are futile, and only end in disaster. Such is the impressibility of human nature.

The ecclesiastical fraternity being fully cognizant of this fact have ever sought to have the superintending and training of the young and rising generation committed to their care. One of them has expressed himself to this effect: "Give me the young and rising generation to train and educate, and I care not who takes the adults when I have laid the foundation."

Why this earnest desire to have the young under their tuition? Because it is from these that their ranks are being continually recruited. It is those who have received their ideas of life and its duties, of man's moral nature and obligations, who have become thoroughly imbued with the pernicious influence of man-made creeds and dogmas

*The Rev. Dr. J. M. Peebles' recent return into the Episcopalian church is a still more painful illustration of the power of early impressions, and ought to be a warning to those who are indifferent respecting the training of the young.

respecting both this life and the next, who are the bigots of the nineteenth century, and who oppose all works of reform not allowed for in their particular tenets. They would make man into a purely church and chapel-going individual while on earth, and at death give him a passport to a golden heaven, with pearly gates, there to sit and sing hosannas, and wave palm branches before the throne of a despotic and vindictive God, who loved Jacob and hated Esau, and who declares He will have mercy on whom He will. And if one has the temerity to question the validity of their doctrines they will brand him as an heretic, while on earth, and at death consign him to the region of eternal torture.

Seeing, then, how important are early impressions, and what a vital influence they exert over the mind through life for weal or woe, it behooves all parents, guardians, and friends of progress to save their children from the blighting and pernicious effects of erroneous teachings.

And, friends, Spiritualists, you know from sad experience that the teachings inculcated in the Sunday School are erroneous, are misleading, are bigot-creating and soul-blighting in a high degree. You know that the aspirations of the soul are continually nullified and crushed with the injunction "Seek not to become wise above that which is written, for God in His own time will reveal all unto thee!" The priesthood has ever been the enemy of progress and the spread of knowledge. They are painfully aware that they have built on a sandy foundation, and their only safety is in ignorance and blind obedience to their faith and teachings. They dread the result of honest inquiry and unbiased reason.

There is this important difference between the positions of Spiritualists and Christians: The latter *believe*, require faith in the states and conditions of the departed, and how eternal happiness is to be obtained; while the former *know*, have demonstrative evidence of the immortality of the soul, and they have the united testimony of those who have proved the great secret of life as to what is the state and condition of the departed, and how happiness there is to be secured. And they know that the suppositions of the Christians are not correct, are not reliable. They know there is no vicarious atonement, but as we sow here, so shall we have to reap there, even if we are successful in evading the laws of the land here, there is no possibility

of evading eternal and unerring justice there. They know there is no angry God, and still more terrible Devil ready to dip the poor wretches who fall into his clutches into his seething caldron of brimstone. But that there is a Father of love too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, who will ultimately draw every prodigal, cleansed and purified, back to him.

Being fully cognizant of this, and preferring truth from fiction, and reality from fancy, we no longer go to hear those dismal and horrifying doctrines meted out to us in doleful measure, but seek the blessed angel light and guidance direct from their immortal world. But while we are being blessed so abundantly, we come under a moral obligation to bless others, and everywhere around us are the little ones; our offspring, seeking an earthly experience to prepare them for a brighter and fairer worlds and homes. What shall we do with them?

Shall we send them to those schools to have instilled into their young, sensitive minds the pernicious influence of the doctrines we so much deplore? No, most assuredly not. For thereby we should prove ourselves unworthy of being the recipients of heaven's divine truth and love.

I am fully conscious that there is a class of Spiritualists whose attitude towards this subject is analogous to the conduct of the poor old farmer's wife. She, poor old lady, went into the fields to share his labor with him, and as the day wore on, both of them became benumbed with cold, and faint with labor. In this miserable plight she proposed returning home to warm her wasted form, and then return with some refreshment for him, for *she felt* he greatly needed it. Accordingly she returns home, lights the fire, makes her tea, and after she had enjoyed its comforting influence, and appeased the gnawings of hunger with a crust of bread, and had got nice and warm, she felt so cosy, happy and comfortable, that she did not feel as if her poor, old man, out in the cold, bleak day, needed anything!

But such Spiritualists as these are of a questionable quality. If they are happy and comfortable, and enjoying the warmth of angelic love; if they are being fed with the bread of life, and refreshed with its living waters,—they do not feel they need to trouble about the spiritual happiness and welfare of the little ones. They live in a fool's paradise, and foolishly imagine that because it is well with them, the world is happy and joyous, and well provided for. But where much is given, much is required, and to all we would say:

"If among the older people
You may not be apt to teach,
Feed my little ones, says the Father,
Place the food within their reach.
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your treasures
When you reach the Summer land."

ITS ORIGIN.

Clairvoyance and clairaudience have proved that the human soul is not entirely dependent on the physical organs of sense in order to see and hear. These two supersensuous faculties show that there are higher states and conditions of life, which the eye and ear fail to cognize. And it has also become an established fact that the soul can, under certain conditions, withdraw itself from its temple, the body, and travel consciously to distant and even foreign countries, and on awaking to physical consciousness recall its experiences which it has had in the superior state of being. But facts carry us a step further, and prove that the soul is not confined to this mundane world, but it can and often does visit the spirit world, and in these visits learns much of its nature and conditions, its institutions and governments.

Mr. A. J. Davis is one of those rare individuals who can on certain occasions assume the superior state, and in spirit visit distant places, both mundane and supramundane. In his journeyings he frequently visited those associations where the little ones are assembled and that which belongs to every soul to know, and noticing their methods of teaching, and being struck with their simplicity and efficacy, he sought to establish similar systems of training and education here on earth, which should be something more than the ordinary Sunday school. In these new Sunday schools they should be taught such sciences as were deemed necessary to an intelligent and harmonial life on earth. Hence the appropriateness of the term the "Children's Progressive Lyceum." So that we have the plan of heaven to help us to frame the constitution of our Lyceums.

Yes, the plan of heaven! For, think not, dear readers, that your little ones, the darlings of the household, whether regenerated or unregenerated, are at death consigned to the fiery regions, known as the "hell of the infants," which a certain class of Christians would have you believe. How can they merit such a fate? Even Jesus said of these, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of *such* is the kingdom of heaven." Nor are they allowed to remain in ignorance. True, they are innocent, pure and without blemish, but their innocency is that of ignorance. They have done no wrong, morally, because they were incapable of judging of right and wrong. And what is required in the spirit-world is innocency born of goodness, wisdom and integrity. And as the development of the divine nature of the child must be effected, if not on earth then in the spirit world. Think not, you mothers, whose nature is love almost personified, that the little babes you once cherished as your dearest treasures on earth, and pressed to your bosom in rapturous embrace, and had them snatched therefrom by the cold hand of death, and with weary feet, bent form, tearful eyes, and

aching heart you followed the mortal form to the cold, damp grave, and your heart was nigh to bursting its bonds as you heard the doleful sentence, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes and dust to dust," and the rattle of the earth as it was scattered on the coffin lid, think not that they are lost to you, or uncared for in God's divine plan of life. No, think you that if you survive them twenty or thirty years or more, that you will find them the little helpless babes you last knew them. We would have you learn that death so-called does not arrest the development of the spirit-body of your child, or the unfolding and maturing of its divine nature. Your little ones in heaven continue to grow until they have attained their full stature, and if your lives have being sufficiently good and true to your highest perceptions of right and equity, you will on entering the spirit-world behold them as bright, radiant, angelic beings, but *minus* the wings; and you will also find that they are conversant with much of your earth life; its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, its trials and triumphs. When you little think it these little ones are often by your side, brought there by their loving angel-guardians to keep up the ties of filial love and affections.

Oh! friends, let this knowledge that your little ones can and do visit you in your hours of care and sorrow, that they often entwine their little arms around your neck as was their wont, give you strength to bear up and check the rising storm of passion and angry words ere they are uttered. Bethink you ere it is too late that if you allow those outbursts of passion to have full vent they may be the means of driving from your side those bright little forms you have mourned as lost. And you thus having placed a temporary barrier between them and you their wise guardians must either take them from your presence, or withdraw them to a safe distance, in order that the evil influence you thus unwittingly draw around you may not contaminate their pure lives, and stand and watch with deep pity depicted on their otherwise joyous faces.

"For when the house is full of din,
And doubt beside the portals wait,
They can but listen at the gate
And hear the household din within."

But to return to their system of instruction. We learn they are instructed, for the most part, orally. They are taught to be kind, generous, truthful, honest and loving, and that our greatest source of happiness is in laboring to bless others and make them happy. And that the greatest source of misery, woe and sorrow is selfishness. Their own actions bear their fruit, good or bad, immediately. If those newly admitted into these associations who have still the taint of earth upon them, are tempted to prevaricate, utter an untruth, act unkindly or selfishly, the fact is instantly made manifest by their spirit dress assuming a dirty appearance, causing them to feel out of harmony with

their surroundings. This dirty appearance becomes more marked and intolerable if they strike one of their companions. All this is very strange to the child of earth who may have indulged its passions and selfish nature. But the natural effect of their selfishness is a severe lesson, and combined with the wise and gentle admonitions of their teachers, soon works the desired change, and helps them to do as they would others should do unto them. Nor can their purity of dress, and harmony of nature be restored until they have solicited and obtained pardon from the one they have wronged. This is a moral law and holds good with infants and adults alike. But if they are checked in their selfishness by the evil being made apparent on their dress, person and surroundings, they are also encouraged in acts of kindness and love by the same law. Every effort to bless and make others happy rather than self tends to make their form and dress more pure and white, and increase the harmony of their surroundings.

Mr. A. J. Davis informs us that they have lessons in music, poetry and the various sciences. They have their recreations, or more correctly speaking the method of instruction is arranged so as to be a recreation in itself, never wearying, but always fresh and entertaining. They are taken on errands of love and kindness, and shown how to influence boys and girls, men and women, to kind acts and deeds. They have beautiful and happy marches. Mr. Davis tells us these marches are made the instrument of illustrating those lessons, which from their very nature call for illustration, in order for their minds to fully comprehend them. Thus if they desire to teach the order, and working of the solar system, their marches will be arranged and conducted so as to represent the planets as they move in their orbits. That of our solar system would be something like this. There would be an august, reverential, and wise spirit to represent the sun, as the ruler and controller of the whole system. Then a minor group would march round this centre to represent the orbit of the planet Mercury.

Outside of this another and more advanced group to represent our earth and its orbit, with a minor group marching around it to represent the earth's satellite, the moon. And so on until all the planets and their satellites of the solar system were represented in that grand march of worlds which is truly sublime in its conception.

Mr. Davis further informs us that these children can be so grouped, classified and arranged as to illustrate almost any conception of art, poetry, music or the principles of the sciences

Thus we have been able to glean from our private circles and Mr. Davis something of the simplicity, beauty and grandeur of the methods of education carried on under the able management of spirit men and women

who are mighty in wisdom and power, and well versed in the truths and principles of life and nature.

We feel truly grateful to the angel world, Brother Davis and all those who have been instrumental in revealing these truths down to the inhabitants of earth; and our gratitude takes upon itself the practical phase of advocating and assisting in establishing these Lyceums wherever we find Spiritualists sufficiently in earnest to be consistent with the truths and principles given them from on high through Spiritualism.

(Concluded next week.)

Original Poem.

What Must We do to be Saved.

EMMA TRAIN.

Lo! the wrong is abroad in our land,
We meet with it day after day,
And we feel the grim touch of its hand
Wherever our footsteps doth stray;
Then we see like a wonderful scroll
The victims its power hath enslaved,
And we cry from the depths of our soul
"O, what must we do to be saved?"

The red banner of war is afloat
Yet filling the world with its fear,
Though its thunders to-day are remote,
'To-morrow the sound may be near.
On the flag of our nation's great life,
There still is the terror engraved.
Who can tell when may open the strife?
"O, what must we do to be saved?"

Vile intemperance ever we meet,
A powerful, unwelcome guest;
While the dram shop holds sway on the street
E'er claiming the truest and best.
Our asylums and prisons are filled
With those that this curse has depraved,
Yet the poison so rank is distilled.
"O, what must we do to be saved?"

By the ballot box ignorance stands,
And loftily helps make our laws,
While the holiest womanly hands
Are bidden afar off to pause.
E'en the vicious and low have a word
Where purity should be engraved,
And the wisest are often unheard.
"O, what must we do to be saved?"

