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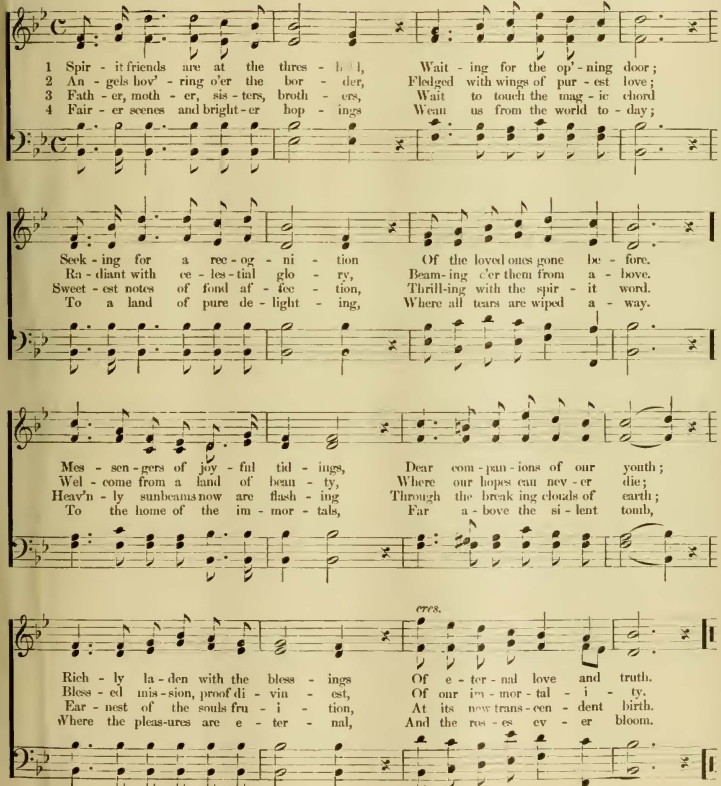

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The Platform.

JOSEPH'S CUP; or, Modern Spiritualism.

F. MUHLHAUSER.

[The following is a reply to a lecture delivered, on the above subject, by the Rev. Dr. Machol, in the Scovill Avenue Jewish Synagogue, Cleveland, O., on Friday, February 1st, of this year. The "reply" was made by Mr. Muhlhauser, in the form of a pamphlet which he has widely distributed among his personal friends. As a copy has reached the DOVE it is placed before our readers as an able reply to a gratuitous attack, written by a gentleman who has been converted from the Hebrew faith to the light and knowledge that our noble gospel so ably dispenses. Mr. Muhlhauser is a well-known manufacturer and prominent citizen of Cleveland, O., so, alike from his position and from the fact of his being one of the few Jews embracing and defending our philosophy, there is no doubt that the readers of the DOVE will be glad to peruse what follows. EDITOR CARRIER DOVE].

This lecture deserves more than passing notice, being the first of the kind—as the reverend doctor himself says—that has ever been delivered from a Jewish pulpit. The reverend doctor began by stating that mysticism had ever been an attraction for the human mind, and that at all times man wished to investigate the supernatural. As far back as history relates, do we find the desire to lift the curtain, which the Almighty had flung before the future, and it was very questionable whether any benefit could be derived by trying to lift the veil. In all times in the past man was wont to consult fortune-tellers, in order to know something of the future which was in store for him, etc. Now as to this desire in the past, I know not; but I do know that the greatest discoveries in science in recent times are due to a desire on on the part of man to lift the veil. To investigate the laws of nature, is, evidently, the plainest duty of the intellect, and, indeed, in the face of the rapid strides that humanity has made in the last half century, many things which were mysterious are to-day unveiled. It is the intellectual development of man that is the great factor in a better understanding of nature's laws. Electricity and magnetism are not new inventions of the mind. They have always existed in the universe, thousands of years prior to the historic age, but it was necessary for man to develop to a comprehension of those powers. If it had not been for the mind investigating into the unknown in all ages, very many valuable discoveries would not have been made. When Luigi Galvani witnessed the spasmodic movements of the leg of a frog—caused by pieces of copper and zinc in his hand—there was little in it to suggest the electric light, or the ocean telegraph. Had the similarity of the electric spark to the lightning met with your advice, Franklin would never have defied the storm cloud with his kite. Had Galileo been less of an investigator, the world would have stood still, and the sun revolved around it. Now every school boy knows this fact, and yet it was mystic in Galileo's time. Had Columbus been imbued with your desire, not to lift the veil, some one else than he would have had to discover America. God has always existed and manifested his omnipotence through the laws of the universe, but how many centuries did it take to understand them, and how few understand them to-day? To the ignorant and uninitiated the laws of chemistry, geometry and mathematics are mystical, and may appear supernatural; but the reverend doctor is in error when he says that anything exists *super to nature*. If every one had studied medicine and therapeutics, there would be less untimely graves opened. And when the reverend doctor advises his hearers not to inquire into nature's laws, he is stating a poor example to the inquiring mind. And when he says that the people, who are reaching out for knowledge in occult matters, are reviving a superstitious age, and are laying hold upon holy things which God does not want them to understand, he is making a most remarkable statement, in which he seems to depend entirely upon the ignorance of his listeners, and invokes the very superstition which he decries. But let us investigate first whether some of the so-called dark ages were so very superstitious. Any man of intelligence knows it to be untrue, that the teachers of immortality of the past ages have dwelt in superstition. Out of the enlightenment of Greece sprang Socrates to teach those who were to be the philosophers of the world of immortality. Was Pythagoras the result of an age of superstition, from whom you borrow, even to-day, the first principles of mathematics, and who, educated by the Egyptian scientists, gave unto Greece the best formulas of mathematical science? Yet Pythagoras believed in immortality, and taught it to his pupils. Was that an age of superstition which gave to Greece and Rome its greatest scholars? Was that an age of superstition in which Memnon, the Egyptian, drew the light from heaven under which he discovered the first knowledge of language? Was that an age of superstition in which the primal principles of all the education of the world to-day were founded?

You go back to that age of superstition for your knowledge of geometry, for your first knowledge of figures, and the language which was first spoken and written upon the earth, so far as you know the language; which in the inscriptions, holds the correct planisphere of astronomical language—was the language of the Egyptians. Was that an age of superstition in which Martin Luther and Calvin burst from the bonds of an all-powerful church, and wrote the name of inspiration in new letters? Was that an age of superstition in which John Wesley gave the mild light of his teachings, and testified to the voice of communion with spirits and family? Are the Quakers and Shakers the result of a superstitious age, who burst from the fetters of an ancient church, that they might more freely have communion with spirits? But if all these are relegated by scientists to days of superstition, what shall we say of this epitome of enlightenment, civilization and culture? The nineteenth century, that has spanned the world with its electricity and steam? That even now plans a new motor that shall have wings for flight? That girdles the earth with lightning and with splendor of human invention, and bears the burdens of the world? What shall we say of this age, that resolves everything into Utilitarianism and would make the angels if possible its message and burden-bearers? Is this an age of superstition? "No!" says the materialist. "Yes!" says the Rev. Dr. Machol. Then I declare to you that there are more people upon the earth to-day than at any other period of human history, who have open communion with the spirit world; more openly avow it; more people who believe in immortality; more people who demonstrate their knowledge of immortal evi-

dence from those who passed before. What the angel of Socrates was to him; what the prompting was to Plato which with angelic eyes won him on to the divine contemplation of his cosmos; what the ministering spirits were to those Jewish, Protestant and Catholic churches, who believed in the ministry of angels; what the voice of Martin Luther that prompted him to forsake the sacrament of the Roman Catholic church, all its ceremony and mockery; what the voice was that led George Fox and the Quakers to a higher conception of God in the worship of the spirit instead of the letter, in the form of ministering spirits, in the form of guardian angels, in the form of those who preside and abide in the household, near the hearts of those they love, has been found in greater abundance in the world to-day. The modern Spiritualist is the result of this enlightenment, because the world is more enlightened, and does not put its prophets and seers, under the name of witches, to death, though they are persecuted sufficiently to almost die. Because the laws of most countries are more liberal, men of most advanced convictions are not subject to inquisition, the rack and the fire. As the world has grown in perception, in science, and in art more and more, so the upper window of the heavens can be opened to man's spiritual nature, can enter more into his daily contemplation. The winged messenger can visit him without fear of their mediums being put to death or being accounted as witches possessed of Satan. But perhaps the reverend doctor ascribes all the records, that we have of the administration of angels and archangels in the Bible to the superstition of the fore-fathers, and probably denies and disbelieves them to be truthful records of his own religious history. From the time when the Lord spake unto his chosen people, "In the mount out of the midst of the fire of the cloud, and of the thick darkness, with a great voice," and talked with Moses at the door of the tabernacle, and looked into the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and the cloud, and took off their chariot wheels. And when "the angel of the Lord appeared unto Moses in a flame of fire, out of the midst of the bushland called, "Moses! Moses!" up to the present time do we see the footprints of angels in the pathway of the race.

Now do you believe in the truth of this phenomena? Or do you disbelieve it? I will give you a few more quotations from the good book, in order to draw your attention to the fact that angels have visited humanity before, and brought special messages to them, and prophesied through chosen ones. The prophet Joel prophesied thus: "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions." Now my good reverend doctor, here seems to be a plain prophecy of what was to take place in the future, and the question is, has that prophecy been fulfilled? If so, when and where, and in what manner? If not, when is it to be fulfilled, and how? But I proceed: "And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of Mamre, and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day, and he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo! three men stood by him, and when he saw them he ran to meet them from the tent door, and he bowed himself towards the ground."

Now the Bible says this is what happened to Abraham, and says they were materialized spirits, or angels. And now, my good reverend doctor, if you say that they were manufactured ghosts and goblins, or visions produced by sorcerers and witches, then I most respectfully disagree with you, and am compelled to believe the Bible.

And again, "There came two angels to Sodom at even, and Lot sat in the gate of Sodom, and Lot, seeing them rose up to meet them, and he bowed himself toward the ground, and he said to his angel guests: "Tarry all night with me;" and they did, and he made them a feast, and did bake unleavened bread, and they did eat." Now do you deny the truth of this story? And have you the moral courage to admit it? I proceed further: Once upon a time there was a certain ruler in Israel called Saul, and sacred history says, "Now, Samuel and all Israel lamented him, and Saul had put away those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land." "And the Philistines gathered themselves together, and came and pitched in Shunem, and Saul gathered all Israel together, and they pitched in Gilboa." "And when Saul saw the host of the Philistines, he was afraid, and his heart was greatly troubled. And when Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by prophets. Then said Saul unto his servants, "Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit." I confess that there was a time when I did not know what kind of women these were, and in seeking for authority, find one acknowledged so by the theological world, viz: Adam Clark, L.L.D., F.S.A., M.R.I.A., and I find that "they were those that had familiar spirits, whom they could invoke *when they pleased*, and receive answers from, relative to the futurity." And the servant said unto Saul, "Behold, there is the woman who hath a familiar spirit at Endor." Saul disguised himself and called on the woman and said to her, "Bring me up Samuel;" and according to sacred history, the spirit of Samuel came; and whilst it is not certain whether Saul actually saw Samuel's spirit, yet Samuel spoke to Saul and said, "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" It must be remembered here that Saul and Samuel had been old friends. Samuel had annointed Saul as King, and after some conversation the spirit told Saul that the Lord would deliver Israel into the hands of the Philistines, and the morrow Saul and his sons should be with him. The prophesy was true. The next day the Israelites were defeated, and Saul and his three sons slain in battle. Doctor Adam Clarke said, "That Samuel did appear on this occasion is most evident from the text, nor can this be denied from any legitimate mode of interpretation." And this is the woman whom you, my good reverend, are pleased to call *the witch* of Endor, and whom, no doubt, you would burn at the stake to-day, if it were in your power to do so. The question again arises here, Is this story true in your opinion? To my comprehension, in the light and truth of Modern Spiritualism, it is simply the narration of a seance, such as occurs every day in our time, and of which the reverend doctor could convince himself if he would take the trouble to do so.

