



MRS. M. J. HENDEE.

The Carrier Dove.

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

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Mediumistic Experience.

Sketch of the Mediumistic Experience of Mrs. M. J. Hendee, the Pioneer Public Medium of San Francisco.

The subject of this sketch is a native of Maine. Her ancestors were from England. Her grandmother, on her mother's side, was a Garrison—sister of Wm. Lloyd Garrison's father.

It is believed that she has the honor of being the oldest public mediumistic evangel of the modern gospel on the Coast; that she is, in fact, the veteran medium *par excellence* of California. Long years of arduous and faithful service in the cause of Spiritual and Liberal Truth has she spent in our midst; and fervently it is hoped that for many an additional year her snow-covered locks may be seen amongst us as she continues to dispense, as freely as of yore, the irradiant light-gleams, descending from supernal spheres, imparted to a soul-hungry world through her beneficent inspirational gifts.

Mrs. Hendee was first led to a knowledge of the truth, as found in modern spiritual phenomena, through long and earnest conversation thereupon with a gentleman acquaintance. At that time she was an ardent Methodist, having had, some years previous, a wonderful and happy change of mind through the preaching of Rev. Wm. Rice, of Chicopee, Massachusetts. She had, up to that time, regarded Spiritualism as a delusion, and deemed it her duty, as a Christian, to warn people from its snares. While engaged in warning this gentleman against its wiles, she felt the presence of some one in the room, though no other visible occupant was near; and, while listening to her friend, she heard a voice say to her, "Are you sure that you have all the truth? Is there nothing new to be investigated? Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

She was struck speechless for a moment, feeling that she had received a well-merited rebuke from the better-land for her injustice in condemning that of which she knew nothing; and she felt herself a bigot, in that she had not dared to investigate this new and wondrous manifestation and test its truth or falsity. The gentleman knew nothing of what had occurred, and, when he had ceased talking, she asked him when the next spiritual meeting would take place, as she desired to attend.

At this meeting, Mrs. Upham—for such

was her name then—for the first time listened to a trance speaker—a pale, feeble man, devoid of culture, but, when under control, his face was radiant and his language forcefully eloquent, holding his audience spell-bound. From that time she fully accepted the fact that the unseen dwellers on the thither shore return to earth and intelligently control mortals.

Although Mrs. Upham so stoutly opposed Spiritualism, as we have seen, yet, prior even to the advent of this modern phase of supra-mundane revelation, she and other members of her family had been recipients of spiritual visitations and foreshadowings. In 1847 (a year before the ever-memorable 31st of March, 1848), Mrs. U. had bitterly bewailed the loss of her little girl-babe of four years old. Its manner of death was so trying to her that she could not get over it, and often she wept herself nearly sick. In her morbid self-condemnation she felt as she herself were to blame for its premature demise, and yet she knew that she was really innocent. One day, when alone and in great distress, wishing for death, her little girl came to her and said, "Mamma, don't you cry any more; it was all right; it was to be. I am happy—don't cry!" She spoke to her several times, and she fully recognized her voice, and knew that it was her sweet child Florence. From that time she ceased to grieve for her loss, but she did not recognize that as Spiritualism; and when, in the next following years, Spiritualism was steadily gaining ground, based upon manifestations similar in character to those manifest in her own experience, she still refused to recognize their significance; yet she had been taught to believe in the appearing of the dead. Her mother was a natural seer, and often saw and spoke to spirits; and, prior to the death of any member of the family, she would always be warned of the approaching event by the vision of a ball of fire.

In December, 1849, her husband, Mr. Upham, came to California, at which time he and she knew nothing of Spiritualism. One night Mr. Upham awoke from sleep, when the room suddenly lighted up, and his father stood before him, and said to him, "Ansel, I died to-night at 12 o'clock!" This he twice repeated and then vanished, the room resuming its natural darkness. Mr. U. arose and looked at the time; it was half-past 12. He noted the date, and the spirit's intelligence being fully confirmed,

he became thoroughly convinced of the fundamental truths of Spiritualism. About this time Mrs. Upham became converted, as before stated; and, as she knelt in prayer, a wondrous power seemed to possess her, and all was light. The church appeared transparent; she could perceive no walls; and her friends seemed divested of their natural bodies, and were as if glorified with spiritual raiment, so angelic was their appearance. It was to her an ecstasy of joy and peace. She loved everybody; there was no sin; all was good, and God was love, pervading all things.

She remained a church communicant nearly seven years, and was such when she came to California in September, 1858. She did not unite with the church here, as at that time her faith had blossomed into a knowledge of the divine realities of Spiritualism. She was surprised to find her husband a firm believer, also, as he had written to her nothing concerning it. There were no public spiritual meetings held in their vicinity, so they instituted circles, but obtained no response from the spirit country. They could find but one person knowing aught on the subject, and she told them of a lady in the vicinity who was sometimes controlled to speak. They, with others, went one evening to hear her speak, but, through sickness, she failed to arrive. The landlord of the hotel having said that he could tip the table a sitting was held. Being disturbed by some of the men present, whom she thought were making fun of their religion, Mrs. Upham arose to leave the table, when a power seemed to seize her, and her voice was checked. She could only make guttural sounds, and her hands pounded the table in spite of the efforts, both of herself and of those present, to stop it. For several days she could not talk plainly. The next day she sat at a large center-table in the parlor, which rocked and moved all around the room, and, from that time, her labors as a medium began.

Her mediumistic gifts have been, and are, of a varied character. Among them are the following. Personating death scenes and living people until they are recognized, sympathetically taking on the diseases of others and curing them, seeing writing on the wall as if written on large rolls of paper, and read as it is being unrolled, laying on of hands and curing the sick, and, under control, writing perscriptions for those diseased.

At times, for several years, she held large circles, during which period she was being educated to speak entranced, promise being given that her eyes should be opened, and that she should speak before large audiences, and, under influence, should write manuscripts for publication—all of which she was educated to do during the year she was the pupil of the invisibles.

From 1858 to 1861 her mediumship was free to all; not one cent did she charge or receive during these ten years. In Sacramento the good angels told her that she must hereafter charge for sittings, as "the laborer was worthy of his hire," and, if she did not, her mediumship would be taken from her. At that time she was treating the sick, doing her household duties, holding circles twice a week, and lecturing in Turn Verein Hall, alternately, with Mr. W. F. Lyon, afterwards one of the authors of *The Hollow Globe*. Many patients did she treat, performing some remarkable cures, which she attributed to the good spirits, as they diagnosed the disease and restored the sufferers to health, often after being given up by their physician.

July 18, 1868, her dear mother passed to spirit-life quite suddenly, the daughter attempting to restore her when passing away. The mother spoke twice, calling her by name, saying, "I am happy! I am happy!" Mrs. Hendee afterwards saw her spirit-form ascending from earth, surrounded by a bright halo, and looking, oh! so happy and joyous. The night previous to her soul's flight the mother saw the same light that had warned her of others' departure. Her husband regarded it at first as merely a reflection of some ordinary light, but, placing his hand over it, he found that it was covered, and was, therefore, no reflection, at which he was much troubled. At 2 P. M., the next day, she passed away in the same spot where she had seen the light. She had fallen a few moments after entering the room. A few months after, Mrs. Upham removed to San Francisco, on Market street, where the Grand Hotel now stands, and there opened the first advertised public spiritual seances ever held in the city, sometimes from forty to fifty persons attending. She also gave private sittings, treated the sick, and lectured occasionally. She also held developing circles, developing a number of trance and inspirational speakers and healers. In San Francisco she, for the first time, made any charges for seances, though, during the preceding ten years, thousands had been made glad through her mediumship, with knowledge of the continued existence and loving presence of their so-called deceased relatives and friends.

Prior to her removal to San Francisco her Indian guide, calling himself Sunrise, had left her, so that when she came to 'Frisco she had no Indian "control." At the death, by cancer, in Sacramento, of one of her patients, Mrs. Beckman, who had been treated twice and thrice a day by Sunrise, through Mrs. Upham, Sunrise informed

his medium that he should go from her and continue on with Mrs. Beckman; and, true to his word, he did leave, and returned, therefore, only once to bid his medium good bye, as he must go and be with Mrs. B. Shortly after her arrival in San Francisco she was moved, on opening her circles and receiving the guests, to say to them, "Hickicum," and nothing else. This was not understood, until at last it was discovered that it was a "control," and, finally, he explained by saying that his name was Hickicum Hi, and that Hickicum meant "power," and Hi meant "here"—"power is here." From that time he assumed an active control, and has remained with her ever since. He, subsequently, stated that he was a Mohawk chieftain, who had lived fifty years before in the Mohawk Valley; that he had been brought to Mrs. U. by Sunrise; and that he was a medicine man in spirit-life. This statement has been abundantly verified, during the last seventeen years, in the wonderful control he has manifested to thousands of persons in healing and in giving tests. Among those cured by him was a doctor, who had been given up by his physician, who told him to go home to Boston and lay his bones with his father's. Also a Mr. Thompson, said by his physicians to be afflicted with aneurism of the aorta of the neck, and who could not live—was liable to die at any moment. Hickicum told him it was not aneurism, but a strain, and the ligaments were swollen, and he, through his medium, could cure him. After four weeks' treatment he was perfectly restored, and is now, after sixteen years, alive, well and hearty.

Mrs. M. E. Morrison, residing on Howard street, San Francisco, and afflicted with inflammation of the stomach, was told by her physicians that she could only live a few hours. Mrs. Upham, being sent for, told her daughter her mother's symptoms, as she said, better than the doctors had. At the first treatment she broke the fever, and, in six treatments, she cured her entirely; and Mrs. Upham now possesses her written testimonial that she cured her without one drop of medicine, or drawing a single drop of blood, and without blister or plaster—using nothing save the laying on of hands.

On another occasion she saved the life of a lady, after confinement, while she was under the doctor's care. Finding her in great pain, she was controlled, and, placing her hands upon the patient's side, pulled with such force as to throw her on her knees, causing the patient to scream a little. The cure had been affected—the placenta had grown to her side, and was, by this means, removed. The lady quickly recovered, and is, to-day, one of our best mediums.

On one occasion, in sitting with a gentleman, a number of his Spirit friends came, but he said he wished to hear from the living. She then saw and described, in turn, (1) his wife; (2) a young man about eighteen, whom she said would make a good surveyor and architect, and whom the sitter identified

as his son whom he had just placed in a surveying school; (3) another son, more domestic, resembling his mother; (4) a young lady, sitting, as it seemed, on the floor, with one limb drawn up toward her back. (The lady, she said, was his daughter; and she told him the cause of her affliction, and advised him to take her out of the doctor's care and place her under treatment of a magnetic and electric healer when she would get well;) (5) a young girl, ten or twelve years old, in good health, and resembling him in appearance. The gentleman confirmed the truth of all that had been told him, and said he had been recommended to consult her relative to the treatment of his afflicted daughter. He was not a Spiritualist, and had never before sat with a medium; and he said it was the most wonderful thing he had ever seen or heard. His family, which had been so accurately described, was in Chicago, and he went on his way rejoicing.

A few weeks thereafter, while sitting with a lady, the same family of children—including the sick young lady—presented themselves to Mrs. Upham, and the lady sitter seemed to be their mother. Mentioning this to the lady, she replied that she was their mother, and had just arrived from Chicago. She also said that they had placed her sick daughter under the care of a Mrs. De Wolf, a magnetic and electric healer, as advised by Mrs. Upham, and that she was getting well. This was about 1873. Since then this daughter has married, and has had several children.

The writer has seen the written testimonial of the father, Mr. Charles Holland, setting forth the facts in this case, as above. An account of it was also published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of Chicago.

The following additional cases, a few only of the many relieved by her, will be narrated in Mrs. Hendee's own words:

"In the summer of 1865, in Petaluma, Cal., a little baby boy, of Mr. Richard Lambert, had been sick with complicated disease for several months. Several physicians had attended the little sufferer, and finally they said he must die. I called upon the child on Saturday, and also thought it was dying. On Monday, on passing the house, seeing the blinds closed and all quiet, I supposed the little one had died. On going to my office, I said to myself, "Poor little thing, he is out of his trouble," when a voice spoke and said, "No, he is not dead, nor going to die; he is going to get well." I said, "No," in reply, "I know he is dead;" and it spoke again, "It is not dead, but going to get well." I was startled, and looked around, but no one was near me, and I had just unlocked the office and stepped in. I said to myself, "It cannot be, that he lives;" and, as soon as I could leave, I went to see, and found the child still living. The mother explained, "Oh, Mrs. Upham, my child is still living, and the doctors think it so strange, but they say he cannot live." Then I told her what

had been told me, and that I believed it would live. But the mother in agony said, "Don't give me hope to be destroyed." I said, "No, Mrs. Lambert, I believe he will get well, and I came down to see if he still lived, and I find it is as they said." Contrary to the expectations of the physicians, and of every one, the child lived, and is now a man, and his mother calls him my boy.

"Also in the same town, and within a year from that time, Dr. Geo. Lovejoy's little son ate, through mistake, toadstools for mushrooms, and he was thereby thrown into convulsions. The doctors were summoned and emetics given, and all that could be done for him. He was sinking fast, and the physicians said no earthly power could save. At that time my mother was sick, and Dr. Carpenter, one of the physicians, went with me to see her, and while sitting alone in the parlor, I said to myself, "Must Frankie die?" and a voice spoke saying, "No, from this hour he will recover." I said, "Don't deceive me," and the voice said, "You do not believe us, but from this hour he will recover;" and, on returning to the house, his father sat at his crib holding his hand and talking to him, feeling that if he could possibly know him it might quiet his spasms. In a little while his spasms grew less, and finally ceased, and he dropped to sleep. I asked the doctors if they believed he would get well, and they said no. I then told them what had been told me, and they laughed in derision. But he recovered, and is living to-day.

"During my first summer in San Francisco," says Mr. Hendee, "I felt impelled to write, and I was requested to sit one hour each day, and the spirits would write their experiences in the spirit life. This request was signed, "Geo. Washington." I commenced, and the result is the manuscript known by that name, written through my hand, and published by, and through; the kindness of our loved and lamented friend, T. B. Clark, who kindly interested himself to do the work after it had lain in manuscript nearly ten years, and who afterward sat with me while writing the spirit experiences of Martha and Mary Washington. The three manuscripts were published by him, and they have been widely circulated. Spiritualism came to me in my troubles; it soothed my sorrows and gave to me the knowledge that though my friends passed from my sight, they were not dead, but borne to an immortal clime where I expect to meet them, when I am called to go.

When my husband, Mr. Hendee, knew that he was dying, he called all around the bed and said that he was not afraid to die; that he should die, as he had lived, in the full belief of Spiritualism; that he knew that he should meet his mother and friends; and, as far as his future was concerned, he was happy to go, only being sorry to leave his wife to the cold world. He was a staunch Spiritualist for fifteen years; a good and noble man. I have received many loving tests from him in proof of his presence and

love. A short time ago I received a perfect test of the presence of a dear brother, who, through terrible depression of spirit, from financial trouble, in a fatal moment, took his own life. I deeply grieved for him; but, when at Santa Maria, through the mediumship of Mrs. Mary Smith, a wonderful trumpet medium, he came so real, with his own voice, and kissed me as of yore. I asked him if he realized, now, that Spiritualism was true, and he answered, "I know it now, and am so sorry that I did not listen to you before." I asked him if he was happy; he said he was, but would have been happier had he known or believed it before. He kissed me several times, as natural as he did the last time I parted from him. It was great joy to me, for it was a genuine test, there being only three of us, besides the medium, and she was tied. It was the most satisfactory of anything I ever had, as the test conditions were perfect, and no uncertainty or doubt could come to mar the truth. Mr. T. B. Clark came in his usual happy way, giving unmistakable evidence of his presence.

"While residing at Napa City, one Sunday evening, and during my control at a Seance, I saw a funeral procession, which seemed to come in at one door and pass through the room and out at another door; the men walked with their heads bowed, and dressed in black, with black and white crape on their arms. There soon followed a band with muffled drums; then others on horseback. The black horses wore white plumes and the white horses black plumes. Then carriages of state, then foreigners; then the catafalque came in and was set down, and I was made to go forward and look into the casket. There I saw the face of Abraham Lincoln, and as I was made to express what I saw, I said, "The head of our Nation." Then it was taken away, and foreign ambassadors followed in carriages, with horses highly caparisoned, all passing on in the train. Then I heard the 'Battle Cry of Freedom' played, and I looked and saw the Union troops, with flags lowered and draped in black and white. They marched on out of sight. I then came to myself, when I heard them say, "I am afraid it is Lincoln." I had given a full description as they passed. This was on Sunday evening, at Captain West's, at Napa; and, on the next Saturday noon, news came that Seward and Lincoln were assassinated. I said I did not see but one, and, as Seward lived, there was but one; and I had seen the real procession that was to be, for the processions, formed at all other places, were meager compared to what I saw in my vision, for such it must have been. There are several now living, who were present on this occasion, including Mrs. Captain West, at whose house it transpired. By this, and many others testimonies, regarding Lincoln's death, it certainly seems established that the spirit world is often conscious of many things before they transpire on earth, and that it was to be his fate. It was so arranged

in the realms above, for some wise and good purpose."

Mrs. Hendee's experience as a medium and healer, has extended over a period of more than twenty-five years, and is replete with interesting incidents and facts, but a few of which can be given in a brief sketch; enough could be related to fill a large volume. Although being the pioneer medium on this Coast, she is still actively engaged in public work. She is, at present, located in Oakland, at 475 Ninth street, where she gives sittings daily, conducts a large class in mind-cure—or soul-cure, as she terms it—giving class instruction twice a week, and lecturing every Sunday evening at Medical College Hall.

Among the noted Spiritualists who have given testimony regarding her many gifts, may be mentioned the Rev. S. Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., J. M. Peebles, who was a visitor and patient at her home in Petaluma, Cal., in the winter of 1862. Also Seldon J. Finney, Emma Hardinge Britten, and many others.

The following poem, in honor of Mrs. Hendee, was written by the eminent spiritual scholar and medium, Thomas Gales Forster, on the occasion of the dedication of her rooms to the work of the angel world in 1881, and will prove a fitting tribute to this noble worker, and will close this all too meager sketch.

TO MRS. UPHAM HENDEE.

Full three and thirty years ago,
The stars were shining bright,
As Angels true, expectant stood—
Beneficent that night—
When Earth received Truth's diadem,
As bright as star of Bethlehem.

At Hydesville, as the stars shone out,
In majesty sublime,
Bright Angels in the manger stood,
And gave the call divine—
Rapping God's everlasting Truth
Through childhood's innocence and worth.

For, on that night, the Angels gave
A demonstration sure,
Of an Immortal destiny,
That shall to all enure—
But, hitherto, an abstract thought,
Now, with Truth', distinctness fraught.

Among those souls who soon become
God's almoners of Truth—
Who loaned their medimistic powers
To elevate the Earth—
Was our Sister, whose rooms so bright,
The Angels dedicate to-night.

We dedicate these rooms to-night,
To Heav'nly Truth and Love;
To medimistic powers and grace,
Bestowed from Courts above;
For here, the gates of Glory are
Wide open—not as of yore, ajar.

Then, sister, ever be as now,
True to each Angel guide;
True to the Gospel from above;
Whatever may betide;

And true to you, your guides will be,
Through time, and in Eternity.

And sister, true, remember well,
The friends assembled here—
United are, in friendship's bonds,
In bidding thee good cheer;
Whilst not a heart doth palpitate,
Devoid of int'rest in thy fate.

And sister, dear, thy many friends
Will labor heart and hand—
To be with thee 'mid scenes above,
And join that glorious band
Of pioneers and martyrs free,
Of this, the Nineteenth Century.

And when, for all we've suffered here,
In battling for the Truth—
Our Guides shall call us to our homes
From 'mid the scenes of Earth—
Thy Crown, I know, will glitter bright,
With souls you've saved from Error's night.

And upward, onward, still thy soul
Shall move to higher joy;
And, o'er those broad and fertile plains,
Where mingles no alloy—
Fond hearts shall join you as you rise
In blissful paths beyond the skies.

And all thy pains and sorrows here,
Shall in oblivion rest;
Whilst all thy labor finds reward
Through Love's benign behest;
And unto Thee at least be giv'n—
Well done and *welcome*, bright in Heav'n.

In the freedom of a Living Truth.

I am fraternally thine,

THOS. GALES FORSTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 8th, 1881.

Biographical Sketch of William Emmette Coleman.

