



PROF. WILLIAM DENTON

The Carrier Dove.

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

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William Denton.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS BY A. B. FRENCH.

Saturday, August 28th, was observed as Memorial Day at Camp Cassadaga. The spacious rostrum in the Pavilion was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers. Over it was suspended a large-sized portrait of William Denton, beneath which was a vacant chair, each trimmed with vines and flowers.

A. B. French delivered the following address, which throughout its delivery held the close attention of the vast audience, many of whom manifested their sympathy with the speaker in the recital of the more pathetic portions by their tears.

ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT: More than a thousand miles of land and three thousand miles of water lie between us and the little village of Darlington, England, where William Denton first saw the light. What mysteries shroud the birth of a human being! How wonderful the dawn of consciousness! No matter how lightly society may regard the advent of a young stranger into the arena of life, it is a significant thing to be born.

Birth means conflict. It decrees to us experience. To be born and live is to feel the sharp tooth of hunger, the sting of pain, the shaking chill, the burning fever, the loveliness of love, the madness of hate, the fire of passion, the shadow of regret, the sunshine of joy, and, at last, the icy touch of death.

William Denton was born to drink the full measure of all this experience. Could the wondering eyes of this little stranger, when they first looked out upon that January morning in 1823, have seen all this, how gladly would he have returned to the mysterious realm whence he came! Nature is cruel, but she is also kind. She veils our eyes from the fate before us, and often bids us smile on the brink of danger.

William Denton did not come to this world with royal blood coursing in his veins. He did not open his eyes in any of the gorgeous palaces of England. But he had a better legacy than wealth. Nature gave him a noble mother, who did not shun the care of her child. The

children of queens and princes are often taken from the maternal breast and committed to the care of strangers; but fate generally gives to the child of poverty the wealth of a mother's tender ministrations. And it was no misfortune to William Denton that his faithful mother, struggling with want, carried in her heart a warm religious faith. It is some comfort to a poor woman sheltering her little ones in the midwinter of poverty, to feel that a kind Father's hand will one day lift her burdens. Far better is it to have some faith in the darkness than to believe an unintelligent chance has woven around one a net of woe never to be broken; much better is it to trust and be deceived than to live in perpetual doubt.

William Denton's mother, with a fourth child now added to her burdens, had this deep religious faith. But with all her burdens she did not neglect the education of this child. At three years of age he began the studies which continued to the hour of his death. There is no finished education. Life is a school, and every day a rehearsal. Nor do the greatest minds derive their best thoughts from books. Nature is everywhere a teacher, proclaiming with eloquent tongue her eternal truths.

Although William Denton started at three years of age in the paths of the schools, no beaten track could long hold his independent thought. So rapid was his progress that at four years he could read the Bible to his toiling mother.

He early manifested his love for books. The first ones he was permitted to read were furnished by the Sunday school. This class of literature, like the novel, is at best poor food for the mental growth of children. The Sunday school book, as a rule, proclaims most unreasonable ideas of God and a future world, and the novel the most improbable things regarding human life and this world. Both are deleterious to mental growth.

They disease the imagination and cripple the judgment. It is to be regretted that doting parents will feed their children with poisonous confectionery they would not themselves eat, and their minds with misleading ideas they have spent years in outgrowing and casting away.

Little did William Denton then dream

of the riches in store for his inquiring mind. His boyish feet had not touched the verdant fields of science. By a strange providence in life, which the thoughtless often designate as chance, a new teacher came to the day school, one who had caught the rudiments of phrenology and who was experimenting with the galvanic battery. This opened to Denton a new field of thought. He now began to read the magazines and to take his first lesson in geology. But he could not spend much time with books. Every hand was needed to help bear the burdens of the family. He was hired to a carrier as errand boy, at about sixty cents per week. Afterwards his father hired him to a clergyman, from whom he learned that dishonesty is to be found in the pulpit as in other professions. His father soon permitted him to go back to the schoolroom. So rapid was his progress that he was made assistant teacher, and a small salary paid for his services. This no doubt encouraged the mother, who sent him to the grammar school in his native village, where he acquired quite a liberal education.

His school life, however, was early broken. Gaunt hunger hovered over and about the family hearthstone. Bravely did the careworn mother fight to drive the skeleton from the door, but with a sick husband, no alternative was left her, and William was taken from school. At fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a machinist. His good mother probably did not reflect that her son was not born for a machinist. Those who have the means to encourage the natural inclination of their children rarely reflect upon their gifts. How could William Denton's parents reason? The cold, hard hand of necessity was upon them, and he must be made self-supporting. But as the bird is impelled by a power it cannot define to seek a more congenial clime, so an unseen magnet was drawing him in the path of destiny.

He joined a literary society, which enabled him to procure books to read, and his evenings were spent with Lyell and other geologists.

At this early age he began to study the rocks. While other young men were idling away their hours in foolish amusements, William Denton, with his ham-

mer in his hand, was breaking the clasp to Nature's great stone book and gather-up fossils of departed ages.

At about his sixteenth year he joined the Methodist church and began his first public lectures. These were principally temperance talks and religious exhortations. Like all other young converts he was zealous in his first religious enterprise. The old hymn says:

"Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

To deny the reality of religious conversion would be to deny the testimony of thousands of credible witnesses. In this experience he was no doubt sincere; but with his knowledge of psychology in after years, he would have offered quite another explanation. He then, no doubt, felt God especially quickened his heart; but in his later life he would have referred it to human rather than to divine influence. So active was his nature he could not be idle under this new impulse. He traveled with the clergy and gave out hymns and prayers. But this psychic influence could not long fetter the channel of his thought. He read liberal books and made the acquaintance of church reformers. Soon the radical tendencies of his nature assumed supremacy.

He was now nineteen years of age. This is a period when young men generally manifest greater independence than discretion in their opinions. He was so zealous in the temperance cause that he refused to repair some machinery in a brewery, and his employer discharged him. Soon after he began his work as a school teacher, and lectured frequently nights and Sundays. So zealously did he fight for the cause of temperance that he was often in personal danger from the rum-drinkers. Before he had reached his twenty-first birthday he had been pulled from an open-air platform by liquor-dealers and their friends, who were smarting under his keen wit and bitter sarcasm.

About this time financial disaster again overtook his father, and while he was spending all his income to relieve his family he was discharged from the school for heresy. This was the most trying financial crisis in their domestic history. He could not obtain a position. He was a heretic; he believed in total abstinence and religious progress; the schoolroom was, therefore, closed to him. His ability and faithful service as a teacher were fully recognized, but he was a radical, and time-honored conservatism generally carries the keys to all public institutions. He at last obtained a clerkship in a railway station in London, and from this office he was transferred to Ashford, in Kent. Here he

wrote his first essay upon the deleterious effects of tobacco, an accursed weed which has more willing slaves to-day than any monarch on earth.

At Ashford, in Kent, he first felt the sting of Cupid's arrow. This was no doubt a turning point in his life. Everything changes when love touches the human heart. Love's first dreams transport us into a new world, where not a cloud dims the rays of the summer sun, nor a shadow hides the sweet face of moon and stars. It is indeed a world fragrant with tropical flowers, and whose laughing, dancing rills, green meadows, and sighing ocean, outrival the way-worn pilgrim's dream of heaven. It was no doubt a great strength to him while battling with poverty and the hydra-headed monster, intemperance, as also with religious bigotry, an equally dangerous foe, to know that some one loved him. Love nerves the weakest arm and makes it strong to protect its own. Here at Ashford, in Kent, criers were often heard in the street announcing a lecturer from William Denton. He was too poor to hire a hall, but he could use God's great temple, the open air. This church is always open and all are made welcome beneath its starlit dome. Here also many a torn and ragged rock was investigated by him. He read from the great stone book of nature, the pages of which grew dearer to him each subsequent year of his life. It was also here he was made to feel most keenly the power of religious intolerance.

He advertised a Sunday lecture upon "A Hireling Ministry," and a large audience gathered to hear him, but he was pulled from the chair while speaking. He went to the rooms of a friend and finished his lecture from the window. The lecture, however, cost him his position as clerk. The hireling ministry against whom he had lectured influenced his discharge. Once more thrown out of employment, he resolved to leave the land of his birth. To his intuitive mind the New World offered a field for his future labor. He sailed to this country in 1848, landing in the city of Philadelphia. When he reached the Quaker City, his estate consisted of between twenty and thirty dollars in currency. But another misfortune immediately overtook him. His purse was stolen, and he found himself in a strange land with only three cents in his pocket. This was an hour to test true courage. Behind him lay the pathless ocean and all his heart held dear. Before him a land of strangers and his purse empty. There was little time to reflect, as he had not enough to buy a meal. A hundred miles distant was a friend whom he had known in England, and he started for him, making the journey poor as the poorest tramp. He

reached his friend hungry, his last penny gone. He was again doomed to disappointment, as his friend was too poor to assist him. He returned to Philadelphia without a cent, and pawned his watch to obtain food. He soon succeeded in getting a position as school-teacher in Jenkintown. He taught school until he saved money enough to bring his father's family and she who had stirred in his heart love's first dreams, at Ashford in Kent. Shortly after their arrival he married Caroline Gilbert. It was about this time that he began to write out his "Common Sense Thoughts Upon the Bible." He was now working in an office as clerk during the daytime; in the evening he would write out his radical thoughts and Sunday evening lecture upon temperance.

If William Denton could recount to-day with his own eloquence, the story of his life, he would no doubt pay a most touching tribute to the happy days he spent in the Quaker City. What life would not always linger in the first bright spring of wedded bliss? In those days fortune provided for the limited wants of all the family, and love shed a halo of light around every care. Why could they not last? Why does fate delight to lift a cup of woe to lips wet with the dewy kiss of love? Why does an inexorable law of destiny push us on, while we vainly boast of our own free will? Why does death covet life's most perfect fruit?

We shall fail to follow the rapidly-turning life-path of William Denton if we enter into philosophical discussion. In the midst of his joy a shadow came. It was the unwelcome presence of death. She whose love had nerved him to cross the ocean, and who had subsequently braved the dangers of the deep to join him in the New World, was suddenly summoned to the land invisible.

He had faced the intolerance of the church; he had felt the malice of the slaves who wear the cankering chains rum has forged about them; but these did not shake his firm resolution and intrepid spirit. He had been so poor he gave his last penny for a meal, yet never did plumed knight fight more bravely than did he with squalid want and icy poverty. But now in the midst of his success, and in the mellow sunshine of love's rosy morning, death drew over the sun of his life a somber veil. This is no new experience in the history of the race, but it was a new one to William Denton. It has not been given me to picture it to you. What tongue can portray the unutterable loneliness of hearts weeping by the grave of buried love? Is it any wonder that he whose rapidly-unfolding talents were to endear him to the hearts of thousands, should have then sought

refuge amid the forests and hills of Virginia. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." We find him next in Cincinnati, looking for a position whereby he might provide for his father's family. He followed the canal to Dayton, O., and there obtained a position as teacher.

During his work as teacher in the public schools of Dayton he finished writing "Common Sense Thoughts Upon the Bible." There is no other radical book in print which has served its purpose better. More than thirty years have now come and gone since he published that little volume, yet it stands to-day the most concise, pointed and able work against the plenary inspiration of the Bible in print. In its pages may be found every objection raised by Mr. Ingersoll and his school of thought. William Denton put before the public all the mistakes of Moses twenty five years before Ingersoll. In fact, Mr. Ingersoll, and many others, are to-day reaping in affluence where William Denton sowed in poverty. Mr. Ingersoll reveals the discrepancies of the Bible at one dollar per head in the great cities of the country, but William Denton revealed the same facts and many more, in schoolhouses, in poverty, and at the cost of the position from which he derived his living. Ingersoll rides in palace cars to attack ancient myths; Denton walked on foot in mud and storm. Opportunity and great talent make Mr. Ingersoll the orator of to-day. But William Denton was one of the bold pioneers who paved the way for the triumphant march of Ingersoll. Mr. Ingersoll's manuscript is eagerly sought by the best publishing houses in the land; but William Denton and his good wife, who now survives him, set the type for "Common Sense" with their own hands.

During his experience as teacher in Dayton and vicinity, he became more fully enlisted in his work as a public speaker. He began to be interested in psychometry, a science with which his name will be associated in all future history. While he did not neglect his geological studies, he began to feel the reality of the invisible side of the world.

His sister, Annie Denton, was found to be a most excellent psychometrist. Indeed, I must here say, that noble, loving woman ranked among the best practical psychometrists I have ever known. She, too, has gone up higher, and left behind her the imperishable legacy of an earnest, devoted life.

During his life as teacher and lecturer at Cincinnati he met Elizabeth Foote, who became his wife and who now remains his widow. Her marked intellectual strength and her great love of knowledge formed, no doubt, a needed lever to lift William Denton to the position he so

nobly won, and the work for which he was unconsciously ripening. Mrs. Denton proved to be a most excellent psychometrist. Her marvelous gifts were to him a talisman in every social and intellectual trial in his subsequent life. Indeed, his life with Elizabeth Foote opened up to him a new world. She was no doubt to him a balance his wonderful gifts needed to make them most effective. Did his ardent imagination lead him too far beyond the domain of solid fact, her more critical and skeptical mind helped to hold him within the bounds of scientific inquiry. Did his confiding nature induce him to trust too much to others, her keener intuition and marked psychometric powers were a ready witness to warn him of approaching danger.

Failing health drove him from the schoolroom, and at last he settled down to the real work of his life. He published "Common Sense," to which I have already alluded, and a volume of poems. Now he traveled, delivering radical and scientific lectures, which soon brought him in the field as a public debater. Returning from Kansas to Ohio and Indiana, he held some of the most notable debates of his life. I shall never forget the first time I saw William Denton. It was the occasion of his great debate with Rev. Carlton in Parkman, Ohio. The question involved the divinity and authority of the Bible. The discussion was held in the Universalist Church, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. Rev. Carlton delivered a most powerful speech, in which he claimed that all nations deprived of the Bible had no just conceptions of God; that the Bible was the first book in the world to reveal to man a benevolent creator. Denton's reply was the most wonderful half-hour address I have ever heard. I shall probably never hear another so full of keen satire, brilliant eloquence and merciless criticism as his attack on the God of the Bible. As the well-rounded sentences fell from his lips, like claps of thunder from a clear sky, some rose in their seats, unconsciously lifted by the power of his eloquence. So thoroughly had he disarmed his antagonist and overpowered his audience, that in a single address he had virtually won the discussion. Carlton rose to reply. He was pale and nervous, and it needed no seer to note that Denton had won a victory which could not be wrested from him. The debate continued to the end of the specified time, but Denton was almost universally acknowledged master of the contest. Nor was his antagonist in any sense an ordinary foe. He was a man who had reached the noontide of life, who had proved, perhaps, the most successful debater among the Universalist clergymen of Ohio.

It was in this iconoclastic era of William Denton's life that he was saved from the hands of a Christian mob by a friend, in Conneautville, Penn. A discussion had been arranged between Rev. I. W. Dun and William Denton, to begin November 1, 1858. The subject agreed upon was as follows: "That the Bible contains a true revelation to man from a Supreme Being." At the appointed time a great crowd gathered at Boynton's Hall. Many were unable to gain admission. Denton failed to appear at the hour. Just as the friends of Mr. Dun began to whisper that William Denton dare not meet him, Mr. Schofield, a citizen of the village, and friend of his, received a dispatch from him, stating that his stage was at Albion, ten miles away; that he would reach the hall at half-past eight o'clock, and requested his opponent to wait till that hour. At that time there was no railroad between Girard and Conneautville, as now, and the distance, twenty miles, was made by the primitive stagecoach. The roads at this time were almost impassable. So soon as this dispatch was read Dun and his friends began to manifest great displeasure. They claimed that Denton had not tried to reach the hall, and that they would not hold the discussion. Mr. Schofield, the man to whom he sent the dispatch, is a Canadian by birth, and as brave a little man as ever faced a foe. He had already dispatched a groom to harness his chestnut steeds, the fleetest in the village. In the midst of the excitement this little man mounted a seat and told Dun and his friends if they would adjourn the debate forty-five minutes by the watch he would have William Denton in the hall or drop the discussion. They consented, thinking Denton could not reach them. No sooner did they assent than Schofield ordered his groom to drive and meet the stage and bring Denton on time. The stage was met, and when perhaps fifty watches had scored forty-three minutes and all were fearing the discussion must close, Schofield's panting steeds landed William Denton at the hall. He had ridden all day and all the evening in the cumbersome stagecoach; no time to eat, no time to bathe, and the horses had covered his head and face with mud. When William Denton entered that hall, frail and mud-covered, there was cheering upon another side. Rev. Dun opened the debate, and when plain William Denton rose to reply hisses were heard on every hand. But no storm of hisses could frown down so brave a man as he. Long before he had finished the first address prejudice began to melt away, and the orator had again revealed his wonderful power to meet a great emergency. The man who began the debate amid rounds of ap-

plause now began to feel his power weakening.

The second night Dun refused to proceed with the discussion. The hall was crowded to overflowing. At the earnest solicitation of friends Mr. Denton began a course of geological lectures. The public pulse ran high; religious prejudice was at fever heat; so bitter was the hatred of Christians toward William Denton, that they sought by violence to defeat the man they could not meet in argument. During this course of lectures they planned to mob him; they burned him in effigy in the streets; tar and feathers were brought, and a howling mob congregated to attack him as he left the hall. In this trying hour his friend Schofield proved as true as Damon to Pythias. He armed himself with two loaded revolvers, and, holding one in his right hand, told Denton to take his left arm. They walked past the mob together. Schofield was ready to shoot down in an instant the bigot who should attempt to touch his friend. Nearly three decades of years have come and gone since that eventful night.

Those were days when it cost something to be a radical. William Denton has gone up higher. His name, however, shall be remembered when the contemptible mob is forgotten, and the priest-ridden village slumbers in ruins. A month later, in the same year, our brother engaged in the great discussion of his life. He had now passed five and thirty mile-posts on the journey, and was nearing another. Although he knew it not, he had reached the noontide of this radical era. Other fields were about to open before him in endless perspective. After the Parkham discussion he delivered a course of lectures on Genesis and geology at Chagrin Falls, Ohio. At this time James A. Garfield, who afterward became President, and whose tragic death we all deplore, was President of a college at Hiram, Ohio. He preached Sundays in the Disciple Church at Chagrin Falls, some fifteen miles distant. The rough handling Denton gave Moses in his lectures was reported to Garfield. Thereupon Mr. Garfield began a series of Sunday evening lectures upon the relation between Genesis and geology. His lectures in review of Denton drew large audiences to his church. Garfield criticised Denton quite severely, and affirmed Hugh Miller's scheme of reconciliation. In the meantime Mr. Denton had left a challenge to any one who would venture to attack him. So at the close of Garfield's lecture a gentleman arose, and asked permission to read a challenge. The challenge was read, and the following is the substance: "I shall be glad to meet in public discussion any clergyman in good standing upon the following

proposition: *Resolved*, That plants, animals and man came into existence by operation of the laws of spontaneous generation and progressive development, and there is no evidence on this planet of direct creative energy. (Signed,) William Denton."