I will proceed to quote an instance of the appearance of a spirit hand. In chapter V of Daniel it is related that "Belshazzar, the king, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords. In the same hour came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote upon the plaster of the king's palace. And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote: 'Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.'" This, when interpreted by Daniel, was a prophecy, which was immediately fulfilled. Now, my good reverend, I ask you once more, are these Bible stories true? Most certainly you dare not deny them; and if true, were they spiritual manifestations or were they witchcraft and jugglery? In both cases the prophesies were fulfilled, and you cannot attribute them to ancient magic. And if these phenomena once occurred, why can they not occur again? For, "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever; nothing can be put to it; nor anything taken from it: God doeth it that men should fear before him." "That which hath been is now, and that which is to be, hath already been, and God requireth that which is past." It is said that the high-priest Onilus, and the prophet, Jeremiah, appeared to Judas Maccabeus. Also Moses and Elias appeared to Peter, James and John, and it is further narrated that, "the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose. There are even records of lying spirits in ancient times, very much like now a days. It is related that one "Ahab, king of Israel, proposed to capture Ramoth-gilead. And the king called together four hundred of his prophets, and they said, 'Go up, and God will deliver it into the king's hands.' But Ahab mistrusted the prophecy and wanted to make sure whether his amiable intentions toward Ramoth-gilead would be successful, and he sent after Nicaiah, "And when he came to the king, the king said unto him, 'Nicaiah, shall we go to Ramoth-gilead to battle?" And he said, 'Go ye up and prosper, and they shall be delivered into your hand.'" And the king said, "I adjure thee that thou say nothing but the truth." Then Nicaiah said, "I saw the Lord sitting upon

the throne, and all the host of heaven standing upon his right hand and on his left." "And the Lord said, 'Who shall entice Ahab, the king of Israel, that he may go up to Ramoth Gilead?'" And one spake after this manner, and another saying after that manner. Then there came out a spirit and stood before the Lord, and said, "I will entice him." And the Lord said, "Wherewith?" "I will go out and be a lying spirit in the mouth of the prophets." And the Lord said, "Thou shalt entice him; go out and do even so. The lying spirit told his story to Ahab. The king believed it, went up to Ramothgilead and was killed in battle.* Now I have yet to hear from any of the modern learned reverends, an explanation of these historical records, other than in the manner related. But I come back to take up the thread of the lecture. The reverend doctor said, "The birth of Modern Spiritualism dates back forty-two years ago. At Hydesville, New York, one Kate Fox was supposed to have established communication with the spirit-world by rappings on the walls, on the tables and all over the house. She finally reduced those rappings to signs, and for the affirmative answer to questions she received two raps. (The doctor does not say here how many raps for negative answers, and for his information I will tell him that she established the following code: affirmative, three raps; negative, one rap; doubtful, two raps.) And that from that day to this many people, numbering now about 11,000,000 in the United States, have become the victims of this craze." He was not prepared to say that the many intelligent people who belonged to their ranks were bent upon deceiving the world, but he contended that they were themselves deceived, deluded and imposed upon; that they imagined they knew what they knew. And for a proof of his assertion the reverend doctor attempts a description of a seance—a most ludicrous perversion of the truth, proving beyond a doubt that the reverend doctor was entirely ignorant on the subject, and has drawn simply upon his own imagination or upon hearsay evidence.

Here is the manner in which he describes the seances which he attended: A few nervous people come together into a room; the lights are put out, they join hands. Ten minutes pass and nothing is either seen or heard, and the expectations are alive. Twenty minutes pass, and no response as yet from the invisible world. Thirty minutes pass, and the expectations become more vivid and the nerves become excited. The imagination becomes flighty, until finally an abnormal condition is produced in the minds of the sitters, and they then begin to see ghosts. The doctor here describes this abnormal condition of the mind, calls it a hypnotic condition, and says that only ignorance can be at the bottom of these supernatural appearances that these good people are either imposed upon by their own superstitions or by tricksters and and magicians, mountebanks or witches, and in support of his argument the reverend doctor relates how the Indians put themselves into a hypnotic condition by sitting around a camp fire. Gazing and staring silently and sullenly into the fire whilst one of their number beats a drum in single taps at short intervals, and by and by their imaginations are brought to a pitch of abnormity, when they see spirits and ghosts. Oh! *Simeon simplicitia*. How shall I calmly and with respect criticize the reverend doctor? To what purpose were all the scientific researches of Professors Zwellner, Crookes, Wallace, Hare, Wagner, Butlerof, Coue, Kiddle, Barron Dupre, Doctor Ludwig Kuhlenbeck, Hubbe-Schleiden, Albert Formotzing, Langsdorf, Lowenthal, etc. the Dialectical Society of London, or the Academy of France, who, after many researches, have published their investigations to the world, establishing beyond a doubt, the existence of spirit phenomena? Of what use were all your researches? You were simply a lot of deluded fools, or you were imposed upon by tricksters, the victims of your own imaginations. Here is a reverend doctor of theology, of Cleveland, O., who so declares, and he advises you gentlemen of science and learning not to investigate further, and that God never intended you should do so. I do not know upon what investigations of "*the supernatural*" which reaches beyond human understanding," the reverend doctor presumes to judge of your labors, but I do know, from the interesting lecture to which I had the pleasure to listen, that your publications have not as yet found their way to his library. The reverend doctor implores his hearers not to disturb the rest of the dead; not to call them from their peaceful condition back into earth's sphere's and ask them to rap for you under or above a table! How do you know they are resting and in peace? Have you ever asked them? Perhaps some great wrong has been committed, the perpetrator is in a deplorable spiritual condition, and for his own salvation wishes to implore the pardon of his victim.

The trouble with the reverend doctor is that he confounds spirit phenomena with spiritual philosophy. He seems to think that it is necessary to believe in all kinds of phenomena in order to be a Spiritualist, and he does not consider that the proof of the immortality of the soul is to be had by inquiring into the laws of nature. Had the reverend doctor taken the pains to inform himself before launching into tirade against the only truth and light given to man upon the question of mortal and immortal existence, he would have saved me the task of calling the attention of so learned a gentleman to this fact. If you would reflect a moment and consider that the theology of the orthodox church, no matter of what denomination, finds no response in the intelligent heart; that the scholar of to-day believes not in miracles, but finds a solution for all the phenomena that have ever taken place in the world; and that the angry Jehovah of the past, and the absolution of sins, either through fasting and kneeling, or the blowing of horns and trumpets, or through the vicarious atonement, or confessions to priests, are fast becoming subjects which rank only as legends of past ages, to be looked upon by coming generations with wonder, that their substance had really at one time formed a part of men's faith, and wonder if men's intellects could ever have grasped them as truths; nay, even died and suffered martyrdom for upholding them as such, and thanking the Creator, like a child that has been frightened by a bad dream, that they have awakened to the fact of realizing that it was but a dream, a vision, and that the frightful theme is not true, and wonder why they and their ancestors, to whom they credit so much sound judgment and good sense, could for one moment have adopted sustained sentiments at which they like the child, awakening from its dream—that dream often the result of a disordered stomach, fed upon poor food—now are themselves surprised. I do not accuse the reverend doctor of administering the food of so poor a quality as to bring about dreams of that kind as its result.

The attendance in your synagogues and churches is diminishing every year, and if you persist in standing still much longer, and refuse to "lift the curtain and penetrate the veil," the generation now growing up with a better understanding of nature's laws, with a larger scope of intellect, will either have to play the hypocrite, and profess to believe in your teachings—as many are now doing, just to accomodate their loving parents—or they will have to receive their spiritual teaching from another source. The future generation is not to be satisfied with an empty appeal to faith; why should we remain ignorant of anything that exists in the world.

Coming back to the lecture. The reverend doctor is very much opposed to Spiritualism, "because it shuns the light of day." "If it is truth, it need not hide in darkness; but the very fact that you must have a cabinet or dark room proves in itself that it is intended to deceive the senses." Now I would ask the reverend doctor in all candor, whether the fact of the immortality in which he believes is any less a fact, be it night or be it day? But I suppose the reverend doctor means that the phenomena all occur in the dark; and here again he displays a remarkable ignorance on the subject. There are many phases of phenomena which he can witness in broad daylight. He can get communications from those he calls dead, through independent slate-writing, when every opportunity will be given him to sat-

* Bible quotations are from Judge Richmond's answer to Seybert Commission

isfy himself that he is not being deceived, and where he can get answers to questions upon subjects concerning which he and the spirit intelligence are alone cognizant. The doctor can also get rappings and table tippings, clairvoyant visions, trance-speaking, inspired writing in trance, and all intellectual manifestations in broad daylight. It is only certain physical manifestations which, being subject to the physical and chemical laws of the universe, can not be satisfactorily given, when surrounded by the conditions of strong light. If the reverend doctor would go to a photographer and ask him to produce a likness of himself without the dark room, the photographer would tell him that if he insisted upon his conditions, and would not allow him to make the likeness according to chemical laws, the reverend doctor would have to leave without his photograph. And if he would say why plow up the fields and place the seed into the dark earth and cover it up and protect it from the light and atmospheric actions upon it, I will have my own conditions of growth. I will place the seed on the top of the earth and allow it to grow in broad daylight, with the sun shining upon it in the summer, and the snow and frost hugging it in the winter. When the harvest time would come, and the time of reaping was at hand, I am afraid the reverend doctor would have to starve from the result of dictating his own terms. And yet the same laws of the All-wise underlie the physical phenomena which the reverend doctor so glibly calls sorcery, witchcraft, tricks, humbug, snares and delusions. Another observation the reverend doctor has made, that "only the bereaved and sorrowing are drawn into this craze." "You lose a father, mother, brother, sister, child or dear friend," says the reverend doctor; "you are almost distracted at the loss. Some one taps you on the shoulder and says: 'Did you ever hear that you could speak to your departed friends?' You go along to a medium, and you go through the ten, twenty and thirty minute performances, (which the reverend doctor has described,) and you imagine you have seen the spirit of your departed brother or sister."

It is an accepted axiom of science that the universe contains no falsehood, and it ill agrees with the high standing of the doctor to accuse eleven million people in the United States, numbering among them the highest talent in the land—lawyers, doctors, statesmen and philosophers—of either professing a falsehood, or being too weak minded to distinguish the truth from the fraud. But lest you think your theories and teachings are accomplishing good results, just look around with your eyes open. Your congregation comes to the synagogue, week after week, and year after year, and where is there a sign of progress? They mechanically read page after page of a prayer in the Hebrew language, which they do not understand, and which, even to this day, has not been correctly translated; as it has even taken the knowledge from the recent discovery of the Rosetta stone, which gives us a key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics not possessed before —to understand the meaning of Jehovah and Jehovah Elohim—and you may proceed to to teach your children the same literal meaning of biblical records that you have been taught, and ask them to travel the same road of salvation that you have trod. But the time is coming when credal inheritance and sacred dispensations will not be taken upon *faith alone*, but upon the evidence of understanding and upon reason. The method of the past has developed materialists, who will proclaim to your face, that they do not believe in a God; that there never was a creator, and for proof of this assertion I will mention that the very valuable and excellent work of the Rev. Dr. A. Hahn, "History of the Argument for the Existence of God," seemed to have been a necessity in this materialistic age to prove the Creator's existence. And yet you find numbers still declaring that "death ends all existence for man and beast alike."