William Emmette Coleman was born June 19, 1843, at Shadwell, Albemarle county, Virginia—the birthplace of President Thomas Jefferson. His father, of whom he has no recollection, left his body on the arid plains of Mexico in 1847. The sterling qualities of his mother secured her the esteem of all who knew her. Her industry, energy and perseverance were indomitable, while her stern integrity, sincerity and singleness of purpose were universally acknowledged and appreciated. In 1849 his family removed to Charlottesville, the seat of the University of Virginia, established by Jefferson. Here he first attended school, and there astonished all with his remarkable proficiency in study. At a very early age he had learned the alphabet by asking the names of letters in newspapers; and similarly, by persistent inquiry, he soon learned how to put letters together and form words, thus learning to read. From infancy he has been possessed of an absorbing love of knowledge, such being deeply woven into and forming an integral part of his mental constitution. This pursuit of truth still continues, Mr. Coleman every year engaging in additional studies, his

knowledge and wisdom being thus correspondingly advanced. He soon surpassed every boy in school, and his teacher was so delighted with him that in 1850, when only seven years old, he often placed him in his seat, as preceptor, to hear the lessons of the other scholars.

In Richmond, Va., to which his mother moved in 1851, the same proficiency in study attended him. In 1854, when eleven, he left school (his teacher saying he could teach him no more), to assume the duties of assistant librarian in the Richmond public library, which position he retained till the dispersion of the library several years after. He was the virtual librarian, the gentleman holding that office being nearly blind, and also superannuated, being over eighty years old. In 1855 he prepared an analytical catalogue of the library. Ever since then Mr. Coleman has been largely interested in bibliographical pursuits, and many of his friends think that, as librarian of a large library, he would be the "right man in the right place."

In 1855, at twelve, his first crude literary effusions were published, he contributing almost weekly to the Boston *Know Nothing*, his young and active mind being taken captive by the "Know Nothing" craze of that year. The folly and injustice of that movement has long been apparent to him.

In 1859, at sixteen, came the turning point of his life—his contact with and acceptance of the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism. He was reared in strict orthodoxy: His mother, sister, aunts, cousins, etc., being communicants, mostly of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From the age of six, he had been an attendant on Sunday-school, and was quite proficient in Biblical knowledge, as taught by the orthodox. Meeting that year with an ardent Spiritualist, familiar with its phenomena and philosophy, and radical reform in general, he began to argue with him against Spiritualism, of which then he knew scarcely anything. No sooner, however, were the principles of the philosophy of Spiritualism, and the various phenomena in attestation of its truth, presented to his mind, than he at once intuitively and rationally perceived their reality, beauty and truth, in contrast to the irrational, and, to him, absurd dogmas of the prevalent Christianity; and, in a short time, he became a confirmed Spiritualist. He renounced forever the erroneous principles, till then cherished by him—religious, political and sociological—and then and there became a radical, non-Christian Spiritualist, continuing the same to this day.

Reared in the midst of African slavery, he had looked at it in the same light as did those surrounding him, but now he saw the enormity of this institution, and became in full sympathy with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and other reformers, in their efforts to purge the land of this abomination. He attached himself to the Republican, or Anti-slavery party, and ever since has devoted his best efforts to its success.

At the same time he became an advocate of universal suffrage—male and female, white and black—in fact, every reform looking to the advancement of the human race has had, since 1850, a staunch supporter in W. E. Coleman.

Labor reform and prison reform; woman's rights and dress; dietetic, medical and hygienic reforms; peace and temperance reforms; abolition of capital and retaliatory punishments; rights of children, and social and domestic reforms; marriage and divorce reforms; co-operative and other sociologic reforms; complete separation of Church and State; State secularization, etc., etc., all are precious in his sight, and their success, *in wisdom*, earnestly prayed for.

In an address, delivered at the anniversary exercises in San Francisco, in 1880, Mr. Coleman gave the following testimony to the beneficial influence exerted upon his life through his conversion to Spiritualism:

"To me, Spiritualism is an evangel of life and love—a veritable Savior. For all that I am to-day—morally and intellectually—thanks are due to this much-despised and greatly misunderstood Spiritualism. When I was a youth, before I became acquainted with Spiritualism, I was like a ship without a rudder, a barque without a compass; careless, thoughtless, I was drifting into the stormy seas of reckless folly and immorality, with no consideration for or appreciation of the true significance of life and its manifold duties. Thus was I situated when Spiritualism came to me in my sixteenth year—came not in the guise of an embodiment of wonderful phenomena only, but as a system of philosophy, a rational, natural religion—a system of thought comprehending the universe in all its multitudinous relations. It was just what my soul needed, though till then that soul had never comprehended its real wants. All things appeared new to me. I now saw things in their true light.

"Becoming familiar with the sublime code of ethics voiced both in the 'Harmonical Philosophy' of A. J. Davis, and in the wisdom-laden utterances through mediums from supernal spheres above, I now realized the imperative duty of each one leading a true and upright life, and I saw the folly of my reckless, inconsiderate course. I began to turn over a new leaf, and I have been turning that leaf over ever since, but it is not completely turned over yet. Inherited defects are hard to overcome; but year by year, since 1859, has steady progress been made in the development of the better part of my nature. I now shudder to contemplate what I might have been had not Spiritualism been my guide and mainstay for the past twenty-one years; for I am just twenty-one years old in Spiritualism,—this year I attain my majority therein.

"Not only have I been guided and advanced in moral directions, but the Spiritual Philosophy has stimulated and accelerated my intellectual and mental vigor. Previous to my conversion to Spiritualism my reading consisted almost wholly of



Truly Yours,
William Emmette Coleman.

novels (not that I condemn novel-reading *per se*; it has its uses and benefits, but should not be practiced exclusively, thereby shutting out other and higher walks of literature; but, after my mind was expanded through Spiritualism, new vistas of thought opened before me; philosophy, science, general knowledge in various directions became attractive to me, and, more and more, each year has progress been made in those directions. Spiritualism planted me on my feet, morally, and urged me on to the acquisition of knowledge and wisdom. With my whole heart, soul, mind and strength do I give fervent thanks that ever I was brought in contact with Spiritualism; for, as I said in the beginning, all that I am, intellectually and morally, I owe to Spiritualism's beneficent influences."

Since ten years of age he has had an abiding interest in the Drama. In 1862 he secured a position in the Richmond Theatre, as copyist, and in 1863 he made his *debut* as an actor, at the same time assuming the position of prompter, or assistant stage manager. Circumstances cast him into the line of "old men" characters (though he was only twenty years old) which *role* he ever afterwards sustained, at times, however, playing various other kinds of parts. In 1864, he was the stage manager of the Wilmington, North Carolina, Opera House, in which theatre he remained two years, 1863-5. In 1865-6 he played engagements in Richmond, Norfolk and Petersburg, Va., New Berne, N. C., and Washington, D. C. In 1867, he was at the Newark, New Jersey, Opera House, under management of the eminent tragic artists, Mr. and Mrs. Waller, both Spiritualists.

While in Newark, he made the acquaintance of Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis, whom he has ever been proud to number among his best friends. The many happy hours spent in their Orange home, four miles from Newark, will always be cherished as among his sweetest and holiest recollections. A children's progressive lyceum being inaugurated in Newark, during his sojourn thereat, by Mr. and Mrs. Davis, it was suggested by the former, and the officers of the Lyceum, that Mr. Coleman take charge of a group therein; but he declined. At the suggestion of Mr. Davis, he had written his first article for the Spiritual press—a brief communication to the *Banner of Light*, urging the establishment of children's lyceums throughout the country, and instancing some of the advantages thereby secured.

In 1865 and 1866, he was the regular weekly dramatic correspondent of the *New York Clipper* and *New York Mercury*. In 1863-64, he had dramatized several novels for the stage, notably in 1864 "East Lynne," which being produced in 1867, in New York City, was declared, by the press, a good adaption of that famous novel.

His play of "East Lynne" was written for Mrs. F. M. Bates, now a prominent member of the Company at the California

Theatre, San Francisco, and was sent to her by mail. From 1864 to 1880, Mrs. Bates and Mr. Coleman never met; but, shortly after his arrival in San Francisco, in 1880, Mrs. Bates came to that city from an extended professional visit to Australia, and taking a benefit at the Baldwin Theatre, she produced Mr. Coleman's play of "East Lynne." He attended this benefit; and so, sixteen years after he had written it, he, for the *first time*, witnessed a representation of his play.

When Congress, in 1867, passed the Reconstruction Acts, establishing universal manhood suffrage in the Southern States, and authorizing the registration of all voters, white and colored, and the election thereby of delegates to State Conventions to frame new State Constitutions, Mr. Coleman was appointed by General J. M. Schofield, commanding the Department of Virginia, first as Registration Officer-at-Large for Scott county, and then as President of the Board of Registration for Bland county, Va., in which capacities he served five months, till the election of delegates to the State Convention occurred, Mr. Coleman conducting the election in his district.

Though known to be a Republican, which term then, in the South, was regarded as almost synonymous with scoundrel or villain, and though known to be an active worker for that party, he secured the esteem and good will of all. Returning to Richmond, he obtained the position of Reconstruction Clerk at the headquarters of General Schofield, where he remained for nearly three years, under Generals Schofield, Stoneman, Webb and Canby. The lamented General E. R. S. Canby appointed him Assistant Chief Clerk in 1869, and when in 1870, the Military Department was dissolved, he was the Chief Clerk at Gen. Canby's headquarters. He represented Bland county in three successive State Republican Conventions, 1868-69-70; and in 1869 the State Convention appointed him a member of the Republican State Central Committee of Virginia." In 1870 he was a prominent member of the first "Woman's Rights" Convention held in Virginia, and he was elected thereby Vice-President of the "Virginia State Woman's Rights Association." He was solicited also to accept the editorship of a projected Woman's Rights paper in Richmond. Its publication was not undertaken, however. In 1870 he returned to the stage, remaining connected therewith till 1874, accepting engagements in Troy, Rochester, and Albany, New York, the last being as stage manager in Albany. In 1874 he became connected with the Quartermasters Department, U. S. A., retaining his connection therewith to the present time, doing duty in Detroit, Buffalo, Philadelphia and Leavenworth, Kan., Fort Sill, Ind. Ter., and San Francisco.

In 1870, General Canby, unsolicited, gave him a very strong autograph recommendation for thoroughness and efficiency as a clerk, and this recommendation secured

him, at first, a subordinate position in the clerical force of the Quartermaster's Department. In 1881 he was appointed Assistant Chief Clerk, and in 1883 he was made Chief Clerk in the office of the Chief Quartermaster, at the Commanding General's Headquarters, at the Presidio of San Francisco, Cal., which position he now holds.

With reference to his dramatic career, the following extract from a letter by a gentleman of culture, and a dramatic critic, is pertinent:

"I have ever considered you as a model actor, not so much for the talent that I have seen, but more especially from the extreme consistency of conduct that I have ever witnessed in you. I cannot point to a single instance where I have remembered you to have given way to the vices which characterize mostly all the profession. Strict attention to business, and a confidence in your filling the parts assigned you by your managers, always made you a desirable acquisition to any Company. Study and close application, combined with tact and a ready perception of characters, which you possess, if I am a judge, will make you a proficient in your profession. I have great hopes, Coleman, that you will be one of those who will give the lie to those defamers of the profession, who delight in casting contumely upon the whole class of actors. A gentleman will be received anywhere, and an educated gentleman is sure of respect and consideration in any circle. I except some methodistical, puritanical, 'hell-heaven' circles, to keep *out* of which is more to be desired than to get *into*."

Among his most successful dramatic impersonations, have been "Polonius," in Hamlet; "Laird Small," in King of the Commons; "Robert Audley," in Lady Audley's Secret; "M. Belin," in Miss Mul-ton; "Don Jose de Santaram," in Don Cæsar de Bazan; and "Potter" in Still Waters Run Deep.

During his connection with the stage Mr. Coleman had the pleasure of performing with most of the leading stars in the dramatic firmament, in the realms both of tragedy and comedy; including Forrest, Booth, E. L. Davenport, J. W. Walleck, Jr., Thos. D. P. Bowers, Januschek, Maggie Mitchell, Lottie, Frank Mayo, Edwin Adams, J. K. Emmett, Mrs. Chanfrau, Lady Don, John E. Owens and numerous others.

In 1871, he was married to Wilmot Bouton, of New York, a lady of education and refinement, beloved by all who knew her, sensitive, mediumistic and an earnest Spiritualist and reformer. In 1882, Mr. Coleman was called upon to mourn her untimely departure to her haven of rest in the summer-land. Concerning her many virtues, her husband, in a "Memorial Tribute" to his beloved Willie, published shortly after her transition to the better-clime, remarked as follows:

"She was one of the most scrupulously truthful and conscientious persons I have ever met. Her soul instinctively shrank

from the deceits and falsities so universally prevalent in our corrupt social system. Extremely refined in her tastes and aptitudes, love of the beautiful in nature and art being strongly marked, the coarseness and crudities encountered constantly, incident to the earth's present undeveloped condition, were necessarily repellent to her. Sensitive to an extreme (and mediumistic) so much the more trying the task imposed upon her of buffeting her way along life's troubled path. Being ambitious and independent, she was not content to rest in wearied idleness; so, following her own inclinations (her husband practically recognizing woman's equality and perfect freedom, independent of all male domination), she, some years since, devoted herself to the pleasurable task of building up a home and a competence for herself and husband amid the orange groves of Florida. The struggles and trials resultant from this self-imposed task, coupled with deleterious climatic influences upon her delicate, sensitive organization, hastened her untimely translation from earth to heaven, aiding, as they did, the development of the insidious disease (cancer), the seeds of which had been long in her constitution.

"My beloved Willie possessed a womanly heart, overflowing with love and affection. She was, as it were, the very embodiment of love. It permeated her whole being, her soul being, as one might say, saturated with the love element. A more complete exemplification of the dominance of the affectional nature I have never seen. Affection, love of truth, and refinement—in these she was preeminent. Intellectually, she was above the average, but not preeminent as with the other attributes. She was kind-hearted and benevolent to an extreme, ever mild, gentle and sympathetic, open, frank and candid, devoted and true.

"My wife was a confirmed Spiritualist in the highest and best sense. Her realization of the abiding presence of spirit friends, and of the actuality and beauty of the spirit-land, was intense and complete. Faith was swallowed up in knowledge. She knew where she was going, she told her physician, when he informed her she could not live, she was, oh, so happy and joyful at the thought of entering that blessed land of light and love. She passed away perfectly happy, as only a thorough Spiritualist can pass away. She assured me, before the change, how glad she felt to know that she would be enabled to come to me from the higher life, and aid me in my work for humanity and counsel me concerning the preservation and utilization of our orange grove in Florida, upon which she had expended so much of her vital force and energies."

At her special desire, Andrew Jackson Davis conducted her funeral services, which were very impressive and touching. Mr. Davis gave a brief account of his acquaintance of several years with her, "In which he portrayed a character of remarkable loveliness, where love of truth, devotedness, fi-

delity and energy were conspicuous elements. * * And in speaking of the truly conjugal relation which existed between her and her husband, in whom talents of high order were met, in her, by counterpart feminine endowments, he said, 'they were not only mated, but matched.'"

Mrs. Austin testified to the patience, calmness, and sweet expression of gratitude for little services manifested in her last illness, and the sublimity of her confidence in the happy prospect awaiting her in the bright Beyond.

Mrs. Bullene delivered an impressive invocation, which one of its auditors describes as "the most beautiful, touching, truly prayerful address or invocation to the Divine Omnipresent Over-soul it has ever been my privilege to respond to."

Mr. Coleman has no living children; two, a boy and a girl, are now with his Willie in the spirit world.

In 1873, he lectured before the Spiritual Society of Albany, New York, against the dogma of Reincarnation, which, being subsequently published in the *Banner of Light*, he received much praise therefor. In 1878, he published a series of papers against Reincarnation in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, which elicited warmer commendation than his previous criticism of that, to him, repulsive dogma. The subject of Reincarnation being under discussion in the *Herald of Progress*, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, in 1884, its editor republished in its columns Mr. Coleman's 1878 series of articles thereon, as an important contribution to the polemics of the question.

In 1875, at a pronouncing bee, in Music Fund Hall, Philadelphia, in which nearly fifty contestants took part, Mr. Coleman won the first prize, of fifty dollars. He also won several prizes at spelling bees that year in Philadelphia.

During a seance with Katie B. Robinson, in Philadelphia, in July 1875, she gave him the date, September 12th as an important epoch in his then near future. At that time, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Jayne Hall, debates were being held on theological and philosophical questions, all shades of opinion being represented, from Atheism to Roman Catholicism. Some two months after the prediction above mentioned, Mr. Coleman went, on Sunday, September 5th, to Jayne Hall for the first time, and listened to the debates upon the question, "Does Nature disprove the Bible God?" Up to this time, Mr. Coleman had never taken part in any public debate, and, when he went to Jayne Hall that afternoon, the thought of his participating in the discussions there had never crossed his mind. Being dissatisfied with the feeble manner in which the affirmative of the question was upheld, the thought occurred to him, during the progress of the debate, that he might, on the succeeding Sunday, submit some of the more weighty and effective facts and arguments on that side of the question, and this he finally concluded

to do. During the intervening week, he prepared the subject-matter of what was subsequently published as "Truthseekers' Tract," No. 55, and delivered its substance on the next Sunday, September 12th—it being received with much applause. He had no thought of the date given by Mrs. Robinson while preparing the address; but, on the evening of Saturday, the 11th, her prediction, for the first time in several weeks, all at once, flashed across his mind, with the afterthought that the next day was the date she had named. He then came to the conclusion that his address of the next day would be a fulfillment of the prophecy; and in a more extended sense than he then supposed, was it a fulfillment.

That day was truly an epoch in his life; for, from that date, his general literary career may be said to have commenced; it was also the beginning of his career as a public oral debater, critic and controversialist; and on that day, also, was delivered his first production that was ever published in book form. Succeeding so well on this, his first appearance, the chairman of the meeting appointed Mr. Coleman to open the following Sunday, in the affirmative of the question, "Does Nature Prove a Future Life?" Which, for three successive Sundays, he debated each afternoon and evening. The three next following Sundays he argued in the affirmative on, "Are the Alleged Facts of Modern Spiritualism Reliable?" making, in all, seven Sundays, during which he took an active part in these discussions, partly from written notes and partly by extemporaneous speech.

On the subject of the future life and Spiritualism for six successive Sundays, afternoon and evening, he fought pitched battles, as it were, with a number of skilled debaters, hard-headed, dogmatic English atheists and materialists, including Messrs. Wallin, Buckland, and Cooper, securing as fully the respect of his antagonists as of those friendly to his own vigorously-expressed views. After the seventh Sunday, he was compelled to leave Philadelphia for Leavenworth, Kansas, and when he so informed the meeting, universal regret was experienced thereat, and the society passed strong resolutions expressive of its deep regret at his departure, and of the great pleasure, derived by all, whether opposed or friendly in thought, from his participation in the debates. Mr. Coleman also was very sorry to leave and thus be debarred from the pleasure or further participation in the discussions. Through those meetings, his latent power as a debater and speaker had been brought out and cultivated, and from that time forth he has been an active worker, both with pen and voice, in philosophic, scientific, theological and reformatory labors. His experience in September 12, 1875, was the initiatory, propelling movement, the foundation of all his subsequent public life-work. That date was most truly one of the most important epochs in his active, busy life, and it is referred to

here in detail, as above, as affording a signal illustration of the power of prevision or foreknowledge, even to exact dates of events depending on various, complicated contingencies, which is possessed at times by mediums and clairvoyants. Mr. Coleman's remarks at these debates, upon the reliability of the "facts of spiritualism," were published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, in 1877, filling twenty columns of that paper.

Shortly after his arrival in Leavenworth, he attended a pretended expose of Spiritualism given by the well-known "exposer" of Spiritual manifestations, Professor(?) S. S. Baldwin. The tricks which were performed by Baldwin and attributed by him to Foster, Slade and other noted mediums, bearing no resemblance to the phenomena occurring in their presence, he published lengthy replies to Baldwin's mendacious slanders and disgusting braggadocia in the two leading newspapers of the city. He was glad to find in Leavenworth a flourishing society of liberals of all shades of belief; with Rev. E. R. Sanborn, a free religionist, as its minister. A Sunday-school being in process of organization upon his arrival, he was solicited to take charge of a class of larger boys, to which he consented; and upon several occasions, in the absence of Mr. Sanborn, conducted the exercises of the entire school.

A short time after his arrival in Kansas, he wrote a small tract upon "The Relationship of Jesus, Jehovah and the Virgin Mary," which appears as No. 79 of the "Truthseeker Tracts." A subsequent tract upon "Who was Jesus Christ?" appears as No. 129 of the same series. He also prepared "One Hundred and One Reasons why I am not a Christian Spiritualist," an elaborate examination of the two systems of thought, Christianity as viewed by Christian Spiritualists, and rational Spiritualism. Small portions of this somewhat extensive work have been published in various Spiritual and Liberal journals, and it is probable that at some future time the entire work, carefully revised, may be given to the world.