Garfield for a moment seemed embarrassed, but remarked that he would confer with the brethren, and act upon their decision. Correspondence followed, and it was finally arranged to hold a discussion for five days, three sessions each day and both disputants to have two half-hour speeches at each session. The discussion occurred between Christmas and New Year. The contest absorbed all interests in that section. People came fifty miles to hear it. The mud was frightful, yet the whole seating capacity of the hall was occupied fully an hour before each session. The antagonists had never met before. Garfield was accompanied by a number of clergymen, who assisted in taking notes and looking up authorities. Denton had no assistance. He opened with a brilliant speech, which fascinated the audience. Garfield followed with a less brilliant and more cautious address, which indicated great reserve force which he did not care to waste for sudden effect. Denton's second speech was pronounced by critics the finest oratorical address they had ever heard. But little argument was entered upon the first session. At that time Darwin had not published his "Origin of the Species and History of Natural Selection," nor had Haeckel, Wallace and others committed themselves in favor of the development theory. About the only book upon Denton's side was the "Vestiges of Creation," a small work by an anonymous writer. Upon Garfield's side a voluminous literature was already extant. Hitchcock, Hugh Miller, and others had labored to reconcile Genesis with advancing geological discovery. Hugh Miller was Garfield's favorite author, and none were more bitter upon the development theory than he. The weight of authority was all upon Garfield's side. Denton knew this, and he tried to force Garfield upon affirmative ground, assuming that the statement of the question involved an affirmative Garfield in fairness was bound to sustain. He claimed that the terms of the question required proofs from Garfield of direct creative energy, as much as they required proof from him of spontaneous generation and natural development. No effort of Denton's, however, could induce Garfield to defend the Bible and miraculous creative energy. Garfield claimed he did not come there to prove anything. He came to see that Denton proved spontaneous generation and natural development. Garfield was

shrewd, cautious and able throughout. Denton was self-possessed and eloquent. He brought forward all the arguments the state of knowledge would admit. Indeed, he anticipated in the debate all Darwin and others afterwards proclaimed. He was no doubt disappointed in his failure to induce Garfield to defend special creative energy. Garfield went into the discussion with a strong element of advantage, which he turned to good account. Denton entered with a great task, which he performed with tact and eloquence.

It is rarely, if ever, two great men have met in so long and heated a debate where each won from both friends and foes such general praise. The most bitter Orthodox did not hesitate to acknowledge the great ability of William Denton; while the most radical freely accorded to Garfield intellectual strength beyond the anticipation of his friends. Could those young men, crossing intellectual swords by the waters of the rapidly falling river, have read the scroll of destiny, they would not have believed it. Did ever two young men meet for whom the future held so much of praise and pity? Did ever two lives hold in their mysterious depths more to touch the lives of others? Garfield, unconsciously to himself, was about to blaze forth like a meteor and light the heavens with glory. Denton had before him years of toil, but in those years he was to explore a world the grandeur of which Columbus never dreamed. Garfield was to climb the highest summit of fame, and to look with manly gratitude to the crown a nation had lain at his feet. Denton was to push forward like a bold pioneer blazing a track for the legion of progress.

Both must die! The one by the sad and solemn sea at Elberon. He dies, however, with a nation weeping over his dying couch. The other must die alone in a foreign land, far from the path of civilization—die with no friend to weep by his dying bed, no loving hand to wipe the cold death sweat from his manly brow.

Both are buried! The one with the pomp and pageantry of a nation; the other in silence by the hand of strangers. Garfield's inanimate body was placed in a pavilion black as the wing of night, trimmed with belts of gold. On his costly coffin lay a wreath from England's Queen, and about it flowers enough to build a mausoleum for the dead. Denton's body lay in a miserable hovel with no pillow for its head, no coffin for its final repose, and buried by the hand of strangers.

About the time of the Garfield debates, William Denton reached the noontide of his radicalism. Human life has its cycles of thought, not less than physical

transformation. Childhood trusts and believes; youth doubts, condemns and censures; man and womanhood reason and reflect; while age gathers up the lost jewels of faith and trust, and we reproduce the virtues of life's earlier years. Denton in the Garfield debate saw no need of special creative energy to account for the order and phenomena of life. He anticipated Darwin, as I have said, and put forth every argument Darwin was soon to publish. But in later years we find him gravely asking, "Is Darwin right?" He evidently saw that while Darwin's theory of evolution accounted for the *order* of life, it did not in any sense solve the yet unsettled question of its *origin*.

In the Garfield debate he saw many faults in Jesus which he passed in silence in later years. Indeed, in after life we find him asking with philosophic calmness, "What was he?" Had Garfield and Denton met twenty years later and talked over the same question, there would have been no issue between them.

While William Denton at this period won great laurels in public debate, his greatest work still lay before him. This work was made public just as he was reaching manhood's noon. It was nothing less than the proclamation of a world William and Elizabeth Denton had been exploring together during all the years of their married life. This world does not lie on the bleak wastes of pathless oceans, nor yet afar in the regions of interstellar space. It is a world lying all about us. As every flower has its aroma, so all external nature is but the materialized expression of the invisible soul. What we call the real world is only the camera in which the soul is photographed. All external objects are simply leaves in the universal library. The hardest rock, the frowning mountain, the ancient ruin with crumbling wall and broken tower, the Grecian relic or Roman coin, a chip from the Pyramid or cold, hard breast of Memnon—all are leaves in Nature's universal library. Sensitive souls carry the keys which unlock the treasure-house of the world.

William and Elizabeth Denton had walked together along the sunlit and starlit borders of this world. What treasures were theirs! Did poverty lift its cold, hard hand over them in the external world, and was the battle hard and fierce to provide for a rapidly increasing family, they still had treasures of which the motley throng we call humanity did not dream. How many an hour, when all was still save the heavy breath of their sleeping babes, have they explored that world together! Could Elizabeth Denton, now old beyond her years and bowed down by the shadow of her great bereavement, recount that experience,

she would no doubt tell us those were life's halcyon hours when the air was musical with delight.

In 1863 Mr. Denton gave the world the first volume of "The Soul of Things." Professor Buchanan and perhaps others had anticipated the realm they were exploring, but it was reserved for William Denton to reduce the facts to scientific analysis. This work was in due time followed by two others, making the most complete treatise upon the subject of psychometry now in print. When psychometry shall take its place, as it one day will, among the established sciences, William Denton's name will be inseparably connected therewith. His radical lectures will serve their day; they voice the sentiments of a growing army who are breaking away from ancient superstition.

In geology Mr. Denton was far the most earnest and patient investigator of the science I have ever met. He traveled thousands of miles, and lectured almost nightly. In the midst of his mental work, he did not neglect to study the face of nature. By the wreck of an ancient earthquake, or in the crater of an extinct volcano, William Denton loved to linger as a child among its toys. Hundreds and thousands of miles did he walk bowed down by the weight of fossils he bore away as the trophies of his labor. He was as familiar with the face of the earth as a child with the face of its mother. Indeed, the earth was his mother, and tenderly he clung to her stony breast. Among all the men who have helped to write the history of this planet, it is doubtful if there is one who has traveled so many miles to gain experimental knowledge as has he. It was no doubt his own work in this and other fields which broke his health and paved the way to his early death. No man could envelope the cold, hard facts of science with a halo of poetry more successfully than could he. His geological lectures were the hardest adamant of facts, made soft and tender by his wonderful eloquence. Those who lack the undefinable fire we call eloquence, often couple it with superficial thought. This is the narrow criticism of jealous minds. It generally comes from those who ridicule the gifts of others, because partial nature has refused to share the same with them. No man has done so much to make geology a popular science as has he. He could dress the frowning Alps with the chisel of a Grecian sculptor, or paint over the world's primitive night the roseate tints of coming day. William Denton's scientific works will be read by thousands when his critics are forgotten.

But my friends I do not stand here to-day to analyze his intellectual side. Among the great minds of the world he

has won a place. Others will come and offer the intellectual banquet of mankind, gifts rare and sweet. Others will build upon the broad foundation he has laid:

"But the work that he has builded, oft with bleeding hands and tears,
In terror, and in anguish, will not perish with the years.
It will be at last made perfect in the universal plan;
It will help to crown the labors of the toiling hosts of man."

Much as we admire his brilliant gifts they are made luminous by his great personality. Those who survive us will read his works and admire his thought. But those who know him personally will carry to life's last hour kindly recollections of the man.

Among the great men of the age he stood an intellectual giant, but to us who knew him he had the heart of a child. The artless simplicity of his nature is rarely found among intellectual men. He was a stranger to that vain pride which delights in personal adornments. In the crowded hall of a great city, in the country schoolhouse, in the heat of debate, in the palace of the rich and in the unpretending cottage of the poor, he was still plain William Denton. So tenderly did he love children, that wheresoever he went he sought their companionship.

I have never met a man more strictly conscientious in his habits of life. He ate and drank from principle. So simple was his diet, his friends often felt aggrieved that he should pass their dainty dishes by. To William Denton rum and tobacco were two fiends all true men should seek to destroy. His temperance principles were grounded in the virgin soil of his early manhood, and they remained with him to the last days of his life. In the last letter he ever penned to his loving wife he mentioned the fact that his son desired to traffic in tobacco with the natives of New Guinea, but that he had quickly frowned down every attempt to deal in the poisonous weed. Whatever William Denton believed, that did he advocate. He would not withhold a truth his heart accepted to gain the favor of the world; nor would he spare his criticism of error in the face of a mob. A diplomatist with the talent he possessed would have commanded almost unlimited wealth and fame. But he knew no wealth but knowledge, and desired no fame but truth.

On the 22d of February, 1881, he bade farewell to the family and started on his last long journey. All the years of his life he had been a constant traveler, hence he often bade the dear ones at the fireside farewell. Yet this parting was in every sense uncommon. The shadow of oncoming events brooded like a somber cloud over the home altar. The ever-faithful wife and mother was first to feel it. Why should she not? It was but the exercise

of her wondrous gift. The bird, when chilled by winter's breath, can scent a summer air hundreds of miles away. The meanest worm has strange instincts by which it feels the web fate weaves around it, and even the coarsest lives are, in some supreme moments, made luminous by the sun of prophecy. Elizabeth Denton has psychometric powers so rare she can touch the sepulchre of the past and lips long mute will speak again. And it was but natural her gifts should first report the hurrying feet of death to meet them.

William Denton had long planned this journey. It was in no sense a sudden impulse. So eager was he to accomplish it that he entirely forgot himself. But had he looked in the mirror he might have seen deep furrows cut by years of toil. Had he consulted the family record it would have reminded him he had but one more milestone to pass ere he should reach the eventful sixty which has proved a stormy equinox in so many lives. The first white frosts of wintry age had touched his manly brow. But so intent was he upon his great work he had not felt Time's icy finger or beheld his own lengthening shadows. The journey as originally planned included the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, China, Japan, and Palestine. He no doubt intended to return from his five years' tour by way of his native land and once more face an audience in the great city of London. But he would not go back as he left it, a young man with the first wild fires of radicalism burning in his bosom. Nor would he go with the cold, hard hand of poverty clutching at his vitals. He would go back with his great brain stored with useful knowledge to claim his well-earned place among the great orators England has given to the world; go to rank with Wallace, Darwin and the great scientists of the age.

Perhaps he may have dreamed of walking once more among the stone quarries at Ashford in Kent, or lingering for an hour, in life's ripe years, in some dear spot, where, with Caroline Gilbert by his side, he had rehearsed love's old and yet forever new story under the light of the stars. No doubt in planning this journey the brightest side of all was the thought he might one day return and lay before his many friends in America the jewels he had gathered in foreign lands. Then he could sit down in life's decline at his own fireside, and with a grown-up family around him talk over the hardships of his life and point them to the victories he had won. To some of us the planning of such a journey would be madness, but it was natural to William Denton. The earth was his mother, and he loved her tenderly. Why should

he not look at her time-worn face, pitted by thousands of dead volcanoes, and wrinkled by uncounted earthquakes in her youthful days? To him to meet and study primitive man face to face, and thereby trace the origin and migration of the races, was of more value than to inherit a crown. His sons, Shelley and Sherman, accompanied him. They journeyed by rail to San Francisco, lecturing on the route. Many of you will remember this last brilliant lecturing tour. Wherever he stopped large audiences gathered to hear him. His engagement in San Francisco was one of the most successful courses ever delivered in the city. I cannot forget that it was in this city he wrote the last letter ever penned by him to me. Little did I then dream he was encouraging me in a work the performance of which has impelled me speak a kindly word for his memory.

He sailed from San Francisco on June 4th, 1881. Within two years from that date he delivered near four hundred public lectures in Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania. On July 3d, 1883, he sailed from Thursday Islands for New Guinea. He was anxious to get a knowledge of the island, its geology, mineral resources, and the character and habits of the natives. This knowledge was needed to prepare him for a review of a work by Wallace on "Island Life," and also for future scientific lectures in Europe and America. He joined with three gentlemen to explore the southern part of New Guinea. One, named Armit, was a newspaper correspondent; another, Mr. Hunter, and a half-native, named Bedford, composed the party. They started to make a journey of some fifty miles through the mountains. In his last letter to his wife he informs us no European had ever made the journey. So strong was his thirst for knowledge he did not heed the warning that the jungle fever was a foe to all who tried to penetrate the mountains. It would require some weeks to make the journey. He described the natives, in this brief letter, at starting, and closed by saying, "From thy wandering William." How true the simple appellation given to himself! He had indeed been a wanderer from State to State and city to city. Prepared with a guide and necessary supplies, they started. In the early part of the journey they passed a deserted little village. It consisted of a few miserable huts fast going to decay. The Irving and Bedford ranges rise above the amphitheater upon which it stands, and the St. George river, fed by many a mountain spring, glides swiftly by. As the company moved on, William Denton lingered there. Who can tell what thoughts were his as he remained to view the little village of Berigabadi? Did he then have a premoni-

tion of death so near? Was he looking at this place, and thinking how peaceful would be his rest near the rocky bed of the mountain stream? He has not told us why he was so fascinated with this location? But by a strange circumstance he was permitted a burial upon the spot he so much admired.

As they pursued the perilous journey up the mountain, fever overtook them. Armit was the first to feel its heated breath, but William Denton was soon an easy prey. Patiently he pressed on, unwilling to yield to the destroyer. At last he was prostrated, and Hunter procured the help of natives to bear him back. The last day of his earthly life they carried him many miles in a drizzling rain. They reached at nightfall the little village of Berigabadi. Hunter propped up the floor of a deserted old hut, in which he laid William Denton and Armit. With the approach of night the heavens grew intensely dark, and the rain fell piteously upon the wretched hovel where they lay.

It is near 9 p. m., and William Denton is dying. And yet so patient is he in death, his companions knew not the icy hand had touched him. At last a spasm, and the death-rattle in his throat revealed to them that he had gone. His sons are only a few miles away, yet days must pass before they learn his fate. In the early morning Hunter, with the aid of natives, dug a grave, then tied his handkerchief around his face, wrapped his body in a blanket, and buried it.

No marble, or granite block of stone guard the grave of William Denton. Yet nature is kind. The bird will call its mate, and sing its early song from the fern-fringed jungles near the little mound, and the unbroken song of the mountain stream will chant his requiem. The same sun which shines over us will warm his grave, and faithful stars nightly kiss it with their pure sweet beams.

The stones we place at the graves of our dead are at best but the playmarks of a child time will quickly wipe away.

What of William Denton? Let us believe he has gone up higher. Let us try to feel the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy in which he believed, and which we delight to proclaim, and in its magic light look beyond our tears, and see that "death is but the gate to endless day."

All hail, brother mine! We soon shall meet you. We, too, are coming. We are coming with the weary tread of aching feet; coming with our hot temples throbbing with pain; coming battle-scarred and wet with tears.

Oh! brother, doubly blest by death's sweet kiss, swing wide the gates, and let



THOMAS LEES

our weeping eyes behold the garden of the soul's bloom, where we shall live and love forever.—*Banner of Light.*

Professor J. R. Buchanan, the pioneer in the field of psychometric research, and who gave the science its name, pays a just tribute to Professor Denton in a letter to the *Golden Gate*. After referring to his own (Buchanan's) several works on the subject and to the great importance of psychometry in the diagnosis of disease, as well as in the reading of character, Professor Buchanan says: "But much as psychometry does for the proximate and present, it is no less potent in reference to that which is remote in time and space. In my first publication I announced comprehensively that "the past is entombed in the present," and that from the relics of antiquity the psychometer could evoke all ancient history, and restore to our knowledge the prehistoric world. My own occupations forbade my giving much attention to the psychometric exploration of geology and paleontology, but I was not left entirely alone, and twenty-one years after my publication of the discovery, an able geologist, the late Professor Denton, published his profound researches by psychometry into geology, paleontology and astronomy. That work by the brave and gifted Denton placed him far in advance of all contemporary science, but he did not live to receive the laurel wreath with which he should have been crowned as a glorious victor at the head of the army of progress. Denton's three volumes entitled "The Soul of Things" will belong to the library of classics for the foremost people of the age. I shall ever be grateful for his valuable co-operation in labors to which I could not be devoted, for the field of Psychometry is so vast as to require a score of scientists for its cultivation."

To an Aged Friend.

You may not know the hand
Which guides your fragile bark;
You may not see the land,
Through clouds so thick and dark;
Yet know, dear one, you're near the shore;
This tumult is the breakers' roar.

Fear not, though clouds of mist and spray
Obscure the green-clad hills;
Where golden sunbeams dance and play,
Where murmur sparkling rills,
There loved ones wait with outstretched hands
To greet you on the shining sands. J. S.

Humanity looks upward,
Its features all aglow,
While its heart is wildly beating,
And its soul, in deepest throes,
Waits for the day's new dawning,
When all the truth shall know.

COLONEL INGERSOLL declares that the statements published in the papers, that he is suffering from incurable cancer, are "absolutely untrue."

Thomas Lees, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Thomas Lees was born in the world's metropolis, in 1832; was reared amidst the busy hum of London life, under the educational and governmental influences of the Church of England, and was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at sixteen years of age and became a member of the church a few years later. He was apprenticed in famous Charter House Square to the wood carving and designing business for five years. Early imbued, if not born, with a desire to travel and explore beyond the confines of populous London, the romantic youth planned to run away from his apprenticeship and sail for America. The republican form of government had a fascinating influence over him, even in boyhood, but better counsel prevailed, and not until his time had expired, and he was his own master, did he carry out his boyhood's design, sailing, in 1853, from Southampton, on the steamer, *City of Glasgow*, to Philadelphia.