Tell us where is the Saviour divine
With wonderful, heavenly grace
Who shall build here on earth the glad shrine
And give to the worthy its place?
Lo! the paths are made straighter each year,
The way yet more fully is paved,
Soon the kingdom of truth will appear,
And we shall forever be saved.

Angel ministrants whisper to-day,
From lands of perennial spring,
Of a time when the right shall have sway,
And brotherly love shall be king.
Even now comes the jubilant chime;
The truth shall no more be enslaved;
All hail to the sweet coming time,
When we shall forever be saved.

If you want to have a man for a friend never get the ill-will of his wife. Public opinion is made up of the average prejudices of womankind.

Original Contributions.

SCIENTIFIC SCIOLISM EXEMPLIFIED.

A Cleveland "Daniel Come to Judgment!"

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

How often it is that we see good, well-meaning persons discuss in the public press, or in books, subjects upon which their knowledge is meagre,—subjects with which they are unqualified to deal. Incompetent persons often undertake to give dogmatic opinions upon complicated and abstruse matters, philosophic and scientific, requiring for their solution careful, painstaking research and inquiry,—persons with but a mere smattering of knowledge upon the subjects treated, and sometimes destitute of even that. All such foolhardy procedures as these deserve to be fittingly rebuked. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*,—"the shoemaker should not venture beyond his last,"—is a trite and pithy apothegm; and its consideration should be recommended to all persons venturing beyond their bounds in scientific or scholastic discussions.

A notable instance of this rash promulgation of scientific sciolism is found in an article entitled "Darwinism and Evolution," published by a Spiritualist of Cleveland, Ohio. In the said article the writer asserts that an immense amount of time, talent, ink, type, and paper is being wasted upon the above-named subject (sic) to no earthly purpose or benefit to mankind whatever; that he regards the theory of the evolution of man from the lower animals as an insult to common sense, and absolutely destitute of any claims to a respectful consideration; that only when we know the origin of matter will we know the origin of man; that no one knows or can know aught upon the subject; that, however, *spontaneous generation* is the clew to the secret of the origin of man and of all other species of animals and plants; that innumerable thousands of spontaneous productions of insects and reptiles are constantly occurring under our observation; and that the germs of all living beings were eternally inherent in matter, and, under appropriate conditions, they were all spontaneously produced from original matter.

The readers of this article must have been immensely, not to say woefully, edified by the scintillant words of wisdom contained in the Socratic utterances of this Cleveland philosopher upon the "subject" of "Darwinism and Evolution." (*Par parenthese*, it may be remarked that the scientific world has hitherto deemed Darwinism and Evolution as two different subjects; but now we know that the two, though connected by the copulative conjunction *and*, are but one "subject." Glittering pearls of glistening sheen begem each precious line of said article; rich nug-

gets—nay, not nuggets, but chunks, huge, solid chunks—of golden truth gleam and sparkle in each curve of its every letter.

After a labored and careful perusal of this latest addition to Darwinian polemics, we are irresistably compelled to recognize in it the hand of a *mustodon* thinker,—yea, rather of the *megatherium* of thinkers, *savants*, wiseacres! With a mere flourish of his scholastic pen he annihilates the work of centuries' persistent, arduous growth,—the results of the labors of scholars, sages, scientists, schoolmen, philosophers, all, all, overthrown "at one fell swoop!" Verily do we perceive in this half-column production the master-work of an encyclopedical pantologist,—in very truth, that of a noble pantarch, relegating into dim obscurity the crewhile brilliant refulgence of the Alwatoico-Universological Stephen Pearl Andrews of polysyllabical, unismal, duismal, trinismal,—and altogether dismal,—fame. In sooth, "A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!"

We know that a feeble mentality like Herbert Spencer has set bounds to the acquisition of human knowledge, positing the realm of the Absolute, the sphere of Unconditioned Existence, the Infinite Reality underlying all phenomenal causation, as the *Unknowable*, now and forevermore. But he, even he, essayed not to postulate that far more momentous and inscrutable mystery—as this writer seems to regard it—of the Origin of Species on this little planet as utterly irresolvable,—forever beyond the grasp of the human intellect. No, Spencer, sorrowfully and sadly be it said,—Spencer failed to include the genesis of species in the Unknowable; but a doughty warrior in biologic strife—in evolutionary combat—has valiantly filled the breach left by the Synthetic Philosopher. The Cleveland sage "rushes in where" Spencer "fears to tread."

Here have I been toiling and mulling for years in the study of the problems of Darwinism and Evolution, writing and speaking at length upon these subjects, endeavoring, as I hoped, to throw some few fitful gleams of light at least upon the mighty problems of racial and special derivation; here have I been wasting the midnight oil (kerosine) o'er the dreams of sages,—dreams, indeed, I now perceive,—searching after scientific light, rummaging the archives of knowledge given us by England, France, Germany, Nova Zembla, and Kamschatka; but, most unfortunately, ay, disastrously, as it appears, I entirely overlooked the full glare of the dazzling blaze of the supra-auroral transplendency illuming Cleveland's favored purlieus! Woe, woe is me! "Love's labors lost," has it truly been! O, Fate, Fate, thou art indeed unkind! Oh, why was I not warned of this by some guardian guide! Why did not some blessed spirit from Aidenn's vernal meads whisper in my ear, "Desist! Refrain! Seek not to attain the unattainable! Strive not to peer into the penetralia of the Unknowable!

Go to Cleveland, sit at the gate, and learn wisdom from the lips of that city's gifted seer, for from him and him alone can light and truth be gathered,—can common-sense perspicaciousness be obtained?" And, even if all wisdom-inspiring saints in the heavenly spheres were so busily engaged in ministering to the intellectual needs of the Cleveland luminary, as to be unable to spare a moment's time therefrom to vouchsafe me a word of warning, why did they not delegate some elementary spirit—some human, non-immortal astral, some wandering "shell"—to bear "the word of promise to my ear?" or, in case they were non-available as Mercurial messengers, why, O why, O why, and O why again, did not a poor elemental deign to warn me of my rash endeavor? Yes, even an elemental, be it gnome, sylph, undine, salamander, kobold, or mermaid (sylphs preferred, however), beings possessed of less than human knowledge, but more than human wisdom,—even one of these airy sprites would have been doubly welcome, had he, she, it, (it most likely), breathed in my ever-intent ear some whispered caution as to the futility of my Darwinian and evolutionary investigations and dissertations. But, alas! alone was I left to grope my way as best I could, with only such glimmering, crepuscular *ignes fatui* as Darwin, Wallace, Davis, Tuttle, King, Spencer, and Huxley, mere farthing rushlights, penny dips, in comparison with the coruscating Central Sun irradiating the awful profundity and the incognoseible erudition of the Cleveland half column!

Albeit it is a "waste of time and talent, of ink, paper, and type," to descant upon the impenetrable mystery in point; although by no efforts, mundane, supramundane, or submundane, can we ever hope to fathom the inexplicable maze in which is enwrapped the origin of species,—yet such trifles appal neither the pen nor the brain of the Ohio sciento-philosopher. Though it would well be a waste of talent in others (that is, if any others have any, which is dubious, Cleveland having apparently monopolized it all); though no other mind can ever hope to pierce the midnight gloom, the worse than Stygian night, in which the subject lies involved,—yet, lo and behold! it yields its transcendent *arcana*, it gives up its unknowable knowledge, at once and without a struggle, to our intrepid Buckeye brother! Ah! at last the dread secret is unearthed! The Saitic Isis is unveiled; but not, as has been claimed, by the crudite masculino-feminine Slavonic Theosoph, late of Madras, but now resident in London! *Parturiunt montes nascetur mus exiguus et ridiculus!* (The mountains were in labor, and gave birth to a small and ridiculous mouse.) In two words the whole is solved. SPONTANEOUS GENERATION is the key to all! Eureka! Eureka! now we cry.

The researches of such paltry physicists and biologists as Pasteur, Tyndall, and Bastian are nothing to our modern "Daniel;"

in fact, we doubt if his gigantic wisdom would deign to burden itself with the useless knowledge, that any investigations of the subject of spontaneous generation had ever been instituted by such petty thinkers and insignificant students of nature as the above-named smatterers in science. For do not they busy themselves in the matter of the spontaneous production of such trifling organisms as animalcular *infusoria*? while he, not allowing himself to be fettered with "such small deer," announces, with a great flourish of trumpets, the flaming discovery hitherto unknown to science and derisively scouted by every scientist in the world, that there are "innumerable spontaneous productions" on the earth constantly occurring; such as worms in flour, angle worms in the soil, wood-worms in trees, and "thousands of other insects and reptiles (?)." The comprehensive sweep of our brother's all-embracing scientific knowledge is at once discernable, when we consider the above. *Mirabile dictum!* "Innumerable," "thousands," of complex animal forms all spontaneously evolved! Pasteur, cease at once your biological researches! Tyndall, Bastian, and Co., forbear forever your microscopic and infinitesimal gropings after light! The question of spontaneous generation is settled, conclusively, decisively, irrevocably, eternally! Spencer, burn your books, and desist from further presentation of philosophical vagaries! Wallace and Huxley, "hide your diminished heads," and creep into unknown graves, "unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung!" Henceforth, Cleveland shall be the Mecca of all scientific pilgrims. As Socrates in the grove and in the Lyceum, as Plato in the Academy, and as Epicurus in the School, were surrounded by wrapt listeners to their eloquent wisdom, so will the Portico of the Cleveland *savant* be the resort of scientists and scholars, sages and *illuminees*; hanging with enraptured attention upon the glowing, burning words of light and life, the sublime scientificness, and the piquant laconisms of America's mental prodigy, of Ohio's incomparable sciolist!

In him we behold the thorough vindication of Re-incarnation's mystic verities. Not alone in him is Pythagoras rehabilitated in fleshly garb, but, likewise, Aristotle, Solomon, Buddha, Confucius, the mythical beloved John, Bacon, Newton, and P. B. Randolph, all, all, conjoined and conglomerated into one vast, deep, exhaustive mind, omniscient in its ken, all-penetrating in its scope. Most truthfully can he exclaim,—

"I am Sir Oracle,

And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"

From this master-mind we learn that the germs of the human race were (and I suppose are) wrapped up in the soil of our earth; that, as worms and insects spring up now a days from dirt and wood, so man emerged from——what? The soil, I presume, like mushrooms and cabbage-heads, fit type of

many of the present-day would-be-wise ones; assisted, perhaps, in their evolution by the "proper conditions" in the shape of putrescent monkeys and chimpanzees enriching the soil and vitalizing the human germs therein embedded. This being true, my poor weak brain would fain enquire if there are innumerable hosts of insects and reptiles *now* being constantly produced by spontaneous generation, and if man is thus produced, why do we not behold men, women, and children (infants in arms included) springing up out of the ground all around us,—the law of spontaneous generation, we see, still holding good? Suppose our good brother should try his hand at a little spontaneous generation of man,—give us a specimen of his powers in that direction. Of course, such an exhibition is not needed to enhance the already lustrous glory of the gairish diadematic coronet now encircling his laurel-wreathed brow. Nothing can add to his all-surpassing fame; yet, for the satisfaction of us poor plodding Darwinians, us clods of the earth, us descendants of animal ancestors, whose truths and facts, though securely established by science, are "an insult to common sense, and absolutely destitute of any claims to a respectful consideration,"—*which expression, by the way, is aptly descriptive of the communication in which it appears*,—for our edification and delectation, he might take pity on us and favor us with a wee-bit specimen of human spontaneity of production. Tearfully, prayerfully, beseechingly, do I implore, entreat, beg of him to grant us this one small boon; ere we regretfully and despondently deposit all our science, all our philosophy, all our Spiritual revelations from the Bright Beyond, at the feet of the Ohioan Nestor, and, renouncing eternally all our former errors, scientific, philosophic, and Spiritual, sorrowfully confessing the Cimmerian—or rather the Egyptian—darkness in which we have hitherto been enfolded, depart from his august and sapience-engendering presence sadder yet wiser men and women. *Sic transit gloria evolutionis et Darwinismi!*

Once a donkey kicked a lion; the lion was alive! And—

Harmony, Love, Law.

BY A. F. MELCHER.