You have not been able in your teachings to give your fold *the proofs* of the immortal existence which you proclaim, and as they will not believe you upon faith, they prefer to disbelieve it; and I do not much blame them. I myself will believe nothing, that is of so much importance to me as the faith of a continued existence after death, except upon the same proofs that I would accept any other science. All you tell your mourners, when they assemble around the bier and are bowed down with grief and doubting the existence of that God whom you call all-wise, is "that all is well; God giveth and he taketh, and the name of the Lord be praised." "You must not question the ways of the Deity," says the reverend doctor, in place of telling them that the cause of the death was either an accident, and that in that case the laws of the universe are no respector of persons; or that the cause, no doubt, was the result of some ignorance of psychological laws, and that if the child had not caught a severe cold it might still be alive, and that God had nothing to do with making an angel out of it. My good reverend doctor what an irony in this latter part of the nineteenth century. You, then, proceed to preach on the immortality of that soul, and pray for its welfare every week, praying the same prayer mechanically until doomsday, and when you are asked by the sorrowing mother, who looks up to you for consolation as her spiritual adviser, "Where is my child?" you tell her, "My good woman I sympathize with you in your bereavement, but I do not know; it is not well that we should be too inquisitive in such matters; you must not lift the veil of the future." Now, in the face of modern research and science, I declare to you, my good reverend doctor, that if you do not as yet know where that soul goes to, that it is high time you did. I for my part refuse to accept a paradise of eternal rest and peace. God forbid that such a state should be my lot, that after a life of business activity, social and political duties, I should be condemned to a life of rest and indolence, learning perhaps to play David's harp and sing psalms and hallelujah at the throne of an imaginary God, somewhere in company with my forefathers, with my friends and neighbors, singing praises and anthems in an imaginary paradise. Away with such a picture of ignorance and superstition, not much above the materialist, and the adoration of the golden calf. Away with your request not to disturb the rest of the dead; not to lift the curtain of the future, when God himself, through his wise laws, has given us the opportunity to do so. The intelligent portion of your congregation are not to be satisfied any longer with your fairy tales. They will lift the veil and satisfy their thirst for more light, and when they have received it, as surely they will sooner or later, you must not be surprised at the empty seats in your synagogues.

But you may say, "What have we to do with Spiritualism any more than with any other ism?" I answer, you have to do with whatever claims to be from the other world, that which can settle so many vexed questions; that can decide whether the Israelite, Presbyterian, Congregationalist or Methodist is right concerning the future state; that can decide whether the Roman Catholic or Presbyterian is correct, the one in relegating souls to heaven or hell, the other in adding purgatory as well; that can decide whether the spirit can sleep until judgment day, when all shall be resurrected, or in what state the spirit dwells while awaiting the judgment day. In fact all questions in theological disputes can be decided by this voice to which you refuse to listen. What does it mean that you do not regard it as worth while? Then what will you do with all these souls, that are plunged into hell, which you have in vain tried to save from materialism, and now try to save from Spiritualism? You speak about the Summerland and the land of the soul, and of paradise, and ask your hearers to take your own imaginations as a part of their faith.

By the time you again hold another lecture on this subject, which I trust may be soon, I hope to hear that you have given the matter more attention and investigation, so that you may say, "'Tis strange, but true, for truth is always stranger than fiction." And I trust that I may be able to testify to your progress in these scientific researches, which are the basis of all experiences.

Your story of Joseph's goblet was, that Joseph used it, like the tool of a magician, to make his brothers believe that he could tell their ages, when in fact he already knew them; thus proving that all such fortune

telling and prophesying was simply legerdemain.

Your story about the French peasants hanging balls on the foot of bedsteads, in order to hypnotize the children and put them to sleep, wishing to prove by this little story that all Spiritualists were similarly hypnotized and put to sleep, and through such similar experiences became "the victims of a craze," are really too deep for me to fathom, and confess I can not find the least cause why you should occupy the valuable time of your hearers with such absurdities.

"Now what I want is facts—facts alone—are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. Stick to facts, sir."—*Dickens's "Hard Times."*

"The facts on which this philosophy is based, like all other systems or theories of science, can only be proven by human experience, and then propagated only by human tongue or hand. Should we discard this class of evidence it would be but to ignore all the text books of law, history and science, for they are but the testimony of creditable witnesses."—*Judge Richmond's answer to Seybert's Commission.*

Pardon me but contrary to your admonitions and solicitations, Israelites are just as much entitled to know what is true in nature as members of other religious denominations; hence they will not likely remain dormant much longer and refuse to listen to the voice of progress and of unfoldment as you would and have advised them to do.

A guilty weight upon the heart takes the sun out of the sky.—*Thom.*

The great difference in labor is, not in what is done, but in how it is done.

Religion is the best armor a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.—*Bunyan.*

Those that live in the Lord never see each other for the last time.—*From the German.*

Some men are so covetuous, as if they were to live forever; and others so profuse, as if they were to die the next moment.—*Aristotle.*

A good character, when established, should not be rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still further good.—*Atterbury.*

Remorse of conscience is like an old wound; a man is under no condition to fight under such circumstances. The pain abates his vigor, and takes up too much of his attention. —*Jeremy Collier.*

There is little need of trying to paint the still, warm, misty, dreamy Indian summer in words; there are many states that have no articulate vocabulary, and are only to be reproduced by music, and the mood this season produces is of that nature.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Selected Articles.

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

THE BELIEVERS IN SPIRITUALISM.

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

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

(*Continued from page* 185.)

AT THE HUB.

Prominent Bostonians Expound the Spiritistic Faith.

BOSTON, Feb. 16.—Spiritualistic leaders not only in Boston, but all over the country point with pride to the fact that no less a personage than Rev. Minot J. Savage has thought it worth while to give to Spiritualism his most distinguished and careful consideration. They assert and so do a multitude of others who are not in any sense allied to the occult movement, that if a man with such a remarkably bright intellect and such broad and liberal common sense believes that Spiritualism and quackery are not synonymous terms, the public at large and the press in general had better reserve their sneers and abuse for something else.

Mr. Savage was interviewed by a *Press* reporter in his study under his church on West Newton street.

He said, among other things: "I have three things to say about Spiritualism:

"First—that in my judgment at least half of that which concerns itself with the work of public and paid mediums is downright fraud.

Second—There is a large amount of what might be called honest self delusion and misconception. For example, some strange thing occurs and the person in whose presence it happens misinterprets it and says that a spirit is at work, when in reality the phenomenon is capable of some other explanation. In this respect I refer not to tricks, but to psychic experiences.

"Third—I believe that there is a large amount of facts that demand for their explanation one of two things—either the presence and agency of invisible intelligences, or such a widening of the range of activity on the part of minds still embodied as our ordinary scientific theories have made no room for."

Mr. Savage referred to a number of marvelous personal experiences with mediums which had served to increase his desire of finding out what there really was in the so-called Spiritualism. Among them was an experience with the famous Slade, whom Mr. Savage and a friend visited in the old Adams House when Slade was in Boston. During their visit Slade gave a startling illustration of his power of leviation. Mr. Savage was seated in a large, heavy armchair in the center of the room, and Slade simply placed his hand on the back of the chair and with no effort whatever raised the clergyman, chair and all, some distance from the floor.

A slate writing experience with the same medium was more marvelous still. "I have brought my own slate," said Mr Savage—which, by the way was not a double one—and several messages were made to appear on its surface. Finally, I said to him: "Why cannot I get writing independently of you?"

"Try it," replied Slade.

"Accordingly," said Mr. Savage, "I took the slate in my own hands, and, after placing a small piece of pencil upon it, I held it under the edge of the table. Slade was seated on the other side. His hands were in plain view, and he had no contact with me whatever. In a few moments I looked at the slate again, and lo and behold! I had a message."

Another instance was more marvelous still. "I was seated at some distance from a wonderful male medium," said Mr. Savage, "when suddenly I felt my right knee clasped in a firm, strong grip. I looked down and saw nothing. The pressure continued, and I thought I would make a little investigation

on my own account, I slowly and gently extended my hand down to the spot and held it there right where the invisible force was acting. What was the result? I felt a curious sensation exactly as if fingers were running over the back of my hand and the phenomenon finally concluded itself with an unmistakable patting on the back of my wrist. I was not alone with the medium all this time. Another gentleman, a friend of mine, was with me, but neither of us could see anything which could give us even the remotest explanation of the wonderful occurrence.

"Such occurrences as these, and many others equally as inexplicable," said Mr. Savage, "have convinced me that there is something which is eminently worthy of investigation. If there is even a grain of truth in Spiritualism the world ought to know it, and the search should be instituted by the thinking men of the world. A great many persons, many of them with wonderfully bright intellects in other respects, think it their duty to denounce everything pertaining to spiritualistic phenomena as the basest kind of fraud. Why do they do this? Simply because they have seen only the tricks and the shams, or perhaps they may have witnessed one of the 'exposures' of Spiritualism, which very often expose nothing or nobody but the person conducting the exposure."

Dr. Solomon Schindler, the famous Jewish rabbi, was exceedingly loath to being extensively quoted on the subject of Spiritualism.

"You see," he said to the *Press* reporter, "this is a subject of so eminently peculiar a nature that a man cannot give his views on it in an offhand manner. It would require a good deal of time and calm and thoughtful consideration on my part before I could express myself with the requisite clearness, for there are so many and so varied phases to the matter that a cursory statement would not bring credit to the man who uttered it."

Dr. Schindler was assured that anything which he might say, even though spoken without preparation, could not fail to be interesting to the readers of the *Press*. So, after a little more persuasion, he said: "Well, I am afraid that even if I should express my sentiments concerning matters spiritualistic my opinion would be of very little worth, for really I am one of those who are far from being on the outside of the valley of doubt. It is true that many times during my life I have turned my attention to the consideration of spiritual phenomena and their probable or improbable causes, but my life has been such a busy one in other respects that my spiritual studies, so to speak, have been altogether too brief. It has always been my desire to see the light, if light there is, in the clearest manner possible. To this end my efforts have been directed, but, as I said before, circumstances have been of such a nature that my desires have been only partially gratified. It seems to me that if a man has made up his mind to search to the very bottom in quest of the spiritualistic essence, he should apply himself in the most assiduous manner. He should read every authority of any note on the subject and compare their arguments with the dictates of his own reason and conscience. Besides he should witness as many of the so-called manifestations and materializations as possible. Moreover, he should visit the very best mediums and endeavor to learn from personal observations and experiments the causes, effects and extent of their wonderful powers, if in reality such powers exist. The last branch of the investigation would be, as you probably are aware, very expensive. Mediums, that is, the first class ones, come high, and I have no doubt that this fact has dampened the ardor of many persons who wished to make a thorough examination of the subject. It has had such an effect upon your humble servant, though, as you may have inferred from what I have said, my principal reason for not more fully pursuing a spiritualistic investigation has been the lack of sufficient time."

"But as far as you have investigated, what is your opinion as to the existence or non-existence of spiritual phenomena?" queried the *Press* reporter.

"I have witnessed experiments under test conditions," replied Dr. Schindler, "and I cannot deny that some of them were nothing short of marvelous. How they were done I do not know, and, therefore, I would not attempt to offer any explanation. I will say, however, they impressed me to such an extent as to urge me to investigate further, which I will assuredly do when my circumstances will permit."

Ed Smith, a well-known Bostonian, who is a large manufacturer of pianos and organs, was seen by the *Press* reporter. Mr. Smith is not a medium, neither is he a person who might be styled a "professional" believer, for, although he believes firmly in Spiritualism, he has never taken any active position in spiritualistic circles. Moreover, he is a gentleman who has secured the respect of all who have come in contact with him, and his opinions, though hitherto only privately expressed, have always been listened to with the deepest kind of consideration.