The wonderful manifestations of Modern Spiritualism, then taking place, had but little effect on the subject of our sketch beyond provoking his ridicule. Staying but a short time in the Quaker City, he pushed westward as far as Cincinnati, and from there to Louisville and St. Louis, touching nearly all points on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. After, in a measure, satisfying his desire for travel, Mr. Lees visited some friends in Peoria, Ill., and there met a very prepossessing young lady, Miss Annie E. Bainbridge, whom he shortly afterward married in Chicago, where he remained until the money panic of 1857. Paying a flying visit to England, he, on his return, again went to St. Louis, with the idea of making that city his future home, but the fates ruled otherwise. The civil war broke out, and Mr. Lees was glad, in 1862, to leave the city that was so divided in opinion, and get further north, leaving a good business, although sadly demoralized by the internecine war. He took a position in Toledo, Ohio, in the freight department of the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad. It was in Toledo that he gave his first serious attention to the investigation of the marvellous phenomena taking place all over the country, but Mr. Lees has been frequently heard to say that it was really more "to prove the *fraud* than to learn the *truth* of Modern Spiritualism that led him to investigate." As he tersely expresses it, "I went to catch, but got caught." The first lecture he ever heard on the spiritual rostrum was by Mrs. Nellie Wilsey Bronson, of Michigan, now Mrs. Nellie L. Palmer, of Portland, Me., and the first spirit test he received was through the

mediumship of Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson. It was through sitting with that gifted medium (now in spirit life) that his wife's development took place, which really did more to convince the doubting Thomas than anything he witnessed through professional mediums. In 1866 Mr. Lees left Toledo for Cleveland, Ohio, where he has made his home ever since, taking an active interest in spiritual work from that time. To be a Spiritualist, with him, means more than merely accepting the phenomena. In the fall of 1867 the Fourth Annual Convention of Spiritualists was held in Cleveland, which was, in some respects, the most famous gathering of Spiritualists that ever took place in this or any other country. Prominent among the notables were A. J. Davis and his wife, Mary, Selden J. Finney, Warren Chase, Dr. Hallock, Moses Hull, E. V. Wilson, the boy speaker (at that time), Cephas B. Lynn, Ira Davenport, Hudson and Emma Tuttle and E. S. Wheeler. It was at that Convention that Father James Lawrence, of Cleveland, suggested, through his mediumship, the importance of keeping sacred the 31st of March as the anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. The burning eloquence at that Convention, and the glowing truths uttered, left a lasting impression on Mr. Lees, and inspired him to take up the work in earnest; so now he can boast of twenty years' hard work in the ranks, and is proud of it. Although active in supporting every phase of the Spiritual movement in Cleveland, Mr. Lees' special work has been in fostering The Children's Progressive Lyceum, which he regards as the most important work of the hour. Mr. Lees, when in Boston, in 1883, with his sister, Tillie H. Lees (also a worker in the Lyceum), was honored, in recognition of his long-continued work in the cause, with a public reception at Paine Hall, given by Shumut and Boston Lyceums, all the societies in the city participating. It was there he proposed to unite all the Lyceums in the country, and suggested the necessity of systematizing the Lyceum work, and remodeling the methods and exercises now practiced—that it might be more effectual.

Mr. Lees is a thorough cosmopolitan, bold and fearless in the expression of the truth, as he sees it, and adopts the celebrated motto of Thomas Paine, "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion." Neither nativity, color, religion, politics, nor sex causes any bias with him. A full believer in equal rights, he is partial only to the truth. While despising the cant and hypocrisy of the churches, he respects the opinion of those who yet believe in them, but has little respect for the pretended Christian and the weak-kneed Spiritualist, who, while

secretly admitting the truths of Spiritualism, hob-nob with those of the churches for policy sake, and at their death, for propriety's sake, try to steal into heaven on an orthodox pass.

Mr. Lees is a thoroughly well known business man of Cleveland, and highly esteemed by all who know him. His bold championship of our yet unpopular cause, and his sacrifice of time and money to it has militated, perhaps, against personal aggrandizement, but he rejoices in the fact that as far as his capital goes his credit is as good as that of any Methodist or Presbyterian in the city, and his steadfast adherence to the cause has won him the respect of all, even those who differ with him.

Although Mr. Lees makes no profession of mediumship, and does not claim to be a public speaker, he has for years stood ready to officiate at the funerals of those who would rather not call in at "death" the minister of a church they were not in sympathy with. Mr. Lees has a certificate from the Probate Court of Cuyahoga county granting him the power to celebrate marriages, a privilege he has exercised on many joyous occasions. This earnest worker has, for the past sixteen years, been a steady correspondent to the *Banner of Light*, and other Spiritual papers occasionally. He has also done much towards popularizing the subject of Spiritualism in Cleveland and vicinity, by keeping the matter constantly before the people, through the secular press, the *Cleveland Plaindealer* and the *Leader* now actually vying with each other in furnishing good and accurate reports of the Spiritualist meetings, and of the movement generally.

Mr. Lees, in severing himself from the management of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, on Sunday, September 19th, called out the regret of all the members. To him, also, was it a painful ordeal. The *Plaindealer*, in referring to the event, said in its issue of the 20th: "All who attended Weisgerber's Hall, yesterday morning, had a rich musical treat. The occasion was the retirement of Mr. Lees from the conductorship of the lyceum or Sunday school he has been identified with the past twenty years. In the absence of the guardian (Mrs. Jennie Davies) Miss Nellie Ingersoll, who has grown up in the Lyceum, and is one of its brightest members, was invited to the platform to divide the duties with the conductor, which duties she performed in a graceful manner. Mr. Lees, after complimenting the musicians who had so contributed to the enjoyment of the session, and thanking them in behalf of the Lyceum, doffed his badge of office, and said: 'Friends, scholars and co-workers: In resigning my position as leader, or conductor of this Lyceum, I do not wish

it understood that my interest in the Lyceum will cease, or that I shall be altogether an absentee from your meetings. I merely lay down the responsibility of management, principally through a pressure of business, feeling that I cannot longer continue to do justice to myself or the position. The duties are arduous, and I trust there will be some one among you willing and capable to assume them. I need not here recapitulate the history of the Lyceum, and my connection with it. My work among you the past twenty years must be my record on which I take my leave. Nothing that I can now say will enhance the good, if any, I've done you, and nothing will rectify the mistakes I have made. My acts, and not my words are what I hope to be judged by. Certainly to nothing have I ever been more faithful than to the Lyceum. I regard my twenty years' labor among you as the worthiest act of my life, and that period I must regard as the cream of my earthly life, taken from the best portion of it, certainly, and devoted to the noblest of work, the moral and spiritual unfolding of our children. The average Spiritualists are too apathetic in this respect, and shirk their duty in not lending their presence oftener to the Lyceum, permitting their children to roam the streets or drift into the Sunday-school of a church they are not in sympathy with.'

"Mr. Lees closed by thanking all his co-workers who had supported him through the ups and downs of the Lyceum, and said had it not been for the "faithful few" he should have withdrawn from the work before now; it had taken, he said, a long time to break the magnetic spell, but it was now done and had to be, no matter how painful the parting was. 'Parents and children are separated in the natural order of things, and though I do not regard the lyceum as my offspring exactly, yet from long association I do regard it as my foster child, and shall, I hope, always maintain a warm interest in its welfare, and to my successor, whoever he or she may be, I promise all the support my time will admit of.'

The following impromptu motto, given by Mr. Lees on a late occasion, has the true ring, and is eminently characteristic of the original whose lithographic likeness adorns these pages:

Proud! of being an Englishman by birth.
Prouder! of being an American by adoption.
Proudest! of being a Spiritualist from conviction.

For biliousness, constipation, and impurities of the blood use the Tonic Liver Pills, prepared and sold at Dr. Fearn's pharmacy, corner Tenth and Washington streets, Oakland. Twenty-five cents per box, per post twenty-six cents.

Mrs. Dr. Beighle and Her Magic Hand.

BY JOHN A. COLLINS.

The subject of this sketch, born on the Atlantic side of the American continent in 1851, losing her mother when three years of age, landed with the family of her sister in San Francisco in 1859, then only eight years old, and has since been a continuous resident of California. Those who knew Mrs. Dr. Beighle in her youthful days (then Miss Helen Craib), speak of her as a sprightly, amiable, and intelligent girl, who made rapid progress in her school studies and music, gaining many warm friends, and enjoying the confidence and respect of all her acquaintances.

In 1869 and part of 1870 Miss Helen taught a public school in Sacramento county with marked success. Educated in the faith of the Presbyterian church, to which she clung as her only ark of safety, and her associates being mostly of the same religious belief, she naturally entertained strong prejudices against anything relating to Spiritualism, regarding it as a dangerous heresy, and its disciples and mediums as dupes and frauds.

In 1871 she married Mr. George W. Beighle, whose opposition to Spiritualism intensified her own. During several years there was a severe and trying struggle in her mind between her religious faith and duties and her desire to investigate the mysterious phenomena of Spiritualism, and so great was the strain upon her nervous system, unknown to anyone but herself, that she was at times unfitted to properly discharge her domestic duties. But her obedience to her early teachings and to the requirements of the church to which she was allied, prevailed over her strong desire to investigate the forbidden subject.

Sometime in 1879, while residing in Oakland, Mrs. Dr. Beighle was urgently invited by a neighbor, who had been strongly impressed with the beauty and truth of the philosophy of Spiritualism, to join a circle. This was the trying ordeal of her painful struggle between blind obedience to ecclesiastical authority and her strong desire for independent personal investigation as to whether Spiritualism is a fraud or a verity. With all her might and determination of will she tried to form an excuse for a negative response, but, for the first time in her protracted and trying experience, she was unable to formulate in words a negative reply, but by a power and influence over her mind and will, hitherto unknown to her, she consented to join the circle. There were three persons at the table at that memorable sitting. Mrs. Beighle sat in a quiet and passive condition under the influence of a spirit con-



MRS. DR. BEIGHLE

control, to her unknown, when in less than ten minutes her right hand began to vibrate from right to left and to whirl with painful rapidity for several minutes, when one of the other sitters, impressed by the action of her hand that it was preparatory for writing, procured a paper and pencil. She immediately clasped the pencil and wrote in legible characters several communications under the control of her mother, who passed over to the other side in 1854. The messages unmistakably revealed the personality of her mother by a correct statement of various family matters of the past, and foretold many things that would happen in the early future, one of which was that she and her family, including her husband and two sprightly, amiable and intelligent daughters (Alice M., now fifteen, and Edna J., thirteen years of age, who idolize their mother and strive in every way to assist her), would remove within two months from that day to San Francisco. This the family then regarded as next to impossible, as they owned their residence, and could perceive no reason for the change. Matters, however, soon took shape in that direction, and the removal took place as predicted. Another prediction was that in ten days she would be in possession of the clairvoyant phase of mediumship. At the termination of that period she could see clairvoyantly, with her eyes either open or closed. Lengthy communications appeared, sometimes upon the horizon, and at other times upon the wall of a room or building, and the messages invariably proved to be correct. The letters were always in color the very opposite of the back ground upon which they were written.

Following the development of clairvoyance was that of trance mediumship under the control of a spirit representing himself to be Thomas Starr King. This phase of mediumship proved to be not only extremely painful to Mrs. B., but actually threatened her life, by throwing her into conditions resembling death, in which she sometimes remained for nearly two hours, and could only be restored by friction and the use of brandy or other stimulants. She made considerable progress, however, in trance speaking, giving lengthy and able lectures on metaphysical and other subjects. She was able also in the trance state to give psychometric delineations, but the trance being distasteful and dangerous, she implored her spirit guides to relieve her from its painful and oppressive burdens.

After two years of laborious toil in various phases of mediumship, in which confidence and doubt, hope and despair alternated, the genial spirit of Thomas Starr King assured her that her labors

and efforts had not been unrewarded. Having made commendable progress, and being adapted to a milder phase than that of trance, he directed her to continuously sit for spirit hearing or clairaudience. But after four months of earnest effort in that direction, her progress appeared so inconsiderable that she implored her guide for some phase more readily obtainable, whereupon she was ordered to sit for independent slate writing, and was directed to call upon Mrs. Francis, the slate-writer, through whom Mr. King gave full instructions as to the time and manner of sitting.

After devoting one hour daily for an entire year, attended with periods more or less protracted of sickening discouragements, she was overcome with joyous emotions upon discovering that she was in possession of the unexpected power of healing, while her hopes and aspirations had been in the direction of slate writing only. This discovery occurred as follows: Sometime in September, 1882, a lady friend called upon her to obtain some information and direction upon business matters, when Mrs. B., by spirit influence, was moved to examine the ailments of her lady friend, of which she complained, and her careful diagnosis was pronounced correct in every respect.

Immediately thereafter the spirit of an Egyptian, chattering a language unknown to her, impressed Mrs. Dr. B. to place her right hand (in which she for the first time experienced a prickling sensation) upon the head of the lady, who was startled by experiencing severe shocks, similar to those from an electric battery. On account of the religious prejudices of her husband and friends, Mrs. Dr. B. kept the discovery to herself for a brief period. Some days thereafter, while in Oakland visiting her brother's wife, who had been given up as hopelessly incurable with a supposed cancer, her Egyptian guide impressed her to manipulate the afflicted part with her hand, which she did, accordingly, and after five treatments the afflicted lady was fully restored to health. This triumph in healing not only astonished the attending physicians and numerous friends of the patient, but particularly surprised and astonished Mrs. Dr. B. herself.

Inspired not only with increased confidence in the healing power of her magnetic hand, but also in the excellence, beauty and energizing force for good of the teachings of Spiritual truths, which operate to enlighten, humanize and elevate its disciples to higher levels of intelligence, varied material abundance, social culture, personal refinement and fraternal harmony, an earnest of man's capacity to establish the kingdom of heaven upon this mundane planet, the doctor's aspira-

tions grew upon her with increased force, to penetrate deeper into its sublime and instructive truths, seemingly at times to be clouded in mystery. About three months subsequent to the inauguration of her healing mission, while under the special direction of her devoted spirit mother, Dr. Beighle was sitting at her own little table, which has played a prominent part in every stage of her varied and protracted developments, when, to her astonishment and delight, she discovered that she was in possession of that phase of mediumship known as clairaudience. A spirit form, gentle in manner and speech, appeared, representing himself to have been, when in the form, a physician and surgeon in London, England, and known by the name of Dr. Astley Cooper; but having been knighted, the honorary title of Sir, was thereafter generally prefixed to his name. His communication was lengthy and instructive, and to her, complimentary and inspiring—assuring her that she required no more sittings to qualify her for the grand and useful mission to which she had been assigned by her wise and philanthropic spirit guides; as her mediumistic attainments, acquired through great trials, seeming failures, and sickening discouragements, had richly qualified her to successfully perform the complex duties of a public healer of the highest order; but, discovering the doubts and fears prevailing in her mind, he quietly but earnestly assured her that her misgivings were groundless. Her new control further informed her that, thereafter, she would be directed by a spiritual band of medical experts, of which he was the representative, who, individually or collectively, would be equal to locate the seat of disease, to define its character, and to decide as to its curability and the remedies required; and that they could improvise from the surrounding elements the requisite chemical or other combinations equal to the special necessity of each particular ailment, at every upward step in the pathway of the curative process to re-established health, and by the aid of her magnetic hand, he could conduct the same, in proper proportions, to the seat of disturbance in the organism of each patient. He further assured her that he would always, if possible, be present and determine, by diagnosis, the seat and character of the disease of each new applicant, and assist her, by every means within the reach of her medical band, to make her labors in the line of healing a magnificent success.

This newly acquired power, and the assurance of the devoted spirit of her darling mother as to the personal identity, medical ability, and unchallenged integrity of her new leading control, awakened new and lofty aspirations on

the part of the doctor to become useful to as many of the great army of sufferers by reason of physical derangements as possible, and thereupon earnestly sought permission from her husband to make her powers known to the public, to which he persistently refused his consent. The discouragement to her hopes which this refusal cast upon her spirit was soon followed by a circumstance which opened the way for the early gratification of her absorbing desire. A bookkeeper in the store in which her husband was employed as a salesman, in the early part of 1883, was sorely afflicted with a continuous and severe throbbing pain in his head, the cause of which those gentlemen of the medical profession having cognizance of the case were unable to agree. After communicating to her the foregoing facts, her husband promised to yield his consent for her to practice healing by spirit power as a profession, if she would locate the seat of the trouble and restore his friend to health. A diagnosis indicated the kidneys as the seat of the disease which caused the pain in his head, and after three weeks treatment with her Magic Hand the invalid friend of her husband was restored to perfect health.

Though a thorough convert to the sublime principles embraced in the philosophy of Spiritualism, Mrs. Dr. Beighle, in deference to the feelings of opposition of her religious relatives and friends, declined to avail herself of the press to inform the public of her power through her Magic Hand to eliminate from human organisms, without the aid of medicines, the expanding and sprouting seeds of desolating diseases. But one cure following another in rapid succession operated to gradually enlarge the field of her fame, as indicated by numerous letters received from various sections of the States and Territories of the Pacific Coast, and the aspirations of the less pecuniarily prosperous of them to make a pilgrimage to her sanitarium, are as continuous and strong as are those of the impecunious followers of Mahomet to cross the threshold of the sacred temple of Mecca.

Near the close of the year 1883, the applications for treatment from various parts of the States and territories of the Pacific Coast were so numerous, and the labor involved so exhausting to the physical powers of the healer, that her control, for her own protection, rendered her Magic Hand powerless for healing during a period of three months. In the early part of 1884, her health, strength, and healing powers having been restored, the doctor, in obedience to spirit direction, removed to the Baldwin Hotel, but the confinement and continuous laborious treatment of patients, so exhausted her

vitality and strained her nervous system, that before the close of the year her control gave her the choice either to remove to a more retired quarter of the city, and thereby diminish the pressure upon her for continuous treatment, or suffer for an indefinite period the loss of her healing power. By the advice of her guides she removed to Sutter street. This removal, while greatly lessening her monthly expenses, did little to diminish the number of sufferers who applied for relief, and so overworked and exhausted had she become in September, 1885, that her leading spirit control, Sir Astley Cooper, notified her that from that time onward she must so graduate her engagements with future applicants for treatment as not to have any chronic cases remaining uncured at 12 m., on the last day of December, 1885, as at that hour her healing power would be withdrawn until the same hour on the 22d day of March, 1886, all of which happened as predicted. The doctor's health and strength returned so that by spirit order she engaged rooms in the fifth story of Phe-lan's Block, on Market street, into which she moved until the 15th day of October following, when by direction of her spirit guides she removed to her present commodious residence, 209 Turk, near Jones street, which removal was a matter of pressing necessity on account of the non-action of the elevator on Sundays and each week day evening after eight o'clock, imposing upon the doctor the exhausting labor of going up and down the numerous flights of the lengthy stairways, to and from the street floor to the fifth story of that lofty block.