As life in the universe is an effect of love—the coalition of positive and negative conditions in harmonious vibration, so love is an effect of life—a condition reached by man when the positive and negative conditions of his being attain a harmonious vibration with each other, and which state is generally known as the love-condition.

To reach this state, man must unfold in soul nature until the same has attained equal proportions with his animal or material nature—proportions in this respect signifying force, motion, activity or energy, and represents bulk when compared with matter

Matter in its natural state is atomic; force or motion, etc. is intelligent or non-dimensional, and thus enable to govern or control matter. Spirit or magnetism in its purified state is fluidic,—being a compromise entity between the two, and therefore neither intelligent like force, nor inert like matter, but sensuous instead,—and constitutes the principle which lends sensation or sensibility to animalized matter; and is the medium or agent through which intelligence or force (law) is enabled to act on matter, shape it, control it or develop it into suns, planets, vegetable, animal and human forms, and thereby individualizing itself for a positive effect,—true love being positive, and constitutes the aim of the intelligent or law principle in man—the soul. All other forms of love are either negative or relative, and constitutes but the agents which leads to true or absolute love, such forms being affection, sympathy, generosity, benevolence, charity and so-called sexual love or friendship; such love being but a friendship's tie which takes upon itself responsibilities of a spiritual or divine nature, and which duties add to the soul a divine impetus or sensation, if it may be so-called, which reacts or operates for a positive effect, and may be known as positive or absolute love, the same having a purely spiritual tendency and constitutes so-called happiness. Of course, all souls that are naturally attracted to each other by the law of positive and negative adaptability, experience this happiness from the beginning, only that in spiritually undeveloped conditions it tends to a more material impetus, and unfolds to a higher feeling as time progresses, while in the already developed soul-natures, it assumes a still higher impetus, and finally verges on to a sort of peaceful and blissful interchange of soul sensation only perceptible when all material or animal sensation is temporarily or permanently allayed, i. e. outgrown by superiority of soul-force, which naturally neutralizes the negative impetus and constitutes the so-called love condition, or the attainment of positive or absolute love or spiritual happiness.

Such is a condition of harmony as it accords with universal life—equal proportions of positive and negative force, motion, growth or impetus, and makes man individualized law—love, harmony and law being synonymous with each other. As man rises above this state of existence, he rises above material law, life, influences, etc., and comes en rapport with the purely spiritual side of nature—the God entity; and once in accord with this condition, he reaches the highest and purest state of love, law, harmony and spiritual happiness.

The Gods.

W. W. JUDSON.

The office of a God or Gods is a curious one. According to the first ideas man entertained about Deity, that we have any record

of, we find him reasoning that as he beheld various branches of nature's work being attended to at the same time, there certainly must be more than one being to attend to it. Besides he entertained the idea, which is now called pagan, that the work was divided between the male and female deities; further on, it was decided that if the work could be more concentrated it would facilitate the mundane business about to be undertaken, namely the subjugation of the heathen. From that time down, we find there have been furious contentions, and the strife still goes on as to the name and postoffice address of the God who would answer by return mail, and the most promptly carry out the request to save, destroy, bless, or damn some nation or person as the case might be. Owing to the fact that nations who have kept a God with a tag on, have failed to get their work done with any degree of certainty, or promptness, we find them gravitating first to one deific monarchy and then to another, prospecting continually; all the time hoping that a bonanza God would unheaven himself to them. As one style of God goes out and another comes to the front, it is interesting to note the different attitudes of his worshippers and admirers. First we find them starting a sort of love feast restaurant to serve up roast beef, mutton, kid, etc. As no tangible benefit resulted from thus gorging the Gods with a flesh diet, this scheme of salvation and damnation was abandoned altogether; next, as if somewhat discouraged and disheartened, they prostrated themselves flat down in the dust and appealed to Deity. As all the benefit in this sort of worship was found to be in the bodily exercise of getting up and down, it was thought best to raise up a little and see how that would work; hence we find Christians on their knees, still in the dust imploring Deity to answer, but with no better success; finally we discover a few who stand erect, with eyes closed in darkness, before the great unseen, unheard and unknown unitarian, spiritualistic Deity, offering up invocations not to save, not to destroy, not to damn, but to do something. It is true that some Spiritualists have become so Godless as to simply ask their spirit friends to assist them in their efforts, and then quit; but this brings us back again to personal Gods both male and female, too numerous to mention. This completes the God cycle, and we wonder what next. Is the race to run another cycle with an extra assortment of Gods, or is it to exist here or hereafter without this superfluity?

"Yes, dear children," said the school teacher, "General Washington died a comparatively poor man, although he might have amassed great wealth if he had been a different sort of a person. Tommy Waffles may tell us why General Washington died comparatively poor." "Because he couldn't tell lies," responded Tommy, who has a bright business career before him.

Literary Department.

IONE; OR, THE EGYPTIAN STATUE:

An Astral Romance.

BY J. J. MORSE.

Author of "Wilbram's Wealth," "Righted by the Dead,"
"Cursed by the Angela," "O'er Sea and Land,"
"Two Lives and their Work," etc.

[This following narration was originally published in the *Eastern Star*, of Bangor, Me., under the title of "The Fatal Statue," but in its present form it has been entirely rewritten, making a more complete study than was the case in its original presentation.—THE AUTHOR.]

CHAPTER I.

MY HOLIDAYS COMMENCE.

At the outset let me disclaim any vanity in opening the pages of my memory for the purpose of narrating the curious and perplexing episode in my life that these pages will disclose.

I write at the request of a valued friend, who is a member of some mysterious society, the character of which I know of but vaguely, and that but from the dark hints of my aforesaid friend. I foolishly mentioned a little item of this matter to my friend on one occasion, and his questionings led me to tell more. He at once commenced to discourse about "astral powers," and "karma," and other matters equally unintelligible to me, and begged me, "in the interest of psychic science," to write out a statement of the curious experiences as I passed through. I have done so. As for myself I have no explanation to advance for what is stated. All I know is, everything occurred exactly as it is herein recorded.

Let me commence, in proper auto-biographical form, by saying that it is now nine years ago that I, Sidney Carlyon, being sick in body and weary in mind, resolved to seek rest and quiet in the sea-side village of B—in Hampshire, on the English coast. Except the natural weariness due to a long season of sustained attention to professional duties and private studies, I was devoid of any affection of the mind, and singularly free from all proclivities toward the so-called supernatural.

I was by nature strongly inclined to materialism, and prone to weigh all things in accordance with the results of scientific research. I had made a fairly successful start in life as the Principal of a large educational establishment, in an excellent suburb of London, and I was as matter-of-fact and practical a pedagogue as could be met with. Of love I knew little and cared less. To me all women were the same, or if I saw variety in them it was but in the nature and character of their individual vanities. My headmaster was an able and intelligent man alike in the duties of his position, as in the practical business of the school,—indeed I had

seriously considered the wisdom of proposing a partnership to him.

When I was taken sick I congratulated myself upon his being with me, as I knew I could leave the school with safety in his hands, and that my business interests would be thoroughly safe in his care. I had struggled on in the vain hope that I could conquer my feeling of mental prostration, but was finally compelled to submit at the earnest entreaties of my Doctor, who, at last, frankly told me that it was a choice between rest and life, or work and death. Believing that a live man is better than a dead hero, I reluctantly, it is true, consented to rest for a time at least.

Accordingly at the summer holidays of 1869 I settled my business and arranged with my headmaster to take entire charge for one year, myself departing for B—in Hampshire. The sleepy little coast village seemed so quiet and peaceful the evening I arrived. The sea was as smooth as glass, and as the sun slowly sank in its emerald bosom, great rays of red shot across its glittering expanse.

I was fortunate in securing rooms facing the sea, in a very pleasant house, whose landlady was as genial and motherly as a stranger, and a sick one, too, could desire.

Ten days passed away pleasantly enough and the rest and change were beginning to operate upon me in so soothing a manner, that, I must confess, actually made me feel that I was taking delight in being lazy! I would wander out to the cliffs, recline at length upon their grass-covered edges, and listlessly gaze seaward by the hour. Sometimes I would indulge in reading a light novel, but more often content myself with gazing seaward for hours together. One morning while thus—shall I say engaged? I was sensible of feeling an intense nervous irritation, and an indefinable sense of mingled annoyance and anxiety.

I could assign no cause for this feeling nor give any reason for it. It lasted quite an hour, and then ceased as suddenly and as unaccountably as it commenced. On retiring to rest that night, after having been in bed an hour or more, I awoke with the feelings of the morning strong upon me again. This time it seemed as if the anxiety was not mine, but that I was the recipient of some other person's mental distress. The feeling, this time, was disagreeably strong, and quite beyond my ability to shake off. Once, too, I could have declared I heard a mingled sob and sigh break upon the stillness of my chamber. I arose, bathed my face and forehead in cold water, paced the room a number of times—when presently, in the same sudden manner as before, I seemed to become myself again, whereon I retired once more and slept undisturbed as usual. I pondered over these peculiar experiences deeply, but as they did not recur I was dismissing them as the curious phenomena arising, most

likely, from mental and nervous exhaustion. The next day I was out there upon the cliffs whiling away the day in my usual listless fashion.

A week elapsed, and on the following Tuesday I was out on the cliffs as usual. The evening was delightful, for the day had been a particularly beautiful one. I had enjoyed it greatly and was most reluctant to enter the house at its close. Prudence, however, compelled me to do so, and as I sat at my window gazing over the waters I watched them gradually become silvered by the light of the rising moon.

It was about nine o'clock as I thus sat gazing out of my window when, suddenly, a dense black cloud rose up out of the water, spreading far and wide on every hand. Startled at this curious sight I was about to rise from my chair, when an icy fear, like unto a mortal terror, seized and bound me to my seat. Voice, movement, volition, all seemed paralyzed. The wall of my room seemed to melt away and a scene arose before me that has never been effaced from my memory.

It was a broad sweeping Downs, that rose by gentle ascent until it reached the summit of a high cliff overlooking the open sea, it was entirely unlike any place I had ever seen before. The ground was dry and parched, the road that stretched across the rising plane was dusty as from long need of rain. In the road I saw three figures, a man, a woman and myself!

She was young, not over two and twenty, brunette in complexion, tall and graceful in figure, but her features bore a look of pain and deep distress. I had never seen any one like her before.

The man was tall, dark complexioned, small, bead-like, sloe-black eyes, but what was most remarkable about him was that he had extremely long and slender hands, with fingers of almost waxen whiteness.

Myself, or rather my other self, was dressed in my usual costume. The expression upon my face was most peculiar, every feature seeming to be set in fixed impassiveness, my eyes being opened to their widest in a fixed and strong gaze. I saw the two figures walk. I heard them talk, at first in low tones then more loudly, until the woman became excited and hysterical. I watched them and saw my other self follow them step by step until they reached the verge of the cliff, where there ensued a scene of mingled expostulation and recrimination that increased in bitterness until the man raised his hand, and with an oath struck his companion a blow upon her face, which caused her to reel and stagger and from which, before she could recover, she, with a despairing shriek fell over the cliff down to the rocks a hundred feet below.

The man exclaimed, "Ione! my God I have killed her!" his face blanched to a deathly pallor and for a moment he appeared too much horrified to move.

My blood seemed to freeze within me alike at the murder I had seen and the apparent indifference in which my other self seemed to view the transaction. While thus situated the entire scene vanished, all but the image of my other self. There it stood alone, seemingly self-poised in the blackness surrounding it.

All at once its features changed their appearance, its eyes relaxed their staring gaze.

Presently there was built up about this apparition of myself a picture that seemed to grow out of the blackness piece by piece. It was a pleasant country scene, with a rolling valley and gently sloping hills. In the centre of the scene there was a large country mansion built of a peculiar gray stone, the like of which I was unfamiliar with. The house had a castellated cornice, or coping, running around it, with turrets at various angles; it was somewhat of the Tudor style of architecture, and evidently was the home of a wealthy owner.

I entered, that is my other self did, the large drawing room, noting particularly its handsome carpets, elegant furniture, rich hangings, and various chaste adornments. What most arrested my attention, that is the attention of my other self, however, was a massive bronze statue of an Egyptian figure, which was placed upon a bracket upon one of the walls of the room.