He visited Philadelphia in July, 1876, as a Kansas representative in the Centennial Congress of Liberals, thus becoming a charter member of the National Liberal League, the object of which, the total secularization of the state, is near and dear to his soul. In 1878, he declined the position of chairman of the executive committee of the League for Kansas; but, in 1879, he accepted a position as a member of that committee, and worked assiduously for the success of the League in that State. In the fall of 1879, he was elected president of the Leavenworth Liberal League, and he was one of the principal workers engaged in assembling and conducting the Kansas State Liberal and Spiritual Campmeeting, held at Bismark Grove, Lawrence, in September, 1879. Besides being Secretary of the meeting, he delivered four or five addresses on

the Bible and Science, Sabbath Observance, Unity and Charity among Free-thinkers, etc. Mr. Coleman has no sympathy with that portion of the Liberal League that, owing to the abuse of the laws on the subject, by prejudiced Christian partisans, wielding them for the persecution of liberal booksellers and others, advocates the total repeal of the United States statutes against the transmission of obscene literature through the mails; but is in favor of such modification as will protect the rights of all from arbitrary arrest and imprisonment, his views being largely coincident with those of Messrs. F. E. Abbot, B. F. Underwood, Judge Hurlburt, Hon. Geo. W. Julian, and others. Mr. Coleman, while in favor of the largest freedom of thought, expression and action, consistent with the inalienable rights of others and of society at large, is yet unalterably opposed to aught savoring of license in vice or immorality; and believes most strongly in the government surrounding morality, in its every phase, with the securest safeguards, due regard being had to the individual liberty of its every citizen. His desideratum is, the fullest liberty conjoined with the most perfect morality.

Mr. Coleman was a believer in organic evolution, or what is popularly, but, strictly speaking, erroneously, called Darwinism, before he ever heard of Darwin, his acceptance of evolution being, principally, derived from the teachings of Spiritualism and the Harmonial Philosophy of A. J. Davis; and when, in 1876, a pamphlet was issued, predicating a conflict between Darwinism and Spiritualism, he published an elaborate reply to these strictures on Darwinism, running through the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* some four or five months. "He handled his subject in a masterly manner," said a well-known critic, "eliciting encomiums from many able thinkers."

Latterly, Mr. Coleman has given much attention to various branches of science. In the spring of 1878, he delivered three lectures on Darwinism and the Evolution of Man, before the Leavenworth Academy of Science, which lectures were classed by the local press as among the "ablest and most interesting" ever delivered at the Academy. Previous to Mr. Coleman's connection with the Academy, ultra-Christian conservatism had had full swing, and liberal thinkers, as he was told, had been silenced and had withdrawn in disgust. The same tactics were attempted when Mr. Coleman first voiced his radical progressive ideas and facts; but he refused to be put down, and fought his antagonists "tooth and nail." Calls to order, motions to adjourn, and even attempts to close the meetings for the season, were all brought to bear to prevent the free presentation of his views and keep him from finishing his series of lectures on Evolution. But all in vain; and he was given free scope to finish his lecture course, and was ever after recognized as one of the most active, working members of that body. Consequent upon his participating in its

meetings, the liberal element of the city, which had almost entirely abandoned the Academy, again took part in its deliberations, and the former meager audiences were succeeded by crowded houses, so long as Mr. Coleman remained connected with the society. After Mr. Coleman's departure from Leavenworth, the conservative and fossilized element again had everything its own way; the meetings became largely one-sided and spiritless; and in the following year they were abandoned altogether, and up to this time they have not been revived. The custom obtained at the Academy of free discussion, after each lecture, of the subject-matter thereof; and at almost every meeting, an animated and lively discussion would ensue between Mr. Coleman, the representative of radicalism, and some of the leading clergymen and leading church partisans, wedded to antiquated and exploded forms of scientific thought. Theological discussion, very properly, was excluded from the debates.

The season of 1878-9 he delivered two lectures before the Academy, on Spectrum Analysis, his second lecture being affirmed, by one of his quondam Christian opponents to be "able and exhaustive, indicating great research, and worthy of delivery before any learned body in the world." He also spoke at length that season on the Parallelism between Biologic and Philologic Evolution. In October, 1879, he was to have lectured on Genesis and Science, but, being called away from Leavenworth, the Academy passed the following resolutions:

"WHEREAS, Business engagements in another part of the country have made it impossible for Prof. Coleman, one of our most earnest and active members, to longer take part in our meetings; therefore be it

Resolved, "That we, the members of the Leavenworth Academy of Science, hereby express our sincere regret that circumstances have made it necessary for Mr. Coleman to sever his connection with the Society, and we hereby most cordially recommend him to scientific and literary persons everywhere as an able thinker, a ripe scholar, and an earnest, studious and industrious worker."

The Leavenworth *Daily Times*, in commenting on Mr. Coleman's departure, said: "The removal of Prof. Coleman will be a serious loss to literary and scientific circles in Leavenworth. He is an active thinker, an able and fluent writer, and a man of broad and varied information. His absence will be a serious loss to the Academy of Science."

In 1877 Mr. C. became a regular contributor to the *Spiritual Offering*, a monthly published at St. Louis, Mo. His first contribution, "Spiritualism,—*cui bono?*" ran through six numbers, filling some fifty pages. With the number for March, 1878, he assumed charge of the *Review of Current Literature*, which he retained till its publication was suspended. Upon its revival in 1881 he was solicited to again take charge of this department, but owing to

press of other work, etc., he declined. He also published in the *Offering* a series of papers on the Evolution of the Hebrew Religion, and a number of shorter, minor articles. In 1877 he became an editorial contributor to the Toronto (Canada) *Free-thought Journal*, scientific digests of Darwinism, evolution, and cognate subjects being prepared by him for its columns, with an occasional freethought article. He was also a regular contributor to the *Free-thinker*, of Kirksville, Mo.—an essay of his on the “Non-originality of Jesus’s Teachings,” forming No. 1 of the *Free-thinker’s Tracts*. An essay on “Spiritualism, Christianity and Rationalism,” originally published in the *Offering*, was published as No. 2 of the “*Offering Tracts*.” This essay was copied in the *Olive Branch* (Utica, N. Y.), *Messenger*, (West Winfield, N. Y.), and *Positive Thinker*, (N. Y.), and a slightly revised edition has been published by the American Liberal Tract Society, Boston, as No. 36 of its tracts. In 1878 he was tendered the assistant editorship of a projected spiritual paper, but he declined, proposing to be independent in his literary labors. In 1879, the editorial supervision of a new Liberal paper, published in the city of Leavenworth, Kansas, was also tendered him. Since 1875, Mr. C. has contributed various articles bearing on Spiritualism, Rationalism, Science and Reform, to the Chicago *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and also articles of a similar character to the *Index*, (Boston), the *Investigator*, (Boston), *Free-thinker*, (N. Y.), *Olive Branch*, *Mind and Matter*, (Philadelphia, Pa.), *Seymour Times*, *Mirror of Progress*, (St. Louis, Mo.), *Light For All*, (San Francisco), *Golden Gate*, (San Francisco), *Rostrum*, (Vineland, N. J.), *Iconoclast*, (Indianapolis, Ind.), *Scientific Investigator*, (Portland, Oregon), *Light, Spiritualist* and *Spiritual Notes* (all of London, England), *Herald of Progress*, (Newcastle, Eng.), *Kansas City Review of Science and Industry*, and other journals.

In 1878, in conjunction with Mr. E. W. Hewitt, he compiled and published an “Index of General Orders of the War Department Affecting the Quartermaster’s Department, 1865 to 1870,” and in 1879 a second edition, much enlarged, was issued. In 1879, he discussed in the *Leavenworth Times* the origin, history and significance of Sunday observance with an extreme Sabbatarian, Rev. F. M. Spencer, a Presbyterian, since promoted to a college presidency. The facts submitted by Mr. Coleman, divested of all controversial matter, have since been issued as Truthseeker Tract No. 160.

During Mr. Coleman’s sojourn in San Francisco since March, 1880, he has been quite active in spiritual and liberal work, both with pen and voice. He has lectured on Christian Spiritualism, Sabbath Observance, Value of Spiritualism, Origin and Authenticity of the New Testament, Spiritual Phenomena and their Producing

Causes, Biblical and Spiritual Evidences of a Future Life Compared and Contrasted, Philosophy of Obsession, Science and Spiritualism, etc., etc. His comprehensive address, dedicating Ixora Hall to Spiritualism and humanity, was published in the *Banner of Light* and *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Of late years his writings have been largely, but not entirely, confined to the columns of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, owing, partly, to the sympathy of thought existing between himself and its editor, Col. John C. Bundy, on certain moot points in Spiritualism. Though not endorsing every individual utterance finding place in its columns, its *general policy* of opposition to the impure and fraudulent in Spiritualism, and its attempts to place Spiritualism upon a purely scientific basis, commend themselves to his judgment and conscience; and, accordingly, Mr. Coleman’s best efforts are given to the furtherance of the objects of that paper and to the extension of its influence for good, alike in spiritualistic and unbelieving circles.

During the last five or six years, Mr. Coleman has been specially interested in Orientalism, including the languages, literature, religions and antiquities of India, China, Persia, Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, Arabia, Judea, etc. His special field of study and research in this direction has been India, Sanskrit and Pali literature, Brahmanism and Buddhism, Hindu archæology, etc. He has also, for a number of years, been a student of comparative philology, comparative mythology, and comparative theology—these phases of research having more or less close relation with each other; and the result of his studies thereupon have appeared, to some extent, in some of his published essays during the past five years. Consequent upon his Oriental studies, he published, in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, in 1883, a series of articles upon “Krishna and Christ,” the forerunner of a volume upon that subject, for which he has been and still is collecting data, and which he purposes publishing when its preparation is completed. Copies of the paper containing the “Krishna” articles, and other essays by him upon philologic, archæologic and theologic subjects, were sent to some of the leading Sanskritists, philologists, archæologists, and comparative theologians of the world; and a few of the comments made to Mr. Coleman, by the recipients of these articles, are herewith appended:

Prof. W. D. Whitney, of Yale College, America’s leading Sanskritist, June 13, 1883, writes as follows: “Your articles are thoroughly competent and trustworthy discussions of the subjects with which they deal, being in full, substantial accordance with the Sanskrit scholarship of the present day.” Dr. C. P. Tiele, Professor of the History of Religions, University of Lieden, Holland, and one of the first living authorities on ancient religions, wrote July 21, 1883: “Your ably written articles prove your sound scholarship and clear judgment,

as well as your extensive reading. I need not say that, to the best of my knowledge, your conclusions are true, and that you have defeated your adversary totally;” and, in a more recent letter, Dr. Tiele says, “You have had a fight against self-conceited ignorance and prejudice, but you fight it manfully and indefatigably, to which a sound judgment, a clear insight into the pending questions, and an extensive reading enables you. With thorough sympathy an reiterated thanks.” Rev. A. H. Sayce, the eminent philologist and Assyriologist, wrote to Mr. Coleman from Queen’s College, Oxford, May 6, 1884: “Your interesting and lucid articles display a prodigious amount of well-matured and accurate learning, and must have beaten your antagonists entirely out of the field.”

Prof. Max Mueller wrote from Oxford University, June 25, 1883: “I must send a line to say how much I appreciate your love of truth, and the honest work you have done, free from all partizanship. I should think that your articles would prove very useful published as an independent book.”

Prof. Morier Williams, Sanskritist, Oxford University, writes as follows: “Your articles appear to be ably written, and, in most points, I agree with your statements. You are doing a good work in exposing the errors of Mr. Grave, and the absurdity of the theory he advertises.”

Prof. Albrecht Weber, Sanskritist, University of Berlin, informed Mr. Coleman that he had “real pleasure in the scholarly manner in which you dispose of your subject, and I am glad to join now, word for word, in what my dear friend, Professor W. D. Whitney, wrote you from New Haven, June 13. (See *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, July 7, page 6). You deserve the sincere thanks of all men engaged in scientific pursuits for devoting your time to the refutation of these wholly unscientific and *perverse speculations*.”

Prof. Maurice, Bloomfield, Sanskritist, Johns Hopkins’ University, Baltimore, Md., in November, 1883, wrote to Mr. C.: “Your attitude in the matter of the Krishna question I need hardly say I approve of, and we have in Prof. Whitney’s testimony the strongest support for the justice of your position and your attacks.”

Dr. Abraham Kuenen, of Lieden University, who stands in the forefront of the liberal theologians of the world, in November, 1883, informed Mr. Coleman: “I have read your discussions with unmixed pleasure. So far as my knowledge goes, I find you always on the right side, and very successful in your attempts to refute the errors against which your articles are directed. It is really to be deplored that those who call themselves freethinkers use their influence to propagate such astounding falsehoods. But, if they find an audience, it is necessary to refute them, and I rejoice that you have undertaken that task, and performed it so happily.”

Dr. James Fergusson, the first living

authority upon Hindu archæology, writes to Mr. C., as follows: "There has been such an amount of nonsense written on the subject of Krishna and Christ that you are really doing a public service in trying to bring the controversy within the boundaries of common sense. The ignorance that generally prevails on Indian subjects enables any smatterer to impose on the public any theory he chooses to invent. I am, consequently, very glad to hear you intend writing a book on the subject."

In May, 1885, on motion of Prof. Chas. R. Lanman, Sanskirtist of Harvard University, Mr. Coleman was elected a corporate member of the "American Oriental Society." About the same time, he also was chosen a member of the "Pali Text Society," which is composed of the leading Buddhist scholars of the world, with headquarters in London, and was founded in 1882, for the publication of correct texts of the Buddhist sacred writings in the Pali language, with translations, etc. In 1885 Mr. Coleman prepared for publication, in a work to be brought out in the East at an early date, a sketch of all the more important of the so-called heathen religions, ancient and modern, including the results of the latest scholarship in each branch of the subject. In January, 1885, Rev. Dr. P. Newman delivered, in San Francisco, a lecture on the "Seven Bibles of the World." This lecture called forth a reply in the San Francisco Evening Post from Mr. Coleman, in which a number of the doctor's errors were pointed out, as established by the best authorities. Mr. Coleman's exposure of Dr. Newman's numerous mistakes and misrepresentations was so obvious and complete," says the Boston Index, "that the latter attempted a defence. It was extremely weak; but it gave Mr. Coleman an opportunity to go into the subject a little more fully, and to support his criticisms by an array of arguments and authorities which do credit to him as a scholar, while they leave this 'Rev. Dr.' Newman in a most unenviable position before the public."

From its first inception in America, Mr. Coleman has opposed the teachings of Occultism and Theosophy, as expounded by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, Col. Olcott, and others, he affirming them to be in diametrical contravention of the purer and more rational theses of the Spiritual Philosophy; and during the last ten years he has published a number of criticisms of what he deems the absurdities of this school of thought. He has on all occasions asserted that the so-called feats of magic and occultic marvels claimed to be performed by Madame Blavatsky and the mythical Indian adepts, were slight-of-hand tricks—mere jugglery; and a few months since he published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, a series of articles giving proofs, *in extenso*, of the systematic fraud underlying this class of performances, based upon the testimony of former confederates of Madame Blavatsky, with explanations of how the tricks were

performed. Mr. Coleman's every position in this matter has just been confirmed by the London "Society for Psychical Research," the last number of the *Proceedings* of which devotes over 200 pages to an *expose* of Madame Blavatsky's chicanery and trickery—its report in brief, being that, in their opinion, "She has achieved a title to permanent remembrance as one of the most accomplished, ingenious and interesting impostors in history."

Mr. Coleman is devoted, practically, to the reforms he advocates. He eschews the use of intoxicating liquors, tobacco in all forms, tea, coffee, stimulating condiments, profane and indelicate language, gaming, low and lewd associations, etc., and believes in purity of heart and life, integrity, chastity, and the supremacy of truth. "After a life of strange vicissitudes," says Hudson Tuttle, which has brought him in contact with all sorts of people, "It can conscientiously be said that the purity of his character is unsullied."

Mr. C. has a hearty detestation of all shams and hypocrisies, coupled with a fervent love of truth for its own sake, and a desire to advance its interests. He is quick to detect the weak points in a theory or argument, and his writings and debates are largely occupied with a ventilation of what he regards as the sophistries and fallacies of false theories. The frauds in materialization and other phases of so-called Spiritualism he mercilessly excoriates. The vagaries and bad logic (as he deems them) of reincarnation, preexistence, obsession, occultism, Bibliolatry, the solar-mythic origin of Christianity, etc., and the trickery and charlatanism of many pretended mediums, he alike unsparingly denounces. Although as a writer he is bold and vigorous, at times fierce, yet personally he is mild, diffident, retiring. "No compromise with error, the truth must prevail!" is the watchword of his endeavor. "A terror to evil doers and evil thinkers," he has been aptly called by Andrew Jackson Davis.

At a reception given to Mrs. E. L. Watson, in San Francisco, April 4, 1881, at which Mr. Coleman had spoken in terms of commendation of Mrs. Watson, Major Thomas Gales Forster, the well-known spiritual lecturer and scholar, remarked as follows: "Mrs. Watson should be proud to receive such eulogy, for praise from Wm. Emmette Coleman is fame indeed; for I religiously believe that he would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder. His searching criticism spares neither friend nor foe. He wields a two-edged sword which cuts both ways, and though I do not agree with all he says, I recognize the honesty and sincerity of the man, and that he is needed in our ranks as an instrument of reform and progress. Although he wields a caustic pen, and is decided in his convictions, yet Mr. Coleman is possessed of one idiosyncrasy which is rarely met with. He is always willing to be

corrected, and can always take advice, and that very few of us can do."

"Mr. Coleman," says the *New York Evolution*, "Is a devotee of science. He is one of those men by whom truth, unadulterated truth, is preferred far above his personal whims, or passions, or desires, and regardless of the claims of party, place, or power. His articles in the *Spiritual Offering*, *Freethought Journal*, and other periodicals, show him to be one of the most thoroughly well-read men in the country."

In part VIII of the English translation of the *Maha-Bharata*, now publishing in Calcutta, India, the translator and publisher, Balu Protap Chandra Roy, remarks as follows: "I have already acquainted the public with the warm sympathy manifested on behalf of this institution (the Society publishing the *Maha-Bharata*) by Professor Max Mueller and His Grace, the Marquis of Hartington. My acknowledgments are no less due to Professor Jacobi and Mr. Emmette Coleman, of America. Indeed I cannot sufficiently express the innate worth and nobility of heart of the latter gentleman."

The London *Psychological Review*, in 1881-1882, spoke of Mr. Coleman as "one of the soundest scholars America has produced," "one of the most cogent writers in the movement," one "whose contributions to the *Journal* are always characterized by vigorous common sense," and "so critical in his judgment that what he says in praise is largely enhanced in value."

Mr. Coleman has some slight manifestations of physical mediumship, but, owing to the great activity of his mind, they have never been noticeable. Mrs. Maria M. King and other mediums have asserted that writings are inspired by wise and lofty spirits; if so, Mr. Coleman is unconscious of the aid thus given him. Oft times, though, when writing, the desk or table at which he sits is greeted with raps, indicative of the presence and encouragement of spirit friends.

This sketch may be fittingly closed with the following reference to Mr. Coleman, made by Mrs. Emma Harding Britten, on page 553 of her last work, "Nineteenth Century Miracles:"

"We cannot close these personal services without a few words of grateful recognition of the invaluable services rendered to the cause of truth and knowledge by Mr. William Emmette Coleman, a Western gentleman, whose admirable and scholarly essays appear for the most part in the columns of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. * * * Like many another 'self-made' American, this man, still young in years, but old in rich experience, has studied so deeply and well the love of ancient myth and Oriental literature, that his journalistic articles are a perfect treasury of research and valuable information. An untiring and devoted advocate of Spiritualism, pure and unadulterated, the shams, frauds and fanatics, have found an unrelenting censor in Mr. Coleman. Indeed, if it were not for the well-known

worship of truth which animates his busy pen, his best friends would regret the unsparing severity with which he is prompt to rebuke the charlatan and expose the pretender. As the hammer of the iconoclast is often more necessary to shatter the idols within the ranks of reform than without them, so the work of such determined censors as Colonel Bundy and his learned contributor, William Emmette Coleman, have unquestionably been equally necessary to purge the rank weeds of falsehood and sham, that have grown up on the fertile soil of Spiritualism. If all things are now being brought into judgment, both old and new, and "all that was hidden" is at this time destined to see the light, and face the broad sunshine of reality, then no one has done a better work in promoting such a result than Mr. W. E. Coleman, of San Francisco, California."

Dr. Benjamin Rush.

BY ALBERT MORTON.