To the marvelous curative powers of the doctor, through the medium of her Magic Hand, is supplemented as a necessary factor to her healing system, a remarkable mediumistic phase of varied intellectual and lingual powers, which richly qualify her (while treating her patients—always seemingly in her normal condition—to so naturally and carelessly suggest a hint, present a question, return an answer, throw out an anecdote, enter into a conversation, or strike a humorous chord or instructive vein on health, disease, its remedies, art, science and philosophy—mental, moral, social or political—so specially adapted to the specific needs of each as to please, instruct, satisfy and unconsciously charm her patients into the negative and impassive state, insensible of their pains, troubles and sufferings and conditioned for the successful operation of the power of the will and healing remedies of the control, upon the disturbed parts of the patient, through the medium of her Magic Hand) to generally become equal to the necessities of each particular case.

A few words in regard to the doctor's

method of treating patients afflicted with diseases more or less established in their respective organisms, and the treatment of disorders less marked and dangerous, may not be out of place in this connection: "Patients embraced in the first class are generally treated in a separate ward or treating room. All of her healing power appears to be located in her right hand and forearm, to about three inches above her elbow, which is magnetized and demagnetized, at the will of her spirit control, and entirely independent of the doctor's desire or will. Each treatment occupies from twenty minutes to an hour. Every patient experiences a peculiar sensation upon the application of her hand for healing purposes, according to his respective condition and needs. A few of these sensations are as follows:

- 1—Soft, pleasant, and soothing.
- 2—Dry, rough and husky.
- 3—Damp and chilly.
- 4—Dry, heating and prickling.
- 5—Damp, with penetrating heat.
- 6—Scratching and irritating sensations like the operation of a fine-toothed curry comb.
- 7—Sticky, mucilaginous matter with an irritating sensation, exhaling an odor sometimes pleasant and at others the very opposite.

8—Raising blisters from an eighth of an inch to three inches in diameter.

9—Producing reddish lines along the spine and scarlet spots over the deranged parts, and other phenomena too numerous and mixed to be easily particularized.

The second class, embracing disorders of a less marked character, are treated in a standing, sitting or reclining position, according to the judgment of the control, for which chairs or lounges are commonly used.

During the past four years, Dr. Beighle estimates the number of patients treated by her to exceed fifteen hundred, (1500) embracing skilled and common toilers, merchants, importers, bankers, manufacturers, editors, artists, lawyers, teachers, clergymen, physicians, judges and representatives of about every department of business and society, not omitting millionaires, from almost every county in California, and various towns and cities of the States and territories of the Pacific Coast, to which number may be added many from the Atlantic States.

It is no uncommon occurrence for the doctor to treat twenty patients in a day. It is deemed prudent not to furnish the name of any one of the hundreds of the doctor's distinguished patients, as many would not be pleased to see their names making the rounds of the newspaper press as practical indorsers of the "vagaries of Spiritualism," while others, equal-

ly distinguished, having experienced the lasting benefits of the doctor's Magic Hand, proudly proclaim its curative powers, being omitted in the list, might awaken unpleasant feelings.

The Magic Hand of Dr. Beighle boldly and confidently antagonizes every class of curable physical ailments of both sexes, except cancers, humors, eczema or eruptive diseases of the skin, which exceptions have been established by the doctor's spirit guides solely for her protection from contagion.

Intelligent and sprightly, generous and joyous, social and interesting; winning without seeming effort the confidence and respect of her numerous patients; having a symmetrical frame of well-rounded proportions adapted for physical strength and endurance, with just enough of the sympathetic in her constitution to hold in check the ever surging activities from an overcharge of the sanguineous and nervous, the doctor has, judging from every visible appearance, coupled with the care and caution exercised in her behalf by her spirit guides, a lengthy, highly useful and honorable future, all of which is the earnest wish of the army of her admirers.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

The Carrier Dove.

BY CLEMENT J. BROUGHTON.

Oh, Bird of Freedom, thy innocent breast
Brings tidings of joy from the haven of rest;
Borne on the wing neath the fair blue sky,
Breathing an air of purity
Pure as the stars that shine above,
Filling our hearts with joy and love;
Bringing good news from a distant shore,
Battling the winds while the tempests roar,
Surmounting the hills and lonely plain,
Plunging and sweeping the Aerial main,
Gliding along and fearless of foe,
Casting thy shadow on the earth below,
A symbol, of love o'er the ocean you ride
Like a beacon of light on the foamy tide.
Oh, Innocent Bird! Sweet Carrier Dove!
Sacred the message thou dost bear from above,
Soothing the hearts whom absence doth sever,
Uniting the ties of friendship together.
Thou art chosen, Dear Bird, for fleet is thy wing,
And destined to toil while others do sing.
Eagles do dwell in the mountains above
And oftimes pursue the Carrier Dove,
But the Messenger Bird, fearless and free,
Outspeeds the foe to her destiny.
This Innocent Bird was chartered above,
To convey glad news from those we love;
No bird neath Heaven is more true or brave,
Not fearing the wind, the tempest or wave.
Onward, Dear Bird, the way may look black,
The sun will shine on the storm-beaten track,
The heart that is valiant doth banish dismay,
The great God above protect thy lone way.
Let's cherish the hope that despair may be driven,
Protect this Dear Bird, the Harbinger of Heaven!

Election Day From A Woman's Standpoint.

AN INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE BY MRS. E. L. WATSON,
DELIVERED AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, SUNDAY
EVENING, OCTOBER 31ST, 1886.

[Reported for the CARRIER DOVE by Geo. H. Hawes.]

It appears to be the prevailing opinion among mankind that woman has no concern in the science of government, and, moreover, that politics and religion are eternally irreconcilable; that politics are for our every day life, and of necessity unclean, while religion is for the Sabbath day and the secret closet of prayer. To us this appears to be a very illogical conclusion. If woman were a distinct species of being, in every relation of life separated from man, in no wise concerned in man's welfare or character, then the idea that she has no interest in the government would be rational; but we find women and men associated everywhere, in every relation of life, and whatever affects man must of necessity affect woman, and vice versa. If there is oppression in the land of any description it affects woman equally with man. If there is iniquity in high places and pollution in the lower strata of society, woman, is indeed the first to feel the pulsations of wrong, the bitter stings, and to breathe in the tainted air and become infected with it. If labor is at war with capital; or is underpaid, who is more affected than the mother, the wife, the sister, the child of the wage-worker?

In regard to politics and religion we would say there is as great a difference between ecclesiasticism and pure religion as there is between political demagoguery and true statesmanship. Whatever good our politics may contain, certain it is that there is not sufficient conscience and religion in them. Men, when they enter the political arena, too often lay aside their religious, spiritual and moral scruples. In our opinion religion and politics should go hand and hand; whatever affects the moral status of humanity here and now, affects the future of humanity beyond the grave; whatever affects the prosperity, the purity and hopes of our daily life, affects us not merely as animals but as moral and spiritual beings.

We know of no better theme on which to spend an hour of the Sabbath day than the one we have chosen for this occasion; for the elective franchise is the palladium of American liberty, the pride of the American citizen, and no man who appreciates his manhood and citizenship will fail to use the power of the ballot on the side of justice and pure statesmanship in the field of politics. We shall endeavor to confine our arguments

strictly to the philosophical and scientific domain. We know how the most horrible crimes have been conceived and born in an atmosphere of impurity, of poverty, under the urgency of some craving of human nature; we know how bloody revolutions of the past have grown from discontents which, fostered first in individual natures, finally extended through all the ramifications of society until there came the destructive upheavals. We know that in all the revolutions of the past woman has been affected equally with man. It is sometimes argued that, since woman cannot shoulder the musket and go to battle, she has no right to say a word in regard to matters of government. But are there no self-sacrifices possible to her by which she can show her patriotism without the use of deadly weapons? Does the woman who has borne the travail pains of maternity, and who has felt the infinite love of motherhood flowing out for her child through all the years of his ripening manhood, when it is demanded that she yield to war this blossom of her being and she bids him go forth to his duty with her blessing, give no evidence of her patriotism? And when conditions are permitted in society by which pitfalls are open for the feet of her darlings, has woman no right to enter a protest and put forth an effort to save?

But, you say, it is degrading for woman to mingle with "dirty" politics. Have not all of these dirty politicians mothers, and most of them sisters, wives and daughters? If these men are so mean and low as to prostitute the powers of citizenship to their own selfish ends, are they not unclean all the way through? How repulsive to pure womanhood must these men be, and yet, are not women compelled to be their associates? It is not at the polls, not in the public highways, alone, that woman is brought in contact with man. The pollutions of his heart send forth streams which flow over the paths she must tread, in which, too often (God pity her!), she slips and falls, and is there abandoned by the very society, calling itself respectable, which still smiles upon her vile associate and bids him welcome to homes of love and joy. It seems to me if anyone on the face of the earth has a right to say a word on the great question of government and social order, it is woman, who, in all the relations and conditions of life must be so closely related to man and perpetually affected by the conditions of society.

I agree with those who declare that Ecclesiasticism should be divorced literally and forever from the State, and that no creed, no church, has any right to interfere with matters of civil government; that the effect in the United States

would be similar to that union of church and state which wrought the ruin of the Roman republic. There is no church in existence which, to serve its selfish ends, would not enslave men. No church has ever existed that did not do this when it had the power, and the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Churches, both, have a record that we have no right to forget. Wherever the Church has dominated men have become slaves, and women the slave of slaves. We maintain that church property should be taxed the same as any other property. Why? Because men and women who have no sympathy with ecclesiasticism, no sympathy with the creeds, are compelled to support the church, and already the church owns hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property, which, being free from taxation, has become an incubus upon the common interests of humanity. This is not just; let every church be supported by those who find comfort in the faith it is founded upon; let any man bring such offerings as he will to whatsoever altar he chooses, but let him not ask those who do not believe the creed to pay the bills.

We have arrived at a crisis in our governmental affairs here in America; of this there can be no doubt. For a century we have sailed upon a comparatively smooth sea. Millions have come to our shores seeking homes, and have been received with hospitality; they have ministered to the general welfare by their labor. But dangerous elements are gaining strength in our midst, and the wrongs, the ignorance, the discontent of the old monarchical forms of government have been transported to America, and these men, who were never so well housed, so well fed, and whose manhood was never so highly respected, nor given such opportunities in their lives as they enjoy to-day, are sowing seeds of confusion, disorder and anarchy in our midst. With all these various combinations, and the necessities that arise from them, our government grows daily more complex; new conditions demand new measures, and the old parties, which have done noble work in the past, have now scarcely any distinguishing features. Democracy and Republicanism mean about the same thing to-day, and neither one of these parties is quite ready to try the new method, not quite generous enough to welcome to their ranks that disfranchised class which composes the half of every community, viz: educated American women. But, on the contrary, both parties are ready to pay their money for the votes of the ignorant and dissolute alien. Old party lines have faded away and we stand facing new dangers; and, at the same time, new fields of labor and noble opportunities. The scientific discoveries, the wonderful mechanical appliances

which have annihilated time and space, the vast wealth which is to-day opening up on every hand, the still disincumbered territory which belongs to us—all this lies before us, waiting for new methods, new measures, whereby the discontent that is beginning to murmur and grow in strength, and the new demands of a high civilization may be met. The question arises, where are the men to adopt new measures and let the old political creeds go—to forget the imaginary Mason and Dixon's line, forget the old feuds, and, clasping hands in the spirit of true fraternity, press forward to a higher civilization and a purer state of society? Where are the men to encourage the disfranchised class who have suffered under the same oppression in the department of labor as men have suffered, only more keenly? Where are the men who are ready to recommend an amendment to the American constitution, and create new laws? In your State politics where are the men large enough to forget their own interests and advocate pure Americanism in the interest of a common humanity? We would not oppress or disfranchise the foreign and alien element in our midst, but we are in favor of putting Americans in the front rank of politics; we are in favor of electing men to office who are imbued with the republican spirit, and of refusing the franchise to the ignorant, the creed-bound, the priest-ridden, the whisky and beer element. We are in favor of extending the franchise to the educated, and the property-holding women of America. The man who puts himself before the public as a patriot before election, and unites himself with the strongest party for selfish purposes, drinks bad whisky, or good brandy in secret, and then sneers at the idea of women having a voice in the government, whether he be a Republican, Democrat or Prohibitionist, is unworthy of your support. Vote for the best man on whatever ticket you may find him; for good men are sure to be converted to good measures, sooner or later, while bad men are sure to betray their constituents.

New and great issues are involved. Look over the entire breadth of this country, and see the ruin, degradation and misery intoxicants have wrought, and then ask yourselves if any honest man can afford to support any party which is in favor of licensing the evils which are growing into such proportions. Ask yourselves if there is not a future for us worth fighting for right here at home. In that awful scene you witnessed over twenty years ago—a country rent and torn by the bitterest animosities—the men who fought to preserve the Union struggled not simply for the present, but rather for the future. They were willing to offer

themselves a sacrifice that coming generations might be free from the taint of slavery; they were willing to stake all in the interests of their country. There is being waged in our midst a bitterer and more determined warfare. In our very midst there is an enemy more insidious, more horrible in its effect upon us, than that enemy which faced us with cannon, with sword and with musketry on the beautiful borders of our country. Every one of us are more or less affected by the presence of this enemy. That enemy is the evil of intemperance—the free and unchecked sale of intoxicating liquors, of liquid poison of every nature, by which society is being dragged down into a pit of sorrow, desolation and degradation. There are those who say we will have high license, and with pride point to the revenues that result from the sale of this liquid poison. They say it would be folly to cut off this source of revenue. When the heathen Queen of the Island of Madagascar was informed of the revenues which would result from the sale of liquors within her borders, she, knowing the baneful effect of intoxicants, cried, "Away with it! What good comes from this horrid traffic? I will not soil my hands with gold that is the price of my people's happiness; go, fling it into the sea!" And yet in a Christian community we license these grogshops. There are more saloons than restaurants or coffee houses in this city. The first building erected at the laying out of a town site is a saloon. In the city of New York there are 2,865 saloons, and only 1,200 bakeries. Whisky and tobacco cost the nation more than its bread and butter. Sixty thousand die annually of drunkenness; while our prisons almshouses, asylums and homes for the imbecile are filled with its victims. You say prohibition will not stop it. But it will lessen the evil on every hand. We are the victims of inherited appetite; we are none of us responsible for the conditions of our birth or early environment; we are the patch-work of past generations; these things are thrust upon us, and many a man, through some secret taint has been dragged down into the misery of a drunkard's grave. In the net-work of this terrible evil the innocent suffer with the guilty. Those who are bound to the victim of drink by ties indissoluble, who are dependent upon his daily efforts, and held by the ties of love, are crushed under the awful juggernaut, and every grade in society is made to feel the thrust of pain and the bitter humiliation of this wrong. Prohibition will take temptation from the path of millions, and give men time to outgrow the effect of ante-natal conditions and habits of daily indulgence. Above all it will close the gates of Hell that

now swing wide with allurements for the young.

I have mentioned the miseries of war, and said that men are willing to face the cannon's mouth for the sake of their homes and future generations. So too, there are great sacrifices to be made for the cause of temperance and a higher and a purer legislation. Some men will lose money by giving up the sale of liquors, and some will lose place by advocating an honest administration in favor of justice to all, but in the name of God can you not make these sacrifices in such a cause as this—a cause which is to lift beautiful, innocent and helpless childhood from the mire into which it is sinking day by day through vile legislation, through your consent that evil shall be done in your midst? When will the time come that our City Fathers will no longer tolerate these drinking hells, but will sweep them and their logical sequence, the brothels, from the face of the earth? When women shall stand equal with men before the law, the evils perpetrated under the present system will pass away forever.

It appears to us that election day should be the most sacred day of all the year—a day on which to make practical protest against wrongs, and better adjustments for the general good. The man who is willing to buy votes should be damned in the eyes of the whole community. Until virtue, true patriotism and loyal humanity take their place in politics, until men refuse to sell this sacred birthright of American citizenship, there is little hope that wrongs will be righted on election day. That men shall make mistakes is very natural; that men may entertain false views, and be narrow in politics, as religion, is one of the necessities of finite nature, but that men shall deliberately put themselves up at so much a head for office, and in cold blood buy the votes of their fellow citizens—this is almost past belief to one who regards election day as more sacred than the Sabbath, since if you act intelligently, conscientiously and with an appreciation of all the great questions involved, you are helping to lay the foundation of a pure society, of a noble humanity upon which finally may be erected a spiritual superstructure grander than any church having for its purpose the literal salvation of the entire world.

There are many alarmists who say we are on the eve of a bloody revolution, and that if such men as Henry George are elected to high offices in important cities, and if an element which has been imported from the old monarchies gets control, we may be precipitated into a sanguinary strife as sad as any the world has ever seen. But we believe that wiser counsels will prevail; we consider Hen-

ry George a conscientious man, and that his supporters, stirred to the very depths by bitter memories, and the misery among the millions of honest toilers, are exasperated by the selfishness of ill-gotten wealth. Their leader is inspired by grand ideas, and is impatient for the dawn of a better day, but impractical and extreme in the measures he commends. But what can be plainer than that with the vast increase of our population, our free immigration, the time is near at hand when the question of land-ownership will be a great and important one? And who can doubt the justice of the principle that shall forbid alien, non-resident foreigners from holding real estate in our country? Why is it that thousands of American citizens do not own a foot of land, and the returns of their labor are not sufficient to give them a comfortable living? Who can doubt that the public domain should be held for American residents, and who can doubt the justice of demanding that men who own hundreds of thousands of acres shall part with a portion of it and divide it up into small farms and let comfortable homes be established in this wide, untenanted domain? Who can doubt the justice and wisdom of refusing to yield up this grand domain to monopolists of any description? And who can doubt that this foreign element, which is growing with such rapidity, and which is mostly under control of the Roman Catholic Church, is an element of danger in our midst, and should be refused the elective franchise until through processes of evolution they shall be brought up to the true idea of what free America is to become to each and all who seek these happy shores? We would give to foreigners the right of residence and the just rewards of their labor. We would extend to every man the right hand of fellowship who has any conception of the duties of American citizenship. To every one we would grant opportunities for the maintenance of themselves and families; of home-building that is to make of America the happiest country on the face of the globe. Nowhere else is there such encouragement for the laborer, for men and women of every class, and where woman is held in such high respect and offered such facilities for noble, independent living. Nowhere can we find such a government as this—so free, so just, so humane. Let us keep it so.

