



Robt Hare M.D.

The Carrier Dove.

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

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ROBERT HARE, M. D.

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Professor Hare held an eminent position in the ranks of the scientists of America and Europe. His "Brief View of the Policy and Resources of the United States," was published in 1810, and was followed by more than a hundred publications from his pen, some of political, moral, or financial nature, but mainly on the subject of chemistry and electricity. He was the inventor of several ingenious machines for use in scientific investigations, and when his attention was called to the—as he then thought—delusion of Spiritualism, he invented some very complete machines—two of which we give illustrations of—to demonstrate the fallacy of table rappings and turnings. Like many other scientists who have undertaken that task, he was hoisted "by his own petard," but, unlike many of his co-workers in the scientific field of labor, he was honest enough when thoroughly convinced of the Spiritual origin of the phenomena, to publicly avow his belief, and shared the usual fate of persons who run counter to the ordinary, popular current. Materialism is considered excusable in a scientist, but let one avow his belief in Angelic communion with humanity and the dogs of denunciation and vituperation are let loose. In a letter published in July, 1853, Prof. Hare said: "I recommend to your attention, and that of others interested in this hallucination, Faraday's observations and experiments, recently published in some of our respectable newspapers. I entirely concur in the conclusions of that distinguished experimental expounder of nature's riddles." In his book entitled "Experimental Investigation of the Spirit Manifestations," published in 1855, from which we draw for this sketch, he frankly says, referring to that letter, "I allege it to be an exemplification of *wise ignorance*, which is about equivalent to folly. The wisest man who speaks in ignorance, speaks foolishly to the ears of

those who perceive his ignorance. The great mass of men of science appear in this light to Spiritualists when they argue against Spiritualism." Shortly after the publication of that letter, Prof. Hare was induced to sit at a private house where spirit rappings were produced; all his ingenious devices to account for the raps by mundane agencies failed to produce the expected result, and he soon learned there were many things in Heaven and earth heretofore "undreamed of in his philosophy."

His first investigations were with rapping mediums and he soon became satisfied as to the honesty of the worthy people, who were themselves under a deception if these sounds did not proceed from spiritual agency. Visiting another medium, in the company of a legal friend, he received communications from the tippings of a table which indicated the letters to form messages as the fingers were passed over an alphabet. When the medium's eyes were directed away from the alphabet his companion received the following communication: "Light is dawning on the mind of your friend; soon he will speak trumpet-tongued to the scientific world, and add a new link to that chain of evidence on which our hope of man's salvation is founded."

He invented a machine intended to demonstrate that the "manifestations attributed to spirits could be made without human agency. (See engraving of apparatus accompanying this sketch, A.) It will be readily seen that the tray upon which the medium's hands were laid, rests upon balls, making it impossible for the medium to move the table, or produce any action of the index upon the dial. Having this apparatus at the residence of a lady by whom it had been actuated on previous occasions, he says: "This lady sitting at the table as a medium, my sister reported herself. As a test question, I inquired 'What was the name of a partner in business of my father, who, when he left the city with the Americans during the Revolutionary War, came out with the British, and took care of the joint property?' The disk revolved successively to letters correctly indicating the name to be Warren. I then inquired the name of the partner of my English grandfather, who died in

London more than seventy years ago. The true name was given by the same process. The medium and all present were strangers to my family, and I had never heard either name mentioned, except by my father."

Possibly a case of *mind reading*, which is the wise explanation that has been given in connection with our slate writing experience published in the last number of this magazine. We live in a progressive age, and if the mind can revolve a disk, or write without human contact with the agents employed, we may yet develop its powers to a state wherein we can enjoy our *otium cum dignitate* in our easy chairs, and direct insensate matter to perform our manual labor. Why not? if it be true, as our Mind Cure friends assure us, that a fractured or dislocated limb can be restored to a sound condition by *silent prayer*.

Professor Hare's ingenious method of testing the power of the unseen intelligencies is very interesting, affording conclusive evidence of an invisible power acting in response to his desires. (See B in plate of illustrations of apparatus, which is similar to machines used by Professor Crooks in his investigations.) Referring to these trials he says: "My much-esteemed friend, Professor Henry, having treated this result as incredible, I was induced to repeat it with the greatest precision and precaution. A well-known medium was induced to plunge his hands, clasped together, to the bottom of the cage, holding them perfectly still. As soon as these conditions were attained, the apparatus being untouched by anyone excepting the medium as described, I invoked the aid of my spirit friends. A downward force was repeatedly exerted upon the end of the board appended to the balance equal to three pounds' weight nearly. It will be perceived that in this manifestation, the medium had no means of communication with the board, besides the water. It was not until he became quite still that the invocation was made. Nevertheless, he did not appear to be subjected to any reacting force. Yet, the distance of the hook of the balance from the fulcrum on which the board turned was six times times as great as the cage in which the hands were situated. Conse-

quently, a force of $3 \times 6 = 18$ pounds must have been exerted. The board would probably have been depressed much more, but that the water had been spilled by any further inclination of the vase.