Opposite the statue were two large portraits which upon my other self looking at them caused my apparition to start, change color and become deeply agitated. He looked long and earnestly at one, and there could be no mistake in indentifying it as the portrait of the lone whose fearful death he had previously been witness to. When he turned to the other then it was I saw my other self assume an expression of beaming delight and happiness that fairly amazed me as I looked upon it. Long did my other self, gaze eagerly did it scrutinize every feature, and on seeing the name Helen at the foot of the frame he or it appeared to murmur it gently to itself.

Then followed something still more extraordinary in this startling series of events. For now, as the strains of music accompanied by a voice of exquisite beauty, floated into the room, and as the rich notes rose and fell I felt my whole soul thrill as it had never thrilled before, and my other self became indistinct, and as it did so I began to lose my own sense of locality until, to my utter bewilderment, my other self and myself seemed to become one and I was in the chamber of my vision!

No sooner was this accomplished than the doors of the room opened and the original of the portrait named Helen entered.

Words fail me, even now, to justly describe her. Just full of beautiful womanhood, one of nature's fairest flowers,—nay I will not try to describe her; let it be simply said that on seeing her I learned what love could mean

and do. Instinctively I turned to look again at her and in so doing was confronted by the statue which was then in the direct line of light, when to my horror there seemed to issue from it in solemn tones these words: "I am the Avenger of blood, the killer of the snake and the destroyer of the faithless, my end cometh near!"

I tried to speak but could not, my senses failed me, and I sank unconscious to the ground.

On awaking, my landlady, good old soul, was standing over my prostrate form, for I had fallen upon the floor of my room. With much solicitude she was trying to rouse me from the "fit" I had just been in as she described it, and in many ways did her utmost to calm my agitation and excitement.

(To be Continued.)

Selected Articles.

A Dream.

I had been reading the work on *Conjugal Love*, finishing with that memorable relation concerning the married pair from the third heaven, who descended in a chariot and conversed with Swedenborg, and, while still thinking of this beautiful heavenly union which had endured from the Golden Age even till now, I fell asleep.

After the first succession of vague images which introduced the dream that followed, I seemed to myself to be in a garden filled with flowering trees and plants, such as my waking eyes had never beheld. Walking in this garden, I came upon a woman whose beauty amazed and almost dazzled me. Colors seen in a dream are afterward likely to fade or dissolve into one pale indistinct hue, as the day fades into twilight; but I most clearly recall that the hair of this wondrous woman was yellow and long and shiny, and that her brow was white till it glistened, though all her coloring was warm and life-like. Her long, flowing robe was, I think, of some unknown shade of blue, and sat upon her with such grace, and there was in her manner such a happy mingling of majesty and gentleness, that my admiration was without bounds. Her face was alight with an ineffably lovely expression, and a soft radiance seemed to spread out from it even to where I stood. There also radiated from her a perfume of white roses, which so intoxicated me with its sweetness that I began joyfully to say within myself:

"This is she of whom I have dreamed—my own one—my heart's idol. Here at last I have found her whom I can love above everything in the world,"

But scarcely had this thought shaped itself in my mind when a change seemed to come over her. She quickly turned her face away and looked toward a grove on our right,

whence I immediately saw a man approaching—a man whose beauty, in its own way, was almost as wondrous as her own. As he drew nearer, I looked again at the woman and it seemed to me that her face, when turned to him, was almost glorified. It was truly as if "her soul went forth to embrace him coming ere he came." . . . Reaching her side, the man looked long and silently in her face, then turned to me and courteously invited me to come nearer. When I had done so, he inquired what was the thought in my mind which had disturbed his wife, and I told him.

"Then you have not found your conjugal consort," he said.

I answered that I had often prayed that I might find her, but that my prayer had not yet been answered. Then they looked into each other's faces again, as if in voiceless interchange of ideas, and presently the husband turned to me and said:

"The obstacle holding you apart is evil. From her perception my wife is able to feel that there is something about you antagonistic to conjugal love. You must remove it. You need to fight especially against the evils growing out of your self-conceit."

I said that I had long acknowledged the presence of such evils and prayed to be delivered from them. To which the husband answered,

"You have acknowledged them, but have not truly repented of them."

Then we spoke of other things, and they told me that they had been married partners on earth and had passed into the world of spirits both in the same year. There they had now lived together for years steadily progressing throughout that time toward the garden wherein they now were. It had been made known to them that in a short time they would be removed from that garden, which was on the confines of heaven, to heaven itself, to which they were by nature fitted. They told me also—and their faces seemed to glow as they spoke—that their love for each other was of such a depth as not to be described. The husband said, however, that rather than be separated from his love eternally, he would be torn to a thousand atoms—nay annihilated. But the wife said that her love could not be expressed, and she would not try.

I think it was just after that the change came—the change that carried away the beautiful garden with its inhabitants, and left me walking in a dreary wood of bare, stunted trees . . . While in the presence of that heavenly man and woman the sphere of their conjugal union so affected me that I believe implicitly in that sublime quality of their love which they described, but now that that sphere was removed, I doubted and said within myself:

"How can a man love a woman more than himself? It is a mere persuasion. What they told me was only the poetry of love which it

pleases them to imagine that they feel. . . . And what is man without his *amour-propre*, his self-hood? Without self-love as chief, what is he more than a vessel with nothing in it?"

And then it seemed to me that these reflections were interrupted by a voice from out of the wood, which said: "Look toward the east and you will see a faint light. In that quarter there is a paradise wherein dwells the one who may become your conjugal consort. As you put away the evils of your self-conceit, you will move gradually out of this wood toward that quarter; but as you confirm yourself in them, and sink back into them, you will turn your face away and wander downward into the inmost recesses of the wood, where the light from heaven can scarcely enter."

And it seemed to me that I dwelt in that place for many months, sometimes looking hopefully toward the light in the east, but more often averting my face in reckless despondency, and bending my steps downward through the gloomy wood, until there came a time when I rarely thought to look at all toward the patient beacon light, and found all my joy in penetrating farther and farther into those twilight wooded deeps, which led onward to the black and drear confines of hell. At last one day in a swampy fen, where dark night-birds hooted in the damp, molding trees above, and ugly reptiles, sported in the quagmires and polluted waters below, I came face to face with a Thing, which most horribly affrighted me. It was in the form of a woman, this Thing; but instinctively I knew that it was not genuine. The limbs were lank, the skin chalk-like, the cheeks were hollow and unnaturally red with paint. Its hair was false and sat awry upon its head, and its horrid lips were parted in the very caricature of a loving smile. But what most terrified me and chained me to the ground was that I saw in its face a strange, inexplicable likeness of myself. "Just so would I look in the light of heaven," thought I, "had I been a woman and gone to hell."

"What horrible Thing are you?" I tried to ask, and only a whisper formed upon my tongue.

"I am your Self-Conceit," it said, as if in answer to my unspoken words, with a laugh that sounded like the barking of a wild animal.

I was as one frozen with horror, and could neither move nor speak.

"Why do you stand idle there?" it then demanded. "I am your self-Conceit—the maiden of your love. Why do you not make love to me, as you have done every day for years gone by? Come, we are wasting time!" And with ghastly coquetry it turned its head to one side and ogled me.

I started back and turned to fly, but it sprang upon me and flung about my neck, kissing me upon the cheek and suffocating me with its horrid breath, while I struggled

in agony to free myself from its embrace. I put my very life into the effort and flung it away from me at last, and then we stood back panting and glaring—it and I.

"You are a devil from hell," I said.

"That is the bald, ugly truth," was its mocking answer, "but none the less am I the beloved one of your choice."

Then was I filled with horror and loathing unspeakable, and turned my face away and fled. But it pursued me—nay, it moved as if with the very movement of my own body, and was always there at my left hand wherever I might fly, to whatever quarter I might turn. So at last in despair I stopped, and as I stopped, I looked towards the east, and saw that the light had gone out wholly, and the sky above was the color of lead.

"This, then, is hell," thought I, "for at last the gate toward heaven is shut. I am in hell, and this Thing which I have drawn to me, and warmed in my bosom for so long, and knew it not,—this hell-born Thing is here to bear me company."

We had now reached a place where there was no more forest but only rocks, and as it that called itself my wife flew at me again with open arms, I shrunk within myself, and fell upon the ground longing to die; and, as it stood over me, then, and laughed again its barking laugh, I opened my mouth and ground my teeth against the rocky earth in my despair. I heard it drop down over me, as a harpy would drop down; felt the touch of its hot breath upon my neck, and could no longer live. Bitter, suffocating darkness flowed over me, and left behind—oblivion.

And when the sound of human voices knocked at my dull ear at last, and I had opened my eyes upon the actual light of day, my prayer was not so much: "O LORD, I thank Thee that it was a dream," as, "O LORD, grant in Thy mercy that I may be delivered from self-conceit—that enemy of conjugal love." L. B. P.

So Stylish!

M. A. DENISON,
Author "That Husband of Mine."

"Where are the lungs—where the heart and other inside paraphernalia of the human body? "I ask myself, daily, as I catch sight of the young girls who pass and repass my window, with shapes like hour glasses, and bustles like ballons. In places of public resort, where seal-skin coats and plush mantles are discarded for a time, the same sight meets my glance, waists which I could almost clasp with one hand, (and that not an unreasonably large one) and I think their owners are proud of them. They act as if they were. To use a popular phrase, it makes me tired wondering where the breath comes from.

"Matty isn't very pretty, but she's so stylish!" said an enthusiastic mother, of one of

her daughters who had come that day from a visit East, "did you ever see such a figure?" Mattie came in just then dressed for a walk. Her hat trimming was only half a yard high—her waist as big round as a tumbler, and her bustle resembled an inverted punch-bowl, such as our ancestors used to delight in. She looked for all the world as if she had just stepped out of a fashion-plate, head foremost, and her feet were trying hard to follow her. I had seen a good many such sights, but never so complete a caricature. It reminded me of the speech of a bluff old sailor:

"Good lord, if the women had unnatural humps on the spine like that, what luck it would be for the surgeons!"

"To think Mattie wears nineteen-inch corsets!" said the proud mother, "and she says they're loose at that!"

It was Mattie's statement that was loose; if ever wall paper fitted the wall tighter than those instruments did Mattie's tortured waist, I never saw it.

Presently I went to Mattie's room. A new dress, just from the dressmaker's lay on the bed, another, she had taken off, hung over a chair, I lifted the first, and actually could just hold it, and that was all. Her mother told me, with a loving pride, that there were twenty yards of dress goods, ten yards of cambric, three yards of wiggin—she called it—fifteen bones, three reeds and ten yards of trimming. Cost sixty-seven dollars, and all that weight to hang from a nineteen-inch waist, after all the other things are hung on. Why, a man would die under the infliction of wearing that costume two hours. But Mattie will live—live to nurse as many bodily ailments as she has nerves—live, perhaps, to bear miserable, fretful children, and to make home a pandemonium of curses—if a man should ever be fool enough to waste his affections on the self-made skeleton, whose mother declares that "if Maggie hasn't any beauty, she's so stylish!" Taste is perverted, fashions taken from an impure source, health and grace destroyed, and all to make a figure that should be natural and well proportioned, a distortion and disgust to practical eyes and artistic perceptions.

But, thank Heaven, a good work is begun! Women are being taught that they are not mere milliners' blocks and dressmakers' dummies. A perception of the truly beautiful in dress and appearance is beginning to dawn upon them. The new idea will bear fruit—till the women of America will no longer make it their boast that they wear nineteen-inch corsets, and dresses that would weigh down an elephant.

Self-control lies at the foundation of character. He that does not control himself must be controlled by others.

It is always good to know, if only in passing; a charming human being; it refreshes one like flowers, and woods, and clear brooks.

ABOUT THE MOON.

Facts Concerning Our Nearest Neighbor in the Solar System.

A few weeks ago an important address was given in London by Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, about the moon. In its course, he made known the most recent conclusions of astronomers as to the moon's composition, its climatic condition and the probability of its being inhabited.

As our nearest neighbor in the solar system, the moon must always be an object of peculiar interest and of ardent investigation to the dwellers upon the earth. So much nearer is it than either of the planets, that we can learn more about it, and observe its physical features more minutely. We know that the moon's diameter is only one-fourth of that of our globe; that it is only two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from us; that, if the moon should disappear from its orbit as our satellite, a most important physical change on the earth, the cessation of tides, would take place; and that in bulk the moon is eighty times less heavy than the earth. We can discern, through powerful telescopes, the general formation of that half of the moon's surface which is turned toward us. We are told that there are visible two craters of volcanoes sixty miles wide; another, ten thousand feet deep; that one mighty peak rises to a height of twenty-four thousand feet; and that a vast basin is visible, seventeen thousand feet deep, and over fifty miles wide.