Every concession you make to any church authority, is a compromise with wrong, jeopardizing your liberty. The Pope in the Vatican at Rome has his eye on America. How wise the Catholics are in the choosing of sites for schools and institutions of every description; how insidiously they work into every avenue of

human society! How persistently is the hand of pseudo piety thrust into the pocket of the Catholic servant girl, taxes levied upon the poorest of the poor for the erection of stately edifices dedicated to an invisible aristocracy beyond the clouds, while humanity starves, sleeps under the open sky, and is clothed in rags! Already a blow has been struck at our free public school system; a tremendous effort will be made in the near future to vitiate that noble institution; but we exhort you to guard that as you would guard the apple of your eye, and let no finger of church authority be laid upon that proud inheritance of the children of our Republic. Never permit an appropriation by the government for the purpose of sustaining parochial schools. The moment you do this you are in the grasp of an iron-handed tyrant. Sectarian spider webs are weaving about you in every direction. The Catholic Church is the most perfect organization on the face of the globe, while the Protestant is divided into a hundred denominations, all of which are wrangling over the non-essentials of their faith. Some of them are now discussing the question as to whether the heathen who never had an opportunity of hearing the name of Christ can possibly be saved. Think of it! intelligent men asking that we shall worship a God who is either too weak or too wicked to extend adequate help to his own creatures, but leaves them, for want of knowledge of the One Christ, to go down in despair—three-quarters of the race lost in an endless hell! The Catholics are a unit on all essentials of their faith, and they know no law above the will of the Pope. There is your danger! Not a Catholic in this community regards the law for an instant if it interferes with the edicts of the man at Rome. Do you expect men to be better than their God? Will you have an established church in America? You answer me in one breath "Let every man be free to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience." See to it that you do not lose your religious liberty. The Christian church arrogates to itself the credit of civilizing the world. On the contrary it is the civilization of the nineteenth century that has civilized the Church. Science has civilized the Church. "The Church civilized the world!" No; it was the Church that put out the eyes of science; it was the Church that strangled free speech; it was the Church that set its iron heel upon the heart of humanity, destroying men, women and babes ruthlessly in the name of God. Whenever the Church persecuted, whenever it had a political point to gain, it has imprisoned, tortured and killed in the name of God. There are a great many Christians who know nothing of the history of their

Church, and but little about the Bible. We are going to have another revision of this great book, by learned, conscientious women, and we hope the texts that have been flung into the face of womanhood for the last 1800 years, and that have helped to perpetuate the oppressions under which she has suffered, making of her sex a ban, will be expunged. Tell me what the Church has done for woman! For more than 1600 years it taught that woman was the door of Hell, the mother of all human ills, a snare of the Devil; that all the disease and misery of this world was owing to Eve's appetite for apples! Tertullian exclaims: "Woman! thou oughtest always to walk in mourning and rags, thine eyes filled with tears of repentance, to make men forget that thou hast been the destruction of the race!" We are civilizing the Church. Men cannot believe precisely what they want to, for belief is not subject to the will; they must believe according to evidence, and the evidence that appeals to their own consciences. We shall so civilize the Church that ere long it will be ashamed to lay an embargo upon the lips of Science. I am aware that the Church claims to have fostered science. It has done so by tearing the tongues out of the interpreters of nature, by pursuing to the death the great souls who saw God, not in dry parchments, but in the rolling world and glittering stars. But in that pursuit and in that cruelty the Church unmasked her own ignorance and malignity, until the world came to see that in the name of God every crime conceivable had been committed.

I repeat, election day should be the most sacred of the whole calendar. The proper use of this day in this free, republican America will right your wrongs. You are under the rule of vulgar, mercenary "bosses." Rid yourself of this reproach by creating such a public sentiment in favor of cleanliness in politics that nothing can withstand it. Here in the convention, there upon the street, yonder in your homes, everywhere, let the sentiment of honesty and integrity and true patriotism, and above all, temperance, be so strong that this cry of "bossism" will become a disgrace in the mouths of American citizens.

We are just approaching the dawn of a new era; men are not satisfied to be half-fed, half-clothed and half-housed; we are not satisfied that the lives of our women and our young girls shall be sacrificed to the lust of man under any pretense. The fact that on every hand there is a cry for better government, better homes, better pay, is not an alarming thing; rather it is an encouraging sign; it shows that human nature is beginning to realize its divine possessions and pos-

sibilities. It rests with us how this cry shall be met; whether it shall be by a selfish blow in the face of uprising humanity, or whether we shall meet it half way and say, "Yes, we realize that the new order of our civilization requires a new order of living; we realize that the amassing of great wealth necessitates a larger opportunity on the part of the laborer to obtain such means as shall not only shelter him, but give him a beautiful home; that he shall feel labor is honorable. It has been the workers who have wrought the wonders we see, and these workers shall receive the recompense of honest toil."

In the important matter of the education of our children it is for us to say whether women shall be placed on our Boards of Education, and whether women, who are natural born teachers and who have the most ennobling influence over the plastic minds of the young, shall have the way cleared for a free application of their uttermost powers. It is for us to determine whether woman shall have equal pay for equal work with men in every sphere of industry. Oh! take to heart the thought of these divine opportunities. While woman is not allowed the elective franchise, I am glad that she is allowed the precious privilege of speech; I am glad that it is not alone those who occupy the public rostrum who are helping on the good cause, but that there are intelligent and pure-hearted women throughout these United States who are helping to cleanse the political arena.

Let me say to you, ladies, what I said to you in the outset, if there is any class concerned in the coming election, it is the women of this city and State. If there are any oppressions, any wrongs anywhere, women will feel their effects in her home. There are tender, pure-hearted women who are compelled not only to earn their own livelihood but to support families, and are they not worthy of some political rights, and shall we not consider them on election days? When we support the Prohibition ticket, when we by word and deed create a public sentiment which shall abolish these dens of infamy in which there is traffic between intoxicating liquors and human souls, we have at least prepared the ground for the foundation of a Temple which shall not be known as Roman Catholic, nor yet as Protestant; but rather as the Church of a divine humanity, a Temple in which all souls may worship the one true God, the Spirit of Nature, whose interpreter is science, whose priests are the men and women whose grand intellect are the keys for the unlocking of infinite treasures. We shall thereby prepare the way for unborn generations, whose upward climbing will

be less hazardous, less painful, than our own. Let us by the faithful discharge of our duty, by unswerving allegiance to the right, win the undying gratitude of all futurity.

Gethsemane.

How oft to Gethsemane's garden
We creep from life's torture away,
And, withdrawn from e'en friends and disciples,
Alone to the Father we pray:

"If possible, O, if it may be,
Remove this dark cup from my sight,
'Tis flavored with gall and with wormwood,
To drink would turn day into night."

Again and again that petition
Breaks forth in an agonized cry—
"I cannot, O, Father, I cannot;
No courage is left me to try."

You say he was human, not Godlike,
That Being "acquainted with grief,"
The Man of the manifold sorrows;
And yet, when *you* pray for relief,

Can you with a loving submission
In *His* upward steps follow on?
Can *you*, knowing death is before you,
Say patiently, "Thy will be done?"

When living is harder than dying,
Existence one torturing pain,
When hopes end in blank disappointment,
And life is one bare, desert plain,

In quick or protracted slow anguish,
When suff'ring must give forth no sign;
Is *always* your prayer the patient
"O, Father! not my will but thine?"

If not, then the One who was gentle
And patient when friends were untrue—
Toward those who were wrong, so forgiving—
Is surely more Godlike than you.

'Tis good for the spirit to always
Revere what it cannot attain;
To humble one's self to the noble,
Is sometimes an infinite gain. LUPA.

Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, the novelist, died recently at Newport, R. I., in her seventy-fourth year. Her literary work covered a period of over fifty years, beginning with the editorship of the *Portland Magazine* when she was in her twenty-second year. In 1837 she became the editor of the *Magazine* published by Frank Leslie. Later she was engaged to write exclusively for the *Peterson's*. She has written one or two novels every year since she began writing. *Fashion and Famine*, published in 1854, was the most popular.—*Woman's Friend*.

MRS. IDA HATCH, wife of Judge Hatch, of Los Angeles, is a lawyer, and was recently admitted to practice in the superior courts.

The Rational Way of Treating Criminals.

ESSAY BY MARTHA J. WRIGHT, READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS AT WASHINGTON HALL, SAN FRANCISCO.

Humanity has applied two opposite forces against the dark, tidal wave of the disturbing criminal elements of society; one is the harsh method, giving sin and crime no sympathetic tear, extending no hand of mercy to help the weak from the pit of terrible misery; the other is by the use of the law of kindness—a power not yet fully understood by the masses. We are still living in the glacial period in regard to extending acts of kindness one toward another. The belief in total depravity is not sunny in its tendency. It comes grinding, grating adown the mountains of the centuries, chilling us with its glacial atmosphere. The germs of the lilies spring upward to be kissed by the sunlight only when the glacier of unkindness has disappeared. Another inheritance of the centuries is, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," yet seldom now is heard the screech of the little ones from the application of the whip; and as the young are unfolding in our day by the law of kindness, we see them happy, and their natures awakened to newer and greater possibilities. In proportion as gloomy beliefs are relegated to oblivion, and a code of morals resembling the golden rule is adopted, do we find civilization advancing upward and onward in the grand march of progress. Society is more at fault than it is aware for the downfall of our brothers and sisters in prison. The unkindness that continues to exist in our prisons is the remnant of the icy strata of past ages of ignorance. This will in the future be dissolved, and fountains of love and kindness will benefit all mankind, and this earth will blossom into a second garden of Eden. It has taken millions of years for nature to develop the physical man—"the form divine," and still we send man to the scaffold, and in the name of justice commit legalized murder. Such acts are the natural offspring of the cold conviction that has settled in the heart of mankind in consequence of centuries of teaching "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." The death penalty is a disgrace to an enlightened people such as we claim ours to be.

The force of moral culture is well illustrated in the school of Fellenberg at Hofwyl. All Europe was astonished by his method of teaching. The vices incident to college life were banished, and the students were polished and gentlemanly in their deportment. All classes of society were represented in that school, and they dwelt together in peace and

harmony like one family. Mr. G. W. Howe is another example of this power. His school at Lancaster, Ohio, is called the State Reformatory School. This institution consisted of the worst boys in the State, guilty of all kinds of crime. By his method of moral culture, in three years he succeeded in establishing order out of chaos, and his boys were just as good as anybody's boys.

I have described some of our faults as souvenirs of the dark ages, but we have others that are living realities, which are nurtured within the sacred precincts of home. Wicked words have been said, and by their repelling force a boy has been thrown into the street, a reckless criminal, when, if a kind word had been spoken he would have gone forth to play with his companions with a smile upon his lips, and a beautiful resolve in his heart to become some day a good and useful man. The unkindly treated girl also drops her shield in utter abandonment of the consequences. When injustice has been heaped upon her youthful head like coals of fire, and in a frenzied moment she says she does not care what becomes of her, who is to blame?

Society may hold up its hands in holy horror at the many divorces granted to disaffected parties in our present state of social transition, but the judge who told the couple wishing to be separated from their marital relations to live together two weeks longer, but to be kind to each other in the meantime, solved the problem. The union of the man and woman was henceforth cemented in kindness. I maintain that we have no right, many times, to tell an individual to abandon his or her faults, for the one supposed to be in error may carry a greater light than we. A rough exterior may cover a diamond that is shimmering in repentance and holy resolves. The faults of a child can be told in too rough a manner. How sensitive a man or woman is on this point when their shortcomings are continuously mentioned, even by those they love the most. A little boy was made to stand in the corner for not saying "please." Presently the mother wanted to make him useful on an errand. "You may come out, now, Johnnie," she said to him, in a flute-like voice. "Not until you say 'please,' mama," was the reply of the little boy. That little fellow was the exponent of this law that is settling upon humanity with a glow of divinity that shall spread, not as an icy sheet, but as a nimbus of glory that will shine—a power for good. Kindness is adhesive in its influence, and its effects will live to bless mankind. Kindness, given in a way to command respect, is what is required. The hand that rules over a criminal institution is unwise if the grip is not firm. We want firmness, not

cruelty; love for humanity, and not brutality.

We feel a confidence in the person that is inclined to believe another innocent until he is proven guilty. If we are constantly looking for evil, we see it many times when it only exists in the imagination. The well-disposed individual is like the banyan tree, always enlarging its capacity to shelter the pilgrim while on his way through the desert of life. The song birds of happiness flutter in the branches of this blissful retreat. A home where love sits at the fireside, its government guided by wisdom, seldom furnishes recruits for the army of vice and crime. If a son or a daughter go astray, let the light in the window always attract their wayward footsteps to this consecrated temple of rest and peace. 'Tis the frown, the cold demeanor, the unkind word, that drives the wayward one further into iniquity. If the thoughts of criminals could be mirrored upon the prison walls, what a revelation would be unfolded. Words are things, positive for good as for evil, and the lips should refuse to open for their exit when they are fraught with anger or unkindness. Let them die ere they lacerate the heart of another. Not even in retaliation should they fly on their mission of evil. Happiness follows right doing as sure as summer follows spring. It may be slow in its advent, but the white-winged messenger of light will arrive sometime, and give a song of joy and peace that only those can appreciate who desire to live rightly and to make others happy. Mrs. Livermore hit the key-note of the principle of universal harmony, when she addressed the prisoners at Jeffersonville (Ind.) prison as "My dear brothers." That noble, refined woman, standing before that assembly of criminals, saw the possibilities of the law of love reflected in the prismatic hue of every tear shed upon that occasion. In each glittering pearl was inscribed these immortal words, "Kindness is the most rational way of treating the criminal element."

Editor Crosby, of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, has a smart setter. The other day a lady walking through the fields near where Mr. Crosby was spending his vacation, lost her watch. The setter was made to smell of the lady's watch pocket and then told to "bring dead bird." He ranged the field in fine form, and finally came to a stand at a little tuft of grass. When his master came up, he found the watch ticking under the dog's reliable nose.

Mrs. L. May Wheeler has charge of a woman's department in the *Veteran's Review*.

An Open Letter.

CLARINDA, IA., November 6, 1886.

My Dear Sisters in the Cause of Liberty, Equal Rights and Justice to Women: With the kindness of the editor I submit this appeal. I ask of you, in the name of woman suffrage, for assistance in whatever way, in your judgment, will be most profitable to the cause. After a careful study of the Constitution of the United States, I find that it extends to women of the United States, as citizens, the same privileges and immunities that it does to men; and also that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of any citizen of the United States."

With this document for authority I attempted to vote in Clarinda, Iowa, November, 2d, for the representative who, in my judgment, was best fitted to legislate for "we, the people of the United States." I was refused, in tones of anger and contempt. Of course I knew the law of Iowa does not permit woman suffrage and knew I would not be permitted to vote. I felt just as a terrible cyclone looks and acts, and I wished then that I had the magical power to put my feelings into action and demolish such a law. I then decided to get, if possible, two or three gentlemen who were friendly with the cause to go with me to the polls as witnesses that I only tried to vote for a representative, and then make a test case of it. After asking a number of men I succeeded in finding two gentlemen who said, "Yes, madam, I will sustain that which in my judgement is right and just." We went to the polls and I asked the privilege of voting. The answer was "No, madam, the law does not grant the right of suffrage to women in this State."

Now I will bring suit to try the validity of the Constitution of the United States, and if the case is decided against me it is not worth the paper it is written on, and I will have been defeated unconstitutionally. I only tried to vote for a representative, and Art. 1, Sec. 2, of the Constitution of the United States says "the House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people." Art. 4, Sec. 4, says that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government." Art. 14, Sec. 1, makes women citizens of the United States and the State wherein they reside, and extends to them an equal protection of the law. Art. 15 gives women, as citizens, the same right to vote as men. There is not an article, section, clause or word in all the Constitution of the United States that concedes to the male citizen any more right to legislate for the female citizen than it does for the

female citizen to legislate for the male citizen, and I hereby defy any officer who has ever taken an oath to support and defend this document to say to the contrary. The sex is not designated in the Constitution except in Sec. 2 of Art. 14, and that neither adds to or takes from any other article, section or clause. The words people, person and citizen are used all through the document, even in Art. 10, which seems to be their strongest point, the last four words of said article being "or to the people." We are told by the very expounders of the Constitution and laws they claim to have been made in pursuance thereof, that the special voting privileges were not assumed by the Constitution nor delegated to Congress, and it is generally conceded that it belongs to the State Government, and that whatever law is adopted by the State has been accepted by the General Government. Art. 10 does say that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." You see this does not give the legislature the exclusive power, and if it did, that would not exclude our right of a voice in the State government. The fact is, this one-sided legislation is nothing but a steal. It is a stolen monopoly, and we can, must and shall take possession of our birthright—liberty and freedom—in the name of the Constitution. I have given myself as a subject for a test case. I tried to vote for a representative and was refused, and I will bring suit, and it will require money to carry it through. By attempting to vote I subjected myself to ridicule and insult. I was discouraged by my friends and made fun of by those who were opposed to woman suffrage. I was pointed out on the street as the crazy woman who tried to vote. Legions of us have escaped but not from the insane asylum. I have seen so much sorrow and degradation brought about by this woman slavery, that, regardless of all such insignificance, I will use to the best of my ability all the powers and faculties nature has given me to suppress all such crime,

"It came to pass" that in the afternoon of election day, as I was going home, I met an old negro gentleman, 87 years of age, being taken to the polls in a very fine carriage to vote for representative. In these days a person don't have to go down south to see trickery and rascality carried on at elections. Oh, ye Gods! my indignation was indescribable. A woman who was once a black slave once told me that her heart strings were torn loose and she felt her heart fall when they sold her five little children, one a sweet little babe. "Oh Liberty! Liberty! the crimes that are committed in

thy name." But I felt my heart go up with a bound when I met that turnout. I wished I was a volcano with a power to send forth fire, smoke and lava until all such villainy and rascality are buried millions of feet deep; and I there, all alone, vowed to all nature around me that "to my dying day, I will oppose, with all the powers and faculties God has given me, such instruments of slavery on the one hand and villainy on the other." And it also "came to pass" that the next morning after the election I called on the colored voter (before mentioned) to learn, if possible, how much a male citizen is required to know before he is eligible to vote. I greeted him with "Good morning, Mr.—(for pity sake I will not give the name of either of the fellows, the darkey or the representative), for whom did you vote?" "Mr.—guess dat's de name." "Are you sure that was his name?" "Yes, I pretty sure dat was the man da was votin' fur." "What do you know about this man?" "Don't know nuthin', don't care." "What is he to do, when elected?" "Oh, he make de laws, I guess." "Well, is to be President?" "No, no, he is to make de laws when de President's time is out." "He is to make the laws when the President's time is out?" "Yes, dat what he to do." Just think of it! "Make the laws when the President's time is out." Nothing but ignorance could have thought of anything so absurd. Poor old man, he had been a slave two-thirds of his life, and there is an excuse for his ignorance, but no excuse for the man who stole his vote. Oh, Justice, thou art but a name in this supposed to be "land of the free and home of the brave." The flag of our nation to-day floats over tyranny, oppression, slavery, murder, trickery, robbery and all gross injustice to one-half of its subjects. Not only that, but we are insulted by having a Goddess of Liberty posed on the court house and other places, when there is not a free woman in America, for we are taxed and not represented, and the signers of the Declaration of Independence declared that to be cause for war. Great Britain taxed her colonies without their consent. The British parliament assumed the right to legislate for them in all cases. The King obstructed their administration of justice, and refused his assent to laws most wholesome to the public good. No wonder they fought. We have the same causes to fight that those men had; so let us fight until we conquer, not with sword or gun, but with tongue and pen—the most powerful weapons. May the star-spangled banner soon wave over a "land of the free and home of the brave."