Early in the history of modern Spiritualism, we find the name of Dr. Rush associated with many mediums engaged in the beneficent work of healing the bodily ills of humanity. It soon became evident that the physician, who was so eminent in his profession, and in all good works, while in the form, had merely changed his field of labor for one of far wider scope in the new life, and that the time intervening between his transition from the scene of his earthly labors, in 1813, to the opening of broader fields, through the advent of the new, angelic dispensation, had not been spent in resting upon the laurels so nobly earned upon earth. With the zeal of an enthusiast, and the self-sacrificing spirit of a philanthropist, he investigated the laws of magnetism, chemical adaptation, and cognate branches of the science to which the untiring labors of his earthly life had been consecrated. And when the golden gates were opened, he eagerly seized the opportunity to put into practical operation the results of his years of preparation in spirit life.

Among the foremost in the earthly schools of medicine, he then became the foremost in a field for the alleviation of suffering humanity, far broader than any earthly sphere of labor; no longer restricted by the limitations of the earthly life, his labors were illimitable, and he is now known to thousands as a most earnest worker.

In a recent conversation with him in reference to the claims of some mediums that he is their exclusive control—patented by them, apparently—he said, in substance, for I quote from memory: "Such claims only expose the ignorance of pretenders. It is not to be expected that our labors are to be limited by narrow channels. Growth comes from the exercise of our powers; were our labors confined by such limitations we would retrograde instead of progressing. Recompense comes only from the exercise

of our faculties; our unfoldment comes through labor."

Having no reports of my frequent communions with this noble worker, any attempt on my part to place his wise sayings on record would only result in doing him an injustice; I can only give the substance of his instructions in an imperfect manner.

The question is frequently asked by those unacquainted with the operation of spiritual agencies, how it can be possible for a spirit to control many mediums, frequently at the same time. The old saw that "a person cannot be in two places at the same time" is given with a self-satisfied air, and the absurdity of such a claim is thereby thought to be effectually demonstrated. Such cavilers are wise as the old woman, who could believe her sailor boy's stories about mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, but that fishes could fly was too strong a tax upon her credulity.

We are all aware that a train despatcher can sit at his table in the city and direct the numerous trains upon a railroad, telling, at a glance, at, or between, what stations every train is standing or moving. In a somewhat similar, but far more perfect manner, the spirit director, with his magnetic conductors, direct to each medium or patient, is instantly notified of their necessities; the battery is established with each medium, and, after the necessary connecting links are made between the medium and patient, it is a simple matter to transmit healing forces. Any great necessity is immediately telegraphed—perhaps unconsciously to the earthly actors—over this line of elements far more subtle and refined than electricity, and the demand is shortly supplied. The personal presence of the spirit is not necessary for the transmission of power or directions. In our own practice of healing, at a distance, the medium is entranced, and messages are given to me for the written communications. The directing spirit may not be present, yet the result is the same. The questions are submitted to the immediate personal control of the medium; and, quicker than telegraphic messages, the answers are flashed to the battery established with us, and the controls give me the messages to be transmitted in writing to the correspondent.

At other times a spirit student, or co-worker with the director, may be present, and, being fully competent to give directions in accordance with the doctor's practice, gives the necessary instructions without even thinking of or seeing any need of revealing his own personality.

When the necessity arises for the personal presence of Dr. Rush I am never at loss to identify him by his concise, peremptory and decided manner. This brief explanation may serve to direct the candid investigating person into proper channels to obtain further information. That it will be met with sneers of incredulity by cavilers and wiseacres is of no consequence. Spiritualists can spend their time to far greater advan-

tage than wasting it upon such scientific (?) minds. That the doctor's practice varies with different mediums is no valid argument against his control. The method of treatment varies with the chemical adaptability of the agent. It may be by laying on of hands, prescriptions, transmissions of spiritual forces, or absorption, or a combination of methods, according to the capacity and needs of the mediums and patients.

Dr. Rush's labors are not confined to healing, and he frequently lectures through different mediums on his favorite subjects. One of the most instructive lectures given through the inspired lips of Mrs. Richmond, during a recent course of lectures in this city, was by Dr. Rush, on spirit methods of healing; it was marked for the clear and concise manner in which the subject was treated.

I will close this article with a sketch of Dr. Rush's earthly labors, compiled from "Lossing's Biographical Sketches of our Eminent Countrymen."

"Many practitioners of the medical art have justly borne the honorable title given to St. Luke, of 'beloved physician;' but none have better deserved it than Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia. He was born at Byberry, about twelve miles Northeast from that city, on the 24th of December, 1745. When six years of age death deprived him of his father, and his mother placed him under the care of his maternal uncle, Dr. Finley, who was at the head of an Academy in Maryland. Desirous of giving him a classical education, his mother sold her little estate in the country, engaged in trade in Philadelphia, with success, and in 1759 was able to place him in college at Princeton, where he graduated at the close of 1760.

"The medical profession was his choice, and he studied the science under the eminent Doctors, Redman and Shippen, until 1766, when he went to Edinburgh to complete his scientific studies there. In the summer of 1768 he went to Paris, and in autumn he returned home, bearing the diploma of Doctor of Medicine, which he had received at Edinburg. He immediately commenced practice in Philadelphia, and never was success more brilliant. His skill, polished manners, intelligence and kind attentions to the poor, made him popular with all classes, and he soon found himself possessed of a very lucrative practice. In 1769 Dr. Rush was appointed professor of chemistry in the Medical College of Philadelphia, yet his professional duties did not occupy his whole time. He espoused the patriot cause immediately after his return home, and his pen became a powerful instrument in arousing the people to energetic action in favor of popular freedom. He declined a proffered seat in the Continental Congress, in 1775; but, when, the following year, some of the Pennsylvania delegates were opposed to independence, and withdrew, he consented to take the seat of one of them, and his name was affixed to the great Declaration in August. The following year Con-

gress appointed him Physician-General of the Middle Department, and from that time he declined all public employment until 1787, when he was a member of the Pennsylvania Convention which ratified the Federal Constitution. In 1789 he was made Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, in the Medical College of Philadelphia; and, in 1796, he was made Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the Medical College of Pennsylvania. He held his three professorships until his death. His lectures were of the highest order, and students from all parts of the United States flocked to Philadelphia to attend them. Dr. Rush was also connected with the United States Mint for many years.

When, in 1793, the yellow fever appeared in Philadelphia, of most malignant type, and many alarmed physicians fled, Dr. Rush remained at the post of duty, with a few faithful students, and was instrumental in saving scores of lives. Some of his pupils died, and he was violently attacked by the disease, yet he did not remit his labors, when he could leave his bed. For his fidelity in that trying hour, he was greatly beloved. Nor did his usefulness end with his life. The impress of his mind and energy is upon several institutions; and the general appreciation of his character was manifest by his being made honorary member of many literary and scientific societies, at home and abroad.

He founded the Philadelphia Dispensary in 1786, and he was also one of the principal founders of Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He was President of the American Society for the Abolition of Slavery; of the Philadelphia Medical Society; Vice-President of the Philadelphia Society, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Philosophical Society.

That great and good man died peacefully at Philadelphia, on the 19th of April, 1813, when in the sixty-sixth year of his age. That event was the disappearance of a bright star from the social firmament."

The portrait accompanying this article is from a crayon likeness by myself, worked up from a small wood-cut in Lossing's book. It is considered an accurate likeness, and the resemblance to the spirit portrait by W. H. Mumler, given in another article in this number of the CARRIER DOVE, is strongly marked.

"A scientist says that the way to sleep is to think of nothing," read Mrs. Smith in a newspaper. "If that be true, I should say that you would sleep all the time, my dear," said her husband. "No doubt, Mr. Smith, for I think a great deal of you."

Four women voted at the last election in Cherokee, Iowa. No one challenged the votes, and not a remark was made as the ballots were dropped into the box.

The CARRIER DOVE is the only illustrated Spiritualist journal published.

The Next Step and How to Take It.

An Inspirational Discourse by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." The great problem of life God does not call upon his children to solve, until the smaller questions are made plain. It is the daily path, the narrow way, the trivial care, the next step that is always the burden. One longs to leap from the nursery to the role of the hero at once—to become the victor in life's battle, the General upon the field, the Marshal summoning his host, the Legislator giving laws to the Nation, the King ruling a Kingdom.

One desires, from the very alphabet, to know a language, from the smallest figure to become a mathematician, from the first pencil stroke to master the artist's brush.

The spaces between the beginning and the achievement are so tedious, the drudgery of progress is so slow, man aspires to perfection, while he is still imperfect—to the conquest, ere the battle is begun. It is this which makes man niggardly of toil. It is this which causes him to forget that the smaller portions must compose the whole, and that he cannot have the perfect circle without all its parts, or make a complete chain of musical harmony unless each chord is fittingly; filled ere the prelude to the symphony is begun he would have the plaudits of the people; before he has taken one step in life's great journey he would have the achievement of the whole.

Man would leap from the very swaddling clothes of infancy to the anvil of Vulcan—to the rule of Jove. It is this that causes life to be perpetually tiresome, and without the one inevitable hope, without the one bond, that holds man forever towards the infinite. It is this which makes life unbearable and unendurable. Whatever the next step may be each life has the same guidance whereby you may know it.

Be willing, be ready to take it, though it be not the step you desire, it may lead you to it; though it is not the *achievement* you wish, it is the preparation for it; and it is as necessary as the second round in the ladder succeeds the first, and so on until you reach the highest height. In propositions of a moral nature, and especially those of a spiritual nature, mankind are prone to falter at taking the next step; and are reluctant either through fear, terror, or the temerity that comes through a lack of moral courage; to do that which seems inevitable is certainly the result of a gross philosophy; but is that which very few have the courage to bear.

To do that, which must of its very necessity lead you to the goal that you desire, is still the one great moral problem of life. It matters not whether this be in the building of a house, in laying the foundation of a fortune, in the correcting a moral error, in the acknowledgment of a proposition that is wrong, or in the building up of your habita-

tion for the future; each must be performed in its turn. Every step must be taken, because it is the best, and the next; and, so far from gaining anything by overleaping the chasm of difficulty, you plunge into it. Your speaker was once in a foreign land, standing upon the verge of a precipice, and, not perceiving the steps that led down gradually into the abyss, considered that there was danger there, and that only by an impossible leap could one ever reach the opposite side. A little careful observation, a little clearing of the mist from the eyes, led to the discovery of a finely chiseled pathway, step by step, intricate, but still marked as surely and correctly for the feet as one could wish. The descent was made in safety, and with just as great accuracy and certainty, upon the other side steps of ascent were found waiting.

When one stands on the verge of Niagara, it would seem impossible ever to pass behind the roaring sheet of water, or in any way to inspect the seething gulf which lies beneath; but every traveler, in his own land, knows that there are ways and windings, at which guides are appointed, through which you may safely pass, not only to the depth of the thrilling chasm, but behold the wondrous rainbow arches above you, and behind, and see the wonderful majesty of the pouring waters around, above and before you. Each difficulty is appalling, until we watch for the stepping stones that are placed there to guide us.

Each great danger and obstacle in life seems insurmountable until we content ourselves with observing the small means that are placed there to overcome them; and it is only step by step—for rarely does man mount at a single bound—that the acme of hopes or desires are reached, or difficulties are conquered. Rarely does man gain faith, hope, courage, love, confidence and the fruition of all desires at once. Slowly must he toil up the steep of knowledge, gradually must he absorb the light and lives of other men, and their examples. Gradually must the intuitions expand until he fills his place in the world, and understand the niche that he is to fill; and happy is he who feels for the guidance that is intended for him; for, remember, if not a sparrow falleth to the ground unheeded, is it not true that each soul is nearer to the infinite, and that there is an especial stairway, and especial stepping stones appointed to each, according to their difficulties? It is not alone that we shall emulate the virtues—great men conquer difficulties that have fallen in their way—but that we shall watch for guidance, comprehend our position, and see that the next step is palpably before us.

A man says, in passing along a road, I would go this way, but I do not see the end. Hath it ever been given to any man to see the end, save the prophet upon some height which he has attained safely, in some divine moment of grandeur, or he who, having already vanquished a difficulty, can give warn-

ing to those who are behind? The road that is before you is to follow. If it leadeth unto difficulty then all that difficulty is the pathway that leadeth out of it.

There can be no proposition in the moral universe that contradicts the grand proposition of mathematics in the universe. That for every problem there must be a solution, and the rule that will lead you to the performance or solution of that problem will also lead you to the restatement of it. That which leads you into the labyrinth will lead you out of it; but there is no impossibility in life, no deeper labyrinth in human life, than that which is given for every one to follow, or to solve, by the guidance that is within.

This statement, if it were perfectly and correctly understood, would be to the moral world, what the rule of three is to the mathematical; would be what any one of the Pythagorean propositions are to the science of mathematics; each a perfect statement in itself; and every life so guided by this un- failing, invariable rule, would as surely find its answer waiting for it already beside the doorway of the difficulty, as that they would find the difficulty there; for there is nothing of darkness in the universe that has not its corresponding and overpowering light; and not a shadow that has not somewhere the reflection from the sunshine, that causeth the shadow; and there is nothing surely in the moral or spiritual universe, that has not its corresponding guidance by which mankind may be safely led, from the overcoming of imminent and immediate danger to the conquering of the subject that lies nearest to the doorway. And to the failure to do this, we may attribute all discrepancy in human life, whether it be the vanquishing of an appetite that you put off until to-morrow, or whether it be the overcoming of a failing that you may have put off for a more convenient season, or whether it be in business, the putting off of that evil day of reckoning, that should be each day accredited and each day balanced.

The insolvency that slowly and surely creeps upon a man of commerce, which he puts off until to-morrow, until next month, or until another year; then comes the final disaster; that relief that follows the taking of the inevitable step, the step that you feared might cause you the loss of home, of friends, of position; yet which your honor, your integrity, your humanity, requires you to take; this is indeed the strong and inevitable point of being.

How many grand and wonderful natures existing all around you in daily life, are stranded upon some imaginary shoal and quicksand, because of the hesitation to take this un- failing step? How many slumberous powers lie waiting, not for daily duty, but for some grand circumstance that shall bring them inevitable wealth, or fortune or fame; while the tireless hand of the man of genius, toils up to the high that they would win, they are sleeping there, in the arms of that hope and expectancy, that will never

come, until they rise in strength and majesty to take that step.

You have passed the grades and course of an ordinary education, you who have passed through the perils and perplexities of an ordinary commercial life, you who have met with many difficulties in the various depths of being, will understand that whenever the needed step was put off until another day, there never came so good an opportunity to take it. That it was the one lesson that you failed to learn at the right moment, and that time and that guidance caused a flaw in the whole fabric of your being.

Noble natures regret these times, and many thrown upon the strands of life, shipwrecked, might date their misfortune to that un- failing and accurate indication, where guidance was given and was not followed.

In men's moral and religious convictions, it is none the less true, we are apt to cling to those propositions because they are old; to the convictions of yesterday, because they were yesterday's; to forget that the world in its moral and spiritual variations, is constantly changing; or that we, as well as the world, must keep pace with that inevitable progress. Not to love change for the sake of change, but to keep pace with the remainder of God's Universe. That I know of to-day, is not what I knew of yesterday, and that science to-day, is not the science of a thousand years ago; and that in the moral Universe there are indications and interstices along the strands of time to guide men to that which is correct and perfect. That theological forms of religion change, though the spiritual is unchangable, and that man's opinions are not un- failing and true. That the courage lies, not in the taking of the step, so much as in the fear of what others will think of it, and creed and dogma, and conviction, has been slowly, gradually, losing force in your lives. You no longer hold to it as the strength of a mighty truth, yet lack of courage prevents you from avowing it, and you drift into spiritual and religious bankruptcy; there comes a fearful day of reckoning when the powers wander, and unbelief stares you in the face. You have not kept pace with your faith, with your opportunities, with your renewals of conviction. There are no birds in last years' nests; you cannot recover from the boughs the fruitage of a past season, and the present has evaded your grasp.

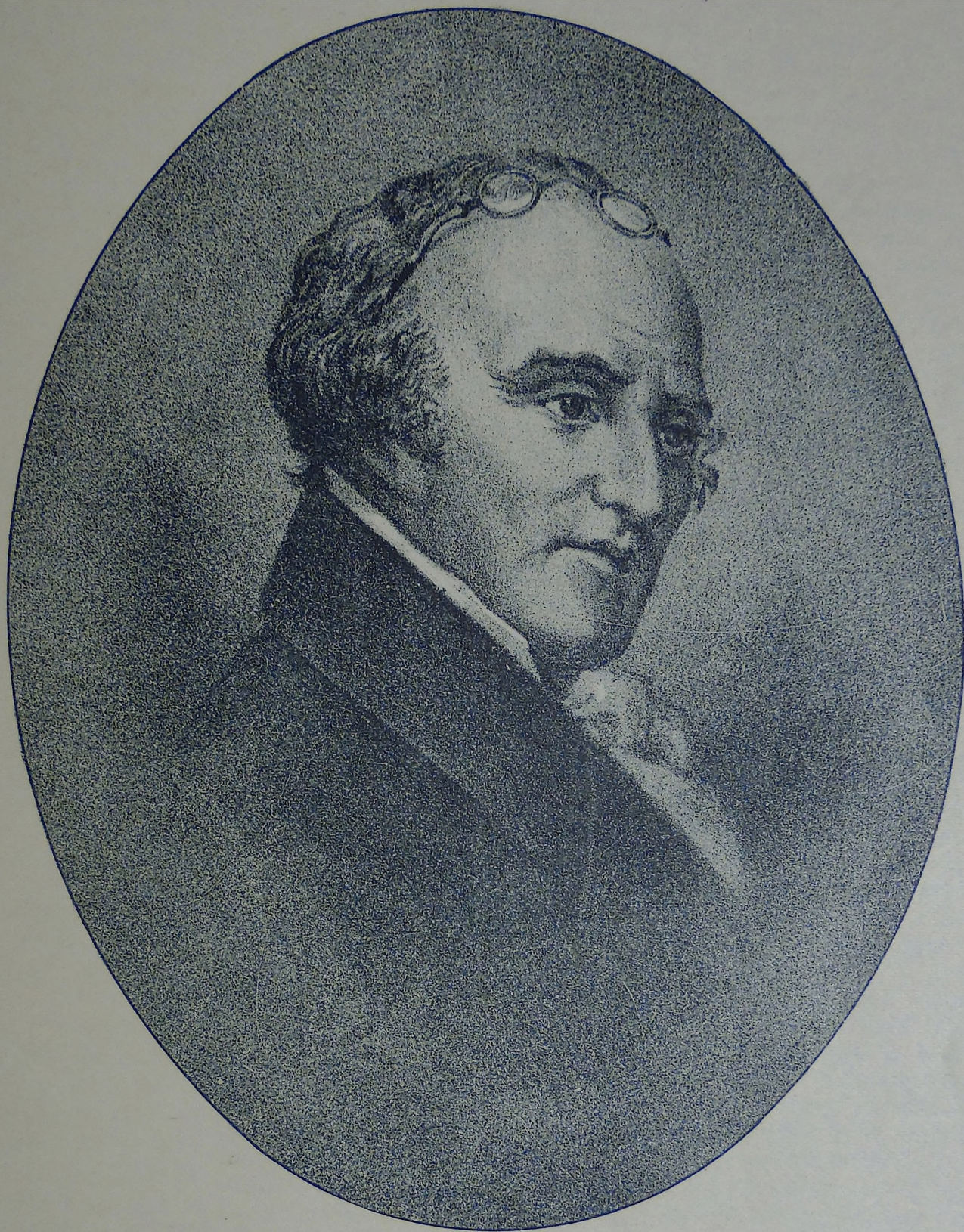
You are stranded upon the shoals and quicksands of a mighty unbelief. The opportunity, the inspiration of morning, the glory of the eventides has departed; you do not know your way; you are lost in the midst of speculation, in the labyrinth of doubt, while the guiding hand was close beside you. Avow your convictions of to-day. Wherever it may lead you, it is not your business. Conscience is your guide, and conviction your only safety. Your rule is to take the step that is highest and best now; not to-morrow, next year, twenty years; it is not your business to consider

what the result is. I mean by this, that God expects the best that is within you, that there is no compromise between that best and the seeming policy of the hour, that you may not barter your soul for a mess of pottage, nor your birthright in the eternal consciousness, for what is called duty; for that which lies around you in the material world. That the praises of friends cannot matter if your conscience is set at right; and because you have grown in spirit, it is no more reprehensible than for the birds to burst from the shell, or to fly from the nest, or a flower to expand and blossom and shed its fruition. Your conscience is not in your own keeping, see that you keep the pathway to it clear and unseared.