"This experiment has since been repeated again and again, but on a smaller scale, when, not only the downward force was exercised, *but the spelling of words* was accomplished. On one occasion, when no result ensued, it appeared to arise from the water being so cold as to chill the medium, because on warming it up to a comfortable temperature, the desired manifestations were obtained."

A practical illustration of the necessity for proper conditions for the medium, or, that the mind needs warmth for the exercise of its powers. A "crumb of comfort" for those in doubt as to their final destination. Many of the experiments made by Professor Hare, through the agency of his dials, operated by different mediums, effectually expose the fallacy of the mind theory, so frequently advanced as a refutation of spiritual agency. Some of his interviews with Mrs. Hayden—one of our first and best public mediums—are very conclusive on this point. He says: "While in Boston, having read to a friend a communication from my father through a writing-medium, I placed it in one of my pockets and proceeded to the Fountain Inn. When there, I felt for it without success. Unexpectedly I went to Salem by the cars, and returned the same evening. On undressing myself the scroll was missing, and I inferred that it had been lost between the place where it had been read and the inn above named, where I felt for it unsuccessfully. In going next morning to Mrs. Hayden's, and my spirit father reporting himself, I inquired whether he knew what had become of the scroll. It was answered that it had been left upon the seat in the car on my quitting it at Salem. Inquiring of the conductor, who was on duty in the car where it had been left, he said that it had been found on the seat, was safe at Portland, and should be returned to me the next day. This promise was realized.

On one occasion, sitting at the disk with Mrs. Hayden, a spirit gave his initials as C. H. Hare. Not recollecting any one of our relations of that name precisely, I inquired if he was one of them. The reply was affirmative. 'Are you a son of my cousin, Charles Hare, of St. Johns, New Brunswick?' 'Yes' was spelled out. This spirit then gave me the profession of his grandfather, also that of his father. * * * * Subsequently, the brother of this spirit made us a visit in Philadelphia, and informed us that the mundane career of his brother, Charles Henry, had been terminated

by shipwreck, some four years anterior to the visit made, as mentioned to me.

A spirit of the name of Powel tendered his services and undertook to spell Cato, but instead of that name, Blodget, my friend, occupied the disk, and spelt his own name, and afterward Cato. On the same occasion Blodget spelt out and designated words without the medium seeing the alphabet. The employment of letters to express ideas neither existing in the mind of the medium or in mine, cannot be explained by any psychological subterfuge."

Professor Hare became developed as a medium sufficiently to enable him to converse with his spirit friends, and says in this connection: "I am no longer under the necessity of defending media from the charge of falsehood and deception. It is now my own character only that can be in question." This being the condition the following test is only explicable by one of two theories: either Professor Hare—a man "*Sans peur, sans reproche*"—was culpable or idiotic enough to make public a false statement, which, even if true, would only bring his good name and reputation into disrepute among his scientific associates; or, intelligent beings, outside of any human organization, exist and have the power to communicate with mortals.

Being at the Atlantic hotel, Cape May, about one hundred and thirty miles distant from Philadelphia, on the third of July, 1855, at one o'clock, Prof. Hare requested his spirit sister to convey a message to Mrs. Gourlay, in Philadelphia, asking her to induce Dr. Gourlay to go to the Philadelphia Bank to ascertain the time when a note would be due, and to report to him at half-past three o'clock: she did report at the time appointed.

Prof. Hare states: "After my return to Philadelphia, being at the residence of Mrs. Gourlay, I inquired of her whether she had received any message from me during my absence. In reply, it was stated that while a communication from her spirit mother was being made to her brother, who was present, my spirit messenger interrupted it to request her to send her husband to the bank to make the desired inquiry. Her husband and brother went to the bank in consequence. With the idea received by the latter, my sister's report coincided agreeably to his statement to me. All this proves that a spirit must have officiated, as nothing else can explain the transaction. The note-clerk recollects the application, but does not appear to have felt himself called upon to take the trouble to get the register, which was not in his hands at the time. Hence, the impression received by the applicants was not correct, but corresponded with the report made

to me by my sister, which differed from the impression on my memory, and, of course, was not obtained from *my* mind.