It has long been a warmly debated question among astronomers whether it is possible that the moon could support vegetation and animal and human life. But a general agreement has now been reached by them that the moon is much older than the earth; that it is "as dead as a door nail;" that it has neither atmosphere, air nor water; that, in short, it is "nothing else but a ball of extinct volcanic matter, lighted only by the rays of the distant sun." No fires ever issue from the great volcanoes which are apparent on its surface; the huge, hollowed-out craters emit no smoke. A vast and eternal silence reigns through all the dreary, treeless, lifeless expanse.

The moon, indeed, is apparently abandoned to death, nourishing no inhabitants, producing nothing resembling trees, flowers, or beautiful things of any kind—useless, in short, except as a mass of extinct volcanic rubbish, which drags the sea into tides, and reflects the sunbeams into moonlight; but whirls, like a corpse in cerements of silver-cloth and black velvet, round and round the earth."

The astronomers have carefully constructed a geography of the moon, and have mapped out its regions, and given names to its various features. For instance, they have called some of the mountains of the moon "Co-

pernicus," "Posidonius," "Clavius," after earthly philosophers; others they have christened by the names of the famous peaks of the earth; and the dreary valleys and waterless bays and lakes have received fanciful but inapposite names, such as the "Bays of Clouds," the "Lake of Nectar," and the "Gulf of Rainbows."

It is doubtful, according to Sir Robert Ball, if any increase of the magnifying powers of telescopes will add any further definite knowledge to that which has already been acquired about the moon. He believes that, when the moon is brought by greater lenses to within fifty (instead of, as now, two hundred and fifty) miles of the earth, as it probably will be in the near future, the result of this improved observation will be mainly valuable as confirming the conclusions already arrived at.—*Youth's Companion*.

GIRLS WHO WORK.

They Stand an Excellent Chance of Getting Married Well.

In many stores in Lower Broadway, Nassau street, and the streets that cross them, are young lady cashiers whose wages permit them to pay \$100 a year for commutation tickets to country towns, where they live with a degree of comfort not obtainable for the same money in the city. They are a prepossessing lot of girls, well dressed, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked and plump, who are a great deal more like rural than city women in their habits and methods of speech. They know much more about tobogganning, skating, straw rides, home-comings, donation parties, surprise parties and class meetings, than about theaters or the sights and shows of the town.

A great many are courted and wedded in the country, and there settle down for life; but a student of this new element in business which is putting young girls side by side with and even above men in the stores and offices, has found that marriage between them and the men they work with are growing more and more frequent. Indeed, he says that a less proportion of them grow into old maids than of factory girls or girls who do not work for a living. The men in charge of the large shops and such establishments as the telegraph operating rooms declare that the girls pick out the smartest of the men around them for their husbands, and do not, as is so often the case with women who stay at home, marry the empty heaps, drones, drunkards, or "bad eggs." These same authorities declare that in all other matters these well-paid and skilled girls are less sentimental and more practical than their more fortunate stay-at-home sisters. At the same time, those who have a taste for sewing, make and mend their own apparel, and those who like household work and cooking, practice it at night and on Sundays, and whenever a chance is afforded them.

What a picture all this presents! Here are thousands of young women employed at nice work, with good pay, living in the country at least half the day, forced to be neat and as pretty as possible while at their work, liable to marry early and well, growing practical and wise, and yet remaining as womanly as their mothers. Fortunate New York, to have such a host of well nigh perfect girls.—*N. Y. Star*.

EVOLUTION DISCUSSED.

A Lively Debate Among the Southern Presbyterians.

BALTIMORE, May 22.—Before the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church this morning, Dr. Woodrow made a forcible address in his own defense, saying that the Presbytery of Augusta could not find a conviction against him, because he had not antagonized the Bible. He had not taught that God had performed his works supernaturally; that will have to be determined by each individual mind. To sustain the Synod of Georgia would be to condemn all who believe there may be some truth in evolution. It was a fact that the church had never failed in deciding on science to decide the wrong way.

After Woodrow concluded his opening address Rev. Dr. Adams of Augusta, the procurator, began his argument on the part of the Synod of Georgia. He denied he was actuated by unworthy motives in the prosecution. Whether Woodrow taught evolution in the school or not was immaterial. In his address to the alumni he taught it, and in his writings he taught it, and before the General Assembly advocated and taught it. He claimed that in the Bible he finds nothing to contradict the theory. Woodrow, the speaker said, believed that man was as the horse, born from animal ancestry of a lower form, because he said the Bible did not contradict it. The church was the conservator of truth. It is now asked to engraft upon itself this theory. They were not to determine whether evolution was false. They were to determine in the creation of the body of Adam as understood by the standards of the church.

Judge Heiskel addressed the assembly on behalf of Dr. Woodrow. He declared that the doctrine of evolution was not new. Bishop Butler believed it long before Darwin announced it. It behooved them, as wise men, to move slowly. It might be Woodrow was right and those opposed to him be wrong. Could they convict a man upon such a charge without making themselves a laughing stock?

Adjourned until morning.

There is nothing which is bringing us opportunity but is also bringing us danger. An opportunity improved is a danger avoided. An opportunity neglected is a danger not met.—*Rev. C. L. Guild*.

ABOUT THE MOON.

Facts Concerning Our Nearest Neighbor in the Solar System.

A few weeks ago an important address was given in London by Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, about the moon. In its course, he made known the most recent conclusions of astronomers as to the moon's composition, its climatic condition and the probability of its being inhabited.

As our nearest neighbor in the solar system, the moon must always be an object of peculiar interest and of ardent investigation to the dwellers upon the earth. So much nearer is it than either of the planets, that we can learn more about it, and observe its physical features more minutely. We know that the moon's diameter is only one-fourth of that of our globe; that it is only two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from us; that, if the moon should disappear from its orbit as our satellite, a most important physical change on the earth, the cessation of tides, would take place; and that in bulk the moon is eighty times less heavy than the earth. We can discern, through powerful telescopes, the general formation of that half of the moon's surface which is turned toward us. We are told that there are visible two craters of volcanoes sixty miles wide; another, ten thousand feet deep; that one mighty peak rises to a height of twenty-four thousand feet; and that a vast basin is visible, seventeen thousand feet deep, and over fifty miles wide.

It has long been a warmly debated question among astronomers whether it is possible that the moon could support vegetation and animal and human life. But a general agreement has now been reached by them that the moon is much older than the earth; that it is "as dead as a door nail;" that it has neither atmosphere, air nor water; that, in short, it is "nothing else but a ball of extinct volcanic matter, lighted only by the rays of the distant sun." No fires ever issue from the great volcanoes which are apparent on its surface; the huge, hollowed-out craters emit no smoke. A vast and eternal silence reigns through all the dreary, treeless, lifeless expanse.

The moon, indeed, is apparently abandoned to death, nourishing no inhabitants, producing nothing resembling trees, flowers, or beautiful things of any kind—useless, in short, except as a mass of extinct volcanic rubbish, which drags the sea into tides, and reflects the sunbeams into moonlight; but whirls, like a corpse in cerements of silver-cloth and black velvet, round and round the earth."

The astronomers have carefully constructed a geography of the moon, and have mapped out its regions, and given names to its various features. For instance, they have called some of the mountains of the moon "Co-

pernicus," "Posidonius," "Clavius," after earthly philosophers; others they have christened by the names of the famous peaks of the earth; and the dreary valleys and waterless bays and lakes have received fanciful but inapposite names, such as the "Bays of Clouds," the "Lake of Nectar," and the "Gulf of Rainbows."

It is doubtful, according to Sir Robert Ball, if any increase of the magnifying powers of telescopes will add any further definite knowledge to that which has already been acquired about the moon. He believes that, when the moon is brought by greater lenses to within fifty (instead of, as now, two hundred and fifty) miles of the earth, as it probably will be in the near future, the result of this improved observation will be mainly valuable as confirming the conclusions already arrived at.—*Youth's Companion*.

GIRLS WHO WORK.

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THE CARRIER DOVE,

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DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

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MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, }

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 2, 1888.

TIME.

When a clairvoyant sees through a stone wall, it may, of course, be said that the conditions of his sight are very different from ordinary conditions; so they are, in a way, but the fundamental conditions are really the same. That the clairvoyant sees between the molecules is simply an exaltation of the faculty of vision, for we know there are spaces between those molecules, through which we could all see, were our eyes adapted for the purpose. When, however, a prophecy of future events, afterwards realized, has taken place, or a true history of the past, a history unknown generally, is given, then we may fairly look for conditions absolutely and entirely different from those with which we are generally acquainted. The series of remarkable prophecies of the Scotch seer as to the fortunes of the Seaforth family is a case in point. It is strange to see the smile of incredulity flit across the face of the Occult philosopher when space of four dimensions is mentioned; he dismisses it with as easy a grace as certain others have dismissed all the accredited phenomena of Occultism. He does not understand it; that is enough.

Yet it would seem a possible thing for such so-called space to exist, even though one can neither understand nor explain it in terms of cognition at present at our disposal.

But though we cannot say much about such space, very much because of the difficulty of expression, yet it does seem easier to talk about a condition in which what we call Time is of more than the one dimension in which we

know it. As we know of space of three dimensions, it seems a little less difficult to grasp the idea of an extension to two or three dimensions, of anything which we, as a rule, only conceive of as of one dimension.

The set of sequences which we call time is essentially of one dimension only. When we look back in the ordinary way of recollection, we go back over the sequences, and apparently do little, if anything, more. But if an individual could stand outside the line of time, he would be conscious of neither past nor future, in the ordinary sense of those words. A man standing on a plain can look along a row of trees on that plain in either direction; so a person existing in two dimensional time could prophesy, or trace back the past as easily as we can see the present. To such a one there would be neither past, present, nor future.

We may go a step further. Across any surface an infinite number of lines may be drawn; what is there, then, to exclude an infinite number of different sequences, or of different times, to an equally indefinite number of individualities? It may be, indeed, that the crossing of these lines or sets of sequences, may help explain some of the phenomena of life which are such a puzzle to us now. Let us suppose a set of sequences of which a regular curve is the type, and not a straight line—such a curve, say, as that used for representing regular wave motion, a regular undulation curve, and let us suppose also such a curve running along by a straight line so as to touch it, as it would do, at regular intervals—the sequences of the life represented by the straight line, and we have at least an illustration of that law of publicity which even the stubborn facts of statistics show to be the rule in moral as well as in physical life.

The phenomena of dreaming seem in some ways to show that this speculation is not an idle one. The incongruous mixing up of details in certain dreams, and the well-attested prophetic character of others, receive an explanation at once, if the dreamer is allowed at times to have stepped out of our one dimensional time into a region in which there is no past, present, or future. Without going further into speculations as to *n*-fold extensions of space, and the corresponding multiplicity of sequences or times, what a vista of infinite variety is suggested—a vista which makes our present condition with all its stupendous interests sink into a nothingness to which the smallness of our earth, as compared with the visible universe, is but a feeble representation.—*Light.*

OUR CAMP MEETING.

To-morrow is the opening day of our State Camp-meeting at Oakland, and so far as mortals may be able to determine future events its success is already guaranteed. Never before have we had such a brilliant array of talent as this season. Our speakers are the best to be obtained; our mediums are the best, and our music will be first-class.

The grounds are already well-covered with snowy tents, and the grand pavilion looms up invitingly, while from its top floats the dear old stars and stripes, emblematic of the greatest, freest nation under the sun.

Our local mediums have availed themselves of this yearly opportunity of presenting their gifts to the strangers from abroad, and have secured tents wherein they can give sittings, hold circles, etc.

The exercises to-morrow will open with a song of welcome by the audience and band and will be followed by other vocal selections, after which Mrs. Shepard Lillie will deliver the opening address, which will be followed by tests by Edgar Emerson. At 2 p. m. W. J. Colville will deliver a lecture and at 7:30 p. m. J. J. Morse will address the audience, and Mr. Emerson will follow with platform tests. We hope there will be a grand turnout and make this opening day one of the best of all the good days that are to follow.

CLOSING SERVICES AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE. IMPRESSIVE FAREWELL TO MR. J. J. MORSE.