MRS. LIDA JOHNSON,

Formerly of San Francisco, Cal.

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Oregon State Spiritual Society.

EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE: As your readers are probably aware ere this, Oregon has now a State Spiritual Association, with some of the prominent Spiritualists and workers in our great cause as officers. During George P. Colby's engagement at the Clackamas county camp meeting, in September, Seneca, his wonderful guide and control, suggested that a call be sent out for a State Convention, to meet at Salem, October 30th and 31st. The meeting was a success, and the society was organized. The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It is our belief that there is a spirit world, with its objective and subjective realities, and that mankind, in the way of orderly and progressive soul unfoldment, pass from this world of matter into and become inhabitants of that spirit world; and

WHEREAS, We believe that we may, under certain psychological conditions, soul aspirations and sympathies, become connected with and receive communications and light by influx from such spirit world; and

WHEREAS, We recognize as a truth that progression is the animating principle of both the material and spiritual existences and of the whole universe, and believe life on the material plane to be an educational course and necessary developing experience in attaining to the higher or spiritual life. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That the spiritual-minded people and sincere truth-seekers of the State of Oregon do now organize themselves into the Oregon State Spiritual Society and that we recognize as Spiritualists all who believe in communication between the spiritual and material planes of existence.

Resolved, That while we recognize the facts that positive knowledge of immortality must necessarily precede any ethical or moral system based thereupon, and that heretofore external phenomena have been indispensable in the acquisition of that knowledge, we hold that such knowledge and accompanying phenomena are not sufficient in themselves to spiritualize mankind.

Resolved, that while mere physical phenomena may be produced independently of the moral qualities of the medium, or earthly instrument of production, all the higher phases, and especially the currents of inspiration flowing through inspirational speakers and writers, are dependent in their force and moral value upon the purity of the instrument through which they are transmitted.

Resolved, That all spiritual teachers, or those who appear before the world as such, should be held to strict accountability for their moral conduct while acting in such capacity.

Resolved, That this society will not undertake to prescribe special rules of moral conduct, leaving that to the individual consciences of its members, but shall insist as a qualification of membership and respectful recognition upon the observance of those general rules of life that constitute good citizenship.

Resolved, That membership in any of the Christian churches, or any other system of the world, shall not be a disqualification for membership in this State Society, or any local Society organized under its auspices.

While on our horseback trip, in September last, from Spokane Falls to Portland, Oregon, Mr. Colby spoke at Cheney, a priest-ridden town that is

truly in the "dark ages," but very few daring to say they believe man is responsible for his actions to any but the church. Riding toward Colfax he gave a seance at the house of J. S. Davis, a prominent and old-time Spiritualist, where some remarkable tests were given that convinced some who had been skeptics for years of the truth of our sublime philosophy. At Colfax, four lectures were delivered, and pronounced superior to any liberal discourses ever delivered in that section. While in this vicinity, we were the guests of J. M. Harper, who with his brothers, Milton and William, are the staunch supporters and advocates of our great cause. We shall always remember the hospitality and kindness showered upon us by them during our short stay in their midst, and the lispingsongs of little Daisy never fail to recall visions of angel faces, which we all so long to behold. Being somewhat pressed for time, we hastened across the country on our "cayuses," to the New Era Camp Meeting, where Mr. Colby was their principal medium and speaker. Though engaged to lecture only, Mr. Colby, with his usual generosity, gave public tests, two of which will suffice, as they are typical of them all, and to his mediumship many owe their conversion to Spiritualism, not only at this small camp-meeting, but in *thirty-two States and Territories*, besides British Columbia, which he has visited. To a lady who was an unbeliever, he said that there was a little boy present who said he died shortly after his birth, and that he had never been named, but that in spirit life they called him after his uncle—her brother—whose name was John. The lady said that what had been told was true, and that none of her family of several children—this being the first-born—knew the circumstances. I met a friend of her's a short time ago, and was informed that "she was deeply interested in our religion, and wished to investigate still farther." A gentleman received the test he had been seeking for twenty-five years; namely: the last words of his wife, just before her spirit winged its way to her heavenly home, while he was the only one present at that affecting and heart-breaking time. With tears in his eyes, and streaming down the old and now happy face, he said: "I am now what I have always longed to be, but have not had the convincing proofs sufficient to thoroughly satisfy me. No longer can I doubt the continued individual existence of my dear departed wife." There was scarcely a dry eye in the large tent, and several said that satisfied them, "a reasonable person could ask for nothing further." The parties to whom the tests were given were perfect strangers to Mr. Colby. Such is the worth of this true

disciple of Spiritualism. No one can say he has ever shirked a duty or has not been always ready to bear his share of the burden in spreading these grand truths, instead of doing as many now are, riding into popular favor on some speculative or irrational idea that tickles the mental palate of the masses, because they cannot comprehend that which is said. E. T. CROSSETTE.

PORTLAND, November 10, 1886.

 Released.

Dead, and the sun still shines;
Just dead, and the soft wind a-blowing;
Dead! while the blue lake dimples and smiles
And the rowers sing at their rowing.

The world goes on the same,
Scarce a leaf on the elm tree flutters;
While the bloomy breath of the summer woods
Sifts in through the half open shutters.

And this is to be dead!
For I heard them say that I was dying;
As yet I scarcely know which is I,
This self, or the other there lying.

I feel so light and free,
I long through the blue to be flying;
How strange that I should ever have feared
This wonderful change they call dying.

'Tis nothing to be dead
But just to keep on with the living,
Without the heart-breaking care and pain
That the body is always giving.

'Tis wondrous to be dead
And to be evermore past dying;
On wings of eternal youth upborne
The stars in their courses outvying.

They have called death the end
When it is but just the beginning;
How trifling a price this life to pay
For an immortality's winning.

—Louise Phillips in *Pioneer Press*.

It will be remembered that the man who threw the bomb at Chicago was killed by a policeman. Investigation shows this policeman to have been a professional thug, who could have been hired to kill anybody, and it is believed by the best people of Chicago that the man who threw the bomb was hired to do so by the capitalists opposed to the eight hour movement, and his death secured by them on theory that dead men tell no tales. The men who deliberately planned and paid for the six East St. Louis murders and shielded the murderers from punishment would be fully capable of hiring the bomb throwing and the murder of the man who could expose them. *Anti-Monopolist*.

MRS. DR. L. PAINTER, of Rio Dell, Humboldt county, gave us a call during her visit to the city.

An Open Letter.

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Resolved, That membership in any of the Christian churches, or any other system of the world, shall not be a disqualification for membership in this State Society, or any local Society organized under its auspices.

While on our horseback trip, in September last, from Spokane Falls to Portland, Oregon, Mr. Colby spoke at Cheney, a priest-ridden town that is

truly in the "dark ages," but very few daring to say they believe man is responsible for his actions to any but the church. Riding toward Colfax he gave a seance at the house of J. S. Davis, a prominent and old-time Spiritualist, where some remarkable tests were given that convinced some who had been skeptics for years of the truth of our sublime philosophy. At Colfax, four lectures were delivered, and pronounced superior to any liberal discourses ever delivered in that section. While in this vicinity, we were the guests of J. M. Harper, who with his brothers, Milton and William, are the staunch supporters and advocates of our great cause. We shall always remember the hospitality and kindness showered upon us by them during our short stay in their midst, and the lisping songs of little Daisy never fail to recall visions of angel faces, which we all so long to behold. Being somewhat pressed for time, we hastened across the country on our "cayuses," to the New Era Camp Meeting, where Mr. Colby was their principal medium and speaker. Though engaged to lecture only, Mr. Colby, with his usual generosity, gave public tests, two of which will suffice, as they are typical of them all, and to his mediumship many owe their conversion to Spiritualism, not only at this small camp-meeting, but in *thirty-two States and Territories*, besides British Columbia, which he has visited. To a lady who was an unbeliever, he said that there was a little boy present who said he died shortly after his birth, and that he had never been named, but that in spirit life they called him after his uncle—her brother—whose name was John. The lady said that what had been told was true, and that none of her family of several children—this being the first-born—knew the circumstances. I met a friend of her's a short time ago, and was informed that "she was deeply interested in our religion, and wished to investigate still farther." A gentleman received the test he had been seeking for twenty-five years; namely: the last words of his wife, just before her spirit winged its way to her heavenly home, while he was the only one present at that affecting and heart-breaking time. With tears in his eyes, and streaming down the old and now happy face, he said: "I am now what I have always longed to be, but have not had the convincing proofs sufficient to thoroughly satisfy me. No longer can I doubt the continued individual existence of my dear departed wife." There was scarcely a dry eye in the large tent, and several said that satisfied them, "a reasonable person could ask for nothing further." The parties to whom the tests were given were perfect strangers to Mr. Colby. Such is the worth of this *true*

disciple of Spiritualism. No one can say he has ever shirked a duty or has not been always ready to bear his share of the burden in spreading these grand truths, instead of doing as many now are, riding into popular favor on some speculative or irrational idea that tickles the mental palate of the masses, because they cannot comprehend that which is said. E. T. CROSSETTE.

PORTLAND, November 10, 1886.

Released.

Dead, and the sun still shines;
Just dead, and the soft wind a-blowing;
Dead! while the blue lake dimples and smiles
And the rowers sing at their rowing.

The world goes on the same,
Scarce a leaf on the elm tree flutters;
While the bloomy breath of the summer woods
Sifts in through the half open shutters.

And this is to be dead!
For I heard them say that I was dying;
As yet I scarcely know which is I,
This self, or the other there lying.

I feel so light and free,
I long through the blue to be flying;
How strange that I should ever have feared
This wonderful change they call dying.

'Tis nothing to be dead
But just to keep on with the living,
Without the heart-breaking care and pain
That the body is always giving.

'Tis wondrous to be dead
And to be evermore past dying;
On wings of eternal youth upborne
The stars in their courses outvying.

They have called death the end
When it is but just the beginning;
How trifling a price this life to pay
For an immortality's winning.

—Louise Phillips in *Pioneer Press*.

It will be remembered that the man who threw the bomb at Chicago was killed by a policeman. Investigation shows this policeman to have been a professional thug, who could have been hired to kill anybody, and it is believed by the best people of Chicago that the man who threw the bomb was hired to do so by the capitalists opposed to the eight hour movement, and his death secured by them on theory that dead men tell no tales. The men who deliberately planned and paid for the six East St. Louis murders and shielded the murderers from punishment would be fully capable of hiring the bomb throwing and the murder of the man who could expose them. *Anti-Monopolist*.

MRS. DR. L. PAINTER, of Rio Dell, Humboldt county, gave us a call during her visit to the city.

The Carrier Dove.

Entered at the Postoffice at Oakland as Second-class Matter.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Spiritualism and Reform.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editor.

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

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

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DECEMBER, 1886.

OUR AGENTS.

Thomas Lees, 142 Ontario St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Samuel D. Green, 132 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn.

Mr. J. J. Morse, trance speaker, at present located at 541 Pacific street, Brooklyn, New York.

J. K. Cooper, 746 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

W. H. Terry, 84 Russel street, Melbourne, Australia.

Banner of Light Bookstore, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.

EUROPEAN AGENCY.—Sole agent, H. A. Kersey, 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who will act as agent in England for the CARRIER DOVE during the absence of J. J. Morse. H. A. Kersey, the Progressive Literature-agency, established 1878, as above, keeps on sale, and supplies to order all American books and periodicals.

Spiritualism in Oakland.

There has never before been a time when the cause of Spiritualism attracted the attention of the public in this city as at present. All classes are beginning to investigate its claims, and the invariable result of candid investigation is conversion. The meetings are well attended, and the outcome is that the old and new members of the Oakland Spiritual Association have taken steps to incorporate, and will soon be a recognized power in this city, with a solid financial basis, and the owners of a hall (a Grand Opera House) that will be a credit to them and to the glorious cause they represent. Much credit is due to the worthy President of the Society, George Carter, who has labored industriously to bring about the present pleasing prospect of affairs. Mr. N. F. Ravlin, the able and eloquent speaker, has demonstrated a noble, self-sacrificing spirit, and an indomitable will in his efforts to harmonize and consolidate the various elements, and bring about a feeling of good fellowship and

unity of purpose. That he has succeeded in his grand work the happy results demonstrate. Through the efforts of this noble worker a "Children's Lyceum" was organized, called the Hamilton Band of Hope," of which we have previously spoken. The Sunday meetings are at present held in Grand Army Hall, the Band of Hope meeting at eleven A. M., Conference and Mediums' Meeting at two P. M., and at 7:30 P. M. a discourse by Rev. N. F. Ravlin.

"Father Curtis" has erected, near Market-street station, a pleasant, commodious hall, the use of which is given free for all Spiritual services, and at which place Mr. Ravlin will hold meetings on Thursday evening of each week. These meetings, we understand, are to be of the nature of social reunions, and will prove exceedingly entertaining and pleasant. The Band of Hope will hold their Christmas festival at Grand Army hall, Sunday, December 26th at two P. M. A Christmas tree, loaded with gifts for the little ones, will be the most attractive feature. All who are interested in the poor little waifs of our city are requested to "gather them in" and bring a gleam of sunshine into their sad lives by taking them to this festival, where each child (no matter how many) will receive a present. Mrs. Seal, the able President of the Band of Hope, and Mrs. Ravlin, Vice-President, will see that all are made comfortable and happy.

The Close of Our Third Volume.

With this issue the CARRIER DOVE closes its third volume—the first in its present form. What was undertaken one year ago with some misgivings and as an experiment has proved a decided success. While the Dove has passed through trying ordeals, and has been weary of wing many times, yet it triumphed over adverse conditions, and every month went forth with its "glad tidings" to the people. Now it can safely say, "there is light ahead." What was begun in weakness has grown strong and enduring, and with its new and enlarged capacities the DOVE must ultimately realize the spiritual ideal of its progenitors. With the New Year, changes and improvements will be made which will greatly add to its value and attractive-

ness, and place it in the front rank of Spiritual journalism. Excellent writers have been engaged to furnish articles for its columns, and a "new departure" in the art department will add to the beauty of the *only illustrated Spiritual journal in the world*. The children's department will receive great care and attention, that the articles may contain no false teachings to be unlearned a little later on. It will be our aim to present Spiritual truths in a manner to be easily comprehended, to instill into the minds of the young the naturalness of spirit communion, to remove all traces of previous false theological conceptions of the future life, an angry God and a cruel, cunning devil, and substitute the refining, soul-elevating teachings of angel guidance and companionship, the predominance of good over evil, and the never ceasing progressive development and growth of the spirit. We hope and trust the DOVE may not be obliged to discontinue its visits to any home where it has heretofore been sent. We would regret to part company with any of its readers of the past and would earnestly solicit their continued patronage for the coming year.

Fred Evans.

One day last week while in San Francisco we called upon Fred Evans, the well known wonderful slate-writing medium. Mr. Evans was just recovering from quite a serious illness, and was not giving sittings, but at his request we took a seat at a small table and Mr. Evans sat opposite. He took a slate, washed and wiped it, and picked up a small bit of pencil and threw it on the floor, then tossed the slate over it, at a distance of three or four feet from our place of sitting. In a few moments three raps on the table signified that the writing was completed. Mr. Evans arose and picked up the slate, upon the under side of which was written a long message. The slate was not yet dry, and, therefore, could not have been previously prepared. It could not have been written upon after being washed by Mr. Evans, as it was immediately tossed upon the floor, and Mr. Evans did not move from his seat until the writing was finished. We consider Mr. Evans an ex-

cellent medium, and can cheerfully recommend him to investigators, and hope soon to have an opportunity to present our readers with something very interesting through his mediumship.

Editorial Notes.

WE have received several new books, which will be reviewed as soon as we can find time to give them a proper reading. Just at present we are overwhelmed with work consequent upon the coming holidays, and if some of our friends feel that we are neglecting them, please remember we cannot do everything as we would wish it done, and patiently bear with us a little longer. "Spiritualism Sustained," a new book by Honorable John R. Kelso, promises to be an interesting and valuable work. "Irene, or the Road to Freedom," by Sada Bailey Fowler, is a new novel of which it has been said "it is to the woman question what Uncle Tom's Cabin was to Slavery." If this be true it will surely be a power for good. These, and "Post Mortem Confessions, with Comments by Allen Putnam," will all receive a more extended review in our next issue.

THE first musical and literary entertainment given this season by the Oakland Spiritual Association took place on the 19th of November, at Light Cavalry Hall. There was a good attendance and a most enjoyable time. At the close of the exercises the floor was cleared for dancing in which many participated. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilson and their son, "Burt," and Mr. S. B. Clark, of San Francisco, were present. It has been decided to hold these pleasant reunions monthly hereafter.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement of Psycho-Brette, a new invention, by means of which many persons can communicate with their spirit friends. It is a very interesting and fascinating "medium" under the touch of certain individuals, and will not only afford amusement and entertainment, but valuable tests of spirit presence and identity are received through it. Orders received at this office. Price, \$1.25

IN the address of Mrs. Watson, published in this issue, the statement was made (page 296) that there are 2,865 breweries in New York city, a number so

incredibly large that the proof reader changed the word breweries to *saloons*. The *Annual Statistician* for 1886 gives the number of breweries in the United States as 2,741, and the United States census reports state that there were only seventy-nine breweries in New York city in 1880—the latest statistics attainable at this writing. There are, however, over 10,000 licensed liquor sellers in New York city.

THE CARRIER DOVE AND SPIRITUAL OFFERING.—We are glad to announce that arrangements have been made to continue until January 1, 1887, the contract by which the CARRIER DOVE and the *Spiritual Offering*, weekly, will both be sent to *new subscribers* one year for \$3. This is a golden opportunity.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER will contain a most valuable article by Joseph Simms, M. D., on "Tobacco," also poems and essays by able writers, among whom are William Emmette Coleman, Professor Joseph Rhoades Buchanan, Mrs. E. L. Watson, W. N. Slocum, Bishop Beals and Judge Nelson Cross.

FROM a private letter we learn that Professor Joseph Rhodes Buchanan, of Boston, will resume the publication of the *Journal of Man* next February. He will also issue a second edition of the *Therapeutic Sarcognomy* at the same time.

"FATHER CURTIS" has built a new hall near Market-street station, the use of which is gratuitously tendered the Spiritualists of this city. May the angels ever bless and prosper this dear man for his many noble acts of charity.