He said, in the course of a lengthened conversation with *The Press* reporter:

"I do not think that spiritualistic phenomena have happened and will continue to happen. I know it. I am as much assured of this truth as I am sure that I am talking to you in this room and at this moment. My belief is the result of no sudden fancy, and I have not been imposed upon by any fraudulent practices. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind—no, not even the suspicion of a doubt.

"Over ten years ago," continued he, "my wife, whom I dearly loved, breathed her last. Her death had a most depressing effect upon me. She had been all in all to me, and when I was left alone I became, as I thought, incurably disconsolate. I longed for the time to come when I could see her again, and I ardently wished that I might, in this world even, communicate with her, if such a thing were possible. A few nights after she died I was in my little boy's room. He had just retired after repeating the prayers that his mother had taught him. We were talking together, when, all of a sudden he said:

"Papa, there is mamma standing at the foot of the bed."

I looked in that direction, but could see nothing.

"Are you sure?" asked I.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed he. "Can't you see her?"

"I must confess that I could not, but soon I was sure that her spirit was in the room, for I felt its influence, until a few moments later, when my little boy told me that his mother was gone. From that moment I began to think seriously of Spiritualism, for I was convinced that my little boy had not been mistaken. Some time after that a medium, whose name I think was Watkins, came to this city. I had heard of his marvelous slate writing powers, and I was determined to test them, and see, moreover, if he could not get a message from my wife. Accordingly, I bought a double slate and went to his room. Remember, he had never seen me before. I told him I wanted a "sitting," and he gave me his instructions, which were to write the names of several of my deceased relatives on little slips of paper, and roll them into little balls, while he was out of the room. This I did, and then mixed them up on the table in front of me to such an extent that I myself could not tell which was which. When he returned he picked up one of the little balls, and without looking at it, he called out the full name of my wife, which was written on the paper. Then he took an ordinary slate pencil, bit off a small piece, and placed it inside the slate, which all this time had not left my possession. I grasped one end of the slate firmly, he took hold of the other, and presently I could hear the pencil scratching around inside. A few moments this continued, and then we opened the slate. You can imagine my astonishment when I read a message of endearment inside from my wife, and the most marvelous part of it was that it was written in her own handwriting, the signature being almost a perfect fac simile of hers. All this occurred in broad daylight, and I am satisfied that not the slightest kind of chancery was employed. Since then I have witnessed a large number of manifestations and materializations. I soon saw enough to convince me, and I am not, as a general rule, easily convinced, of the undoubted truth that is contained in

Modern Spiritualism. I have given the matter a great deal of time and careful attention, and have spent not a little money in my investigations. Whatever doubt I might have had on the subject has been long since removed by nothing more than a complete personal examination. The numbers of believers in Spiritualism is increasing every day and in every part of the country. Men of means and men of brains are revolving these questions in their minds and are fast becoming converts, though some of them do not care to admit it. For my part, I am convinced that Spiritualism will be the coming belief in the not very far distant future."

IN THE QUAKER CITY.

Most of the Spiritualists Have Reached Three Score Years.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 16.—One of the strongest believers in Spiritualism in this city is Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, whom *The Press* correspondent found yesterday afternoon at her office on Walnut street engaged with her professional duties. This lady is well known here for the prominent part she has taken in women's suffrage and for her noble battle, lasting some sixteen years, for the right of admission as an attorney in the courts of this State. She was the second woman who qualified for that profession, but by the time our judges were willing to admit her, there were eighty-five female practitioners in this country.

To speak of Spiritualism in Philadelphia without mentioning Mr. Danion Y. Kilgore, her late husband, would be, to use an old expression, like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Mr. Kilgore, in 1850, joined the N. E. conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Four years later he organized and was elected superintendent of the public schools of the village of Madison, Wis. He was identified with the educational interests of that State until March, 1860, when he resigned from the position to become principal of the Evansville Seminary.

For many years, and until the time of his death, which occurred some months ago, he was one of the leading lawyers, practicing jointly with his wife.

Mrs. Kilgore, who now occupies the same office, spoke earnestly of his and her belief in what she called "the grand truth of Spiritualism," and gave many proofs to justify it. She said that while Mr. Kilgore was in Madison, one of his pupils, a boy of some eight years went into a trance, and pictured most graphically to Mr. Kilgore the deathbed scene of his mother. This young medium told exactly who attended the funeral, and several other particulars that could not possibly have been known to him by any human methods. He went back to the scenes of Mr. Kilgore's childhood, and correctly related events which then occurred. At another time, a pupil named Gilbert was the medium through whom appeared the spirit of Henry Clay, which made astounding revelations regarding a body of men who were known as the Knights of the Golden Circle. The assassination of President Abraham Lincoln and four Governors had been planned by these men.

Mr. Kilgore was urged by the spirit visitor to go to Washington and lay before the President all the facts that had been presented.

Mr. Kilgore, who had implicit faith in these manifestations, went as suggested. As it was at that time extremely difficult to obtain an audience at the White House, he sent in to Mr. Lincoln a card, with this suggestive wording:

"D. Y. Kilgore, wishing neither office nor favor, desires to speak a few moments with the President." For an answer he received from Mr. Lincoln's son "Tad" a card with the message, "My father says write your name on this card." The bold, open handwriting of Mr. Kilgore proved the "open sesame." They talked together for an hour, and by prompt action the well-laid plans were frustrated and the four valuable lives saved. Governor Curtin, so says Mrs. Kilgore, acknowledges that he owes his life to that influence which had been brought to bear upon the dead lawyer. Mr. Kilgore was a student and investigated thoroughly the physical phenomena and science, which he considered too sacred a truth for fraud "His wife learned with him and believed with him, too. She is not satisfied that disembodied spirits have anything to do with the cabinet manifestations of professed mediums, nor with some of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism. Neither has she much faith in the creeds based upon the Spiritualistic stories of the Christian Bible; yet she does believe that those stories of spirit visitations may be true. Her faith depends upon the fact that in the economy of nature there is constant change, but no loss.

Mr. W. H Jones is the successful owner of the large seed and farming implement store 2045 Market street. He is about sixty years of age, possesses an open and genial expression of countenance, wears his hair, which is fast growing white, rather long and wavy, and is a fluent talker. For some twenty-five years he has been a believer in Spiritualism, and during that time he has studied and investigated its phenomena deeply.

Mr. Thomas Phillips, well-known in professional circles in this city and Camden, where he has lately located, is on the shady side of sixty, with a long and varied experience in the science of psychics, etc. In 1854 he first became interested in the investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism. At first a skeptic, he used every opportunity to seek out its mysteries. So much evidence of an unquestionable nature developed itself that he is now a firm believer. One of his experiences should here be narrated. In company with Captain Hutchinson and two others he bought two new slates from Shaw's hardware store, went to the house of a medium, through whom, on the slates, which were firmly fastened together and were not for a moment even out of sight, he received two communications, written apparently the one by a son, the other by Constantine Herring, who at that time was unknown to either of them. There was no evidence of trickery. In fact, there could have been none.

At another time Mr. Phillips invited twenty-five persons to his house, where, in a brilliantly lighted rooom, a test was again made. A committee of three took charge of the slates, which they screwed together and laid on the lap of the medium. After ten minutes or so had elapsed the small piece of pencil came from between the slates, which, when separated, disclosed the following message from his two year old daughter: "Father, mother and all—I am alive, well and happy; have grown in stature and in grace. You cannot tell how happy I am. ANN."

This child died in October, 1856, and the communication was received in 1880. Mr. Phillips says he has since had other messages, and that the characteristic features of the writing agree exactly. In two, between which an interval of many years elapsed, the words, "I don't want" occurred, and were identical in every respect.

Mr. P. L. Sanborn, one of the largest down town dry goods merchants, was until 1870 a member of the Methodist Church. His conversion to the belief of Spiritualism was brought about in a singular manner. He was traveling through the Western States, and one night when he was in Chicago the memory of his wife, who had died two months previously, pressed heavily upon his mind. He met an acquaintance, who suggested that he visit a "sensitive," the faith name for a medium. He followed this advice and procured a sitting. To his great surprise all the scenes surrounding the death of his wife, the conversation, names of those present and other facts were correctly given. And, what was still stranger, the sensitive foretold the future of his two sons, who were then but young children. Mr. Sanborn says the prophecy has been literally fulfilled, and his sons, who have grown to man's estate, are, like him, firm believers of "the great truth which underlies Spiritualism." He thinks that that belief, as it becomes more generally diffused, will be a great factor in bringing together the various Christian sects, which are now so opposite, and asserts that he could not be induced to change his faith under any possible circumstances.

A celebrity in the profession of medicine and surgery and a bright light in literature under the nom de plume of "John Barby," is Professor James E. Garretson of the Medico-Chirurgical College. No one in this

THE CARRIER DOVE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL
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SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

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

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Platform, - - - - - - - -	197
Selected Articles, - - - - - - - -	201
Editorials, - - - - - - - -	206
Dove Notes, - - - - - - - -	208
Spiritual Meetings, - - - - - - - -	208
Correspondence, - - - - - - - -	211
Poetry, - - - - - - - -	211

"THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU."

This is said to have been uttered eighteen hundred years ago, and yet it is unfortunately as true to-day as at that time. That it need be true we do not believe; yet as society is at present constituted it is an inevitable result. Legislature favors the aggrandisement of wealth in the hands of the few, to the great detriment of the masses who must consequently struggle with poverty. Whenever the people become intelligent enough as a body to remedy the evil it can be done. This whole world is a vast store-house wherein Nature has made abundant provision for all her children—both animal and human. If the human family are not endowed with sufficient intelligence to appropriate and distribute equitably the provision thus made for their comfort and maintenance a portion of them —and that portion a vast majority—must suffer privation and destitution while others are living and rioting in luxury at their expense. Who is responsible for this condition of things? *The people themselves.* "The voice of the people, is the voice of God;" then why does not God speak and change all this wrong? Ignorance, indifference, selfishness and lack of brotherly love, are the causes of this inertia. The wheel of fortune which turns against you to-day may favor you to-morrow; and so hoping against hope each one feels that it will be his turn next, and plods along waiting for "something to turn up" which never turns, and the poor wretch dies in his poverty while waiting. Humanitarian, philanthropic souls seeing existing evils, and being but a small minority of the sum total, knowing how utterly hopeless the attempt to bring about a change until the masses are ready to co-operate with them, have done the next best thing they could to relieve the present necessities of their suffering fellow-creatures and have organized and put into operation vast charities for the amelioration of the distressed. These charities are to the body politic, like an anæsthetic to a hopelessly diseased or dying person; they give temporary relief from suffering, but do not touch the root of the evil, or effect a cure of the disease. In this sense they are a blessing, and should be encouraged, until the patient dies, or a system of reconstruction and regeneration is inaugurated whereby a cure may be effected.

All social, religious, and fraternal societies and organizations have their established systems of charity, or provision for their sick and destitute; and a vast amount of distress is relieved by them. In this respect they have surpassed the protection and relief afforded by the national government to its helpless classes; for without these private charities the children of the Republic would suffer far greater destitution than at present. Public sentiment is responsible for this. It has been considered a *disgrace to be poor*, no matter what untoward circumstances may have developed the unhappy condition; and when the aged and infirm victim of such circumstances, or the young and helpless ones—have been obliged to seek shelter and protection in the homes provided by the government for such classes—the poor-houses, county-houses, or work-houses as they may be called, the stigma attached thereto has been so great, that none unless lost to all feelings of self-respect or independence, could be induced to accept such hospitality. Consequently private charities have sprung up of a more *respectable* kind, where the destitute and suffering could be assisted and yet not be disgraced. This, also, is the fault of the people. As long as such conditions of society obtain as make it possible for the many to suffer the pangs of poverty, they should also make it possible for such to seek and obtain relief from the national government without any stain or stigma attached thereto. It should be *respectable* to go to the "poor-house;" and when sufficient numbers of self-respecting, intelligent people, who have bravely fought with adversity and been vanquished in the fight, and like maimed and disabled veterans obliged to lay down their arms, and go *en masse* to the homes provided for them, and insist that such homes shall be comfortable and and decent habitations, there will come a revolution in public sentiment, and wealth will be made to realize that poverty has rights that *must be respected*; as one is the hand-maid of the other, and twin evils.