On last Sunday, May 27, the closing services for the summer of the Spiritual Society meeting in Metropolitan Temple were held. The rostrum was profusely decorated with beautiful floral offerings, principally donated by the "flower-angels," as Mrs. Watson aptly terms them, Mrs. Nowell and Mr. Harvey. The central piece was a handsome device, crowned with a lovely white dove, and was the gift of Mrs. Nowell, dedicated to the loved ones in spirit-life. In the morning there was a large attendance, and the answers to questions, by J. J. Morse, were of more than usual excellence,—the one on Prayer being specially noticeable. These answers were reported for the Dove, and will be duly published therein.

In the evening a very large audience assembled to welcome the regular speaker, Mrs. Watson, and bid farewell to Mr. Morse. The exercises were long and varied, and were a complete success, the universal sentiment seeming to be that the evening was one of the most pleasant and enjoyable that had been passed in the Temple for a long time.

The Chairman, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, announced that after that night the meetings in the Temple would be discontinued until the first Sunday in September, when they would be resumed, with Mrs. Watson as speaker. The Children's Lyceum would take a vacation also until July 15, at which time it will again meet, in Central Hall.

The President of the Society, Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman, then made the following remarks:—

The occasion which has assembled us here this evening, friends, is one fraught with mingled pleasure and regret. Pleasure that this platform is once more graced with the presence of our beloved teacher, whose devotion to the true and right, whose fervid eloquence and burning words of wisdom, have endeared her to

us all, Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson. Pleasure that our gifted sister has been so far restored to health that she is enabled to be with us to-night to pay a fitting tribute to the good work done amongst us by her departing co-laborer in the vineyard of Spiritual endeavor. Pleasure that her presence here this evening is a harbinger of her long-looked-for return to her labors on this platform in September next.

But mingled with this pleasure is our sincere regret at being compelled to sever the ties that have bound us for nearly a twelve-month to our esteemed brother, J. J. Morse. It is unnecessary for me to dilate upon the invaluable services he has rendered during that time to the cause we hold so dear. His words and actions have spoken for themselves. The deep impress that he has made upon San Franciscan Spiritualism will long endure. In the absence of Mrs. Watson, he has been emphatically "the right man in the right place." Nowhere in America could we have found another that could have filled the vacant place upon this platform as he has filled it. Nowhere can we find such a happy combination of eloquence, power, logic, and common sense. In no other speaker in our ranks do I know of so felicitous an endowment of these four primal attributes,—eloquence, power, logic, and common sense; and our people here in San Francisco are to be congratulated upon having had the privilege of listening for so extended a period to such an able advocate of celestial truth.

I am sure I am but voicing the feelings of you all in expressing as I do, on behalf of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, its officers and members, their deep regrets at being called upon to bid farewell to Brother Morse and family. I desire, on their behalf and on yours, to return to him our heartiest thanks for the zeal and efficiency which have marked his labors with us. We desire to testify, in this public manner, our appreciation of him as an inspired evangel of spiritual truths, and as a man, a friend, and a brother. Both publicly and privately he has endeared himself to us so closely, that sorry indeed are we to lose him now; loth are we to part from him. But the farewell must be spoken, the good-bye must be said; and in saying it now, let me add this universal sentiment of this society and of this congregation: May the choicest blessings of heaven ever rest upon J. J. Morse and family; may the angels of purity and wisdom always be their guards and guides; and may happiness, prosperity, and content abide with them, each and all, forevermore (shaking Mr. Morse's hand.)

Mr. Coleman then stated that in order that the entire congregation might have an opportunity of expressing their opinion upon the matters concerning which he had just spoken, and in order that some regular official recognition of the said matters might be made certain resolutions had been drafted. He then read the following, which were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, The protracted ill-health of Mrs. Elizabeth L. Watson, the regular speaker for the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of San Francisco, Cal., holding services in this Temple, has prevented the continuance of her ministrations upon this platform during the past year; and

Whereas, In order to fill the vacancy thus occasioned, the services were engaged of Mr. J. J. Morse, of England, who has during the period stated occupied this rostrum; and

Whereas, Owing to the improvement in the health of Mrs. Watson, she expects to resume her public work in this Temple in September next, after a brief visit to the East, for which it is her purpose to start from San Francisco to-morrow; and

Whereas, This return of Mrs. Watson to her labors amongst us necessitates the cessation of the ministrations of Mr. Morse to this society and congregation,—therefore be it

Resolved, By the officers and members of Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, and by this congregation in general, that we congratulate our much-loved sister and teacher, Mrs. E. L. Watson, upon her improved physical condition; we wish her every happiness and success during her sojourn in the East; and we welcome with joy the prospective speedy reappearance upon this platform of this good and noble woman, this cherished exemplar of spiritual truth and beauty of soul;

Resolved, That while we hail with gladness the re-advent of Mrs. Watson amongst us, we are filled with sorrowful regret at being compelled to part with Brother J. J. Morse, who has so acceptably and praiseworthy occupied this rostrum during the past year;

Resolved, That our most cordial and heartiest thanks are due Brother Morse for the very able, efficient, and zealous manner in which he has ministered to the intellectual, moral, and spiritual needs of this congregation during the time in which he has been with us, and we felicitate ourselves upon so eminently wise a choice having been made in the selection of an incumbent of this rostrum during Mrs. Watson's illness;

Resolved, That as an advocate of a sound, healthful, sensible, and practical Spiritualism, ably and forcibly presented with eloquence and fervor, reason and logic, we have ever found Mr. Morse, under the wisdom-laden guidance of his inspiring controls, worthy of the warmest commendation and of unstinted praise;

Resolved, That the grandeur and beauty of the philosophy of Spiritualism, alike in its scientific, its ethical, and its more spiritualized phases, as it has been expressed here from Sunday to Sunday through Mr. Morse, and the uniform genial, cordial, and unostentatious bearing and conversation of Brother Morse and of his estimable wife and daughter in the walks of private life, have served to so endear him and them to us as a congregation and as a people, that we deeply deplore the necessity that so soon will take them from us; and that

this parting may not be perpetual, so far as this world is concerned, but that, at no very distant day, we may again be blessed with the presence of our gifted brother and his interesting family, is our sincere hope and prayer.

Two charming musical selections were then finely sung by Mr. Sandford Bennett, after which Mrs. E. L. Watson delivered an inspirational address of much beauty and power. She was followed by Mr. J. J. Morse, who spoke at length for his own proper self, in his normal state, and with eloquence and pathos. Both of these excellent addresses were reported, and they will be published in full in the DOVE at an early date. Following Mr. Morse's remarks the favorite vocalist, Mr. W. H. Keith, Jr., favored the audience with a beautiful rendition of "Stella Confidenta," accompanied by Mr. L. Bresse on the violin and Senor Arrillaga on the piano. For an encore Mr. Keith sang "Home, Sweet Home," during the singing of which the memories of his distant home in England caused the tears to trickle down Mr. Morse's cheeks. Mrs. Watson then, on behalf of herself, made a few remarks in appreciation of the labor of Mr. Morse in the Temple during the past year, and of the great pleasure she had derived from her fraternal associations with himself and family, to which Mr. Morse made a fitting reply; after which the happy meeting closed with an informal reception by Mrs. Watson and Mr. Morse, and many and hearty were the hand-clasps which each received from the throng of friends pressing around them.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

RECEPTION TO MRS. E. L. WATSON AND J. J. MORSE.

A reception was given on Friday evening, May 25th, to Mrs. E. L. Watson and Mr. J. J. Morse, at the residence of Mrs. Geo. Irvin, 1143 Valencia street. A large number of invitations had been issued, and the spacious parlors were crowded with a brilliant assemblage of San Francisco Spiritualists who had been invited to take a farewell of their speaker, Mrs. Watson, previous to her departure for the East, where she spends her summer vacation.

The rooms were elegantly decorated, and presented a most attractive appearance. Hanging baskets filled with graceful trailing vines and flowers depended from every doorway, and over the windows were wreaths of the same, artistically looped here and there, while upon the mantels and piano were exquisite bouquets of choice flowers. The stairway was twined with vines, among which were seen bright blossoms peeping out from among the green leaves. The whole presented a scene of fairy-like beauty with its floral display and the elegant costumes of the ladies interspersed with the darker hues of the dress suits of the gentlemen. The evening was pleasantly passed with music, games and speech making.

Among those who participate in the latter were: Mrs. Watson, Mr. Morse, and Wm. Emmette Coleman. Dr. Hill gave a most excellent recitation, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Among the guests we were delighted to see the dear faces of our old-time friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mathews who have been residents of Fresno during the last year. Mrs. Mathews read a charming poem written by her for the occasion. Mr. Ryder read a letter from Mr. Geo. Irvin who expressed regrets at not being able to be present.

Ice cream and cake were served, and all seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves during the entire evening. At a late hour the guests took their departure.

A SONG OF WELCOME.

The gifted poetess of the Pacific Coast, Eliza A. Pittsinger, has written a song of welcome to be sung at the opening of the State Camp Meeting in Oakland to-morrow morning, June 3d. We have printed several thousand copies for free distribution on the camp grounds, and trust that the sweet strains will find an echo in the breast of every Spiritualist on the Pacific Coast. Mrs. Pittsinger's soul-stirring songs have been sung by the camp fires of our brave soldier boys and at their reunions among friends and comrades after the storm cloud had rolled away. She has also written sweet songs of pathos and tenderness for spiritual meetings, and special, social occasions. This one is set to the sweet, familiar tune of "Beulah Land," and will be rendered by the San Francisco Cornet Band and entire congregation at the opening of the Camp Meeting exercises to-morrow morning.

PUBLIC RECEPTION.

As the DOVE is delivered to our city subscribers on Friday, the day previous to its date of issue, we take advantage of the fact to announce that the public reception tendered our Eastern visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, Edgar Emerson, and Dr. J. V. Mansfield, by the Board of Directors of the State Camp Meeting Association, will be held at the parlors of Pioneer Hall on Fourth street, on Friday evening, June 1st. The entrance is between the Pioneer and Flood Building, corner Market and Fourth streets. All are invited to give a welcome to the strangers who are coming among us.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

We have just received from the Publisher, Mrs. Nettie P. Fox, the following books, which are for sale at this office: "Mysteries of the Border Land and Golden Key," \$1.50; "Phantom Forms, or Mysteries Beyond the Veil," \$1.00; "Quina's Canoe and Christmas Offering," \$1.00; "Biographies of Bible Characters," 50 cts.; "The Death Penalty," 10 cts.; "Spiritualism—What Is It?" 15 cts.; "Camp Meeting Address," 10 cts. Sent by mail to any address.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the State Camp Meeting Association held at 32 Ellis street, on May 23d, Mr. S. B. Clark tendered his resignation as Treasurer and Financial Secretary of that Society. Mr. C. E. Eliot of Oakland was then elected Treasurer and Mr. G. H. Hawes was elected Financial Secretary.

Ships.

The first issue of the DAILY DOVE will appear on Tuesday, June 5th.

Tomorrow is the opening day of the spiritualists Camp Meeting in Oakland.

We have copies of that deeply-interesting book "Beyond" for sale at this office, price 50 cents.

We will have a list of publications on sale at this office in our next issue and also in the DAILY DOVE.

Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it.—*Johnson.*

A ten-cent box of shoe blacking will go farther than \$100 scarf pin toward making a fellow appear a gentleman.—*Springfield Union.*

On last Sunday was held the closing exercises at Metropolitan Temple of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society until September 2nd.

"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," says Partington, "it is the slanderer, going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

From a private letter we learn that John Slater, the celebrated test medium, will return to this city and resume his public seances in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Seventh and Market streets, to-morrow evening, June 3d.

When the architect of the famous Brooklyn bridge was prevented by sickness from completing his work, his wife was able to take up the work and finish it. No one thought she did an unwomanly thing, but the world applauded.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mathews, who were for many years residents of this city and active workers in the cause of Spiritualism are visiting their friends after an absence of a year. We were pleased to see them once more and heartily wish the fates would determine that their residence should be again in our midst.

The only safe way is for every woman to prove to her husband that his business is safe in her hands, and that she is capable of assisting him there as well as every place else. Then should he be called from his business, she could give it intelligent oversight, and the property need not be wasted while she and her children go penniless.