It is stated that the number of unemployed in London is unusually large, and that much distress prevails, not only among the unskilled, but among the skilled working class, and that they have no prospect of employment during the coming winter. The crowds unable to get work or food are increasing, and when cold weather sets in, they will be still larger, and their condition more wretched. The socialist leaders call for the adoption of several measures for the relief of the sufferers, one of which is that a free meal a day in the board schools be granted to all children who wish to partake of it. The *London Telegraph* represents that thirty per cent. of the children, whose attendance at school last year was compulsory, were there without having had any food before going to the school.—*The Index*.

Personal.

THAT veteran worker and reliable medium, Mrs. M. J. Hendee, has removed to 20, Turk street, San Francisco, where she gives sittings daily, treats the sick, gives psychometric delineations of character and holds developing circles Wednesdays at 2 P. M., and Thursday evenings.

OUR SANCTUM was recently illuminated by the "shining countenance" of our esteemed brother, the veteran soldier in the Spiritual Army, Colonel John A. Collins, of San Francisco. Colonel Collins is an able exponent of our philosophy, and a worthy worker whose interesting experiences we hope to give our readers, along with his shadow, in the near future.

MR. S. B. CLARK, of San Francisco, spent an evening in our sanctum recently, and gave us some interesting items from "across the bay." Mr. Clark is the genial gentleman and careful manager, who fills the responsible position of Treasurer of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, and also of the State Camp Meeting Association. He is one of the *Golden Gate's* staff of efficient workers.

MR. AND MRS. J. J. WHITNEY, of San Francisco, surprised the Dove's Nest by a pleasant visit Sunday afternoon. The hours passed so swiftly it was time to recross the bay before we were aware of it, and hastily donning our wraps we accompanied our visitors, and finished the day by attending services at Metropolitan Temple and listening to an excellent discourse by Mrs. E. L. Watson.

It was our pleasant privilege to receive an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilson, at their pleasant residence, 1 Fifth street, San Francisco, on Friday evening. After partaking of a bountiful repast, the company adjourned to the parlor, where a very enjoyable evening was spent. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Whitney, Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Kelley, Mrs. Whitehead, S. B. Clark, G. H. Hawes, Mr. Gilman, and Dr. Schlesinger. Such pleasant reunions should be of more frequent occurrence.

MRS. C. P. HATCH, of Petaluma, made us a flying visit the 16th of November, and left an order for fifty copies of our holiday number, to be used as samples. Mrs. Hatch is one of the angels' chosen instruments for practically exemplifying their teachings to mankind by going about doing good in every possible manner, whether it be beside the bed of the dying, speaking words of cheer, and soothing with her magnetic touch the last moments of pain, or giving the helping hand to a sister or brother in distress. Her generous aid is always extended to those who are laboring in the

Spiritual vineyard, and through her kindness, many a CARRIER DOVE has found its way into homes where it might never have gone except for her great philanthropic heart which prompted the sending. May the angels ever guard, guide and bless dear Sister Hatch, and her good husband also.

Good Words.

I trust that your circulation is increasing, for I consider your journal a credit to our cause and it certainly merits the patronage of Spiritualists generally.

Sincerely yours, M. T. SHELHAMER.

Bishop A. Beals, writing from Larned, Kan., November 2d, says: "I am pleased with the straitforward, dignified tone of your magazine, unswerving in its strict adherence to truth, justice and right. So far you have more than met the most sanguine expectations of all fair-minded Spiritualists and liberal thinkers. May the angels bless you in your future work and enlarge the usefulness of the CARRIER DOVE. I remain here until the second Sunday in the month."

The CARRIER DOVE, published at Oakland, California, is an illustrated monthly Spiritual magazine. The October number contains portraits and biographies of A. J. Davis, Mrs. Lena Clarke Cook and Bishop A. Beals; also a spirit portrait of Abraham Lincoln besides Mrs. Lincoln. This magazine is for sale at the office of *Light for Thinkers*. Price 25 cents.—*Light for Thinkers*.

The CARRIER DOVE for November is at hand, and is a truly excellent number. It contains a fine lithograph of Rev. Samuel Watson, of the late Mahala Garner Payne, and of the late Annie Denton Cridge, with interesting biographical sketches of each. There is also a likeness of Col Hatch, of Petamula, surrounded by the faces of several of his spirit friends, from the photograph picture by the spirit artist, Mrs. L. Carter, formerly of Oakland. The CARRIER DOVE is worthy of all encouragement.—*Golden Gate*.

Correspondence.

DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER SCHLESINGER: With this, inclosed, you will find postal note for ten copies of CARRIER DOVE sold. To-day I received ten copies of November, full of interest and beauty as ever. I endeavor in my limited and circumscribed area to herald its intrinsic worth and artistic excellencies, which, if they were rightfully appreciated, would insure a larger and fuller flight of the CARRIER DOVE, whose broadened pinions would safely, surely, and truly carry its

benign presence to many a doubting, hungering soul, for it is "The spirit that giveth Life," for surely it proclaims that "The dear faces that vanished from day Who left in the night of our weary earth-stay— Enshrined in our hearts' affections most sweet, They look from the sky and rise by our feet. Dreamily looking out from the shore, We hear the thought-waves repeat evermore. Back like white fleets they tenderly fall, Freighted with love that reaches us all."

Our cause here in Brooklyn is now represented by a general union movement, as the two societies who once held the front are, in a disorganized condition, meeting together as best they can unite in a voluntary effort, meeting at Conservatory Hall, Bedford avenue and Fulton street. During the month of October we were cheered by the inspiring, winsome presence of Mrs. Helen Brigham, whose gentle, unassuming but cogent inspirations have held spellbound the delighted attention of her many auditors. She is a noble, heroic, untiring, self-sacrificing, and indomitable worker in the cause of Spiritualism, and many of the church devotees who attend are fascinated and irresistibly led into wider fields of liberalizing thought-demonstrations. We also were charmed and made thrice happy by the ministrations of Mrs. Ida Porter Wilson, the noble daughter of our now ascended brother-teacher and seer, E. V. Wilson, whose wondrous powers are so well known in the past. His mantle seems to have fallen on his daughter, and well graces her. As a platform test medium she gives life readings with tests that have called forth many a surprised affirmation of their truth, and silent wonder, leading to liberty and expansion of soul and a consciousness of the soul's birthright—Immortality. On Sunday evenings, when she has triumphantly submitted to her fire test controls, thronged seats with their eager occupants have been delighted with wonder-struck amazement. I dearly should like to see Mrs. Nellie Brigham's dear face appear in the CARRIER DOVE, as she so long has been a champion in the cause; also Mrs. Isa P. Wilson and her dear devoted mother who accompanies her. We now are ministered and cheered by the soul-thrilling eloquence of Mr. J. J. Morse, a noble worker in the cause, who is engaged for the months of January and February. Mrs. Brigham will again gladden her many hearers in the month of December. And so the good work goes bravely on, being aided by the many untiring efforts of mediums, foremost of whom giving spirit evidences in a public manner is Brother John Slater, a young man of rare promise. If we all were imbued with as earnest a love for truth as our angelic visitants, the cheering message of the CARRIER DOVE, "Behold, I bring

you tidings of great joy!" would be verified indeed.

Lovingly yours,
S. D. GREENE.

Brooklyn, November 10, 1886.

Talk to the Children.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to learn in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stories sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, and what unconscious but excellent mental training is imparted in lively, social argument. Cultivate to the utmost the art of conversation at home.—*Sel*.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Women's Congress or Society for the Advancement of Woman convened at Louisville, Kentucky, on Wednesday, October 20th, continuing its sessions through Thursday and Friday, the 21st and 22d. Able papers were read and bright speeches made, and afterwards warmly and earnestly discussed on many subjects of importance to women. Suffrage for women, the industrial condition and prospects of the sex, women as landowners, woman's agency in the elevation of society, and marriage and divorce were among the subjects considered. It was noticeable that a majority of the speakers were New England women, such as Mrs. E. D. Cheney, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mary F. Eastman, Dr. Mary J. Safford, and Mrs. Henrietta L. Wolcott. Other speakers were Miss Laura Clay (a daughter of Cassius M. Clay), Mrs. Eliza Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Michigan, Reverend Augusta C. Chapin, of Illinois, Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, of New York, and Reverend Antoinette Brown Blackwell, of New Jersey. The "Advancement of Women" was decidedly marked in the amount of space given by, and in the courteous tone of the city press in reporting these meetings; also in the frequent prefixes to the names of members of the Congress, such as "Prof." "Dr.," and "Rev.," as well as in the vigorous ease and thorough understanding of the subject with which these ladies discussed questions that a few years ago would have been considered entirely beyond the range of the feminine intellect.—*The Index*.



BURT WILSON
AND SPIRIT SISTER

Children's Department.

DEAR CHILDREN: The second chapter of the story about Lily Benton is deferred until next month, when it will be illustrated with pictures of scenes in the spirit world, and Lily's home there. We know you all love to look at pictures, so we have made arrangements to have some in your department of the DOVE, that will interest and instruct you. The beautiful sketch Mrs. H. C. Wilson has given you this month of her little spirit daughter, Pearlle, and the picture of her son Burt and his spirit sister beside him, shows you, dear children, that little ones grow to be men and women in spirit life just as they do here, and that they love their little sisters and brothers just the same. We hope Mrs. Wilson will write something for you every month, for she is a medium, and many beautiful spirits come to her home, and she can tell you lots of nice things about them that will prove a great help to you in understanding how they can come to you, and what they come for. If any of you wish to ask any questions about these things, write to the CARRIER DOVE, and we will see what we can tell you. The letter from spirit "Allew" is very good and will interest you all. This young man is the son of a very fine medium, Mrs. L. Pet Anderson, who was in this State when "Allew" passed to spirit life. Mrs. Anderson is at present in Chicago.

Spirit Picture.

DEAR CHILDREN OF THE CARRIER DOVE:—Once upon a time (as the story-tellers say), there came to the city of San Francisco a gifted lady medium, and hundreds of people visited her to test her wonderful powers. Among the number were the parents of the children whose sweet faces you see in the picture. I like to hear the biographies of people whose pictures are given me, and as I suppose you may have a similar desire, I will give you a brief sketch of these little ones:

Their names are Nellie Pearl and Llewellyn Burt, beloved children of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilson, of San Francisco. I will tell you first of Pearlle, she being the elder. She was born in San Francisco and is now sixteen years of age. She was a beautiful, happy baby, and gave promise of a bright fu-

ture. There was always a dreamy far-away look in her beautiful jet black eyes, even in her gayest moods, that often startled and awed us all. When she was fifteen months old we moved into the country, which delighted her very much. She was very affectionate and demonstrative. I shall never forget the first time she went out alone to play on the porch. Though drawn thither by the bright sunshine, the perfume of the flowers, and the sweet songs of the birds which ever filled her little heart with ineffable delight, still she could not consent to leave dear mamma alone till she had turned back to be kissed just *twenty* times.

I cannot tell you, my little friends, when she first began to commune with the angels—to play with spirit children—but when she was one year and ten months old she gave her mamma an excellent test of spirit presence by describing a spirit child with whom she was playing in another room, seemingly as naturally as she would with one in the earthly form. She not only gave the color of the hair and eyes of her little playmate, but also the name and age, saying "she is eleven years old, and big," tiptoeing in order that her little hand might show the exact height. The child of whom she spoke was born in New York, and passed to spirit life nine years before Pearlle was born, and was eleven years old the month the test was given. I must not forget to say also that she had never heard the child spoken of. In the few remaining months of her earth life she gave conclusive evidence of her mediumship. All too soon, for those who loved her, she was called by the bright angels to "come up higher," and in obedience to the summons she joined the throng of loved ones and left her earthly friends in sadness and grief from her apparently untimely transition. She was just three years old the day after her mortal form was laid in its last resting place on a sunny slope in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland. She did not leave her earthly home altogether, but makes her presence felt and gives proof of her power whenever an opportunity presents itself.

A little more than four years after her departure, her little brother Burt came to brighten our home and fill the void therein, and to gain for himself the necessary experience to fit him for that soul realm, now the home of his darling sister. He has ever been taught that Pearlle is often with him, and has had visions, and claims to hear and see the dear friends in spirit life. Although he was only four years old when the wonderful spirit medium, Mrs. Carter, came to the city, he wanted to sit for a picture alone, hoping that Pearlle would come to him.

However, we did not speak of his desire to anyone.

Mrs. Carter having been unjustly driven from the gallery where I had obtained positive evidence of her genuine mediumship, and having been branded by a Spiritualist as a fraud, in a column article in the *Chronicle*, I could not do otherwise than defend her. I hope my young friends will ever be found on the side of truth and justice, even though you find yourselves greatly outnumbered by those in error. The matter was ended by a gentleman rooming in our house fitting up a suite of our vacant parlors as a gallery, where hundreds of people were photographed, all getting spirit faces around their own, nearly all of which were recognized.

At Burt's earnest entreaty I engaged a sitting for him. I placed an apple box on a common chair, threw a colored table-cloth over both, and lifted him upon it. The medium took at random a prepared plate from a quantity of them, placed it in the camera, touched it lightly with the tips of her fingers for a few seconds, and then removed the plate-holder from the camera. I went with her into what is called "the dark room" (a room lighted with colored light), and together we saw the two forms develop, even to the bronze slippers worn by Pearlle, which she said she helped make. There is something of a test in this, as she never wore any slippers or shoes except bronze. In the original picture one of her arms is in front of Burt, resting upon his lap, while at the bottom of the picture the tablecloth on which Burt is sitting is in front of her dress. I speak of this as a scientific matter for older heads to consider, especially those versed in photography, feeling that it is a proof that the picture is a genuine spirit production, aside from the fact that the negative was developed under my personal observation. For myself I need no such evidence. I could not forget her dear face, even if she and Burt did not resemble each other so much.

I do so wish that all our dear little children were taught the fact that our loved ones are ever near us, that they know our every thought, participate in all our pleasures, and shower love and sympathy upon us in all our sorrows. If we are true and pure within, we draw around us noble, holy influences that strengthen and uplift us every hour. That we may all work for such sweet companionship is my most earnest prayer.

MRS. H. C. WILSON.

Letter to the Children.

BY SPIRIT ALLEW.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: As my mother was reading Sister Mattie Hull's

letter of September 25th to you, I looked over her shoulder and read as follows: "While in Chicago I made my home with Mrs. L. Pet Anderson, 'Allew's' mother. Imagine how it thrilled me. If she could only know how glad I was to have her with my dear mother and wife, I know she would rejoice that she stopped with them; and now let me say to you, as Sister Mattie has so kindly opened the door for me, that when I left for California I was in hopes I could live to be an old man; I did not mean to pass on until the last moment.

My mother had shielded me from the cold, rough blasts of earth-life, until I saw nothing but a prosperous life before me. I was full of ambition, looking forward to an early day when I could be able to write sufficiently well to get means to take care of my dear mother, that she might rest from her life-long labors; and that both father and mother could look upon me with credit to themselves.

I disliked to leave this world, my dear wife and parents—could hardly endure it. My life was a continuous joy to my mother; from her first look on me until the last look at my earthly form, was a continuation of praise for me. When my mortal eyes closed and I awakened in my eternal home, my grandmother, whom my mother had taught me to love as a spirit, was standing, with many others, before me, with love and joy to welcome me; but I felt I could not stay with them, as my love for my wife and mother was so strong. I said I must get back to my form; but could not.

Oh, how terrible for a moment to see my wife and mother kneeling by my form; then I spoke to mother; told her and Darlie to be happy; and since that time, my friends, I have tried to progress and do all I can to make everyone happy with whom I come in contact. My wife and mother have a sacred corner all fitted up for me, and I take great delight in being with them, and hope by and by to play the piano for them as it would be so sweet to them.

My mother fully realizes my presence, and I take great comfort in her and Darlie, as I call my wife. I am making rapid progress in music, as this sphere is so well adapted to our spiritual being. I do not want you to feel that I am dead, but know that I am in a world of beauty and peace, where every one is justly dealt with—where every act of yours is known, and all good credited to you.

My last story to you was called, "A Mistake." I wrote it while bolstered up in bed, just before I passed on to spirit-life. My mother copied the manuscript, as my scribbling is so dear to her, and has made many mistakes which I wish to have corrected before it appears in

print. Hoping you will all give heed to angel loved ones all through life, and knowing that they are anxious to come and bless you, I am sincerely yours.—*The New Thought.*

Bedlam Town.

Do you want to peep into Bedlam Town?
Then come with me as the day swings down

Into his cradle, whose rocker's rim
Some people call the horizon dim.

All the mischief of all the fates
Seem to center in four little pates.

Just an hour before we say:
"It is time for bed now, stop your play."

Oh, the racket and noise and roar,
As they prance like a caravan over the floor.

With never a thought of the head that aches
And never a heed to the "mercy sakes,"

And "pity save us," and "Oh, dear, dear,"
That all but the culprits plainly hear.

A monkey, a parrot, a guinea hen,
Warriors, elephants, Indian men,

A salvation army, a grizzly bear,
Are all at once in the nursery there.

And when the clock in the hall strikes seven,
It sounds to us like a voice from heaven.

And each of the elves in a warm nightgown
Marches away out of Bedlam Town.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

Boys Wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
Fit to cope with anything,
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
"Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk, where'er you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

The advance sheets are out of a book whose title explains its merits and its claim to public favor. It is "Law Made Easy," by Lelia J. Robinson, a member of the Massachusetts bar, and it has received high praise from competent judges as a practical legal help in the ordinary concerns of life.—*Woman's Tribune.*

How little do we realize that frequently our hopes, plans, and inclinations are inspired by invisible beings, and probably that which we long for most and strive most earnestly to attain unto is impressed upon us by the same silent but potent forces.—*M. T. Shelhamer.*

The Aid Society.

The ladies of the Religious and Philosophical Congregation met at the parlors of that philanthropic worker Mrs. H. E. Robinson, 309 Seventeenth street, last Friday afternoon, for the purpose of organizing an aid society. The organization was effected and the following officers chosen: Mrs. H. E. Robinson, President; Mrs. M. F. Michener, Secretary; Mrs. E. F. McKinley, Treasurer. The following committees were appointed: Finance, Mrs. M. B. Dodge, Mrs. Connor and Mrs. Robinson; soliciting clothing, etc., Mrs. Churchill, Mrs. Washburn, Mrs. McKinley and Mrs. Eckman; visiting, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Cormack, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Michener. All the ladies of the society are invited to join the sewing circle which will meet every Monday afternoon at one o'clock, at Mrs. Coney's 1920 Filmore street, that good lady very kindly offering her rooms and services one afternoon of each week.