The man who, every day and hour, expresses that which is highest within him, is the nearest to God's hand of any man in the world, not through vain belief, not through much prayer, nor saying many psalms and sermons, but by that integrity that is given for his guiding light; by that power that vanishes every difficulty, by that certainty that you may know that hand directly. You are groping to find the way, the way is most assuredly there, and is the light to your footsteps. Some one has said that if he knew what the next great truth was to be in the world, he would avow it; for then all the world would accept the truth of the present hour, whether it be emancipation from the bondage and darkness of an appetite, whether it be emancipation from slavery of any kind, whether it be that the church of humanity shall set free all longing and waiting souls in the kingdom of Christ's love, or whether it be that this happy emancipation between two worlds shall become the accepted voice of the people, because of a grander and more inclusive truth.

He who hastens to meet a truth, and who understands that in the realm of God's infinite love, no soul can be lost, who is seeking for the truth, he alone, can be the champion of that which is next in your own lives, and it is only there that the written word finds its fitting voice in your own spirit, and it is only there, that the un- mistaking presence and power of the un- speakable love of the infinite is made most palpable in your own existences. That sorrow, that pain, that infinite longing that seems to hedge you round about with the difficulties of life, with the difficulties of death, with whatever may ensue in the personal fortunes, with whatever may come of human love, in these moments of supreme agony, when a great sorrow wrests from you all that is highest and best; suddenly the light shines upon the obscure pathway, and the step is made plain on that which you hesitated to follow.

It is not true that sometimes this regard for duty, this consciousness that is above the world, this spiritual recognition that is born of sorrow and affliction, that if the clear water will not flow, the smiting hand



Benjamin Rush.

of sorrow bids it come, and you follow it to the fountain source.

It is not true that you who falter and who hesitate when some great love and some great duty were pleading for your allegiance, have allowed worldly policy to take and set it aside; and to-morrow sorrow comes and sweeps away all of your possessions, and you stand upon the threshold of that doubt no longer; you enter into the way, that before you were not prepared to enter.

Is it not true that when the cries of humanity stand pleading at your doors, when poverty and want and wretchedness are all around, when some great pleading comes up to you from the hearts of an outraged and wronged people, you hesitate for the interests that are involved, and you say, I must not give my voice to this, because of my worldly position; must not champion that cause for fear I shall make haste to ruin my name, my popularity; then as though they were forces unmeaning both, God and his justice take from you the worldly wealth, the fame, that which you pride yourself upon, and you are thrust face to face with the principle which you so tardily espoused.

Is it not true that temperance, running through your land to-day, crying with the voices of millions, pleads in vain at many hearts, because of worldly interests, and that the one great wrong which the widow and the orphan and the poor cry out to have redressed, is not redressed, because of worldly influence and pride?

Is it not true that commerce ties your hands, chains them and your souls to the great wheels of the juggernaut, under which souls and bodies are ground beneath the inevitable chain of monopoly, and you dare not raise your voice, you dare not uplift your hand for the interest that is here involved, the paltry gold that you claim as yours, while next year it is swept away, in five years you are penniless, and you are brought to the poor man's status, and can afford to be brave?

Is it not true that the party that is in power refuses forever to take the next step in reformation, lest it shall imperil its position, lest, indeed, it shall sacrifice its popularity, while the one who is not in power is always the party of reformation; all slaveries are amended, all crimes in nations are redressed, not by the prevailing dominant forces, but by that power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself?

Is it not true that whatever step of reformation or benefit shall next come to your nation, it must come from those not in possession, yet now in favor of the people; that in prosperity, nations stand still, because none dared to take the step in adversity, is because time and the nation leaps to its opportunity, and progress is made secure?

Is it not true, that Mr. Gladstone—the greatest of living statesmen—has lost the opportunity to do that for which a half century has been yearning and waiting; and

yet, from lack of courage, because of position, because of power, because of domination and rule, the step could not be taken, and Great Britain goes back again to begin the step which could not be taken, because of this?

Oh, if men knew when they stand face to face with a great proposition, how the watchful eyes of the angels are upon them, how the consciousness of the Universe is reading their hearts.

Oh, did they but note that the strong hands of the Infinite Host are urging them on, but cannot take the step for them, they would not hesitate.

Moral cowards, blind men groping in the dark, because of moral cowardice, and will not see the hosts of angels that bridge over every difficulty and will not see those on the other side that wait to welcome you in the first onward march

Doubting, hesitating, unbelieving, calling upon God, yet not obeying him, the nations grope blindly toward freedom, and only when the lightning stroke of disaster, the strong and merciless hand of war is upon them, do they learn in rivers of blood, that which is best, and might have been done without the fearful cost.

Who will lead men to that strong right guidance that will, in every case do the thing that is known to be right, and trust to God and the infinite good for the results?

Who will lead men's souls that they shall know that to-morrow and to-morrow is not the best day to do the good thing required of to-day, that the harvest of each day is ripe unto your hand, that you must gather the sheaves that lie at your door, that the garner is yours, and if the treasure house be empty to-day, cannot be filled by to-morrow's growth? Who will lead you, if, when conscience fully awakened and apprised, stands there with its strength to guide to its light, and lead you when hosts of angel ministrants are saying with whispering voices, come this way; and when all the wonders of the Universe point to the invisible yet palpable design of doing the best; the relentless yet shadowy emergency of to-day, will cast it aside to enjoy that region of policy where dwelt, doubtless, the serpent in the Garden of Eden.

I make no doubt that this illustration of man's first beginning is with the policy which enters the Eden of the human conscience, and causes men to barter their spiritual convictions for material gain.

I make no doubt that governments are sacrificed by the same serpent; and in the Eden of every human life, there is certainly the same appointed place, where temptation enters and is not cast aside, and the long and tedious journey, ere you can reclaim or conquer or compensate for that one lost step, is taken by every soul. But if it be taken, then it also brings its added knowledge.

I do not complain of those who seek ignorantly, I do not complain of those who have not knowledge, I do not ask more

than knowledge itself brings them, to be greater than they are; not to stand on tip-toe to gain any height which is not their normal growth.

I ask you all to do your best to touch the point, that, standing squarely with feet upon the ground, your highest thought can attain.

I ask you to do your best, to reach out the hand that coming from the heart, the best convictions can flow toward your fellowman.

I ask you to no longer be the miserly, niggardly and unchristian people that you are; to show the side toward one another, enjoy of him whom you can, the "Golden Rule," to do that to-day which in your highest conviction, and with your best endeavor and strongest manhood and womanhood you know to be right, to speak the truth that is within you, regardless of result; to appeal to the best that is within mankind, and then your message is done, whether you appeal with word, with deed, or only with silence, that speaketh sometimes louder than words.

It is said that the greatest orators of the olden times—from whom we borrow our models of eloquence and choicest language—used only the simplest words.

Demosthenes clung to the classical simplicity of his language, and it is also said, that he who with silvery tongue, moved the most men to highest action, has left the simplest speech, which a child can understand.

Even so is it with the guidance of the spirit, it is not complicated like Science, it is not formulated like the rules or propositions in Natural Philosophy; and it is simple, clear, crystalline, it leads from within, it guides from the premonition of inward knowledge, it is the phase of the spirit, it cannot lead you astray. It notes your notes, it answers them each day and hour. The ear must be trained to listen, the faculties must be turned towards it, or it cannot lead.

Who can tell where to join in the hymn or anthem, save the one whose ear is carefully trained to understand the musician's signs? Who can know at what point in the symphony the solo shall begin, that, Muse like, the lyric unto the heavens carry the Miserere with it? Yet there is an appointed time, and, by careful training of the faculties, one can know and make no mistake; so, in the great symphony of life, where you are to begin, is appointed the place, the hour, the condition, the necessity, and your voice ring out clear and crystalline upon the air. Doing the duty that is required though no other man join seems to me like the solo singing, because it is appointed, because it must, and rising, with the splendor of its harmony, unto heaven. Some men are given to join what others do, to do that which is secondary, that which the most can engage in. Some are appointed to lead, and, like the prophets of song, or, like the sky-lark in England, who soar and sing alone, doing their work in the clear air of God's heaven, conscious that it

is appointed them to do, and the world may listen if it will. All cannot be prophets, all cannot be song-birds of heaven, but somewhere is given to each to do the appointed duty, to speak the required word, to extend the helping hand, to do the daily task uncomplainingly and well; by the side of the death-bed to minister that sympathy which the voice or silence can give in the home of the poor; to give that encouragement and help that divides its last farthing; to give the voice that shall make it impossible that there shall be any poor in a land teeming with plenty; to cast the vote in the right direction though no other man shall do it.

To not squander the time by compromise or policy, that fatal compromise that brings the day of fearful reckoning, the insolvency of man, the insolvency of a nation. I attribute the religious and moral insolvency of the world to this policy of putting off the day of expression. All honor to the man, whether clothed in sacerdotal robes, or in the ordinary garb of life, who can avow his conviction of to-day, though it lead him from the narrow walls of the church into the broader temple of humanity! All honor to the life that can live its convictions, though it lead him from the pale of fashionable and popular society, into the broader realm of the brotherhood of man! All honor to the man of business, who can lay down his bank-book and his ledger in a conviction with conscience, and be one with the laboring poor, until there shall be no poor!

I say the moral hero of this hour will be that man who will dare step from the turmoils of successful business and high social and commercial responsibility, and be one with those who have no voice, no wealth, no honor, no position, to plead for them!

I say this moral hero of this hour is he who, confessing the truth wherever it may lead him, dares to express his spiritual conviction, though Ecclesiastical Council threaten, though Papal Power excommunicate, though Church and State alike combine to pronounce him a lunatic. If he stands upon the moral basis of that conviction that makes no compromise with human verdict, but recognizes the right of individual conscience, I say he is the prophet and leader of this day. All honor to him, who, perceiving a truth, though it be a star in the heavens, beyond the reach of your telescopic lense, though it be a principal in chemistry, heretofore undiscovered, though it be a proposition for aerial navigation that brings the ridicule of the world upon him, though it be a motor power that no one at the present time perceive, when the prophet of the science of invention shall declare it—as he must if he be a true prophet, the world will bless him, and he who, in the darkened labyrinth of social life, or in the midst of political entanglement, that can declare a proposition that will set society free from danger, or a nation free from political corruption, if he withhold his voice, is not

worthy the name of statesman; if he avow it, he is the prophet of freedom to his land.

All honor to him in the pulpit, who, seeing the son of man upon the Mount of Olivet, and, beholding the picture of Transfiguration, and knowing the life that is beyond, can state to his people the love of God for all men, the fellowship of Christ to every soul, the ministration of angels unto the children of earth, the communion with the dear departed at the fireside, and can state this, unhesitatingly regardless of the theological sneers, or worldly scorn, he is the herald of the Savior of to-day, whether he stand behind the shelter of the Ecumenical Council, or whether he be a laborer upon the street.

I warrant me that many whom you turn from in scorn might be your preachers to-day, and many a child, whose innocent prattle you are wont to smile at, might teach you the wisdom of the Sophist.

I warrant me that you might pause in your daily vocations for a single hour, and learn of those whom you are accustomed to consider too humble, or too obscure, for your notice, the great lesson of life; and could you but listen to that other door, and could you but listen beside that other temple; could you but investigate the voices that answer from within, the marvels that they would tell you, you cannot now understand.

Where you now creep you would walk. Where you now walk, you then would leap. Where you now leap into place and position and power, you would then fly into the domain of the spirit, and intelligence would unlock all doors at your bidding.

But so laggard is faith, and so slovenly is human belief, that you knock at the door where you least expect an answer, and you cry out against that voice which you call upon to aid you. You bar the door of conscience, deny the faith that is given you, and actually shut out the light of the heavens, then ask it to shine upon you.

Down in the darkest cellars and dungeon houses of fear and earthliness you turn, and then say, why does not God shine upon me? The sunshine of the heavens will not find you out in your cellar, unless indeed some earthquake shall come and rend the walls in twain, leading you to a province of light that you cannot comprehend, unless indeed shut in there, solitary and alone, some hand of grief shall smite the door of your prison in twain, and show you the light that you would not perceive. Within that other step, the one great final step, that which all men fear, that which all shrink from, that which, unless bridged over with faith or knowledge or love, is the terror of the world.

That next step, after all the steps in life have been taken, after the marching and counter-marching of armies, after the steps of fame have been reached, and you find bitterness of gall instead of sweetness in the laurel crown, when the point is effected, when the laurel is crumpled at your feet,

that step, which after opulence and power, or poverty and want, or the useful well doing daily life, must inevitably be taken, that step which you deny to childhood because it is so young, because life is but just entered upon, to middle age because it is just in the prime of usefulness, to old age because it is a little too soon, that step which comes alike to the young and old, to the infant upon the mothers breast, to gray haired sire tottering just beside it, the one inevitable change of death, the great sublime passion of the universe, how do you meet it? Falteringly like cowards, saying not yet a little remains yet to be done, of hesitation and putting off until to-morrow, a little for correcting the evils that were not, but will be amended, a little to do that no one else can perform.

Ah! There is the mistake. The great sea of human life closes around, none goes out, to-morrow they are in the mist, next year they are forgotten, and save that the thread of life is taken up in eternity, you are as though you were not.

The murderer may have a fragmentary and momentary fame, the good man may be resurrected in the memory of his fellow beings some hundreds of years after he is dead, the prophet put to death may be honored and praised a thousand years from now; but the ordinary life, who shrinks from taking the step because of his or her individual existence, is soon forgotten. But, if you meet that step as you are enjoined to meet each step in life, if, promptly and cheerfully, when the doorway opened from beyond, you said, I am ready, if, without cringing or fear, when the last final deed of life has been performed, when every effort had been made, you say unto the invisible messenger, I can do no more here is my child, I can do no more; here is my beloved, and, as men and women designed for eternity, you make no mockery of your religion by fearing to enter that divine and higher light; if, as Christians, you did not turn your faith to scorning, and if, as men and women designed for the immortal world, you did not deride your belief with paltry fear; if noble and honorable, and with the full consciousness that earthly life has an advantage, you suddenly enter with footsteps no longer laggard, the doorway is opened by the angel of light.

How much gladder would be the earth for your loving? How much grander would be the picture held in memory, how sweetly the child would cling to that loving smile and say, he did not go as a coward to his doom, nor as a criminal to the scaffold, but went as one loving God and man, who loved us and was not afraid to enter their companionship in the world beyond; to make the whole of life inclusive, and not to pause and not to falter upon the verge of that which, if it be nothing, is still nothing to be a coward for, and if it be eternity, it requires all there is in you to meet it.

O, ye, who have been taught the religion of fear; ye, who have dreaded that which

lies beyond death, and therefore dare not take that step; ye, who have clung to the feeble fragments of existence when worn out, dreading that higher birth, do so no longer. Though no man can, with impunity, hasten that step; though no one can, with impunity, bridge the gulf that lies between him and the world immortal, by any violence; though none can, indeed, without the great ban of infinite law, span that chasm by aught save that there is a knowledge; and there is a love, and there is a purpose, and there is that which evermore encircles you, giving you perfect trust and confidence in the hand that is guiding you there. And just as sure as there is a star in every orbit appointed for it, just as surely as there is a center for every solar system, just as surely as there is a guidance for the life of every flower, just as surely as your lives here are in keeping of the inevitable light that leads you, step by step, onward to the light that you attain, at least by a more circuitous way.

So, behind the great labyrinth and yawning chasm of that which you call death, the next step that you are to take is not only the inevitable, but is the wisest, the surest in unfoldment, that which leads you into your higher, purer hope, which gives you brighter promise, and is the inevitable step into eternal life.

Ye who fear, do so no longer, for not one soul in the Infinite sight is less valuable than any other soul; and, when one has passed in safety beyond death to the region of eternal light, and to happiness, all souls will, sooner or later, pass there also.

Be no more afraid of death than you are of daily life. Be strong in each; and he who meets the propositions of each day with strength and calmness will find, when the smiling angel opens the gateway of the morning, that she drops there the crown which compensates for every sorrow upon your brow, and leads you into the realm of eternity, while ye, who are weak and faltering and hesitating, fearing that you are doomed, by circuitous ways in the paths of progress there comes some particular tomorrow beyond death, beyond pain, and beyond flattering, when you, too, shall rise, like the hero in battle, fully armed and equipped for life, courage having grown within, the faith and love having triumphed over weakness, and the spirit of all truth and love waiting to meet you there, and leading you into the next step, and they whom you love, whom angels smile upon, who are watching beside you every day and hour. Think not that they have taken the final step beyond and above, for angels and archangels beckon them onward, leading them as they lead you, by the matchless voice of truth and love, on and on, through the corridors and aisles of angel growth and aspiration; on and on, through paths of wonderful knowledge and starlit glory; on from truth to truth, from light to light of wisdom, until it would seem that the head would grow giddy, and, with each step, a

new power and surpassing splendor; and still, when eternity would seem complete, and there could be no more steps beyond, when the pathway of the stars would seem to have been finished, still scarcely has the final step been taken, for eternity lies still beyond.

A Good Time to Quit

The close of the year is a good time to break away from all bad habits and take a fresh start in the better way of living.

It is the experience of all liquor and tobacco dealers that there is a large falling off in their traffic at the beginning of each year, caused by the good resolutions to reform, the "swearing off," of many of their patrons; but that soon the latter begin to "fall from grace," and drop back again into their evil and unsavory ways, until there are but few left to profit by their good resolutions.

Now the only way to break away from any bad habit, whether of body, mind or morals, is to quit the practice thereof first, and then to stay quit! Any one can "swear off" from the use of whiskey or tobacco—and most people addicted to these nasty and injurious habits have done so many times—but the virtue and manliness of the act consist in continuing in well-doing—in staying quit!

Where is the kingship of the immortal EGO, the sovereignty of the eternal ME, that we should grovel like a whipped spaniel at the feet of a base and degrading habit! Why not, O, my brother, rise in the majesty and grandeur of your own glorious manhood, and reign supreme over yourself! Why not say to these demon cravings of an unclean and destructive appetite: Get thee behind me—I will have none of thee!

It is our duty to get all the good we can out of life—all the sweetness of health—all the happiness. But this can be done only by keeping the temple of the living soul pure and unsullied. Thus will the body become a fit habitation for the Divine Guest, who stands ever at the threshold, waiting the soul's bidding to enter and take up his everlasting abode.

Spiritualists should set an example of correct living to the world; for, have they not been blessed above their fellows in having their eyes opened to the glorious verities of an existence beyond, to the highest enjoyment of which, purity of life, and manliness of conduct are divine essentials.

Therefore, would it not be a good idea for those of us who are not walking in the better way, to begin now, with the now with the New Year? Let us try it, friends, and make our guardian angels happy.—*Golden Gate.*

Bob Burdette says of the man who owes a subscription to a newspaper and will instruct the postmaster to send it back "refused" that "God wasted mud to make him."

A Call.

[AIR, "YANKEE DOODLE."]

Humanity of every grade—
All ye people, hear ye!
Put on the breaks, you're on down grade,
There's death and ruin near ye.

CHORUS,

Blow the whistle, wave the flag,
The bright red flag of danger;
Help to clear the wreck-strewn track,
For coming friend and stranger.

Sweep away the whisky shops,
With all their train of evils,
That make, instead of honest men,
Souls only fit for devils.

CHORUS.

Blow the whistle, etc.

Licentiousness, with slimy hand,
Is reaching for our fairest,
For, not content to seek its like,
It covets what is rarest.

CHORUS.

Blow the whistle, etc.

Man's hand is 'gainst his brother man,
His heel is on the woman.
Lay down your guns, unclose your fists,
And be, not beasts, but human.

CHORUS.

Blow the whistle, etc.

Capital and labor fight,
Who should be yoked together,
And carry on the world's grand work,
Confined by common tether.

CHORUS.

Blow the whistle, etc.

Religion, like a porcupine,
Flings forth its quills at science;
And science says, with scornful smile,
When bare, you'll yield compliance.

CHORUS.

Blow the whistle, etc.

Political and social life,
Religious, scientific,
Is one great strife of might and right.
With uproar most terrific.

CHORUS.

Blow the whistle, etc.

Change your watchword, clasp your hands,
And, sometimes think of others;
Bring the "good time coming" near,
By being friends and brothers.

CHORUS.

Blow the whistle, etc.

Improve the present, drop the past,
And work for future greatness;
But let that greatness be the best—
Independent goodness.

CHORUS.

Blow the whistle, etc.

THE CARRIER DOVE.

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine devoted to
Spiritualism and Reform.

EDITED BY — — — MRS. J. SCHLESINGER.

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.

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Work for the Charitable.

Since the beginning of the late spell of bad weather over 600 persons have received assistance from the San Francisco Benevolent Association, while more than 150 other applications have not yet been acted upon. Other charitable institutions have also been having their hands full, and it is said that more real destitution prevails at present than has ever before been known. From forty to fifty baskets of provisions are being distributed daily by the benevolent association, and contributions of such, as well as of clothing, boots and shoes, are earnestly requested. There are said to be hundreds of women and children in actual suffering through being scantily clad.