Wishing to make this transaction a test, I was particularly careful to manage so that I might honorably insist upon it as a test; and, until I learned the fact from Mrs. Gourlay and from the note-clerk, that the inquiry was made, it did not amount to a test manifestation. I submit these facts to the public, as proving that there must have been an invisible, intelligent being with whom I communicated at Cape Island, who bore my message to Mrs. Gourlay, so as to induce the application at the bank. Otherwise, what imaginable cause could have produced the result, especially within the time occupied of two and a half hours?

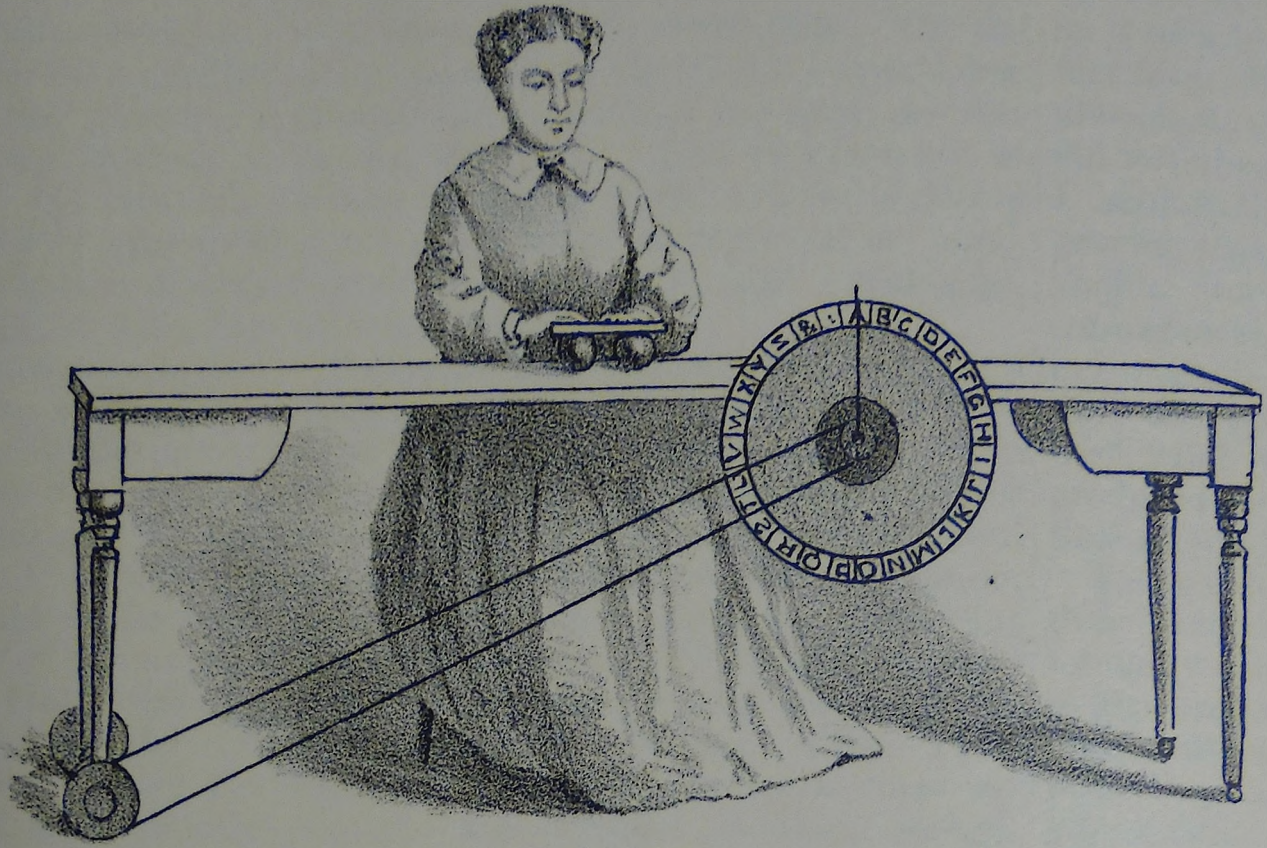
The existence of spirit agency being thus demonstrated, I am justified in solemnly calling on my contemporaries to give credence to the important information which I have received from spirits, respecting the destiny of the human soul after death. They may be assured that every other object of consideration sinks into insignificance in comparison with this information and the bearing it must have upon morals, religion, and politics, whenever it can be known and be believed by society in general, as it is by me."