The society then adopted the Jessie-street kindergarten school, which has been in such a precarious condition for want of funds for the past few weeks. The ladies felt that so grand a cause ought not to languish for want of means in this great city. We are confident with the effort of such earnest workers as the ladies engaged in the work it will not, but that, with other noble works, will be carried on for the benefit of humanity. We are glad such definite plans of action have been determined for united effort, for a grand purpose is "twice blessed," blessing alike the giver and receiver.—*Golden Gate.*

We have obtained under test conditions, through the mediumship of Dr. D. J. Stansbury, a slate containing twenty well-known autographs of persons passed to spirit life, which we shall have engraved for our holiday number. We are familiar with many of these autographs, and have compared those we are not familiar with, with the originals, and find them to bear a very close resemblance therewith. We arranged for this slate as we did for the one containing the twelve languages, prepared through Fred Evans. Both slates will appear in the holiday number.—*Golden Gate.*

A saloon-keeper sold a drinking man one pint of new rum, making fifteen cents clear profit. The man, under the influence of that pint of rum, killed his son-in-law; and his apprehension, confinement in jail, execution, etc., cost the county more than one thousand dollars, which temperate men had to earn by the sweat of their brow. It does not pay!

The Fourth Profession.

I enjoy reading the *Woman's Tribune*, and find more information of woman's work in its columns than in any other with which I am acquainted.

I am an enthusiast on the subject of women in journalism, believing that as yet they have only looked over into the Beulah land which shall some time come more fully into their possession.

Why, in the September number of *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*, Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) gives her experience of thirty years ago, and says: I had tried for a regular position on some of the New York dailies, but was everywhere laughed at for my answer. "There was no place for women," I was assured. "They might do occasional 'outside' work, but they could not be reporters, because they could not go where news had to be collected, and they could not be editors because they knew nothing of politics."

Contrast that with the present day, and note the victories achieved by Mrs. Frank Leslie, Gertrude Garrison of the American Press Association; Kate Upson Clark, of *Good Cheer* (a Michigan girl, by the way); Helen Mackay Hutchinson, at one time live stock reporter on the New York *Tribune*; and Marion V. Dudley, of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*; besides scores of others influential in making the journals of the day what they are; to say nothing of Mary Clemmer, one of the most gifted newspaper writers of either sex that this century has produced.

There are also possibilities for those of lesser genius. Not a country newspaper, however small, but presents opportunities for a bright, industrious woman to improve, to the advantage of herself and the public. Editors and publishers are beginning to see this with their own eyes, without having it forced upon their attention; and the acquisition of women to their forces is becoming more frequent, the demand for such aid increasing.

That much abused faculty of "nos-ing," so often attributed exclusively to the female sex, is found to be of special advantage if allied to a proper judgment; the true womanly instinct, which rejects the vulgar and gives only as much as necessary of unpleasant particulars, is equally important in cleansing the daily paper of so much that might be dispensed with. There is room for great improvement in this respect, and it is safe to say that when women are more extensively employed as reporters, there will be a wonderful "clarin' up time."

The press not only need women, but they are peculiarly fitted for many of its duties. They fill positions, not only as department editors and compositors, but in more truly literary work, quite ac-

ceptably. There is no reason why the "fourth profession" does not belong as much to them as to men.—*Hattie C. Sleeper in The Woman's Tribune.*

[For Carrier Dove.]

Angel Ministry at Home.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

O wondrous power that gently parts
The shadows that around us spread
And gives again to mourning hearts
The presence of our so-called dead!

Responsive to the silent will
Of angel loved ones hov'ring near,
Our fainting hearts with fresh hopes thrill
And triumph over mortal fear.

When from the wide world's dusty way
We turn in pain and weariness,
How cool and pure the heavenly ray
Of some sweet Spirit's thought-caress.

To feel our lonely solitude
Is peopled with a shining throng,
Solicitous of every good,
With power to repel the wrong!

To know that Heaven is not far,
But ever for the soul awaits,
And that forever wide ajar
Are set its pearl and sapphire gates!

To know the tree of life doth wave
Its shining branches high above
The stony portals of the grave,
Abloom with beauty, truth, and love!

To know, through every discord flung
Into life's song by sigh or moan,
When hearts by mighty griefs are rung,
There steals a tender undertone

Of holy angel sympathy,
That draws us by its silent power
Beyond our mere mortality,
Nearer to God each day and hour.

And when life's precious wine is spilled
From fragile chalices of clay,
Behold! the vacant places filled
By angel forms as fair as day!

O, let us live our lives so pure,
So free from any backward slip,
That we may everyone feel sure
Of this divine companionship.

A New Process of Healing.

Mrs. Jennie Mason, of 1467 San Pablo avenue, Oakland, has, through the aid of spirit power, perfected a process whereby she will cure lung trouble, sciatica, paralysis, curvatures, swelled joints and female weakness, without the aid of drugs or battery. The process is entirely new and was given to her partly through her own mediumship and partly by descriptions through other mediums. She treats children free; also those unable to pay. Give her a trial.

Our Holiday Premium—The Carrier Dove for 1886.

The CARRIER DOVE for the year 1886 contains fifty full-page engravings and one smaller wood engraving. There are portraits and biographical sketches of the following thirty-nine prominent Spiritualists, among whom are some of the most celebrated speakers and mediums in the world: Elizabeth Lowe Watson, Albert Morton, Mrs. Albert Morton, Mrs. M. J. Hendee, William Emmette Coleman, Dr. Benjamin Rush, Charles H. Foster, J. M. Mathews, Mrs. Laverna Mathews, Daniel Dunglas Home, George Milner Stephen, Fred Evans, Mrs. Melissa Miller, Robert Hare, M. D., Mrs. P. W. Stephens, John Pierpont, Miss M. T. Shelhamer, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, W. J. Colville, Amy Post, John Brown, Sr., John W. Day, Joseph Simms, M. D., Thomas Brownell Clarke, Mrs. S. F. Breed, Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Sarah Seal, Colonel Dorus M. Fox, Nettie Pease Fox, Andrew Jackson Davis, Lena Clarke Cooke, Bishop A. Beals, Rev. Samuel Watson, Annie Denton Cridge, Mrs. Mahala Garner Payne, Professor William Denton, Mrs. Dr. Beighle, Thomas Lees. Besides these there are twelve full-page engravings, including several illustrative of Spirit photography and Spirit portraits; also an interior view of Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, as photographed March 31st, (Anniversary Day) 1885, representing Mrs. E. L. Watson and her co-workers grouped upon the rostrum, which is elaborately decorated with flowers.

This volume also contains lectures by Mrs. E. L. Watson, Cora L. V. Richmond, W. J. Colville and others; and an exceedingly interesting story by Miss M. T. Shelhamer, the *Banner of Light* medium. Three hundred and twenty-three pages are filled with choice essays, poems, lectures, sketches, stories and selections, making one of the most interesting and valuable books published.

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Those who send four names can, if they prefer, receive the magazine for 1887.

Read the list of contents of Holiday number in another column.

Written for the CARRIER DOVE.

Man-made Legends.

THE CREATION.

They tell a marv'ous story,
Of a "garden," green and fair,
Upon the clear Euphrates
Which flowed serenely there.

A perfect bower of beauty
Is pictured to our view,
Which the sweet glancing waters
Are calmly rippling through.

An Eden in its forming
Of fruits and flowers rare,
Where birds of brilliant plumage
Went warbling through the air;

Where God came down from heaven,
When heaven was nearer by,
And all the stars were made for earth
And hung up in the sky!

And in that garden man was made;
The breath of life was blown
Into God's fleshy image,
Yet man found himself alone,

Save for the beasts and birds and fish,
O'er which was given power
To him, that he should make them serve
His uses from that hour.

By this, material was scarce:
So deep sleep on him fell,
And one of his own ribs was used
(Just how no one can tell)

To form a lovely mate for him—
A "helpmeet" she should be,
To dress the vine, select the herb,
And shake the fair fruit tree.

THE FALL.

But one tree fairer than the rest,
That in the midst was found,
"The tree of knowledge" should be left
To stand on holy ground.

No human foot might press the sod
Beneath the hallowed tree,
To pluck the fruit so rich and rare,
Upon its branches free.

Now, why God formed that tree at all,
The legend doth not tell,
Or placed it where those longing eyes
Might ever on it dwell.

A parent wise, it seems, would do
A very different thing—
Would banish from his children's sight
What e'er could mischief bring.

Yet there it stood, a tempter strong,
Before their wondering eyes,
By day and night, through rain and shine,
As time Edenic flies.

Still, Adam, the obedient man,
Ne'er lifted his to see
The fruit so crimson, golden fair,
On that "forbidden tree."

But when all else of beauty pall'd
Upon the beauteous Eve,
For that fair fruit, on that rare tree,
Her longing heart did grieve.

Adam might be content to delve,
But not so Eve to spin;
And thus it was, the legend ran,
That she was led to sin.

And yet, before the deed was done,
A reinforcement came
To help the hesitating Eve;
And "Satan" was his name.

Now in God's providence, it seemed,
He could transfigured be,
To an angelic form of light
Beneath that far-famed tree.

Small wonder that the ignorant Eve,
Who "knew not good or evil,"
Though innocent, should be deceived
By such a "subtle" devil.

So, tasting that delicious fruit,
Her kind heart sought to share
The remnant of the "apple" with
Her one companion there.

Though Satan's wiles and promises
Had all been spent on Eve,
It took but just one simple phrase
To make the man believe.

Before, he knew not but that fruit
Might tasteless be and sour,
Like grapes, that hang so high above
The lower branch in flower.

But Eve, first taking all the risk,
Assured him it was "good"—
Much more delicious than all fruit
That grew within the wood.

So finely-flavored and so fair,
So "pleasant to the eyes,"
And very much to be desired
That it might "make them wise."

This was sufficient for the man—
That it was good to eat,
And by it he might wisdom gain,
And with the gods compete.

He straight forgot the penalty—
That they should surely die,
And never thought to question Eve
Who believed it all a lie.

For Satan being an angel, too,
How could the poor thing tell,
But that his word was just as good,
And to be taken as well

As that of their first visitor,
Who but inspired with fear
This simple pair who had begun
Their first housekeeping here.

And it is evidently true
That Eve new viands sought
To please the palate of her lord,
And so the apple brought.

For what it meant, that they should die,
She scarcely yet could know;
She having dwelt a lesser time
Than Adam here below!

Besides, she was expressly told
By that bright, specious devil,
That thus partaking of the fruit
Of "the tree of good and evil,"

They then might pluck "the tree of life,"
And live forevermore
In their own happy Eden home;
And thus escape death's door.

THE ATONEMENT.

But He whom we are told by all
Is but "a jealous God,"
He drove his ignorant children out
At the point of the flaming sword:

Not for their disobedience,
But "lest they should become
As one of us," the legend says,
So turned them from their home.

And cursed the ground for Adam's sake,
And made the thistles grow,

So he should labor all his life,
Subsistence to bestow

On his descendants, and on Eve
Who was condemned sore,
To be in vile subjection hence
To Adam evermore.

Oh, what a tale for man to tell
About the Great Unknown;
Such tales as these at last must be
Most surely overthrown.

A poet's fable 'tis, at best,
Like Milton's of a hell,
Where Lucifer and angel-hosts
Have been consigned to dwell.

Out of their hearts they made this God;
Then would have us believe
That He revealed himself to them—
That there is no reprieve

From Adam's fall and all the woe
With which life is beset,
Save in their "Ordinances" old,
Or in those newer yet.

First, blood of bullocks and of rams,
Of the lamb and tender dove,
That their dread God might be appeased
With incense up above.

As if He who could first create
Would take a brutal joy
In noisome incense such as this,
And his creatures thus destroy.

And, finally could sacrifice
His best beloved son,
That so His wrath might be appeased
And simple justice done.

Away with such child's tales as these!
If blasphemy there be,
It surely is comprised
In these man-made legends three.

—By *Lewis Oliver*.

When Woman is Supreme.

Man never appreciates his inferiority to woman so thoroughly as when he stands before the altar in the presence of an audience of friends, and hears the clergyman make him a husband. Nine men out of ten in such position tremble as if they were about to be arrested for murder, while nine out of ten women go through the ceremony as gracefully and composedly as if it were an every-day occurrence. And it is this timorous, quivering creature in a dress suit that promises to protect the calm and placid angel whose orange blossoms are her aureole. What delightful sarcasm there is in the thought! And in after life, when the husband gets torn up by care, and when a little trouble comes to steal away his peace of mind, how is it then? Then the woman he promises to protect becomes his protector. She sees sunshine through the clouds. She smooths out the wrinkled brow of care. She props up his flagging spirits. She puts new life into his bosom, new hope into his soul, and he goes forth in the morning with new zeal to wrestle with life and its responsibilities. Woman may be the weaker vessel, but she isn't broken up and doesn't go to pieces as soon as man.—*Baltimore American*.

[The following articles put in type for the editorial pages of this issue, were accidentally omitted by the printer, and the mistake was not discovered until the form containing editorial matter was printed. They consequently appear out of their proper position.]

An Iowa Woman Tries to Vote.

On another page will be found an "Open Letter" to the lovers of justice everywhere. It was written by Mrs. Dr. D. H. Johnson, formerly of San Francisco, but since last March a resident of Page county, Iowa. We are well acquainted with Mrs. Johnson, and know her to be a most estimable woman, one who is brave and fearless to do the right, and who heartily despises a wrong or injustice of any kind. We are delighted to learn she has so nobly espoused the cause of *human rights*; for woman's rights mean the rights of the race, both male and female. Mrs. Johnson has many warm friends here who wish her success in her brave undertaking and will render whatever assistance they can in prosecuting her claim to an equal recognition before the law with the old colored man and voter to whom she refers in her letter—the man who voted for the representative whose business, if elected, would be "to make de laws when de President's time was out." What an immense contract he would make to be sure. No wonder Mrs. Johnson, with her fine sense of justice, should feel indignant when she saw such ignorance going in a splendid turnout to deposit a ballot, while she had walked two miles for the same purpose and been denied the privilege. She, an intelligent, refined woman, an honored wife and respected citizen, insulted and ridiculed, while an ignorant negro and former slave was treated with the greatest courtesy because, forsooth, he had the good fortune to be born a *man*. It is enough to make one's blood boil to think of it. And yet there are some persons who have the effrontery to say, "women do not want to vote." No! they do not want to be insulted and sneered at by a crowd of half-drunken loafers, yet they most devoutly wish there was sufficient manhood left in the world that they might exercise their inalienable right without having to run this gauntlet of abuse whenever one was found brave enough to make the attempt. Shame upon the manhood of a nation that will permit such grievous wrongs to go unpunished. Oh, for a Harriet Beecher

Stowe to paint the wrongs of woman with the vividness and power she painted those of the slaves in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We think, should the half be told, it would create a far greater sensation, and be productive of untold good by awakening the latent love of justice in many a masculine breast where there is at present no outward manifestation of its sacred presence. And now to our brave sister we would say, go on; in your struggle for liberty you do not stand alone; hosts of visible and invisible friends are eagerly watching your work. It shall not fail. Though *apparent defeat* may be the result, yet to those who see from a loftier standpoint than the mortal, you will have scored a glorious victory and one more count for freedom. The same inspiration that fired the soul of Joan of Arc, is leading and inspiring you. To the women of the country who are secretly praying for deliverance from their legal disabilities, yet have not the courage to openly declare for it, we say, now is your time to rally to the support of one who has dared to strike, alone and unaided, a blow in your behalf. Send her words of encouragement, accompanied with as much cash as you can raise, if it be no more than a ten-cent piece, towards defraying the expenses of this legal contest. And to the noble, honorable men who are in the minority on this question: now is a good time to use whatever influence you possess for a noble cause. Now is an opportunity to "make a canvass" for a heroic representative which you will never regret. To the honorable gentlemen who stood by Mrs. Johnson on election day and gave her their support and counsel, we extend our warmest thanks. We thank them also in the name of womanhood everywhere.

Passed to Spirit Life.

J. J. Jackson, a medium well known on this Coast, passed to the immortal side October 12, 1886. The funeral services were held at the residence of Mrs. Patterson, 681 Mission street, San Francisco. Mr. H. C. Wilson made the opening address, and was followed by Mrs. Ada Foye. Mrs. Ellis gave the poem, "There is no Death." Mrs. J. M. Mitchell, Walter Hyde and Mr. Patterson joined with the preceding speakers

in bearing testimony to the fortitude and perseverance of the departed under severe trials, and his earnest endeavor to resist the temptations with which he was beset. Mrs. E. F. McKinley closed the services. The remains were taken in charge by a committee of friends, and interred in Lone Mountain Cemetery.

A bird's-eye view from Trinity church, New York, would disclose sixteen thousand saloons in sight—ten thousand in New York, two thousand in Brooklyn, and four thousand in Jersey City, Newark and Patterson.

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Death and the After-Life.

The following table of contents presented by this book will serve to give the reader some insight as to why so many editions of it have been sold. Its patrons are not confined to Spiritualists, but it has obtained a strong hold upon the liberal thinking public outside as well: 1—Death and the After-Life; 2—Scenes in the Summer-Land; 3—Society in the Summer-Land; 4—Social Centers in the Summer-Land; 5—Winter-Land and Summer Land; 9—Language and Life in Summer-Land; 7—Material Work for Spiritual Workers; 8—Ultimates in the Summer-Land; 9—Voice from James Victor Wilson. This enlarged edition contains more than double the amount of matter in former editions, and is enriched by a beautiful frontispiece, illustrating the "Formation of the Spiritual Body." Paper. . . .

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From these pages is sought to be evolved a plain and simple guide to health; and the knowledge is imparted whereby the individual availing himself of it may be greatly assisted in resisting and overcoming the assaults of disease. More than three hundred prescriptions, for the cure of over one hundred forms of disease, are given. As a book of family reference, it is adapted to universal use. The three volumes, "Physician," "Harbinger," and "Mental Disorders" by Mr. Davis, would make a reliable medical library for a family, or for a student of philosophy and the science of life and health. . . . \$1 50

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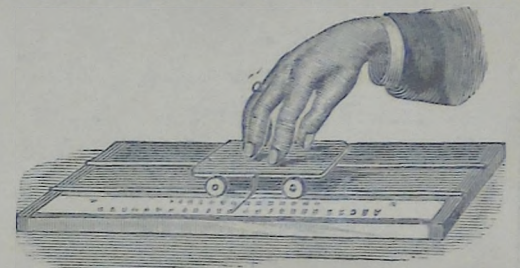
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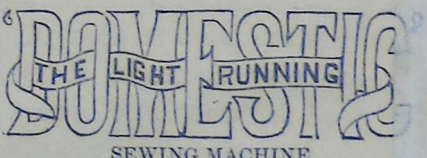
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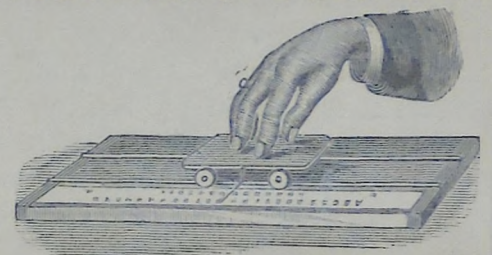
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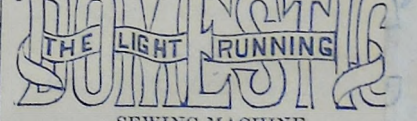
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