We clip the above item from a San Francisco paper, as it serves to illustrate the deplorable state of affairs in our country, and the inefficiency of our government to secure to the people their inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. There must be something morally wrong some where, when thousands of honest people, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, are

out of employment, and in consequence, suffering the pangs of hunger and cold, in the very midst of plenty. Little children are crying for bread, and are receiving no answer to their cry. Where are the Fathers and Mothers of our country that these little ones are permitted to suffer? Surely it is their duty to provide for the young and helpless.

For reply, we ask you to look into the thousands of saloons, which flourish in every city, from one end of the continent to the other; look into the thousands of dens of vice, legalized by a *male* government, and there you will find thousands of the *fathers*. The mothers—where are they? Some are toiling, in homes of poverty and wretchedness, to keep the scanty garments and scanty food prepared and in order. Some are sitting in homes of luxury, folding their hands in idleness, each alike indifferent to the demands of the hour.

True, a few brave souls realizing that the time for decided action has come, are banding together, and, with all the might of tongue and pen, are laboring to inaugurate a different state of affairs. But we fear their labors will be without much tangible recompense, until such a time as the mothers of the country shall awaken to a knowledge of the responsibilities resting upon them, and *assert and assume* their rights in the making and administration of the laws of the land.

Already do we see the great need of a little *mother-love* in our one-sided, masculine government, which has made us a nation of half-orphans. As it is the mother's especial province and duty, designed by nature, to nourish and care for her offspring when young and helpless, so it is her duty to exercise her maternal oversight and solicitude for her children when they shall have grown out of her arms, and *see to it* that, in every possible manner, the rough ways of life shall be made smooth for their untried feet. She should *see to it* that no pitfalls of danger are left open, wherein her sons shall be lured to their destruction. She should see to it, that her daughters are protected against the "wild beasts in broadcloth," who walk the streets of our cities, seeking their prey among the youngest and fairest of the flock. She should see so it that *all* go well armed for the conflict of life, with sound physical bodies, and moral natures so well disciplined and developed that the lower or animal nature shall be the obedient servant of the higher.

To do this, successfully, *the mothers must be free*. They must own their bodies as well as their souls, and, in the saving and keeping pure and holy the one, they shall save the other. Mothers must take their share in the duties and responsibilities of the administration of the laws of the land, before we can hope, or expect, that the children will be protected. We do not mean the little, helpless ones alone, but those of larger growth, who are wandering aimlessly about, with the brand of "tramp" upon them; and the thousands of poor creatures who fill our jails and prisons, where they are herded together like wild beasts in cages, with none of the nobler, more elevating conditions or surroundings brought to bear upon them, for their reformation, but, instead, everything in their surroundings, is calculated to harden, debase and degrade the little spark of manhood they possess.

Surely *there is work for the charitable*, but not that charity of which the preachers prate—giving alms to the poor—but by inaugurating such a system of government as shall create no poor. Give every human being a *chance*, by helping them to help themselves. Train the children—male and female—to be self-supporting, and frame such laws as would render it impossible for one man, in a few years, to amass a fortune consisting of millions of dollars, while another, less shrewd and unscrupulous, toils a lifetime for a mere pittance, sufficient to keep soul and body together. Let us have *justice* instead of *alms*.

To our friends, who are having sketches prepared for the DOVE, or who are collecting data from which we are to prepare them, we would say—*be brief*; give only the more important facts concerning public work done in the interest of Spiritualism, and enough of private biography to let the public know who you are. We cannot devote more than three pages of the DOVE to each sketch, unless in exceptional cases, where the person has a *world-wide* reputation, and much of *general interest* can be said of them.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of San Francisco, has postponed her trip to Los Angeles for the present, but hopes, at an early date, to be enabled to go. She is constantly engaged giving sittings, which are remarkably satisfactory to investigators. She will be located, at No. 120 Sixth street, after the 14th of February.

Editorial Notes.

Owing to the extreme length of the sketches and lectures this month much valuable matter is left over for March.

We have received many good words from friends of the CARRIER DOVE, some of which we reproduce on another page of this book.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney will not remove from her present location, 1122 Market street, San Francisco, until February 14th. After that date, she will be found at 120 Sixth street.

The CARRIER DOVE can always be purchased of Mr. J. K. Cooper, 746 Market street, San Francisco. In Oakland, at the bookstore of Mr. W. B. Hardy, 961 Broadway, and at our own office 854½ Broadway.

The Mind Cure Journal has also changed its name, or, rather, added the prefix of *Mental Science Magazine*, published by "Mental Science University." Rev. A. J. Swarts, Editor, and Mrs. Emma Hopkins, Managing Editor.

"The New Republic," by Dr. Schellhaus, treats its subject in a superior manner, pointing out defects in our present system of government, and suggesting remedies, which, if applied, would change the present state of chaos into one of order and harmony.

The March number of the CARRIER DOVE will contain an excellent portrait and sketch of the late celebrated medium, Charles H. Foster, both from the gifted pen of our valued contributor, Dr. Albert Morton, who was a personal friend of Mr. Foster's for many years.

We regret being unable to supply our readers with the first chapters of a story, from the pen of Dr. A. S. Aspinwall, as was announced last month. We decided it was too lengthy for our columns, and we wait something more suitable, which we hope to give next month.

We are informed by Col. Fox that his already excellent paper, the *Spiritual Offering* will appear quarterly as an illustrated paper. This, in addition to the choice amount of

reading-matter with which his readers are treated weekly, will make the *Offering* one of the most valuable Spiritual papers published.

Mr. George P. Colby has been lecturing to large audiences at Nanaimo, B. C., and awakened a lively interest in Spiritualism in that place. He is at present engaged to speak in Victoria. "Brother George" will find many friends glad to welcome him back when he decides to return to California.

The best opportunity ever presented to the public for learning short-hand is now offered. Don't fail to write at once for free trial lessons and circulars. This is the *cheapest*, the *quickest* and the *best* plan ever invented. Try it. Instruction book for the *full course* only 1.50. Address Reporters' Bureau, Iowa City, Iowa; W. P. Evans, business manager.

Mrs. Ada Foye, of San Francisco, has removed to 310 Kearny street, where she gives sittings daily from 12 M. to 4 P. M. Her Sunday evening meetings at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, continue to attract large audiences, composed mostly of skeptics and investigators, who are anxious to witness the remarkable phenomena which occur in her presence.

We consider Dr. Schlesinger one of the very best test mediums we have ever met, having had a sitting with him under conditions by no means favorable to spirit communion, and received positive proof of the presence of many spirit friends. That you may be prospered, and that your new magazine may be a grand success, is the wish of Mrs. M. E. Thayer and Mrs. Mayo.

Light in the West, a new Spiritual semi-monthly journal, published on the 1st and 17th of each month, by the St. Louis Spiritual Association, Thos. B. Wilson, Editor. Terms, \$1 per year; single copies 5 cents. The motto, "Let there be Light," is a good one, and we hope that its light will continue to shine. We welcome all new journals to the field, for there is great need of them.

The discourse on "Marriage and Divorce," given by Mrs. E. L. Watson at Metropolitan Temple, January 31st will appear in the March number of the CARRIER DOVE. It was considered by many as one

of Mrs. Watson's best efforts, and expresses the pure and lofty sentiments of a woman who is grandly brave and true enough to express her convictions though they may run counter to many of the established opinions prevailing in society upon this most difficult problem—What is true marriage?

THE neat little magazine known as *Spirit Voices*, has been changed into a weekly paper called *The N. D. C. Axe and True Keystone*." Perhaps Mr. Bliss has good reasons for making this change in the title of his publication, although, *to us*, *Spirit Voices* had a deeper and sweeter significance. However, that is a minor consideration—the *name* of any person or thing being of little real value. *The good accomplished* is the main object and we trust the little *Axe* will be enabled to cut its way clear and smooth through all the obstacles it may have to encounter, and do a great work for truth and justice.

Mrs. E. L. Watson announced, at the close of her services, last Sunday evening, that she would meet the ladies of her congregation, at her rooms, at the Donahue House, corner fifth and Mission streets, on Saturday, February 6th, at 2 P. M., and each succeeding Saturday, at the same time and at any place the ladies preferred. The object of the meetings being mutual improvement and a better acquaintance with one another. A literary club was also suggested, and the perfecting of plans for future good work. It has been apparent to us for a long time that if women could be induced to unite *their forces* and work harmoniously together for mutual improvement and advancement, as *men unite* in clubs, unions, leagues and lodges for the advancement of their interests, it would be but a short time until they would command the respectful attention of men to their demands for equality in all the affairs of life.

Thursday evening, January 21st, Mrs. Ada Scales, a well known medium, formerly of San Francisco, but for several years past a resident of San Jose, and recently of Lake county, held a seance at our rooms, 854½ Broadway, on which occasion were convened quite a number of Mrs. Scale's old friends, who were glad to welcome her among them once more, and strangers who desired to make her acquaintance. Among the mediums present were Mrs. Hendee and

Mrs. Ladd, of Oakland, and Mrs. Whitney, of San Francisco. Mrs. Scale's control, "Midget," came in her usual sparkling and vivacious manner, with a loving message for each one present, fittingly adapted to their respective needs, sometimes bringing tears to the eyes of her listeners, or causing laughter by some witty remark.

Mrs. Whitney was entranced, and gave some excellent tests, one of which was acknowledged by Mrs. Hendee as a remarkable test from her brother. Mrs. Hendee spoke feelingly of the noble service rendered by Mrs. Scales as a public medium, and exhorted all present to endeavor to come into closer, more sympathetic and harmonious relationship with one another, working together for the general good. At a late hour the company separated, those who were going to San Francisco being obliged to take the last train, and others tarried still longer to witness some of Prof. Anthony's feats in mind reading, which were equalled if not surpassed, by Mrs. Hendee, who experienced with a number of subjects, each one of whom she could direct to any person or object in the room by the exercise of her will. Prof. Fritz gave some excellent phrenological readings, as did Prof. Anthony. At an early morning hour the friends departed, all expressing themselves as having had a most enjoyable evening.

Our New Book.

We are preparing material for a book of biographies of the celebrated mediums and pioneer workers in the cause of Spiritualism, which we hope to have published at as early a date as possible, and solicit correspondence with the *pioneers* upon their connection with this work, which, in thirty-eight years, has accomplished so much for humanity. Of course, a great many will have their individual biographies published for their own benefit, but all persons cannot afford to buy all these different books, and except to personal friends, much of the subject matter would prove uninteresting. It is our object in compiling these biographies, to bring within the reach of all a condensed history of the origin and progress of Modern Spiritualism, through the labors of its representative mediums, speakers and public workers. We feel that such a work, elegantly gotten up, with fine engravings, etc., will be a valuable addition to spiritualistic literature, and we earnestly solicit correspondence with those interested in the work.

A Sitting with Fred Evans.

We had heard a great deal said, pro and con, regarding the mediumship of Mr. Evans the slate-writing medium, but had never investigated the matter for our own satisfaction until, a few days ago, we visited him at 1244 Mission street, San Francisco, for that purpose. Not having informed Mr. Evans, of our intended visit, he had no time to *prepare* any messages as we had been informed was his custom. We took our seats at a small table before a window through which the light shone unobstructed, and we saw the slates washed and wiped, then placed together with tiny bits of pencils between them, and then with our hands, with those of the medium resting upon them *as they lay on the table* we heard the writing being done between the closed slates. This we do know was *not the medium* "scratching upon the under side of the slate with his finger nail," as we had also been told he did, in explanation of our inquiry as to the cause of the apparent sound of writing. Three distinct raps indicated that the writing was completed, and the slates were opened. One slate was covered with writing executed in a *very fine*, even, beautiful manner. It was a message from our little daughter, Matie, with her name signed to it.

The name alone would not have been considered as a remarkable test; but the style of expression was perfect, and characterizes all of her communications. It was very satisfactory indeed, for we do know there was no possibility of deception on the part of the medium, who never left his seat at the table during the whole sitting, of over an hour.

Another message was written in the same manner, addressed to Dr. Schlesinger, who was also present, this time in an entirely different hand writing, and concerning the work he was doing. A short communication in still another hand writing, from our mother, with her name signed, was also received. We can cheerfully endorse Mr. Evans' mediumship as being the most satisfactory phase of slate writing we have ever witnessed, and *above suspicion*. We were informed by Mr. Evans that he was sitting for materialization and physical manifestations, which had already demonstrated his powers in that direction. Mr. Evans informed us he was developed as a medium about eleven months ago, by sitting alone and patiently awaiting results.

Why They Do not Take the Papers.

I believe all editors are familiar with, and are the frequent recipients of, letters like this, "I like your paper very much, and would take it another year, but our family expenses are so great, and times are so hard, we cannot afford it," etc. The following extract from a private letter explains why a great many poor people cannot, and do not, take the papers. If they manage to have one newspaper, which, of course, *the man must have*, it doesn't seem to matter whether the wife has anything she likes to read or not. The husband must have his cigars and chewing tobacco, at all events. The children, well, poor things, they never see a picture-book or child's paper, with their beautiful stories to instruct and amuse the little ones.

How many of our boys and even girls, who are now designated as "hoodlums," would have been spared that disgrace had the fathers sacrificed some of their unnecessary luxuries in order to provide amusement at home for the children. The writer expresses what we know to be true in very many homes. It is the rule and not the exceptional case:

As soon as I can get the money I shall renew my subscription. My husband liked the paper very much, but thinks the price is now too high for our means. Well, I can say this that ready money would oftener be found in humble homes if women had control of the family purse. Or if men would give up those habits they call nothing, such as smoking cigars and chewing tobacco etc., items that amount to fifty dollars or more every year, to a man that labors for a living. I tell you there are a great many things to be righted in this world or the next.

The Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society.

Some three weeks ago, it was decided, by the attendants at the services in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, that the time had come to organize, in order to carry on more successfully the good work which is being accomplished through the ministrations of that grand, gifted woman and angel instrument, Mrs. E. L. Watson. A committee was appointed to prepare a plan of organization, whose report was received and adopted, on Sunday, January 31st. The new Society commences its work under very favorable auspices; and, when once officered and fully equipped for business, will accomplish great good, and command the respect and attention of the public it so richly deserves.

Good Words for the Carrier Dove.

"Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters, for Thou Shalt Find it After Many Days."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CARRIER DOVE: Allow me to congratulate you upon the very handsome appearance and excellent character of the contents of the January number of the CARRIER DOVE. The enterprise displayed in the continued marked improvement in the get-up of your paper, from its first inception to the present issue, invites the appreciative commendation of all friends of rational, progressive Spiritualism; and it is to be hoped that adequate and generous support may be extended to you, as well as to the San Francisco *Golden Gate*, warranting, in both of these sterling journals, still greater achievements in journalistic enterprise and usefulness. The engravings in the January number of the DOVE are excellent, much better than some of those in preceding issues; and, altogether, this number of your attractive monthly is a gem.

Very Truly,

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Presidio, of San Francisco, California,
January 20, 1886.

EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE—Dear Sister: The DOVE comes so much improved in size and appearance that I am confident it will bear the olive branch of peace to many storm-tossed, weary hearts on this terraqueous globe, if they will but open the windows of their souls for its reception.

God and angels bless you in this undertaking of keeping the DOVE well fed on the choicest morsels that you have, and that you can gather, that its plumage may be rich and rare with the choicest tints and colors of a divine inspiration, reflected from the rainbow's bridge of hope and love, spanning the Ethereal heavens of mental and spiritual intelligencies.

Perhaps some of its readers would like to know what has become of the "Lone Pilgrim." We left our West End home, Alameda, about three months ago, to scatter the gems of the beautiful, "The Book of Prophetic Visions," to lecture and to heal. Our first stopping place was San Jose, where we found the Spiritualists holding private circles, a few, however, with the enquirers sustained our public meetings; and some healing was done. Dr. S'ry has developed as a slate-writer, and the Lyceum is in a flourishing condition.

Our next stopping place was at Los Gatos; found only a few Progressionists there. While operating upon a rheumatic patient, he passed into the trance for the first time, and sung a beautiful song; but his relatives at once fortified his mind against it by that great bugbear, "What will people say?" So the little bud of promise was crushed back in its first opening.

Arrived here on New Year's Day. Dr. Taylor, of Glen Haven Sanitarium, is lecturing every Sunday, at 11 o'clock, in the Unity Church, which is owned by Mr.

Grover, a Spiritualist; one of the wealthiest citizens.

My lectures, on Sabbath evenings, in the same place, are largely attended. It is said that there are at least four hundred Spiritualists in this town. Many little private circles are being held, with different manifestations, from the rap to *full form materializations*.

This is the dull season of the year for Santa Cruz, as it is a seaside watering place, and every nook and corner is crowded in the Summer-time, therefore money is more plenty, and then a better prospect for obtaining subscriptions to one of the best magazines in the world.

Wishing you the best of blessings, I am, as ever, thine in the cause of progress.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN,

SANTA CRUZ, January 25, 1886.

The CARRIER DOVE, for January, published at Oakland, Cal., comes to us this month very much enlarged, and otherwise improved. It contains several well-executed engravings, among which are those of Mrs. Watson, and some of her co-workers.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

The CARRIER DOVE, of Oakland, California, comes to us this month as the most elegant magazine in the reform field, beautifully printed, and containing many full-page portraits of leading Spiritualists of the West. Spiritualists, who desire the best, should send twenty-five cents for a number of the CARRIER DOVE.—*The Nonconformist*.

THE CARRIER DOVE.—This excellent monthly, for January, appears as promised, greatly enlarged, and beautiful in many ways. It contains a capital full-page likeness of Mrs. E. L. Watson, with a sketch of the life and life-work of that grand inspirational speaker. It also has full-page illustrations of those noble workers in the cause, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Morton; also an illustration of spirit-faces appearing on a photographic picture of Dr. Aspinwall, of 1038 Mission street. In addition to these, there is an excellent group of the principal pillars of the Temple, including the organist and quartet of vocalists. Surely, brother and sister Schlessinger have covered themselves with glory in this their "new departure" in journalism. May their subscribers be legion.—*Golden Gate*.

THE CARRIER DOVE, published in Oakland, Cal., by Dr. and Mrs. J. Schlessinger, comes now as an illustrated quarto, monthly magazine. The paper is of a superior quality, the matter is good and well printed, and the illustrations superb. Among the illustrations, is one entitled "Mrs. Watson and her co-workers," at Metropolitan Temple. The second is a fine likeness of Mrs. E. L. Watson, then comes the picture of Dr. Albert Morton, followed by one of Mrs. Dr. Albert Morton. Next is one of S. N. Aspinwall, surrounded

by his spirit friends. These are followed by spirit pictures. The price of the CARRIER DOVE has been raised to 25 cents a number, or \$2.50 per year.—*The New Thought*.

THE CARRIER DOVE.—The first number of this hitherto well-conducted paper, comes to us this month as a beautifully illustrated magazine containing twenty-four pages, three columns each, and all filled with matter of interest to every Spiritualist. Not for a time have we been so agreeably surprised, as we were by our first glance at this really beautiful work and its valuable contents. Its illustrations and articles for the present month, it is true, are generally of a local character, but are, nevertheless, interesting to Spiritualists everywhere; this is especially true of the fine and biographical sketch of Mrs. E. L. Watson, who has, as an inspirational speaker, attained a national reputation. Next in importance, perhaps, is the fine picture of the interior of Metropolitan Temple, Mrs. Watson and her co-workers, that is, the managers of the meeting and the choir as photographed last Anniversary Day, March 31, 1885. Mrs. Watson is seated on the rostrum, surrounded by a few of her steadfast friends, whose names appear. In another part of the magazine appear portraits of Albert Morton and Mrs. Morton, prominent Spiritualists of San Francisco; these with other illustrations, are alone sufficient to well repay any Spiritualist for sending for the first number as a specimen copy, if they do not subscribe at once. The *Offering* and CARRIER DOVE will be sent for one year for \$4.00.—*Spiritual Offering*.

THE CARRIER DOVE, is the title of an illustrated magazine published in Oakland, devoted to Spiritualism and reform. It has commenced its third volume and contains very pleasant reading, and the motto borne by the CARRIER DOVE, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy," will encourage many to bear the temporary ills of this life. Having no fear for the future, and believing that their actions here are scanned by those who have passed beyond this vale of tears, will encourage them to better deeds, knowing that eternal reward is the sure recompense of a proper conduct on this side. It is published at 25 cents per copy, at 854½ Broadway, Oakland, and is a very good monthly magazine.—*Oakland Daily Times*.

SAN FRANCISCO, California,
January 12th, 1886.

MY DEAR MRS. SCHLESINGER:—I do want to give the new Spiritual Magazine a Happy New Year greeting, and to congratulate you upon its improved appearance. How a new dress does improve one's looks; don't it?