Of all the numerous organizations—religious and fraternal—there are none more derelict in their duty in regard to the destitute and helpless among them than are Spiritualists.

While their philosophy teaches the greatest charity, philanthropy, humanitarianism, universal brotherhood, and all the highest virtues it is possible to conceive of, yet in a practical exemplification of all these they are, as a body, most sadly deficient. There is no doubt that in response to appeals for individual help, in special cases, they are as generous and liberal as others; but they lack a systematized method of doing such necessary and important work. They should have a general relief fund for all emergencies, and never allow such a fund to become exhausted; so that in cases demanding immediate aid it could be forthcoming. Several instances showing the great necessity of such a fund have recently occurred in this city. One was that of the death of a poor, honest, hard-working Spiritualist—a good medium—who had lived an exemplary life, but whom unpropitious circumstances had made penniless, and at the end, when the silent messenger came, his aged companion, who had also toiled with him in his profession of tailoring, was left without means to bury the mortal remains of the one she loved. A kind-hearted undertaker volunteered to render this last service, and await the generous action of the Spiritualists of this city for compensation. The funeral took place last week.

Another case is that of one of the public mediums of this city, who has been ill for several months and is entirely destitute, with two children to provide for. At a recent meeting at Washington Hall, the Society of Progressive Spiritualists took a collection amounting to about thirty dollars, for this lady's benefit, which was but a meager sum towards paying rent, and providing the needful things of life, and was soon exhausted, leaving the case as hopeless as before. Now the question arises how are these emergencies to be met?

Who is coming to the rescue? A small amount from all would soon make a large sum; but when the burden of giving is constantly borne by a few, it becomes a tax that cannot long be sustained.

Will not the Spiritualists of San Francisco, whatever their other differences, unite in this one movement and form a mutual aid society, with a fund for such emergencies as those just mentioned? No one, however prosperous to-day, knows how soon he may have reverses and have need of the friendly aid of his fellows. Those who ride proudly upon the waves of prosperity and popularity may be engulfed to-morrow; and unless the friendly life-boat is manned and ready to succor the unfortunates, they must go down and perish in the wreck that may come to any and all. Any communications containing practical suggestions upon this subject will find a place in the columns of the DOVE.

Lots at East Monterey will, after April 10, be raised $5 per lot. The school there is an assured fact, and lots now sold for $35 and $50 will be worth $150, or more before the year is out. Mrs. Scott Briggs will be at the office of the CARRIER DOVE, from 10 to 5 daily.

Read the advertisement of the entertainment and ball at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening next.

MRS. E. B. CROSSETTE AT ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The Union Spiritual Society, holding meetings every Wednesday evening at St. Andrew's Hall, 111 Larkin street, have been very fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. E. B. Crossette as their regular speaker.

"It was the writer's privilege to attend the and able replies to questions through this lady's mediumship. Our very brief and imperfect report of these replies may serve to give the reader some idea of the interesting manner in which each subject meeting last week and listen to the eloquent was treated especially when it is known that Mrs. Crossette is an educated and accomplished lady, of pleasing presence and gentle, unaffected manners. Her language is chaste, and at times eloquent when the subject is one of especial interest. On this occasion a good audience was present, and after congregational singing, the president, Mrs. Addie Swain, introduced the speaker who announced that the control would answer questions from the audience. The first question was: "Do spirits know more than we mortals?"

She said: It depends on who the one is and who the spirit is. The man who by experience, study, and observation has developed his mental and spiritual faculties is in a far different state from the one who has not done so; and whether he be a spirit or mortal would know more than those spirits less developed. To say that spirits, taken as a whole, do not know than mortals would be to say that spirits do not progress. The fact that they have passed through the varied experiences of life, and passed across death's river and gained the broader vision of the spirit implies a clear, perception of things pertaining to the immortal life than those still denizens of this world possess; for they have had two lessons and you but one.

Is Materialization a fact?

ANSWER.—Is matter a fact, and is spirit a fact? You know that in nature you see new forms springing into life from the darkness and mold of earth into which the tiny seed has been deposited. That is materialization. The same force can, in twenty-one years create a man; but as nature's forces can be used to hasten the development, or produce abnormal growths in vegetable life, so, also, can these same forces be used to create the semblance of a man if intelligently applied.

It is true as the everlasting hills; as true as nature and God, and you will find it if you search aright. Because the fraudulent and counterfeit exist the genuine must also exist. The question of what is genuine, or what is not, will never be settled as long as it is made a show and spectacle, and until only the pure and holy are allowed to minister in this temple—this holy of holies; and none should be permitted to enter its sacred vestibule who go with scorning and contempt in their hearts.

Will you explain Illumination?

ANSWER.—When the mind of man becomes so transparent that the light may shine through it, and his whole being is tuned in harmony and concord, then is he capable of becoming the recipient of the Holy Ghost—the truth and light of the spirit—and becoming illuminated, and reflecting its rays so that men will say: Behold! He has been with God upon the mountain tops, and His glory shines in his face and reflects upon all around. The Infinite worketh through him because he hath been found worthy to do this holy service for humanity.

Do spirits believe in evolution according to Darwin?

ANSWER.—Spirits certainly know that evolution is the law of nature, for looking back they trace the continuous unfoldment that enables them to rise, step by step, in a constant chain of new experiences, ever taking on higher forms and grander developments, ever growing toward the great Central Source of all life and being.

Is there any such thing as bad luck?

ANSWER.—That things are seemingly bad we admit; but what is called bad luck is usually our own ignorance. Those who are successful never attribute it to luck; they call it wisdom, foresight, and their superior knowledge. Then, if you fail to attain and achieve that for which you hope and strive, be brave enough to take to yourself the responsibility of your failure and not call it bad luck.

Is Obsession a fact?

ANSWER.—Most assuredly it is; obsession by spirits in the form and out of it. You seem to think it is confined to evil spirits; but this is a mistake. You are acted upon as you yield to any power in or out of the body; and after yielding once you lose your power of resistance and must drift with the current. This puts you in a condition to be obcessed. You become discordant through the jarring and inharmony around you and are seized upon by spirits who use you for their purposes. But by bringing to bear upon the obsessed the magnetic and electric conditions they need you can cause the spirit to depart.

It behooves you to watch and guard yourself so closely that those may not come to you. If your souls seek for light—if your souls are in harmony and go out for higher and brighter things beyond you are safe from any untoward influences in or out of the body.

How can we obtain spiritual development amid financial embarrassments?

ANSWER.—If a man's aim and object in this life is the attainment of this world's goods, to which all else is made subservient, and he amasses great wealth, and lives surrounded with every luxury the physical man could desire, is clothed in fine raiment and fed sumptuously every day, yet, in that tenement of clay stands a soul hungry, starved, naked and shriveled, that has craved food and been denied—that has been entirely ignored in the mad pursuit of that which ministered to the physical only.

The struggle of life—its financial embarrassments and ills would not be so great if you did not put such a fictitious value upon unnecessary things. If the unfoldment of the higher nature, reason, and intuition, were your desire you would not care whether you had a crust or a feast. You should not ignore the physical, but man makes too much of these things. Set at naught the unnecessary demands of the material and live more in the spirit. For one half hour each day shut eyes and ears and say, I will hold communion with the Oversoul; and when you again go forth you will feel strong from having put your hand in the hand of the spirit, and cannot be put out of harmony. You have received God's benediction and it will lead you into the light.

ANNIVERSARY ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL.

On Tuesday evening, April 2d, there will be a grand entertainment and ball at Irving Hall, 129 Post street, in commemoration of the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

The following programme will be presented:

Overture.....American Brass Band;
Opening Address.....Mr Charles Dawbarn;
Vocal Duet.....John Slater and J. W. McKenzie;
Anniversary Poem.....Mrs. J. M. Mathews;
Recitation, (original).....Fred Emerson Brooks;
Vocal Solo—"Looking Back".....Miss Evangeline Ballou;
Recitation.....Miss Valerie Hickethier;
Vocal Solo.....John Slater;

Dancing and refreshments will follow. The committee having the arrangement in charge will endeavor to make the occasion one of enjoyment to all.

Committee: John Slater, Wm. Emmette Coleman, Prof. J. O. Burdick, C. H. Wadsworth, Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Mrs. J. M. Mathews, Mrs. E. B. Crossette.

GRANDMA HARRIS.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Perhaps the many friends of Mrs. Eliza Harris better known as Grandma Harris, will be glad to know that she has returned from an eight months sojourn in the country with her daughter and is at present stopping at 154 Mission street, Portland, Or.

They will at the same time be pained to hear that her husband, who was paralyzed near three years ago, is again ill. I give this in this manner to let her friends in San Francisco and Portland know that she is still in the body and doing an able work for the spirit world.

We should not forget our old mediums who work along without any attempt to advertise themselves at the expense of good sense and Spiritualism.

It seems as if the "tried and true" are the easiest forgotten. If we knew of the many converts made to our blessed cause by these same retiring and unostentatious mediums, like Grandma Harris, they would receive their share of patronage, and at the same time be able to cheer the despairing. MORRIS S. LIDEN.

PORTLAND, Or.

DOVE NOTES.

Read the notices of the anniversary exercises in the various halls for to-morrow.

Don't forget the anniversary entertainment and ball at Irving Hall, Tuesday evening next, April 2nd.

Dr. Dean Clark's Anniversary Poem will be read at the People's Meeting in Washington Hall to-morrow night.

Tickets for the anniversary entertainment and ball next Tuesday evening at Irving Hall, only fifty cents, refreshments included.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn will be present at the anniversary social at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening next and give a brief addrsss.

The American brass band, of twelve pieces, will discourse most excellent music for the dancing at the anniversary ball at Irving Hall Tuesday evening next.

The Ladies' Elsmere Club have secured the services of Mr. Charles Dawbarn for a lecture on Sunday, April 7th. The hour and place will be announced next week.

Charles Dawbarn and John Slater (the philosophical and the phenomenal), Fred Emerson Brooks and Valerie Hickethier, Eva Ballou and J. W. McKenzie, the American Brass Band and Laverna Mathews, a constellation of talent for the anniversary entertainment and ball, next Tuesday night at Irving Hall.

The next social of the Ladies' Elsmere Club for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, will be held at the residence of the President, Mrs. E. B. Wheelock, 331 Geary street, on next Saturday evening, April 6th. Let there be a full attendance to aid and encourage the ladies in the prosecution of the good work they are so nobly performing.