Mrs. Ida A. Johnson, 41 years old, wife of Thomas Jordan, a grain dealer of Indianapolis, Ind., administered a fatal dose of poison to their four-year-old child, and then cut her own throat with a razor, Saturday. The woman was partially demented, and her infirmity was intensified by excitement over Christian Science, of which she was an ardent student.

Would not a professor of finances be a valuable addition to our public schools, whose business it should be to instruct our girls, as well as the boys, in the general principles of business, on the danger of spending money before they have it, on the rapidity with which debts grow, on the importance of prompt collections, and of keeping accounts carefully, and a multitude of similar subjects? If these first principles were thoroughly learned by the children, we would likely have fewer bankruptcies in the next generation than in the present. Then the girls, as well as the boys, should be instructed in the nature of mortgages, bonds, securities, and many other things connected with ordinary business transactions.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. ADA FOYE'S MEETINGS.

Another large intellectual audience met in Washington Hall last Sunday evening. Mrs. M. J. Hendee, the inspirational speaker, answered the question, "Where is the spirit world located?" in a very interesting manner, and her remarks were greatly appreciated by the audience. Mrs. Foye then answered, in her usual able manner, a number of interesting questions asked by the audience, and closed the services with her usual startling and convincing seance for tests and messages. These meetings will be continued at Washington hall every Sunday evening during the camp-meeting, and Miss Lina Crews, the inspirational pianist, will furnish the music.

WASHINGTON HALL.

On Sunday, May 27th, Washington Hall was well filled to hear the discussion of the question, "The best method of promoting the spiritual philosophy." The several speakers were Mrs. Scott Briggs, W. R. Colby, E. G. Anderson, Mrs. Dr. Thompson, J. V. Mansfield, T. E. Davis, Mrs. A. Wiggin, Mrs. S. Seal. Mr. Davis read an original poem entitled "Just Over the Way." Solos by Mrs. Rutter and Mrs. Katie Parks. Dr. Schlesinger gave a large number of skeptics private sittings, and they all expressed satisfaction.

The President announced that the meetings would be closed during the month of June, to enable all to attend the camp meeting in Oakland.

Correspondence.

Who Will Assist?

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Knowing that Spiritualists, and all who take an interest in our beautiful truths, are among the kindest and most humane of mankind, and knowing also that it is one of the fundamental principles of our faith to help those in distress, we would like to call the attention of your readers to such a case.

A man by name of Frank Martin came to Colorado some months since and engaged in mining and prospecting. After having expended all the money he had, he was attacked here in a strange land and among strangers with bleeding from the lungs, which has weakened him down very much, and he is now comparatively among strangers. We, his friends, are not able to help him financially, and take this means to ask all Spiritualists to aid us in providing him with proper treatment; and we desire to secure enough to start him in a small business, which can be done if we will all give our mite.

He is possessed of mediumistic powers of no small extent, as we have had the pleasure of sitting in circles with him. That his is a genuine case of suffering, can be attested by Judge M. M. Kellogg, of Rosita, Colorado, and General S. B. Yeoman, of Crestone, Colorado. Trusting the charitable inclined will remit to him through your valuable paper, which we trust will act as treasurer for the good cause.

{ O. T. DAVIS,
M. D. CULLER.

RUSSELL, Colorado.

[We shall be pleased to receive and forward any donations that the friends may make towards the above fund. Editor DOVE.]

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.—*Swift*.

Many wives toil from day to day and from month to month, but their labor brings no money. When they want this they go meekly to their husbands, tell them what they want, how much they want, why they can't do without it, and when they had it last, and maybe, after all their pleading, they get the money, and maybe they don't. Every woman should understand her family's needs and her husband's financial circumstances, and then the husband should have confidence enough in her ability—if she has any—to trust her with money, without inquiring too carefully what she does with it. He wouldn't enjoy making a minute return to her. It isn't pleasant for women to be treated as children all their lives, in this respect. Very often their labor, management and economy contribute as much to financial success as the husband's, but the money all comes through his fingers,

Children's Department.

Mother and Child.

'Twas a starry evening, clear and cold,
The moon shone bright like burnished gold,
And the earth all silent had sunk to rest
With snow drifts sleeping upon her breast.

The tall trees waved in the frosty air,
Their branches lately so brown and bare,
But sheltered us from winter's frown
By a snow-white covering, soft as down.

In a little cottage beneath the hill,
In sight of the graveyard, lone and still,
A child was sobbing at every breath
For one who was sleeping the sleep of death.

"Lie still, my darling," the sister said,
"For you know that our dear mamma is dead;
Be still and quiet and do not weep,
And sister will sing till you go to sleep."

"O, mamma, mamma," was the plaintive cry;
"I did not want dear mamma to die;
What makes the folks let her sleep so sound
And put her away in the cold, dark ground.

I wish I could go and call her home,
And if she heard me I know she'd come;
I want her to sing me a pretty song,
What makes her stay in the ground so long?"

The sister's tears were falling fast,
But she sung the child to sleep at last;
And then by her side in the lonely bed
She lay and pillowed her weary head.

The mourning ones forgot to weep,
And the household had sunk in silent sleep,
When the child awoke and in sudden pain,
Remembered her bitter loss again.

"O, mamma, mamma," she sadly cried,
Then the starry eyes flew open wide,
And the child slid softly from her bed,
And in frightened, whispering tones she said:

"I am going to find my dear mamma;
I know where she is; it isn't far;
I'll go and wake and bring her home,
For she's sleeping now and cannot come,"

So she pattered softly across the floor,
And softly she opened the outer door,
And with little bare feet and garments light,
The child went out in the chilly night.

Toward the graveyard dim her steps she bent,
Cold, shivering, frightened, on she went,
Till she saw where the moon's pale beams were thrown,
O'er a new-made grave and a marble stone.

Then down by the grave in a snowy bank
The weary child in a moment sank,
Calling in faint but eager tones,
"Mamma, mamma, come and take me home.

O, mamma, I am cold, and I'm weary too.
I want to go home and sleep with you;
Why don't you wake from your sleep so sound?
What makes you stay in the dark, cold ground?"

From her home in the beautiful realms of light,
Came a lovely angel robed in white,
And as she drew near to the weary child
The little one reached out her hands and smiled.

"O, dear mamma, I knew you'd come,
I'm cold and tired; please take me home."
Then the sweet blue eyes in slumber closed,
And in death's last sleep the child reposed.

The mother went back to her home of rest,
With her darling babe to her bosom pressed,
And the child unclad her starry eyes
In the beautiful realms of paradise,

When the morning came its form was found
All cold and stiff on the snowy ground,
Close to the grave so newly made,
Where the mother's lifeless form was laid.

And side by side in the churchyard lone,
Are two new graves and a marble stone;
And in heaven above all free from pain,
The mother and child have met again.

Peace Children.

We hope all the readers of the *Angel of Peace* are very peaceable, but we found some remarkably silent children at Mystic, Connecticut, where we went to the Peace Camp Meeting, in a "Peace carriage," and ate a "Peace dinner," and slept in a "Peace bed" in a "Peace house." These children could not be blamed for loud talking. They were born dumb! They had mouths and tongues and lips just like you, but they could not speak! A good man (Jonathan Whipple) his wife and daughter and son, Zerah, (now in heaven), and son-in-law and his uncles, aunts, cousins, all seemed to be helping to keep peace and teach peace. He, Mr. Whipple, had a dozen deaf-mute boys in his boarding school, planted on a hill among the rocks, but overlooking the loveliest of villages and of bays. He has patiently taught them to talk by showing them how the lips move when any word is spoken. Some of the boys would stand up and say the twenty-third Psalm distinctly. One said the Lord's prayer just as if he prayed it! They are taught never to quarrel or fight. How nice it seemed to know that with every hard-earned word came a sweet lesson on their teacher's face, and in his tone, as well as by his spoken language he taught them, that words were made to express kindness and love, and not unkindness or hate! We wish everybody would help friend Whipple and his family to do such a good work.

A Child's Sorrow.

A little girl watched each carriage that rolled rapidly up the street longingly until it passed by, when, with a gesture of impatience, she turned to the next. This was repeated over and over again, and when she strained her eyes and peered down the street and could see no more carriages, the watcher saw the little one's chin quiver, and the tears on her cheek increased to a cluster as she bent her head on her arms and sobbed as only a child can sob. A watcher left his post at the corner and approached the gate.

"Who are you looking for, little girl?"

"Grandpa and Grandma," was the reply, as she looked up shyly.

"Did you expect them on the train?"

"No, sir; mamma said they wouldn't come, but they always did come every Thanksgiving and brought nice big apples and nuts for me."

"And why didn't they come this time?"

"I s'pose God wouldn't let them."

"Oh! then grandpa and grandma are dead?"

"No, sir; mamma went to grandpa's when the harvest apples were ripe, and brought me some apples which grandma and grandpa sent me, and she said they'd both gone to live with God."

"Then you'll never see them here again."

"Don't you s'pose God will let them come Christmas?"

"I'm afraid not, my darling."

The little blue mit brushed away the gathering tears, and the reporter hurried along into the busy haunts of the city, where innocence is a but a dream.

Miscellaneous.

After Hamlet.

MINNIE BARKER HORNING.

To breathe or not to breathe, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler for our sex to suffer
The pain and torture of a steel-girt corset,
Or to take arms against Dame Fashion's tyrannies,
And by opposing, end them.
Unlace, to breathe
Once more, and, with full breath, to say we end
The sideache, and all those unnatural pains we make flesh
bear to—
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
Unlace,—to make
Our waist perchance too large;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that life of peace contempt may come,
When we have shuffled off this suff'rance vile,
And are at ease. There's no respect,
But contumely of a waist too large,
For who, fearing the sneers and scoffs of men, would
bear
The corset tight, the dresses' burdening weight,
The pangs of pinched toes, the high-heeled shoes,
The tilting panier, and complaints
That patient Nature of the unworthy makes;
When we ourselves might restful quiet take
With a loose bodice? Who would busily wear?
To grunt and sweat under its weary weight,
But that Madame Grundy's voice,—that dreaded oracle
From whose decree no woman wavers, orders it so,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Shall Fashion thus make cowards of us all?
Shall thus the natural form (God-given boon)
Be changed—transformed, till none would recognize?
Shall grand reforms of such great pith and moment,
With slight regard their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action?

One snow-flake is a very small, weak thing. So is one ballot. But when the snowflakes unite and co-operate they can overcome steam, stop the lightning express, and paralyze a great metropolis. Ballots united and falling from the hand of intelligence and morality into the ballot-box can make men free—yea, fix the destinies of man for ages to come.—*The Industrial News, Toledo, Ohio.*

At the recent fire at Vassar, Mich., a thoroughbred female pointer, owned by John Loss, had her kennel, in which were eight puppies, under one of the burning buildings. With mother instinct the poor thing ran back and forth from under the burning building, mutely appealing for help, but none could be given, and rather than desert her brood she died with them.

Happiness a Habit.

Every permanent state of mind is largely the effect of habit. Just as we can perform an action so continually that it comes to be habitual, so we can encourage conditions of mind till they, too, come to be habits of thinking and even of feeling. Every thoughtful parent or teacher recognizes this in the training of youth. The child constantly thwarted, or scolded, or ridiculed has constantly aroused within him feelings of resentment or discouragement or misery, and these grow to be habitual, and a character for ill-temper or moroseness, or despondency is formed. On the other hand, the child who is wisely treated, whose faculties are brought into action, who is encouraged to do well, who is surrounded with cheerful faces and orderly arrangements, becomes accustomed to corresponding habits of thought and feeling. The exercise of self-control, of truthfulness, of honesty, and other essential qualities, not only result in habitual actions of the same nature, but in habitual feelings or states of mind that induce those actions. So the condition which we call happiness is likewise acquired to a considerable degree. It involves within it many things, but they are not impossible to secure, and when we have discovered them it rests with us to encourage or to discourage them. Happiness is not only a privilege, but a duty, not a mere outward good, that may perhaps come to us, but an inward possession which we are bound to attain. When we remember the contagious character of happiness, the strength, courage and hope it excites by its very presence and the power for good it exerts in every direction, we cannot doubt our obligation to attain as much of it as possible.

Street Pictures in Venice.