But, my little woman, I want most to compliment you upon your success, and to tell you how glad I have been, and am, to

notice how bravely and well you have worked since first you launched your frail barque upon life's tempestuous sea, and to know you have weathered the storms which, though outwardly unknown to me, I *know* have oft-times come near engulfing you. The new year comes freighted with many gifts of value for thee, brave heart, for the lamp of truth burns bright within thine own womanly soul, and will illumine thy pathway when clouds gather dark above.

I want to thank you for your appreciation of my mediumship, as voiced by strangers and friends alike, and to tell you so too, for, believe me, I am not unmindful of your kindness, though my lips have been dumb and my pen silent. Work on, brave soul, there is need of woman workers in truth's vineyard for such generous and tender hearts as yours. And, for every brave and tender word spoken, in behalf of woman, and for every fragrant breath of love that has been wafted through the atmosphere of the CARRIER DOVE, I thank and bless you, and for every breath of hope, which has given strength to weary hearted and heavy laden humanity, wherever they may be, I thank you, and pray that ten-fold of joy and gladness shall infill thy own life and home, and that thy labors may each and all meet out to thee blessings ineffable.

Brave woman, go on in the noble work so well commenced, and success *will* attend you, for continued effort will conquer, and you have tried and must win; and now, adding the superior mediumship of the Doctor's to your own, there is "No Such Word as Fail."

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I am much interested in the accounts of the work being done, in the Temple at San Francisco, under Mrs. Watson's ministrations. The subjoined report, from one of our daily papers, of recent date (which might as well have been of ANY date for a year or more, so tiresomely alike are the lectures, since they harp only on the one string of ancient and stellar materializations), will show you how little of real instruction, or dignified counsel, is usually promulgated from our Temple platform.

Notwithstanding the full and free confession of one of the accomplices, in the fraudulent manifestations, which purported to be those of ancient spirits, competent and determined to manage the affairs of the Temple, that each and every one of these so-called ancient spirits was, and is, a very

palpable human form, or a pasteboard effigy, tricked out in robes, luminous, or not (according to the amount of available sunshine in which to *expose* them during the day), a faithful few still meet in solemn state and listen, reverently, to the advice and counsel from their lips, and the small audiences which assemble on Sundays are fed on such husks as these *ad nauseum, ad infinitum*. "Give us conditions, and we can walk about among you," etc., etc.

When I remember how I was, for a time, used to further the cause of these pretenders, and honest and zealous for good, and with no personal ambition to gratify, was made a tool for their success, I confess I am sad and chagrined. But I am glad my eyes were opened by the angel guides more nearly about me, and that, long before a word of confession was spoken by the mediums, or any word of doubt or discredit said to me by any mortal, I was shown how false and foolish these so-called materializations were, and that I have not been permitted, in any way, to endorse the pretended mediums for ancient spirits by written word.

Realizing how much harm might have been done, if still deceived by the apparent guilelessness of the media and their willingness to be searched (as why should they not, when their accomplices held false keys by which to come to them afterward, or as in one well-attested instance in the house of Mrs. Dyar, herself, one well-known medium, was seen to stand under the curtain, to appear next moment as a second form), I had been allowed to go on writing and speaking for these parties. I am only too glad that the "Voice of Angels" was silenced and its directors held to learn lessons of wisdom before spreading any more errors abroad.

The lesson has been a grievous one. To many who hoped and trusted the time had come for genuine spirit materialization, or personation, and who were ready to give all their strength and money and nerve-force to help; the disappointment of finding that not one of these was potent to protect them from being misled and imposed upon, is a bitter one, and the ground of their belief in all spirit-power is shaky under their feet. But out of it all, some day, I trust, some good will come, and the children and youth, who are growing up, will not, it is to be hoped, spend years in *investigation, which investigates nothing*, as has been so often done these twenty years past, but go intelligently to work, using the common sense given them in a sensible way, sifting the wheat from all this chaff and perfecting the fruit of the spirit, which is, to-day, no less than when Paul wrote of it—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance; against such there is no law, and, with all these, there can be no wrong-doing, not even doing evil that good may come.

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The debate on woman's suffrage showed a great change in the sentiment of the Laurean Society. Heretofore, when this question has been debated, the majority of the speakers have been opposed to "woman's rights," and those in favor thereof were regarded as cranks. Now the man, opposed to woman's rights, scarcely dares let his voice be heard above a whisper, and his weak arguments count as so much wasted breath. Gathered as they are from all parts of the State, the Laurean Society fairly represents the educated and influential people of Oregon, and such a change here surely indicates some change in the sentiments of the people at large.—*Oregon State Journal*.

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MRS. MARY E. BARKER.

SAN JOSE, California.

The debate on woman's suffrage showed a great change in the sentiment of the Laurean Society. Heretofore, when this question has been debated, the majority of the speakers have been opposed to "woman's rights," and those in favor thereof were regarded as cranks. Now the man, opposed to woman's rights, scarcely dares let his voice be heard above a whisper, and his weak arguments count as so much wasted breath. Gathered as they are from all parts of the State, the Laurean Society fairly represents the educated and influential people of Oregon, and such a change here surely indicates some change in the sentiments of the people at large.—*Oregon State Journal*.

As the Western clouds are tinged with gold, even after the sun is lost to view, does the memory of a kind act bring a smile to the face when its author may be forgotten.



MRS. W. H. MUMLER
AND SPIRIT OF DR. RUSH.

Spirit Portraits by W. H. Mumler.

BY ALBERT MORTON.

This picture represents Dr. Rush magnetizing an entranced medium, Mrs. W. H. Mumler, wife of the photographer, and is a faithful representation of one of the methods employed by the spirit physician in preparing his medium for the treatment of patients magnetically, when personally present. When the patient is treated at a distance, by the use of magnetized fabrics, the process is somewhat similar; in either case the medium is usually conscious. Not having the proper data at hand, it is not in my power to give dates and full details regarding Mr. Mumler's work as a spirit photographer. W. H. Mumler was one of the first mediums developed in this country in the special line in which he soon became noted.

His occupation was formerly that of engraving upon silver, in which he was very skillful. While experimenting in the study of photography, in the gallery of the lady who afterwards became his wife, he was annoyed by spots upon the negatives, which shortly developed into forms and faces which were recognized as the likenesses of deceased persons. Much excitement was caused by the production of these likenesses, and Mumler became the target for an immense amount of denunciation. It was claimed the pictures were produced by the use of means well known to photographers, and was simply the money making scheme of an unsuccessful man, when, in fact, he never realized so much money from the production of spirit pictures as he could have done by the practice of his art as an engraver.

Theory after theory was given as a complete solution of the manner in which the spurious likenesses were obtained, but like all of the explanations given of spiritual phenomena, the theories did not harmonize with the facts. The ghosts were as irrepressible as Banquo's, and would not stay down at the bidding of scientists, theologians or any other dabblers in matters beyond their materialistic ken. Removing to New York, after many struggles, Mumler became established in the practice of his mediumship, and caused a great deal of attention among investigators, producing, at the same sitting, pictures of the same spirit in different positions—among others the spirit wife of Joseph Jefferson, the celebrated actor, in which were clear and unmistakable portraits of deceased persons, of whom, in many instances no likenesses were extant. The theory that the pictures were produced on plates previously used, and been imperfectly cleaned, or from the exposure of old negatives with that of the sitter at the time of development of the plate, was thus early in 1869 demonstrated to be fallacious.

Mumler was arrested by the City Marshall of New York, for obtaining money under false pretences. When the case came on for trial, eminent counsel appeared on both

sides. The trial was long and voluminous reports of the evidence appeared in the daily papers. Many leading citizens, among them Mr. Livermore, formerly a prominent banker, Judge Edmonds, who was pre-eminent in the legal profession, and the elder Gurney, at that time one of the foremost photographers in the country, testified in the most positive manner as to the genuineness of the prisoners mediumship. Mr. Gurney commenced a thorough and scientific examination of the phenomena with the determination to expose what he believed to be a fraud. He furnished his own plates and chemicals, and, in a gallery strange to the medium, performed all the services necessary for the production of pictures, from the preparation of his own clean plates to the development of the negatives, not permitting Mumler, whose only act was placing his hand upon the camera during the exposure of the plate, to see the plates until they were developed. The result was quite different than he expected; the spirit forms would appear, and the final result (as I can personally testify to from his statements to me) was that he accepted the phenomena as genuine, and so testified in court. He became an ardent Spiritualist, and a personal friend of the man he expected to expose. The result of the trial was a complete vindication of Mumler from the charge of fraud, and a grand triumph for Spiritualism, for it had gained a hearing throughout the country. Alas for the poor medium! As in many other similar instances, the triumph was his material ruin. The costs of the trial amounting, for his personal expenses, to over \$3,000, completely ruined him. There were no wealthy spiritualists, for whose religion he had been sacrificed, to rehabilitate his fallen fortunes and enable him to resume business.

On my return from Cuba, in May, 1869, I found him at the residence of his mother-in-law in Boston, in very reduced circumstances. Unable to furnish a gallery, he was gaining a meagre support from taking spirit photographs, using the pictures of patrons to attract the desired spirits, and in giving circles for the production of emblematic drawings. I do not remember seeing any statements in the Spiritual press in relation to this beautiful phase of his mediumship. Having proffered the services of my daughter as pianist at his circles, it was my privilege, as her escort, to attend many of them. The production of the pictures was in such a manner as to preclude all possibility of fraud.

The medium sat about ten feet distant from a light only sufficiently strong to make every movement plainly visible to all the sitters, who were requested to write the names of spirit friends on ballots, which, being done, they were then folded so that it would have been impossible to read the names thereon by the writer. The medium was entranced, his eyes were bandaged in a secure manner, so as to exclude every ray of light, and his left hand being placed

upon the ballots he proceeded to make exquisitely fine pencil drawings within the sight of those present. As each drawing was completed, Mrs. Mumler took the card and unfolded ballots from the table, and, reading the name, or initial, on the card, presented them to the claimant, the ballots not being opened from the time of folding until returned to the writer. In this manner I have seen twenty-two drawings of artistic design and exquisite execution made within the space of two hours time, a feat which would be very difficult for a rapid draughtsman to perform under the most favorable conditions. The description of one drawing before me will suffice to give you an idea of them. The card is about three by five inches in size; on the upper part a female form is represented in the act of reaching downward to assist a person rising above the encircling clouds; on the clouds is written the sentence, "I will lift thee up." Underneath is a bouquet of flowers, among which is written the name upon my ballot, that of my sainted mother.

Mr. Mumler, failing to receive adequate support from his mediumship, engaged in the business of photo-engraving, in which he was interested at the time of his transition to the higher life, a short time since. I will close this article with the advice to those fortunate enough to possess copies of his photographs to carefully preserve them, for he informed me, a few months previous to his decease, that the negatives of his pictures had been destroyed.

The deceased spiritual medium, Chas. H. Foster, of Salem, is the only person we ever saw who could lift a material substance without touching it. Some years ago he gave a sitting to three journalists in this city, of whom we were one, at a house on Charles street, and after apparently causing music to come from a violin in the room, he took the instrument and threw it eight or ten feet from him on the floor. We saw the instrument lying there, further from him by the width of the table than from us, and found it creeping into our lap. We took it, looked at it, felt all over it, to know whether wire or string was attached, and found nothing; and to this day we never could conceive how it was done. This was more convincing of an unseen power, subject to man's will, than anything else we have ever witnessed in Spiritualism.—*Valley Visitor Newburyport, Mass.*

Here is a hint for our boys: A visitor at a State Prison was looking over the list of names in the prison register, and noticed that, under the heading of "Occupation," the words, "No Trade," were written against nine-tenths of the names contained in the register. Dr. Watts knew what he was writing, when he said—

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

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The Christian Church and Women.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

(Republished from the *Index*.)

Concluded from our last Number.

In all the great cathedrals in England, and in some here in New York, boys from ten to fifteen chant the hymns of praise that woman's lips may not profane, while they, obvious to these insults to their sex, swell the listening crowd, and worship the very God they are told who made them slaves, and cursed them with sufferings that time can never mitigate.

When last in England, I visited the birth-place of Dean Stanley. The old home-stead was occupied by a curate and his two daughters. They escorted us all over the place—in the school where poor children were taught, in the old church where the dean had long preached. "Do you see that table-cover in the altar?" said one of the daughters. "Sister and I worked that." "Did you spread it on the table?" said I. "Oh, no," said she; "no woman is allowed to enter this enclosure." "Why?" said I. "Oh! it is too sacred." "But," said I, "men go there; and it is said that women are purer, more delicate, refined, and naturally religious than they are." "Yes, but women are not allowed." "Shall I explain the reason to you?" I replied. "Yes," she said, with a look of surprise. "Well," said I, "it is because the Church believes that woman brought sin into the world, that she was the cause of man's fall from holiness, that she was cursed of God, and has ever since been in collusion with the devil. Hence, the Church has considered her unfit to sing in the choir or enter the Holy of holies." She looked very thoughtful and said, "I never supposed these old customs had such significance." "Yes," I replied, "every old custom, every point of etiquette, is based on some principle; and women ignorantly submit to many degrading customs, because they do not understand their origin." Though woman are pre-eminently fitted to preach a gospel of glad tidings, yet the Quakers, the Unitarians, and the Universalists are the only sects that ordain women. The Methodists allow them to preach, but do not ordain them. None of the sects allow women to be elders or deacons, though a few individual churches have conferred these honors. The Greek Testament speaks of "deaconesses" in the early Church; but our translation interpolates the "wives of deacons," by no means an honest substitution. In the Episcopal Church, they would not allow a woman to be a member of the vestry, even though obliged to fill the office with a man who was not a communicant. Better a man unbeliever than a saintly woman, to officiate in church matters. And the few women that are ordained over congregations find there are ever some adverse influences at work that they feel, though they may not

be able to say, "Thou art the man." All these indignities have their root in the doctrine of original sin, gradually developed in the canon law—a doctrine never taught in the primitive Christian Church. In spite of the life, character, and teachings of Jesus, ever proclaiming the essential equality and oneness of the whole human family, the priesthood, claiming apostolic descent, so interpret Christianity as to make it the basis of all religious and political disqualifications for women, sustaining the rights of man alone. The offices woman held during the apostolic age she has been gradually deprived of through ecclesiastical enactments. Although, during the first four hundred years of the Christian Church, women were the chosen companions of Jesus and his followers, doing their utmost to spread the new faith, as preachers, elders, deacons, officiating in all the sacraments, yet these facts are carefully excluded from all the English translations of the Scriptures; while woman's depravity, inferiority, and subordination are dwelt upon wherever the text will admit of it. Under all the changes in advancing civilization for the last fifteen hundred years, this one idea of woman has been steadily promulgated. and to-day, in the full blaze of the sunlight of the nineteenth century, it is echoed in the pulpit by every sect, and in the halls of legislation by every party.

In one of the essential doctrines of Christianity—namely, self-sacrifice—women have been carefully trained, until, as John Stuart Mill says, that has come to be their pet virtue. This is nowhere better illustrated than in their religion. There is no depth of personal degradation they have not touched in the religious worship and sacrifice of ancient civilizations, and no humiliations of the spirit that mortals can suffer when ostracised by those in no way superior to themselves that educated women in our day have not endured. Seeing this, I have endeavored at many of our suffrage conventions, to pass some resolutions embodying the idea that woman's first duty was self-development; and, at last, after a prolonged struggle and much opposition, even by women themselves, the following resolutions were passed at our thirtieth anniversary, held in Rochester, July, 1878:

Resolved, That, as the first duty of every individual is self-development, the lessons of self-sacrifice and obedience taught woman by the Christian Church, have been fatal, not only to her own vital interests, but through her to those of the race.

Resolved, That the great principal of the Protestant Reformation, the right of individual conscience and judgment, heretofore exercised by man alone, should now be claimed by woman; that, in the interpretation of Scripture, she should be guided by her own reason, and not the authority of the Church.

Resolved, That it is through the perversion of the religious element in woman, playing upon her hopes and fears of the fu-

ture, holding this life, with all its high duties, in abeyance to that which is to come, that she, and the children she has trained, have been so completely subjugated by priestcraft and superstition.

The following Sunday, the Rev. A. H. Strong, D. D., President of the Baptist Theological Seminary of that city, preached a sermon especially directed against these resolutions, which met strong clerical criticism and opposition by all the fraternity in the State who chanced to see reports of the proceedings.

One amusing episode in that Convention is worthy of note. Frederick Douglas, who has always done noble service in our cause, was present. But his intellectual vision being a little obscured that warm afternoon, he opposed the resolutions, speaking with a great deal of feeling and sentiment of the beautiful Christian doctrine of self-sacrifice. When he finished, Mrs. Lucy Coleman, always keen in pricking bubbles, arose and said: "Well, Mr. Douglas, all you say may be true; but allow me to ask you why you did not remain a slave in Maryland, and sacrifice yourself like a Christian to your master, instead of running off to Canada to secure your liberty like a man? We shall judge your faith, Frederick, by your deeds." The time has come when women, too, would rather run to Canada to taste some of the sweets of liberty, than to sacrifice themselves forever in the thorny paths marked out for them by man.

Whatever oppressions man has suffered, they have invariably fallen more heavily on woman. Whatever new liberties advancing civilization has brought to man, ever the smallest measure has been accorded to woman, as a result of church teaching. The effect of this is seen in every department of life.

There is nothing so cheap as womanhood in the commerce of the world. You can scarcely take up a paper that does not herald some outrages on woman, from the dignified matron on her way to church, to the girl of fourteen gathering wild flowers on her way to school. I hold men in high places responsible for the actions of the lower orders. The sentiments and opinions expressed by clergymen and legislators, mould the morals of the highway. So long as the Church and the State, in their creeds and codes, make woman an outcast, she will be the sport of the multitude. Whatever can be done to dignify her in the eyes of man, will be a shield and helmet for her protection. If the same respect the masses are educated to feel for cathedrals, altars, symbols and sacraments, was extended to the mothers of the race, as it should be, all these distracting problems, in which their interests are involved, would be speedily settled. You cannot go so low down in the scale of being as to find men who would enter our churches to desecrate the altars or toss about the emblem of the sacrament, because they have been educated with a holy reverence for these things. But where

are any lessons of reverence for woman taught to the multitude?

And yet is she not, as the mother of the race, more exalted than sacraments, symbols, altars, and vast cathedral domes? Are not the eternal principles of justice engraven on her heart more sacred than canons, creeds, and codes written on parchment by Jesuits, bishops, cardinals and popes? Yet where shall we look for lessons of honor and respect to her?

Do our sons in the law schools, rise from their studies of the invidious statutes and opinions of jurists in regard to women with a higher respect for their mothers? By no means. Every line of the old common law of England, on which the American system of jurisprudence is based, touching the interests of woman, is, in a measure, responsible for the wrongs she suffers to-day.

Do our sons, in their theological seminaries, rise from their studies of the Bible, and the popular commentaries on the passages of Scripture concerning woman's creation and position in the scale of being, with an added respect for their mothers? By no means. They come, oft-times, fresh from the perusal of what they suppose to be God's will and law, fresh from communion with the unseen, perhaps with the dew of inspiration on their lips, to preach anew the subjection of one half the race to the other.

A very striking fact, showing the outrages women patiently endure through the perversion of their religious sentiments by crafty priests, is seen in the treatment of the Hindu widow, the civil law in her case, as in so many others, being practically annulled by theological dogmas.

"The most liberal of the Hindu schools of jurisprudence," *says Maine, "that prevailing in Bengal proper, gives a childless widow the enjoyment of her husband's property, under certain restrictive conditions, during her life;" and, in this, it agrees with many bodies of unwritten local custom. If there are male children, they succeed at once; but, if there are none, the widow comes in for her life before the collateral relatives. At the present moment, marriages among the upper classes of Hindus, being very commonly infertile, a considerable portion of the soil of the wealthiest Indian province is in the hands of childless widows as tenants for life. But it was exactly in Bengal proper that the English, on entering India, found the suttee, or widow-burning, not merely an occasional, but a constant and almost universal practice with the wealthier classes; and, as a rule, it was only the childless widow, and never the widow with minor children, who burnt herself on her husband's funeral pyre. There is no question that there was the closest connection between the law and the religious custom; and the widow was made to sacrifice herself, in order that her tenancy for life might be

*Early History of Institutions, Lecture PI., on the Property of Married Women.

gotten rid of. The anxiety of her family that the rite should be performed, which seemed so striking to the first English observers of the practice, was, in fact, explained by the coarsest motives; but the Brahmins, who exhorted her to the sacrifice, were, undoubtedly, influenced by a purely professional dislike to her enjoyment of property. The ancient rule of the civil law, which made her a tenant for life, could not be gotten rid of; but it was combated by the modern institution, which made it her duty to devote herself to a frightful death. The reasoning on this subject, current even in comparatively ancient times, is thus given in the *Mitakshava*: "The wealth of a regenerate man is designed for religious uses; and a woman's succession to such property is unfit, because she is not competent to the performance of religious rites." Thus the liberal provisions of the civil law were disposed of by burning the widow, and she was made willing for the sacrifice by a cultivated sense of religious duty. What is true in this case is true of women in all ages. They have been trained by their religion to sacrifice themselves, body and soul, for the men of their families, and to build up the churches. We do not burn the bodies of women to-day; but we humiliate them in a thousand ways, and chiefly by our theologues. So long as the pulpits teach woman's inferiority and subjection, she can never command that honor and respect of the ignorant classes needed for her safety and protection. There is nothing more pathetic in all history than the hopeless resignation of woman to the outrages she has been taught to believe are ordained of God.