In a recent letter from J. J. Morse in the *Banner of Light* we find a pleasant notice of our highly esteemed friend, Wm. Emmette Coleman, which we have taken the liberty of copying, and which we heartily endorse. Here it is:

"Many esteem Brother Coleman only as a critic and a bookworm, which is a great mistake. He is a pleasant one to meet socially, when in appropriate surroundings. He is the happy possessor of a magnificent library of several thousand volumes, and as a standard authority on fact and literature, in all matters of spiritual or liberal thought he is *sui generis*.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

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

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

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

The Sunday evening meetings established at this hall, at No. 111 Larkin street, by Dr. J. R. and Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, are meeting with the success they justly deserve, and our citizens show their appreciation of the endeavors of these earnest workers, by turning out to the seating capacity of the lecture room. Sunday evening's services were very interesting. The discourse by the the controls of Mrs. Nickless, who took for their considerations, "Know Thyself—Unfold from Within," was listened to with marked interest. These are a few of the expressions snatched here and there. "When we know ourselves we are in a condition to know others. We are all of one family, and at some time have been very nearly in the same condition of unfoldment as our neighbor. Spirit has never had a beginning. It has lived always, consequently it can have no ending. It is never in the same condition—constantly changing; what it was to-day, it cannot be to-morrow. Every hour, every minute, each second, experiences a change as radical to itself as the most important changes which are perceived by us. Our progress toward perfect good is as rapid as the globe on which we live will permit. We cannot develop beyond the present possibility of this world on which we live. Being part and parcel of that planet, in the physical, we are subject to its laws and conditions as long as we are dwellers within its influence or magnetism. As time rolls on and old earth throws off her crudeness, and adorns a more spiritual garb, then the happy dwellers thereon will be an entirely different class of people, changed in form and feature from those of to-day. Content and happiness will reign where now we have tumult and strife. It will be a pleasure for us to look from our spiritual home and see the grand condition dear old earth has evolved into. Our love for earth will never cease, any more than the love we now have for some spot on earth which has been made dear to us by association. Do not despair of your neighbor because he cannot see as you do. That which he sees is as essential to his growth in his present condition as that which you see is to yours. Despise not anything, but try to beautify everything by seeing the beauty that it has within itself, and which some time will expand and become a blessing to all who behold it. When we do this everything will become beautiful, and the so-called evil will disappear from our view." At the close of the remarks the control was greeted with a hearty applause.

"Sunflower," whom all who know love, described fifty-two departed friends, all but four of which were recognized. As the descriptions of some dear one who had passed from our physical sight was given and recognized, and the tear of gratitude overflowed from the overjoyed heart, we could but rejoice with the receiver of the message, and feel thankful that the gate between the two worlds had been opened and our departed ones could come and make known their presence and heal the wound that heretofore no panacea has ever been found. God bless "Sunflower" and her medium for the good she is doing. Mrs. Eliza McKinley controlled, and spoke to her many friends about the work her whole heart was engaged in while in the form, and was still engaged in. She spoke of the coming anniversary exercises, and said she should have a few words to say through the lips of the lady she was now using on that occasion. She hoped all present would attend Odd Fellows' Hall next Sunday evening, in commemoration of the day, and to help with their mite the noble woman who had given her strength to depletion for its promulgation.

Dr. Nickless treated several of the suffering who were present. Thus the meeting resulted in good to both soul and body.

"Sunflower" will give receptions at 108 McAllister, every Tuesday evening, and at College Hall, No. 106 McAllister every Thursday evening. Admission to the latter, ten cents.

There will be no services at St. Andrew's Hall on Sunday evening next; Mrs. Nickless will be at Odd Fellows' Hall, assisting in the anniversary services.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

Notwithstanding hundreds of the attractions in the city on Sunday last, Mr. John Slater's seances were crowded, with hundreds of intelligent people, anxious to hear the marvelous tests of spirit presence as given by this unequalled platform test medium. People never tire of hearing Mr. Slater and they often complain of the seances being of too short duration, but considering that each service lasts from one hour and a quarter to one hour and a half it may seem short to the auditor, but must be a terrible strain on the medium; and so we must be satisfied. One great thing we notice at Mr. Slater's meetings, is, that not one person leaves the hall, until the very last word issues from his lips, and even then it seems impossible for them to break away; standing at the doors night after night by the hundreds waiting for Mr. Slater's smiling face, and to see him with his arms full of flowers. The tests, as usual, were of a most convincing nature, and we have no words to adequately express the admiration elicted as each test was presented, the audience, bursting out into loud applause, and anon hushed into a silence that was almost painful by some more striking test, and again into loud laughter at some comical evidences. And so on Sunday after Sunday. In the even tenor of his way Mr. Slater has, and is converting more people, to the knowledge of Spiritualism and spirit return, than any other medium living.

Facts are given that convince the most skeptical. There is no stereotyped list of names, that can be very easily gleaned from sources no

spiritual. No monotony, all bright, pure, good, elevating, making all who attend these meetings, feel better toward their fellows. The flowers were very beautiful. Next Sunday, March 31st, anniversary exercises at the "Temple" at 2:30 in the afternoon, and in the evening a grand concert and test seance. The hall will be beautifully decorated with plants and flowers, and a general good time all around. REPORTER.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

Fraternity Hall was crowded last Sunday evening to listen to the unusually interesting exercises by the young people and the very able lecture by P. C. Tomson of Philadelphia, who spoke rapidly for three quarters of an hour upon "Insanity and Its Causes."

Mrs. Tomson, an exceptionally good subject for the spirit world, interested the audience with demonstrations by three distinct intelligences. The first, a Scotch control, spoke beautiful words of cheer and comfort. Next came a peculiarly interesting and amusing Indian control, who, after giving several tests, gave a prayer which, although extremely comical at times was deep and telling.

G. F. Perkins sang "The Tempest," and by request Mrs. Perkins assisted in singing "Only a Thin Veil Between Us" and "Glad That We Are Living Here To-Day." Miss Lizzie Fifer gave a beautiful recitation, also Oscar Stonefield and R. H. Ely, favored the audience with selections. The interest in the entertainment on Saturday and the meetings on Sunday in commemoration of the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism is increasing, and a good time is expected.

Mr. Tomson and others will assist the Young People next Sunday evening.

"ONE OF 'EM."

The spiritual meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening was largely attended. The platform was occupied during the entire evening by two of our well-known mediums, who have often appeared before the public, giving great satisfaction. Mrs. Clara Mayo Steers and Mrs. Ladd Finnican in appearing before the public, do honor and credit to the cause of Spiritualism. It is maintained by the managers of these meetings that only first-class mediums should be brought before the public in order to bring Spiritualism up to the higher plane.

As an independent spiritual meeting this one has been a success. Its audiences are composed of intelligent and investigating minds and system and order is the rule that governs. Mrs. Stears and Mrs. Finnican as mediums give most convincing proof of sincerity and genuineness. Such mediums as these and Dr. Schlesinger and others of this class, are convincing, and command the highest regard and the respect of the best class of the community.

Mrs. Muhlner added greatly to the interest of the occasion by her sweet and beautifully rendered solos, accompanied by Mrs. Katz, pianist.

Next Sunday evening will be the celebration of the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism and it will be a grand and highly interesting occasion The programme is full and complete, and will consist of a musical, spiritual and intellectual treat; songs, short speeches, female quartete, recitations, anniversary poem. As the anniversary comes but once a year, we wish it to be an enjoyable occasion, therefore welcome all to our feast of good things, and should there be any that have not the small admission fee, they shall be freely made welcome and all are invited. REPORTER.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

Another interesting meeting convened last Sunday to hear the question of "The Duties and Responsibilities of Mediums" again discussed, and it proved the most interesting of the series of four that have been given. The opening speaker was Mr. Hatch. E. G. Anderson's address was instructive and common sense all through. The speech of the afternoon was given by Mr. P. Tomson, showing by many interesting experiences of his own, that mediums are not alone responsible, but are irresponsible to a great extent; and depend largely upon their surroundings as also do all humanity and that aspirations and desire for the good and true is only safety from undeveloped conditions with which we may come in contact. Mrs. Miller spoke in the same direction and spoke of the power of prayer to overcome evil. Solo by Miss Weeeler. Dr. Mead was the next speaker. Judge Swift took this occasion to speak of the little book on sale at the meeting and at the DOVE office, "Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Hon. J. A. Collins," inviting all to buy it. Cost ten cents.

AN INTERESTING TIME.

Those Spiritualists and others who were so fortunate as to be present at Mrs. Logan's meeting, last Sunday, in St. George's Hall, 909½ Market street, enjoyed a rare treat—a literal "feast of spirit and flow of soul." The meeting was opened, by a few well-chosen and timely remarks by the worthy president, Mrs. Logan, on "Mesmerism," in which she gave a brief sketch of its origin and history. She was followed by Mr. P. C. Tomson, whose address was full of good points and instructive similes. Mr. T. is a very easy, fluent speaker, and always seems to interest his hearers. Mr. Hyde, of Alameda, was the next speaker, and as usual, gave us many new thoughts, after which, assisted by his sister, Mrs. Logan, he sang that beautiful spiritual song, "Meet Again." Mrs. Cowell, of Oakland, and Miss Stevens, recently from the East, both of whom are fine mediums, made excellent addresses under control, which were heartily applauded by the large audience. Dr. Houbert's control also made a few remarks, taking a calla lily as the ground upon which to base them. Mrs. Higgins also gave us a deeper insight into the truth of our philosophy. Mr. Peterson pleaded the cause of undeveloped spirits and new arrivals in the spirit land who often come to us for help in their upward struggle. Mr. Hyde again spoke illustrating the difference in the work of Love and Wisdom. One of the best features of the day, however, was the parts taken by the little ones, and not the least of these was Miss Helen Henry's recitation of "The Passport Gained," which won her a hearty round of applause. The young man, of whose development your readers have heard, was present, took the platform, and made a short inspirational address, which for clearness, well-rounded periods, and logic, one seldom hears excelled. It is my belief—as well as that of many others— that he is destined to be of great use to our loved cause. Mrs. Pruden made some fine remarks under control of her little son, called up four little children from the audience, and with them went through the intricate motions of a march, Mr. Wilbur presiding at the piano, after which Master Lee Farnham recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in a very creditable manner. The evening meeting was also very interesting. Mr. Mills and others speaking, and one cannot but feel that these meetings are doing much good and spreading the light effectively.

Next Sunday evening the 41st anniversary will be celebrated at St. George's Hall, by Mrs. Logan and friends, when a choice programme of music, speaking, tableaux, etc., will be presented. A. P. W.

ANNIVERSARY NOTES.

On Sunday evening, March 31st, there will be an anniversary celebration at Odd Fellows' Hall, for the benefit of Madame De Roth, who has been ill for a long time and is greatly in need of aid.

The Independent Spiritualists will celebrate the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at 35 Eddy street, next Sunday evening, the 31st. An interesting and varied programme, consisting in part of an inspirational poem for the occasion; short addresses by Messrs. W. H. Holmes, T. Curtis, G. C. Irvin and Swift; Mrs. E. B. Crossette, Mrs. Clara Mayo Steers; music, solos, a female quartette, Mr. Muhlner, Mr. Hirschberg, Mr. Ely, Mrs. Rutter, etc. Mrs. B. Katz, pianist. All invited; a good time expected.

The Progressive Spiritualists will celebrate the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, on Sunday, 31st of March, at 2 P. M. The exercises will consist of short addresses, commemorative of the occasion, by many of the old-time Spiritualists. An anniversary poem, written for the occasion, will be given by Mrs. Mathews Short speeches will be given by Mrs. Ada Ballou, Mr. Tomson of Philadelphia, Mrs. M. J. Hendee and many others. Tests from the platform by Mrs. Ladd Finnican and Mrs. Clara Mayo Steers. Music by Mrs. Katz, Eugenia Clark, Mr. Perkins and Mrs. Rutter.

MY ANCESTOR'S WRAITH.

(*Continued from page* 205).

had happened to me; then gradually the vision had pictured itself in my mind, and I began to review the late events. Was it all a dream, and why had it such an effect on me? Evidently I was the victim to some hallucination which was unbecoming in a sane man.