Among the crowds which gather on St. Mark's piazza in the lovely spring afternoons are women quite as beautiful as those which smile on you from the canvas of the old painters. They are fond of strange tints, odd shades of red, green and blue; they wear, some of them, old-fashioned, three-cornered shawls of fine patterns and bold colors, presenting a very picturesque appearance. Many of the children are remarkably pretty. They look out with their large eyes from under their tangled, curly locks like so many cherubs fitted with half-naked bodies. They are very thievish, too, and one has to be very watchful of them. That most of them are beggars will be no news to the readers. If you go in the evening to eat an ice or take a cup of coffee at Florian's in St. Marks square, these soft-voiced, ragged little thieves come creeping up to you with their bright faces, pointing to their red-ripe mouths to tell you they are hungry, offering matches for sale or asking you for the end of your cigar, your coffee, your cake. But they must be watched all the time, for they will steal whatever they lay their hands on.

Hypnotism and Theft.

Mr. W. A. Croffut whose experiments at Washington were reported in our January number has been trying to produce criminal actions in his subjects. One of his experiments is reported as follows:

Another sensitive, a clerk in a department, was mesmerized, and Mr. Croffut explained to him that in a house of one of the neighbors, in an upper chamber, in a certain corner and a certain drawer in the dressing case, was a pocketbook which contained \$5,000. He described the situation of the house minutely, the way to go there, the arrangement of the dressing case and so on, repeating it over several times until the subject had the geography impressed upon his mind. Then handing him two keys, he said:

"The larger key will open the front door of the house, and the smaller key will open the drawer of the dressing case in which the pocketbook will be found."

He told the young man that if he would steal that pocketbook he would give him the money. There was a good deal of discussion between the mesmerist and his subject concerning the liability of discovery and arrest, but when assured that there was not the slightest possibility of anybody interfering with him, and that there were no dogs about the place, he consented to undertake the burglary. Four or five gentlemen in the room were asked to follow the subject on his trip.

This theft was successfully accomplished, but other subjects resisted his efforts.—*Journal of Man.*

The Day Will Dawn.

We put our shoulders to the wheel of reform. It settles back and pushes us from our standing place. We are pygmies in the presence of the giant evils that we would overcome. A tide of despair bears us away on its dark bosom. We are ready to give up all effort, when comes the remembrance that we have each but to do our part, and leave the event with an overruling Providence. Courage returns. With the eye of faith we look over and beyond the obstacles, and in anticipation see the sure success which the future will bring, and a foregleam of which even now gives inspiration. In doubt and perplexity, in sorrow and fear, in darkness and gloom, we may buoy up our own hearts by whispering to ourselves: The night is far spent; the day will soon dawn.—*Christian Register (Unitarian).*

Little Gracie came home from school greatly excited. "O, auntie," she said, "we had a lesson about my brother Eugene, to-day." "I think you must be mistaken," auntie replied. "No," said the little girl, "it was really a Eugene lesson, and the teacher told us we ought to drink milk and never eat cake or candy." And then we knew she meant a hygiene lesson!

It was an accepted custom with the sovereigns of Egypt to present the tribute money, derived from the city of Antilla, to their queens for pin-money. With this they purchased their jewelled girdles, their bracelets, anklets and other expensive trinkets, which then, as now, were dear to the feminine heart. Our modern term is derived from the fact that, when pins were first invented, they were an expensive luxury, and money was often requested to expend on them, hence the meaning of the word.

There is considerable dormant genius that ought never to be awakened, if the comfort of others is to be taken into consideration.

Heavenly Rest.

BY WM. SCHUYLER.

Good people struggle through this life,
Hoping for Heaven's rest,
Where there shall be no toil nor strife,
But all be calm and blest.

Where all the saints who enter in
Err not, nor ever could—
Being, in perfect lack of sin,
Machines for doing good.

But surely such a scheme as this—
Pure goodness, nothing more—
Turns an eternity of bliss,
To an eternal bore.

Special Notices.

The Psychograph or Dial Panchette.

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

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

The fourth association of Spiritualists are located during the summer at Parkland, holding circles every Sunday afternoon and evening in the Eureka tent. This Association was formed June 7th, 1887 by the Guide and its medium (Eureka) with 13 members. Present membership, 25, with 13 applicants. Cash in hand to date, \$230.00. Property value \$70.

Mrs. Jennie R. Warren has sold volume 1st of "New Revelation," and has about two hundred copies of the second volume, and she hopes that the Spiritualists of California will buy the second, as the time is drawing near to print the third. The third will be printed as soon as the second is sold. Address J. R. Warren, C St., between Seventh & Eighth, San Bernardino, California.

The Eureka Chemical Co., of Detroit, Mich., are the manufacturers of a medicine that is in reality the ladies best friend and one of the greatest medical discoveries of the age. Write or call upon us for circular, etc. Consultation free. Eureka Chemical Co., Parlors 7 & 8, 930 Market st., S. F., Cal.

Call on Wadsworth, the Chairman of the Temple meetings and let him make you shirts that will fit you. His store is at 150 Eddy st.

June 3, 1888, July 1.
The California Spiritualists Camp Meeting,

will be held at
Lake Merrit Park, East Oakland, Cal.

(Same place as last year.)
Commencing on
SUNDAY, JUNE 3d, 1888,

Continuing over five Sundays.

President, I. C. STEELE, Pescadero.

The Meetings.

Lectures, Test meetings, Conferences and Experience meetings will be held every day during each week. The very best talent has been secured.

The Speakers.

Our foremost advocate this year is the well-known Eastern Inspirational Speaker.

MRS. R. S. LILLIE,
of Boston, Mass., who will be assisted by

J. J. MORSE,
England's Celebrated Trance Speaker, and
W. J. COLVILLE,

the Celebrated Inspirational Lecturer. With the above-named able advocates, and the services of such workers as W. W. McKaig, W. E. Coleman, J. J. Owen, Dr. C. C. Peet, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, and others of our home talent, the platform will leave nothing to be desired.

The Test Medium.

For this season the exclusive services have been secured of the celebrated and highly recommended test medium,

EDGAR W. EMERSON,
whose reputation in all the leading cities of the East justly place him in the front rank among those in his peculiar line.

NOTE: The public is informed that Mrs. Lillie and Mr. Emerson will not appear at any other place during their visit to this State. They leave the Coast immediately at the close of the camp.

DR. J. V. MANSFIELD,
(the Spirit Postmaster),
will also be with us during the camp meeting.

MRS. ADA FOYE,
will attend the Camp, giving her marvelous "ballot" seances, which have astonished and delighted thousands.

Music.

The musical arrangements are of the most satisfactory nature, and include the services of

MR. J. T. LILLIE,
who is an able and pleasing soloist, with others whose names will be announced as soon as negotiations are completed. The San Francisco Cornet Band, brass and string, unexcelled for its rendition of pleasing selections, will furnish concerts each Sunday, both outside and inside the grand pavilion.

Special Assemblies.

These will include a MEMORIAL Day, a CHILDREN'S Day, and a LITERARY entertainment and DANCE every Friday evening.

A Developing Circle.

Mr. J. J. Morse will hold another of his successful Developing Circles every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings during the Camp. Fee for the series of twelve sittings \$5. No single admissions.

Spiritual Science Classes.

A class will be held by W. J. Colville every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings during the Camp. Fee for the course of twelve lessons \$2.50. Single admissions 25 cents.

The above gentlemen have generously agreed to donate half the proceeds of their respective meetings to the funds of the Association.

Times of Meetings.

Sunday meetings will commence at 11 A. M. and 2 and 7:30 P. M.; week day meetings will commence at 10 A. M. and 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

Tents.

Tents will be rented at the lowest price, which will only cover their cost to the Association.

Restaurant.

There will be a good Restaurant upon the grounds where excellent meals can be had at a reasonable price.

Circulars and General Information

can be obtained from Mr. Geo. H. Hawes, Corresponding Secretary, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

**PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL SCIENCE,
The New System of Character Reading.**

Examination and Advice

UPON

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

GIVEN BY

J. J. MORSE, OF ENGLAND.

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. 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,

THE MARRIAGE TABLE

And the advice it presents will prove invaluable to many in the selection of their conjugal companions, 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 with examination and advice written out in full..... \$5.00
Examinations at all times, or by appointment, which can be made in advance, either by letter or personally, at 331 Turk Street, San Francisco, Cal.

New Book! Just Issued!

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM.

This work, 16 mo. of 159 pages, contains all the lectures delivered by the control of Mr. J. J. Morse, at the late Advanced class of spiritual students, which met in this city during September and October of last year, verbatim reports of which were taken by Mr. G. H. Hawes. The topics are deeply interesting and most instructive, making many points perfectly clear and intelligible that are often obscure to students of spiritual matters. The work contains seven lectures, upon the following topics, with an Appendix containing the Questions and Answers arising from the students.

- PREFACE—By William Emmette Coleman.
- LECTURE NUMBER ONE.—The Trance, as the Doorway to the Occult. Dealing with the Trance in its Magnetic, Natural and Spiritual forms of induction.
- LECTURE NUMBER TWO.—Mediumship: its Physiological, Mental and Spiritual results.
- LECTURE NUMBER THREE.—Mediumship: its Foundation, Development, Dangers and Advantages.
- LECTURE NUMBER FOUR.—Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.
- LECTURE NUMBER FIVE.—The Material, Spiritual and Celestial planes of Second State.
- LECTURE NUMBER SIX.—The Soul World—its Hells' Heavens and Evolutions.
- LECTURE NUMBER SEVEN.—Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land.

APPENDIX.—This consists of answers to Questions. The work is printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and handsomely bound in cloth. All desiring to possess a most valuable work should send for copies at once.
For sale by CARRIER DOVE publishers, 841 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. Price One Dollar.

English Milk Weed.

J. H. Greensill's English Milk Weed is adding scores of lovely complexions to San Francisco's already large quota of pretty women. Its name suggests what it is, and as it contains no injurious mineral substance, it can be relied upon as being absolutely harmless. It is in powder form, delightfully perfumed, and when properly applied to the skin it is invisible and produces that soft, velvety appearance so much desired. It is cool and refreshing to the skin and stays on without permitting the face to grow shiny. Being invisible it imparts a delightful complexion without the loud, glaring artificial effect that is the inevitable result of the average cheap powders that do not assimilate with the skin. Greensill's English Milk Weed is in four colors white flesh, cream and pink. But one size. Price fifty cents. For sale in San Francisco at Edwin W. Joy's, 852 Market street and L. C. Ellerts, corner California and Kearny streets. See that the name is on the box; J. H. Greensill, Wellington Road, London.

Shopping done for ladies out of the city. For particulars and samples address: Miss W.—618 Eddy St., S. F.

A LUCKY TRIAL.

DEAR SIR: It affords me great pleasure to send you this voluntary statement of my experience in testing the merits of Joy's Sarsaparilla. For the past five years I have been troubled with an exceedingly sluggish liver, and within the past two years it has brought within its trail a thoroughly disordered stomach, including loss of appetite and distress after eating, pains in the back and kidneys, and boils around my neck and face. I have tried several remedies which are advertised as specially for the liver, and never could get more than temporary relief of about a week or two. I was recommended to try a bottle of Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla as a test, and while taking the first bottle I became convinced of its merits for I could feel it was working a change in me. I have taken five bottles, and during that time my troubles have left me. Everything is working full and regular, in fact it has cleansed, purified and braced me up generally. I feel like a new man. You exert perfect liberty to use this as you see fit, or you can refer whom you please to

Charles Lee

With Beamish, corner Third and Market streets, San Francisco.

Ask for Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. One pint of the juices of Vegetable alteratives peculiar to California, combining the most effective liver and kidney remedy, blood purifier, stomach regulator and vegetable laxative in existence. All druggists. \$1 per bottle; 6 for \$5.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

San Francisco.

J. J. MORSE, THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH France Speaker, lectures for the Golden Gate Society, Metropolitan Temple, Fifth street, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Answers to questions in the morning, a lecture in the evening. Miss E. Beresford Joy, soloist, Senor S. Arrillaga, organist. Admission free to each meeting. All are invited.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meets every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission free.

THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH meets every Saturday, at 7:30 P. M. in rooms 106 McAllister street. Interesting and instructive papers and essays are read by the members, and no subjects are excluded from discussion. Free Library, and free admission.

Chicago, Ill.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE Society of Chicago, meets in Avenue Hall, Wabash Avenue and 22d St., Sunday evenings at 7:45.

Cleveland, Ohio.

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

Mrs. Nettie P. Fox.—Books.

Reduced in price from 25 to 100 Per Cent.

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