Willy's New Doctor.

When the fever was over, and Willy was no longer sick, but only weak, he grew very tired of having to stay in his room and keep so still. If it rained he fretted because the house was dreary; if the sun shone he cried because he could not be out at play like other children. He seemed to have nothing to think of but how tired he was.

One day Karl brought him some company—a pretty little white mouse—and left it with him. Mousie had no idea of keeping still and thinking how long the hours were. He looked out of the window, ran over the bed, and nibbled the lump of sugar on the table. Mrs. Lee was very busy, and she feared Willy would be lonely; but when she went upstairs Willy looked up brightly and showed her Mousie on his hand: "See, mamma, this is a new doctor!"

"A doctor that has done a great deal of good in the world," smiled his mother.

"A mouse? Why mamma!" cried Willy.

"I mean something else besides ourselves to think of is the best cure in the world for many of our sicknesses and troubles," said his mother. "To think of helping even a white mouse to have a good time is far better than only thinking what a hard time Willy Lee is having.—*Sel.*

My Forty-third Birthday.

I sat alone by the fireside,
Last night, while all others slept,
And slowly the hours that have been the future
Into the shadowy past-time crept.
Another year of my life was closing,
Another page of my ledger turning.
The fire burned low,
While, to and fro,
The ghosts of the past were stealing.
Time's deep-voiced bell
The funeral knell
Of two score and three was pealing.

I vaguely wondered if mother
Felt any prophetic fears,
That the future would bring the life just commencing
More shade than sunshine, less smiles than tears
My spirit shared in her pain and sorrow
And felt the gloom of the coming morrow
While yet her heart
And mine kept time
In creation's greatest wonder
How much was hers,
How much is mine,
Is a question I often ponder.

I sometimes fear all my efforts
Have been but blunders at best;
And wonder if all my numerous failures
Were so because they stood not the test.
Is my work weighed and it too found wanting?
My plans all wrong from the point of starting?
Somehow I miss
The hoped for bliss,
Somewhere I have lost my gladness.
My plans have failed,
Earth's brightness paled,
And my joys have turned to sadness.

Perhaps they're profitless musings,
And yet, I would gain life's best,
I'm sure 'tis not meant for fretful complaining,
Only a longing for peace and for rest.
Perhaps I'll know in the proper season,
The what and how the hidden reason.
I'm sure the light
Succeeds the night,
Perhaps I shall know to-morrow.
The wrong must quail,
Right must prevail
Sometime in the bright to-morrow.

LUPA.

Our school-days are the seeding-time,
And after years will show
Whether the seeds of golden grain,
Or worthless tares we sow.

Kind words, good deeds and pleasant smiles,
Will yield a harvest fair;
But sneers and slights and angry frowns
Will leave the garner bare.

Beautiful lives are those that bless,—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountain but few may guess.

A Woman's Thought about Women.

Number I.

"On Earth peace, good will toward men." I wonder if that means women too, I thought as I vainly tried to keep peaceful with several boys in various stages of a quarrel darting about the room, in my way oftener than not.

I knew the Christmas bells were ringing somewhere, though many miles beyond my hearing but were they bringing peace to all who heard?

When I think of the gentle nature of him whose birth is thus heralded, the tenderness of his manner toward women, I cannot help believing the peace of his mission was meant for us as well as men, yet many of us have failed in obtaining a very large share.

"Come now and let us reason together," and see if we can learn how and why, "what makes the mighty differ," between men and women? Is there any evidence in nature that one was made to govern and the other to be governed regardless of any other circumstance than sex? If we watch the animals, both wild and tame, do we not see them traveling side by side for the same purposes, making the same marches and enduring the same fatigues? In the whole animal creation, so far as I have observed, they share equally in their goings and comings, except while the mother is caring for her young; and then the difference lasts only till they are old and strong enough to accompany her. If there is equality among inferior creatures why should there be such a difference in the human? Have we not the same qualities, selfish, intellectual and moral, except that they may differ in degree and who can prove this is not mainly caused by education? I know a prospective mother who asked of a spirit friend which to expect, so as to place herself under the right influences and the answer was that it made no difference, that no quality was needed by one that was not equally needed by the other and I soon saw that it was the truth.

We all know that in European countries the women among the poor can work side by side with the men, and is it not because for generations so little difference has been made in the physical training of the children of the poor? We know that an unusually gifted woman will, unless some other law interferes, transmit more or less of those qualities to her sons and they to their daughter, which seems to me nature's way of keeping the balance, a protest against considering one quality masculine and another feminine.

It is very poetical to call man the oak and woman the clinging vine but if nature has obstinately persisted in reversing the characters would it not be ridiculous for a vine as stout as an oak to endeavor to wind around a weak little sprout named an oak, that can scarcely hold itself up?

Have we not seen many families where any little roughness of manner, and some-

times worse, in a boy was excused by saying "boys will be boys?" If a girl did the same thing the reproof came directly, "Don't do that, it's not lady-like." What right has a man to be coarse, vulgar and profane and expect his wife and daughters to be opposite. I know a young girl, who while small, was walking with her father on an uneven road in the evening. He tripped over something in his way and used words supposed to be masculine. The little girl said nothing but soon stumbled and repeated her father's words, but he sharply reproofed her. To this day she cannot see why she had not as good a right to use them as he. From childhood, men are taught that they can say and do what is not right for women. If they show tenderness of feeling, while boys, they are told many times with a sneer that it is "womanish," as if to resemble mother and sisters a contemptible crime.

Both boys and girls should be taught proper self control, but not by telling either that all weakness belongs to the other. They should grow up feeling that one has as good a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as the other. If the Constitution of the United States does not say so, the constitution of the universe does.

I well remember the shock with which the knowledge came to me years ago, that I was a separate individual with all an immortal being's duties and responsibilities as well as as rights—not a helpless, unaccountable nonentity. a dependent on man—and the thought mentally staggered me. Of course I had known it in a passive way before, but had no realizing sense of it till then, and the feeling has staid by me with more or less strength ever since. I think that resembled conversion, and must be experienced by all who do not inherit it, before the millennium can come.

In accordance with the spiral law of the universe, I have circled around, in my own mind*at least, to my starting point. and end, as I began, by saying, I believe we were meant to share equally in all the necessary natural experiences of life. NEMO.

A New Brunswick four-year-old, on seeing the cook take the baked potatoes from the oven, was astonished at one which had burst its skin. "Oh, Annie!" he exclaimed, "there's one all unbuttoned!"

Now is the time to subscribe for the CARRIER DOVE, the only illustrated magazine, devoted principally to Spiritualism, in the world.

All articles published in the CARRIER DOVE are original, and prepared expressly for its columns unless otherwise credited.

We wish every woman to read "The Christian Church and Woman," by Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The illustrated Dove—\$2.50 per year.

Mind-Cure Talks.

Number II.

If, as physiologists admit, imagination, or fancy, may create disease, and even cause death, as has been proven in the case of the criminal condemned to death by being beheaded, instead of the knife falling upon the bared neck, a single drop of water was allowed to fall, the effect upon the criminal was the same as though the knife had struck his neck, for he died instantly, showing the power of imagination; why may it not be intelligently employed to cure disease. Let a person, by a conscious volitional effort, employ this plastic influence of the mind upon any diseased organ, and rationally imagine that it is being changed for the better, and that, within a specified time, it will be well, he will be astonished at the result; for faith is the most intense form of voluntary mental action. The fact that we can, when sad, make our faces wear a smile, or when inwardly disturbed, cause an outward appearance of tranquility, or, in time of danger, check the too rapid pulsations of the heart, proves that, by the same law, we may banish all semblance of disease from our bodies.

If the doctrine of Jesus is true, that the cure of disease is, according to our faith, the only object of a Christian physician in giving medicine, and the only ground on which he could justify himself is to furnish the patient standing ground for faith. A little sweetened water or a few bread pills, are as good as anything for accomplishing this purpose.

Faith, or belief, is a form of knowing. Faith and knowledge cannot be separated. The consent of reason, to what reason comprehends, is the foundation of all faiths. Take away the possibility of knowing, and there remains nothing to believe, for the root of faith is gone. There is a higher species of faith, an inward sense or spiritual faculty of preception, by which we have a direct preception of supersensual things. We gaze upon them with an inward eye, and they are as real to us as those seen with the physical eye. One is employed for the purpose of this life, the other for the preparation for the life to come.

Fear is the prophecy of disease. Faith sustains the same radical relations to health, and when this faith is perfected is the state of consciousness which links our present with our future life.

We should inform ourselves how to exercise the saving or healing faith—this divinity which lies within ourselves. As soon as a person comes into possession of this most potent and positive force he will find himself at once turned into a "good Samaritan," with the strong desire to relieve pain or distress wherever he may find it.

There are many things done to-day, from an advanced knowledge of nature's laws, that would have been deemed, eighteen centuries ago, the greatest of miracles; but, from their common occurrence, are no longer miracles, as the word signifies, surprises.

Mrs. J. M. Mason.

Children's Department.



Oh! sweet as the breath of a morning in spring,
Are the beautiful messages the dear children bring;
To the troubled in spirit they speak holy calm,
And into the hearts that are bruised they pour balm.

This department of the CARRIER DOVE will always contain something for the children from those in spirit life; and will be edited by Little Spirit Matie, daughter of Mrs. Schlesinger, the communications being written through the mediumship of Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of San Francisco.

Spirit Messages.

DEAR MAMMA:—I am so glad I can talk to you when I want to; but I could talk all the time. I will bring a great many nice spirits who want to speak to their friends through the CARRIER DOVE. Grandma is with you now, and says, do not fear, she will help you. I am learning to draw. There is a teacher here who will control Aunt Rie to write and draw soon. Mamie Eldridge is here. Her mother is in Virginia and will take the DOVE. Dear Mamma, I will be with you; do not worry, I am a big girl now, and will help you. Harry wants to write for the DOVE. Your dear little
MATIE.

ANN RENNEY: I want you to write and tell my brother William that we are all together, and are often with him. He is in Springfield Mass. He does not like it much, it is so cold. I came to spirit life when I was five years old. I tried to put my piece of pie on the stove, to warm, and my apron caught fire. I tried to run and find mother, but I fell down and was burned so bad I could not live in the body. My sister was sick in bed and could not help me. When I woke up in this beautiful world, I found so many to love and care for me. I could not make my mother stop crying, and she did not sleep. My brother William used to walk back of the old home and cry, when no one could see him. I tried to make him understand he would see me sometime, and that uncle John was with me, and that I had a dear brother Truth in spirit world. Mother used to pray, but she thought it strange God would let her little girl get burned up. She was out milking the cow when the accident occurred. William would try to divert her mind from her trouble, but without success, and for years she never smiled. When my darling mother came to spirit life and found me by her side, she could understand where heaven was. My sisters Annie, Lizzie and Mary are with us, and my brothers, James and Edward. My father is here now, and we are all together, such a large family, and all progressing together. I want my brother to know that Jennie and Lillie were with him when he visited the graves and understood how anxious he was to have some manifestation of spirit presence, but we find it very diffi-

cult without the right instrument. Mr. Munson and General Ripley says to tell my brother his chances are good—he will understand what that means. Mother wants me to tell brother that when she left the form she knew what she had learned from him was true, and it helped her to manifest through a medium.

We have beautiful homes and schools here, for every one must be educated, and there is a great deal to unlearn as well as learn; but with our grand teachers it is a pleasure to be taught. Father wants you to know he and mother are perfectly happy, and to be of good cheer; there will be a glorious welcome for you when you come. You were always a good boy to mother, and she is devoted to you.

There are no aged ones here, with bent forms and tottering, feeble limbs; all are strong and bright. James H. and James A. will write. You are in close communion with the spirit world, and, as time rolls on, the great and mighty spirits will go forth, and men will lift their thoughts to higher things and realize that angels can communicate with men. When you come to spirit life you will see great and magnificent cities, and many loved ones to give you a glad welcome. To my dear brother William Renney, from sister
ANN.

GEORGIE THOMPSON: I want to tell all the little girls and boys I am so happy. We have so many to love us in Spirit Home. My grandma, Katie, is with me. It is just the same as my grandma—it is mamma's grandma. My grandma's name is Lucy; she lives in Virginia. Grandpa's name is Natie. My auntie's name is Columbia; they call her Lummie. My uncle's name is Perry. Mamma's brother's name is Clark. Her grandma's name is Gibson. I have a cousin Johnie in spirit world; also aunt Alice and Allie. My grandpa is John White, Aunt Merilla is here. She is Johnie's mother; I mean the Johnie that is in Mendocino county with the horses. The horse that made Billy Maynard drown was Jerry, not Dick. The rope came untied, and Billy fell and hurt his head so he could not swim. He is glad he is with us, and we will all help him learn how to talk when he comes to the medium. He will want to write after a while, and let his friends know how happy he is. Matie will bring some one to help him. I have good teachers here and learn fast. When my brother Ernie goes to school, I will help him. Uncle George has been sick, but the doctor is making him well. Doctor Cooper likes uncle George, and when he goes to Texas he will be with him sometimes to help him. I know Charlie Baker. He is a big man now. We all have good guides to teach us. We have fruit and flowers and everything beautiful. Uncle Cummings has Kitty with him. Sometime I will tell you what Kitty is. Sometimes I go on beautiful water, in a boat, with grandpa, and so many nice people. I like nice little girls, and uncle

Warren likes girls too. Grandma Lucy is not very well; but if she would go to Boston to see the medium, she would feel so happy, and would soon get better. Will Simpson is Allie Eva's father. Clarence don't like Spirits, because they do not tell him which horse will win. The guides do not want to talk about horses; they want to tell all how to live and do good, so that when you all come here you will be so happy and live in bright, beautiful places.

My papa's name is Frank, mamma's name is Jennie, brother's name is Nick. I am
GEORGIE THOMPSON.

A Pleasant Occasion.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Surprise parties do not always surprise; but it is safe to say that the popular President of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists in this city, Mr. H. C. Wilson, and his worthy wife, were actually surprised last evening, by a social gathering of friends and members of the above organization. The capacity of their parlors was fully tested, and, though extra seats were improvised out of convenient material, it was noticed that chairs were compelled to do extra duty in seating those present. Last evening was the anniversary night of the formation of the Society, and consequently, was a fitting time to assemble for the purpose of giving tokens of respect and appreciation to Mr. Wilson, who, as presiding officer of the association, through marked ability and devotion to the cause we all hold dear, has done much to insure success and the beneficial results that naturally followed.

Anyone familiar with organizations of this kind knows to what great extent their existence and prosperity depend on a capable and energetic president, able to inspire enthusiasm and give dignity to the chair. That Mr. Wilson completely fills the bill, and that his superior is unknown, is generally admitted; and the remarks and manifestations last evening gave indisputable evidence that his services and worth are duly appreciated.

Among the first to present their respects was the well-known poet and inspirational speaker, Dr. C. C. Peet, and wife. Other mediums and friends followed with short congratulatory speeches. Among them were: Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Aitken, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Fair, Mrs. Kasten, Mr. Coolidge, Judge Collins and Mr. Clark.

Mr. Wilson spoke feelingly of his long and pleasant connection with the Society, and his deep appreciation of the testimonials of regard and esteem from his coworkers.

Tangible tokens of friendship as well as cheering words were left for Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and when the company separated it was with the understanding that one year from that date all who could would assemble again.

C. SEVERANCE.

San Francisco, Jan. 6, 1886.

The Magic Mirror.

DEAR EDITRESS: Will you please publish the following in your CARRIER DOVE, which comes as a welcome messenger to so many homes, and, in so doing, assist a deserving widow and help to bring before the public a singular phase of mediumship. Mrs. Lucy Bennett has come into possession of a very highly polished stone, or as it is sometimes called, a "Magic Mirror," in which she reads the past, present and future for persons sitting or coming en-rapport with her. She sees faces, forms, the names of people, gives messages and events about to transpire, with startling distinctness. This lady has seen much sorrow, is alone in this life,—husband, children, property, all taken from her, and now the spiritual forces have brought her this mirror in a truly marvelous manner to compensate in a measure for what she has passed through. In making others happy, bringing messages of comfort to sorrowing hearts, she is blessed herself. Mrs. Bennett is a quiet, retiring little woman, who receives this as a holy gift of mediumship, and desires to give only the truth. She comes into the field with a very meagre knowledge of the harmonial philosophy, but with a power few possess in so great a degree—clairvoyance. She now realizes she has been mediumistic from childhood. That she is honest and truthful, willing to learn from even the humblest instrument of this divine faith, no one who comes into her atmosphere, can, for a moment, doubt.

May God and the good angels speed the time when all true mediums shall be more appreciated, better understood, and many, many, more developed to do the great work which is in the future for willing hands to do, to teach the truth that is to lead us upward and onward even to the perfect day.
A FRIEND.

We have been obliged to enlarge the DOVE this month four pages, making now a twenty-eight-page journal. If the friends support us in the future as generously as in the past, we shall soon be enabled to give them one of finest magazines in the world.

"Why, Johnnie," exclaimed mama, "arn't you ashamed of yourself, going about with such a dirty face?" "No, I ain't," replied Johnnie, with a conscious pride in the integrity of his intentions; "you'd like to have me taken for a dude, wouldn't you?"

Economical wives are getting scarcer every year. There are some married women who do not save enough in two years to pay their husbands' bar bills for a week.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it may appear, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

Spiritualism.

The Bible declares that men, through fear of death, are, all their lifetime, subject to bondage; and orthodox religious journals like the *Occident* assert that observation and experience confirm the truth of this declaration. And yet, when Spiritualism, with its demonstrated facts and established philosophy, offers that which takes away all fear of death, and releases from bondage, it is rejected by the Bible worshipers with scorn. Is there such another anomaly known as this? Could there be anything more inconsistent?

Here are all the preachers of all the land declaring, from year's end to year's end, that there is a life after this; yet, when proof positive of such a life is proffered, they turn away from it and say it is from the devil. In view of this gross inconsistency, it has come to be a serious question whether the preachers guilty of it are honest. Are they not hypocrites, whose interest it is to foster delusions, that they may fatten on the purses of the people?

When Spiritualism is proven true, as it yet will be, priestcraft is at an end. The true Spiritualist acknowledges no dictator, embodied or disembodied. Some have "spirit guides," in whom they place great confidence; but all who are wise, nevertheless, rely upon their own judgment. Neither book nor priest can ever be accepted as infallible by those who have become fully convinced of the facts, and well versed in the principles of Spiritualism. In this iconoclastic faith, Christianity recognizes its executioner; and its priests, who love self more than they do the truth, turn from it with a shudder.
W. N. S.

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Drs. Darrin.

Drs. Darrin, 113 Stockton street, San Francisco, heals all curable diseases with little or no medicine—examinations free. Dr. Schlesinger called, and, on interviewing them, found that they were professed Spiritualists, and do not deny receiving their power from spirit sources. We clip the following from the *S. F. Evening Post*. The testimonial from the pen of Senator John L. Boone is only one of thousands who have been successfully treated by those gifted mediums:

SENATOR BOONE'S OPINION OF DRs. DARRIN.

Drs. Darrin are still exciting our citizens with many wonderful cures without the use of medicine or surgery. Hundreds of patients are besieging their offices, at 113 Stockton street, daily. The excitement they are creating is equaled only by the furor they occasioned in Paris, in 1878, where the wonderful cures performed were the principal topic and sensation in that city and throughout Europe. Senator Boone's letter to Drs. Darrin speaks volumes for the magnetic cure as practiced by them.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 13, 1885.
DRs. DARRIN:—I have had occasion to test the efficacy of your remedies, and have found them to act like magic. You cured, in a short time, an irritating skin disorder, that had troubled me for at least ten years, after I had tried at least a dozen of our most eminent physicians, and expended a large amount of money with them. A year has now passed, and I have experienced no signs of its return. There is no use disguising the fact, your magnetic treatment is simply wonderful.

Very Truly Yours,
JOHN L. BOONE,
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