Soon a sense of the absurdity of my position asserted itself. That I, one of Her Majesty's veteran troops, should have fainted like the veriest schoolgirl was too absurd. Evidently the doctor thought so too, for after listening to my heart for a moment, he said with a scarcely-suppressed smile:

"Colonel Thynne, about five minutes after you left the dining-room we heard a noise as of some one falling, and we found you lying at the foot of the stairs. A lucky thing for you that your head struck on the mat, not on the stone. Have you any remembrance of what took place during that time?"

Remembrance! Was there any fear I should have forgotten or ever should forget what I had seen and heard in those five minutes? I related exactly what had occurred. The doctor listened attentively, and then inquired: "Have you ever had a touch of sunstroke?"

"No, never."

"Ah, I thought perhaps you had. These hallucinations often follow that sort of thing; but, in any case, the Indian climate works the deuce with a man's nerves. You must take life easy for a time. Try a sea-voyage. Coming back to your old home has upset you, I suppose. You don't look an impressionable fellow, though."

Mr. Foster interrupted him. "If this be a hallucination, how do you account for Nellie's experience?"

"Oh, Miss Nellie is a nervous, susceptible girl, and the sooner you get her out of the house the better. With the Colonel it is another sort of thing. Now Colonel, as between men of the world, what do you think of this affair yourself?"

"I cannot think of it—that's just the point, but I should like that sixth step to be taken up."

"My dear Colonel," the doctor began; but again Mr. Foster interrupted him.

"You are right, Thynne; it shall be taken up at once."

"But easier said than done; the servants were summoned, a carpenter sent for, but it is no small task to take up a solid oak step. Fully an hour had been passed before even the first block had been removed. When this was done we found that underneath it were other planks, scarcely less solidly fixed.

"Foster, this is really nonsense, pulling your house to pieces in this way. What will Mrs. Foster say?"

But scarcely had the doctor finished speaking when one of the men called out that he could see the corner of an iron box. In a moment our coats were off; side by side with the servants we were all struggling to drag out of its resting-place a great, iron, deep box, of the same sort and size as those which I can remember used in the old days to stand in the Priory strong-room. It was about six feet long and perhaps two broad.

The box was found securely locked, which caused a further delay, and the time seemed interminable before it could be opened. At length the lid was raised, and revealed to our view a small sized skeleton, partially covered by a gown of pink brocade, inwrought with threads of gold. Of the face and neck nothing but the bones remained, though all around them, forming, as it were, a glittering pillow for the ghastly, eyeless head to rest upon, lay masses of long, bright, golden hair.

In our family annals stand the following records:

* * * * * *

"Jasper Thynne, son of the above third baronet, born February 1, 1645. Married Isabel, daughter of the Count Theodor of Valsarina, May 13, 1670."

There is a short marginal note attached to the announcement, of Sir Jasper's marriage, setting forth that the Lady Isabel left her home secretly during the night of September 17, 1674; and that, although her husband, Sir Jasper, sought for her with all diligence to the day of his death, he was never able to discover either her retreat or the name of her lover.

Who was the owner of the note? Was it Sir Jasper?—*Oregon State Journal.*

ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM BY JOHN SLATER AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

PROGRAMME.

Organ Solo.....11 Trovotore
Prof. Eckman.

Recitation.....Selected
Miss Jessie Cranston.

Trio.....from Attila
Miss Blanche Dorland, Mr. Albert Tissot and John W Mackenzie.

Piano Solo.....Selected
Mr. Lesley Marin.

Duet.....Home to Our Mountain"
Miss May Code and Mr. John Slater.

Baritone Solo.....The Message," Rimmenthal
Mr. John W. Mackenzie.

Soprano Solo.....Twas a Dream"
Miss Blanche Dorland.

"The Cuckoo Song".....by request
Mr. John Slater.

Contralto Solo.....Mio Fernando," Verdi
Miss May Code.

Tenor Solo.....Mappari," Martha
Mr. Albert Tissot.

Quartette.....Rigaletto.
Miss Dorland, Mrs. Grant, Mr. Tissot and Mr. Mackenzie.

Grand Test Seance.....
John Slater.

A NEW BOOK.

Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science.

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

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

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

HUDSON TUTTLE,
BERLIN HEIGHTS, Ohio.

OAKLAND ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

The Spiritualists of Oakland will celebrate the anoiversary this, Saturday evening, with an entertainment and ball at Shattuck Hall, corner Eighth street and Broadway.

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

Correspondence.

AN ADVENTURE.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: For the last week I have been sojourning in Menlo Park with an old schoolmate, and as I have not seen her for a year and a half, you can imagine our tongues were not idle, and we managed to pass the time agreeably in spite of the fact that it has rained every day, but one, since I came. Between the lulls in the showers on Thursday last, we visited the Stanford University.

The te re are ten buildings completed of about seventy-five which are intended, and work is being pushed rapidly. Of course it rained while we were gone, but, as we had provided for that we didn't care, but laughed gayly when a particularly large, pearly drop settled on our noses and moralized on the disastrous effect it would have produced if we had been sugar or salt.

I never made a visit without some thrilling adventure and I wondered how it was going to be this time. When it rained all the time I do n't see how we could "adventurize," but it was provided for. On Saturday last the sky cle ired and the sun shone brightly. At about five o'clock Liela and myself started for a drive. We happened to turn towards the right at the first branching of the road, and thereon depends the adventure. At the next branching we were divided between the Mayfield or Searsville road, but Searsville triumphed and so on we drove. Before us lay the foothills with their carpet of green enlivened with patches of yellow, pink, or blue wild flowers.

The mountains lay beyond, enchantingly beautiful in a purple haze. On and on we rode, the breezes which gently fanned our faces, bearing odorous whiffs of wild flowers, woods and ferns and the snatches of the meadow-lark's song to us. Very soon the road began to have a wilder look, and pausing on the brow of a hill and gazing back, I cast my eye over the landscape. On the left was a rocky hill which jutted out against the clear, blue sky. The sun was setting and the heavens were studded with soft, fleecy pink and purple clouds. Growing on the face of this rocky hill were scrub oaks and the base was lost in a tangle of live oaks, wild vines and laurels. Below us lay softly rounded foothills dotted with live oak trees and their tops touched with the slanting rays of the sinking sun. On the right stretched away the purple mountains. Here and there, at their base rose a redwood or two outlined in their keenness against the distant mountain slopes.

Our artist soul would feign sit forever gazing, but these slanting beams recalled us to ourselves, and leaving this behind we rounded the hill, shutting out this beautiful vision. A few more minutes and Searsville lay at our feet, nestling close to these mountains the trees and o'er it protectingly and the purple sentinels hovering above it dreamlike and enchanting.

The first man we met directed us, and on we drove. Here the roads begun to get muddy and wild.

A branch of the road and a sign-board told the traveler it was the road to "La Honda Pescadero."

The dark shadows and the romantic names were very tempting, but our road was equally as mysterious and shadowy, and, as home lay in that direction we crossed a bridge over a purling stream and drove into the darkness beyond. Overhead the red woods met, the golden moon could be seen through the branches and the "woody" smell of the trees was delicious.

Now, we passed a white cottage nestling among the trees; now, a group of kine cropping grass; then an open space in the redwoods through which we viewed the twinkling stars.

On one side of the road rose the mountains and below us on the other stretched a green wheat field. Then more redwoods with here and there a romantic path crossing the road making one long to investigate the leafy beyond. Tangled vines and mossy banks starred with the golden-backed ferns or delicate clusters of odorous wild forget-me-nots. Then across a bridge and looking down on rushing water and fragrant willow copse.

The road was muddy, muddier, muddiest, but the mystical blending of moonlight, aromatic perfume of the redwoods, and rushing waters and cricket songs kept our minds above the muddy roads.

Lieda said it was time we begun to look for familiar signs. The redwoods disappeared, the mountains retired to the background, and we rode out into the silvery moonlight. Our road wound round hill after hill and the valley at our right was down down—down—and from its darksome depths came the silvery sound of the babbling stream.

With one accord we started a song to cheer us on our way. Very soon our road branched again, and we took the one which seemed most familiar, but alas! it was not the right one and so we turned back, crossed another bridge, passed another willow copse and on—on—and on. After awhile we came to the conclusion we were lost; and when the road branched again we knew it. At a wayside cottage we alighted and asked our way. A motherly Spanish woman directed us, telling us we were on the way to Mayfield and we had missed the Menlo road miles back; so we continued on the Mayfield road, thanking our stars that we had asked for we might have taken the road to Mountain View, farther still from home.

The road was first rocky, then muddy; the mountains and streams and trees were left behind and our road was up and down with nothing entrancing but moonlight. We sang song after song to cheer us on our way, and when the lights of Mayfield twinkled through its trees we sang "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," but home was still four miles and a half away. Our hearts bounded lightly and we sang with more spirit, feeling that there were some prospects of getting home before daylight. The road lay level before us and with smiling faces we passed Menlo and turned into the road for home. It seemed but a little while that the house was visible and when we reached the gate we sighed, "at last."

Thus ended our adventure, but when we reached the house, we found that Lieda's brother and the neighbors were scouring the country round, advertising "Lost, strayed, or stolen young ladies, a black and tan dog and a horse and wagon.

We were very sorry and hoped they wouldn't take the long trip we had taken, but they soon returned. They fancied us stuck in the mud, but we assured them we were only lost.

Cold and tired we crawled into bed and soon in dreams were roaming redwood forests with babbling streams at our feet.

G. M.

SPIRITUALISM IN SANTA CRUZ.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: We are having glorious times here in Santa Cruz. There is more life to the square rod than there are rods in an acre, by a large majority, just now. Mr. John Slater came here on February 8th, and gave the ball a lively start, then comes Mr. Moody down to the "help of the Lord against the mighty," to help snatch sinners like a brand from the burning "hell prepared for the devil and his angels," and to interfere with the game that Slater started; but as Slater had an interest in the game he proposed to come again and save it through, so on March 9th he came, and gave us four nights to crowded houses, the result was, that the truths he enumerated aroused the greatest interest in the people who attended, and the greatest animosity in the breasts of some who did not come to hear him. Our good Baptist brethren imported a good prophetess Baalam, a Miss (?) Kellogg to come down and "curse we this people for behold they are too great for us," who came and blessed, and cursed not, for after quoting the Bible from Genesis to Revelation to prove the communion of spirits with mortals, admitting the realities of familiar spirits, she had to eliminate all the attributes of Spiritualism, clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance, and fraud, in order to show that but little would be left; but there was a little left after all, and she firmly believed in familiar spirits. Then from the various ramparts of orthodox bigotry manned by zealous warriors for the faith, hot shot and shell has rained on our devoted heads, through the daily press, without however causing any fatal results so far as heard from. One of the more zealous for the Lord opened his phials of wrath and devoutly wished he could drown all the Spiritualists like the herd of swine. Oh! I tell you it is just "perfectly lovely," this Christian spirit these brothers are manifesting. And now comes to our midst Doctor Schlesinger, whom to know is to love, who was with us to-day at our meeting, and will remain a few days with us, giving us from his rich store house truths from the immortal shores, and messages from the loved ones gone before. He gave some tests to-day to a few who were only waiting to have the truths, as he can give it, to finally settle the question and eradicate the last vestige of doubt in their minds. He will give us an evening this week at the church, and we look forward with great anticipation for the treat in store. By the way, I send you a paper with a reply to one who was pleased to write a most scurillous article on what transpired at Mr. Slater's meetings, which expresses the sentiments of every Spiritualist, and liberal soul in the community. I shall be pleased to communicate the success of the Doctor here, and from what has already transpired we are rejoicing at the prospective harvest, to be gathered after the seeding time by him.

Yours for the truth,

W. H. BAXTER.

SANTA CRUZ, March 24, 1889.

Poetry.

TWO CITIES.

BY ROBA BARMOORE.

Two cities I saw to-night.
And both were white and still;
One in the valley lieth,
The other on the hill.
Beneath the roofs of one,
The sleepers toss and dream,
Of coming joy or sorrow,
And many a golden scheme.

But where the other city
Rears many a marble door,
The sleep is all unbroken—
The sleepers dream no more.
The moonbeams, pale and misty,
Wrap both in silvery sheen;
In both the flowers are blooming—
Their tints by both unseen.

But on the coming morrow,
One will awake again;
Will wake to joy or sorrow,
Will wake to bliss or pain;
Will wake to call life's flowers,
Or, perchance, to pluck its thorns;
To laugh with careless laughter,
Or weep, as weary and worn.

It will turn with wistful glances
Up to the quiet hill,
Where lieth the other city—
The city so white and still;
The city which never wakeas,
Tho' all the live-long day,
Round its silent door the birds sing,
And wandering children play.

Ah, well! some day, not distant,
The cities which now I see,
Will have grown in size and beauty;
But how changed for you and me.
Those aisles so still and quiet,
Will all be lengthened then;
These busy streets we oft tread
Be filled with other men.

While from a fairer country
Beyond the waiting stars,
Where sin can never enter,
Nor sorrow come to mar—
Our free aad happy spirits,
Bound by earth's chain no mors,
Down the etherial heavens,
On angels' wings may soar.

And perchance may stand in silence,
And view, as I did to-night,
Our olden home so beautiful,
By the moonbeam's silvery light;
With its sister cities, lying
Asleep, so white and still,
One nestling in the valley,
The other on the hill.

FIRST LOVE.

Whom first we love, you know, we s kloom wed.
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead;
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear,
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all, who need indeed his care;
And yet I know the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;
He has his father's eager eyes, I know,
And they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps, and smiles upon my knee,
, And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one whom—Heaven help and pity me—
Who loved me, and whom I loved long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think.
We are all changed. God judges for us be t;
God, help us do our duty and aot shrink,
And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not if some appear
Too cold at times, and some too gay and light;
Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past? And who can judge as right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are, too apt to fall!
My little child, he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all

WHAT IS RELIGION?

BY WILLIAM DENTON.

Not masses, nor crosses, nor Catholic creeds,
Nor mumbling of aves, nor counting of beads,
Nor church-going, psalm-singing, paying of priests,
Attendance on sermons, prayer-meetings or feasts,
Nor wearing a broad brim, and plain "thou" or "thee."
Or strait-collared coat, from the world's fashion free.
It is not to kneel with a long, pious face,
Or sing solemn anthems in some holy place,
In seet to be exalted, or on a creed nirsed,
Believing that every outsider is cursed:
That God has ordained us in heaven to dwell,
But left countless millions to drop into hell.
Religion is love in the heart and the life,
The seether of sorrow, destroyer of strife;
The soul's best physician, relieves every pain,
And in her dark cavern lights hope once again.
It curses no one who has doubts of its creed;
It hunts up no martyrs to burn or to bleed;
It tells of no devil with tortures and chains,
No hell of unending and horrible pains.
It seeks not to bless men by force or by fear,
But draws them with love to a God very near.
It tells of the right, and it whispers Obey:
To happiness, virtue alone is the way.
This world it makes happy; and then, beyond this,
It points to another all sunny with bliss.
Bright heaven of beauty, how fair are thy skies!
Thou home of the good, and thou school of the wise.

LOVE'S WHISPER.

Go, heart of mine, and hasten to my love:
Tell him I mourn throughout the slow, sad hours,
And that I wander through forsaken bowers
Like some disconsolate and widowed dove,
Who, being once forsaken of her mate,
Doth wander ever after desolate.

Go, heart of mine, and tremble in his breast:
Tell him that I am like the winds that scour
Or hill and vale, that leafy woods deflower,
And meadows many-hued, yet find no rest.
But making moan which never doth abate,
Do wander up and down disconsolate.

Go, heart of mine, and whisper in his ear
That I am like a tree no longer green,
Where Winter's barrenness may be foreseen
In branch and bough, by Autumn's touch made sere;
And like the leaves which rough winds violate,
The days from off my life drop desolate.

And if that move him not, go kiss each lip,
And tell him that I can no longer live,
Unless he come again to me and give
His sweet and ever-constant fellowship.
And from his lips thou shalt not separate
Until he swears to be compassionate.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain;
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the drowsy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the heart of Cain,
Would our manhood dare doom them,
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheks tear-washed are whitest,
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that, when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
As we judge our fellow-men.

MARGUERITE.

With her box of building blocks
Marguerite, of dark brown hair,
Changing off her simple plan,
Builds a castle in the air.

Scarce five summers is she yet,
Full of joy and free from care,
Unconscious of her blocks alone,
Builds her castle in the air.

Many a tower in castle houses,
Lofty roofs and winding stair,
As the little rogue with pride
Builds her castle in the air.

Laws of gravity defied,
Full too soon their rule declare;
To the floor the ruin falls,
Vanished castle in the air.

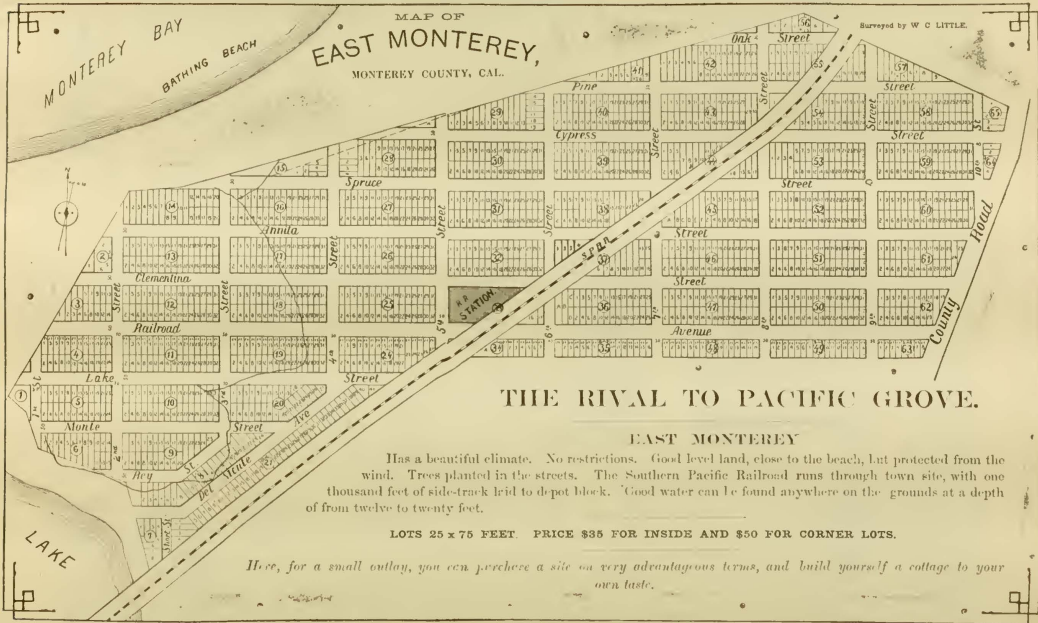
So her elders in their dreams,
Seek relief from brooding care;
Only wake to find like her
Castles vanish in the air.

W. C. Wood.

TO C——.

Life would be dark and drear
Without thy presence. And the days
Would glide around me as the shadow plays,
Without an object my lone heart to cheer;
The stars would have no meaning in their eyes,
The fields, and flowers and streams,
All sorgless seem beneath the sunless skies;
While joy would only visit me in dreams
Of what might be if thou wert ever near.

No other face could awake
The music in my heart, which, day by day,
Makes life more cheerful. If thou wert away,
No other voice could lull my restless heart
Like thine, and bid its gathering gloom depart.
No resting place beneath the starry skies
To woo my soul to tarry, I would take
The burden of my life, and softly lay
It by my side, and ask, with tearful eyes,
To go where thou wert gone, nor ask the way.



For information in regard to the above inquire of MRS. SCOTT BRIGGS, "Carrier Dove" office, 841 Market Street, San Francisco.

Special Notices.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

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

THE PHANTOM FORM: Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life, by Mrs. Nettie P. Fox, Mediumistic author. Postage paid, $1.00.

MYSTERIES OF THE ROBBER LAND: or the Conscious Side of Unconscious Life and THE GOLDEN KEY: or, Mysteries Beyond the Veil, same author, 550 pages, postage 15c., $1.50.

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The physician who so prescribed it has a heavy account to render at some bar, either here or hereafter. And there are numbers of others equally culpable in every community. In Chicago hundreds of homes have been desolated through this medical crime, which is not limited to prescribing whisky, but all forms of stimulants and intoxicants—either chloral, hasheesh, morphine, bromidia, etc. The dipsomaniac is bad enough, but the slave of the opium habit or chloral is infinitely worse. There is nothing too degrading, no trick or art which human ingenuity can invent, no crime, even, too monstrous, to which the devotees of these infernal drugs will not resort to obtain the stimulant, narcotic, or intoxicant. And in immensely the greater proportion they have been led to their terrible fate by the prescription of a family doctor.

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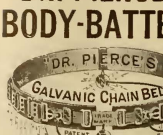

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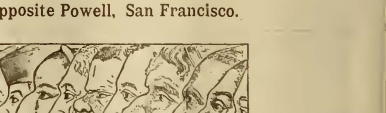

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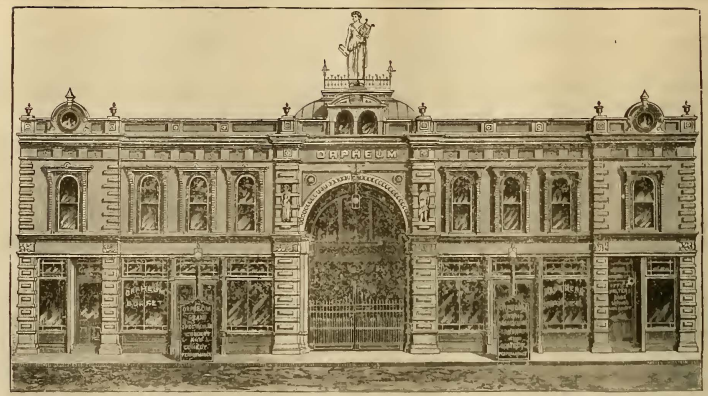

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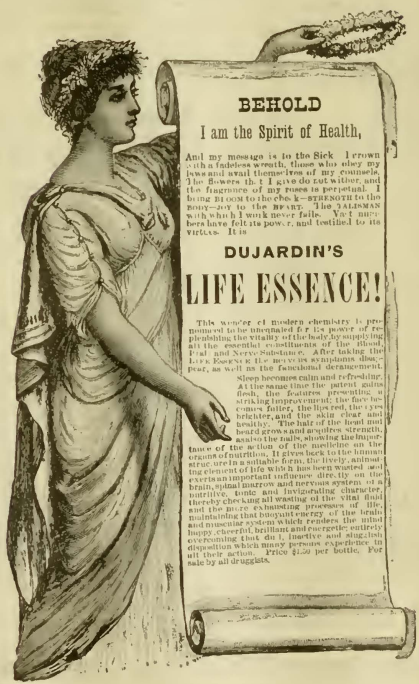

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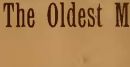

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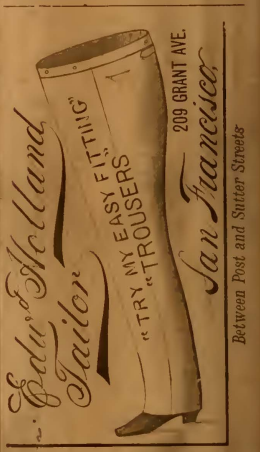

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