Had Professor Hare—the man of scientific attainments which placed him in the front rank of scientists in Europe and America—published a monograph on the ceremonies, of an unusual character, found on the body of a mummy, *decayed* and *sanctified* by the dust of three thousand years, he would have been accorded a hearing by his scientific *dry-as-dust* contemporaries, and his *scientific* treatment of the matter would have been lauded by them as evidence of his remarkable acumen and powers of scientific research.

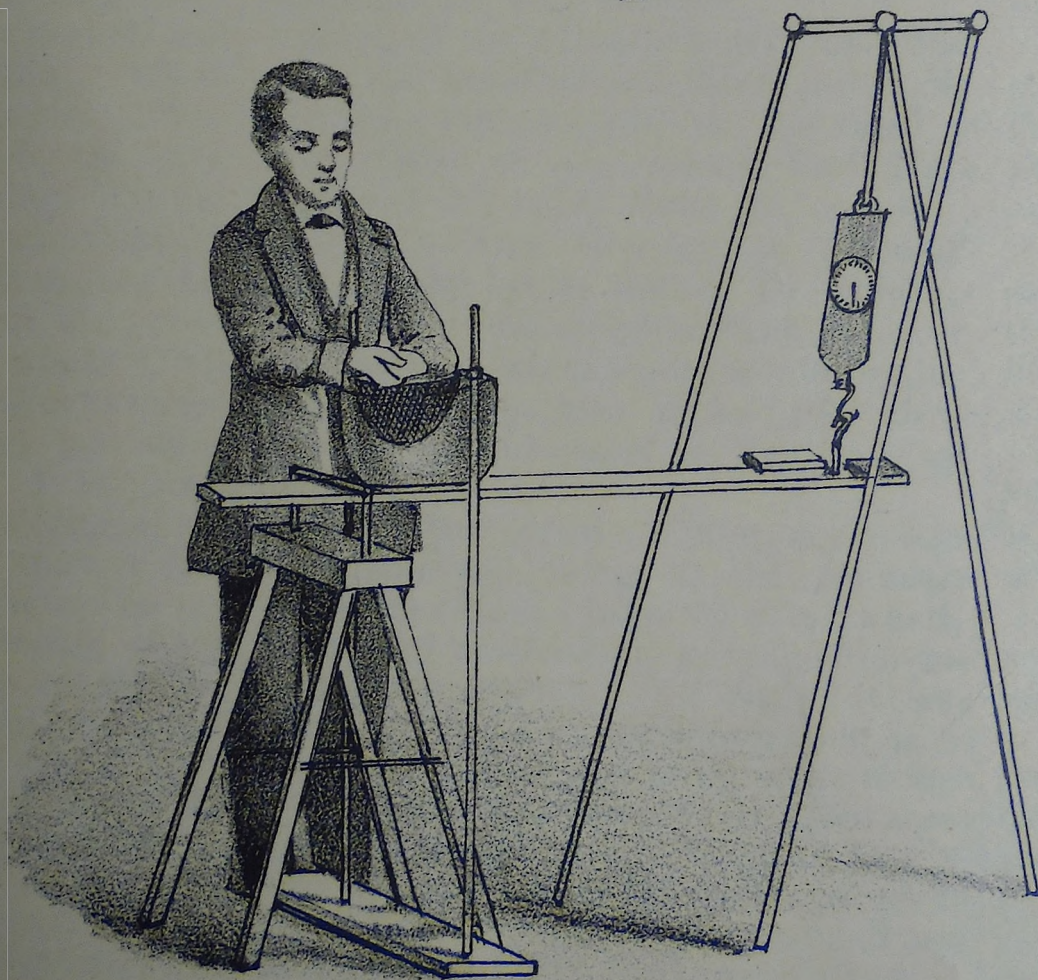
Alas! the honorable man and renowned scientist had made a grand mistake, in the estimation of his compeers, in turning from his chemical investigations to the study of the evidences of immortal life, and all its unspeakable grandeur of progression. He cast his pearls before learned swine, and swinishly did they turn and rend him. His earnest appeals to his learned conferees to listen to the evidences of the immortality of the human spirit, which he had demonstrated through strictly scientific methods of investigation, was contemptuously thrust aside, and the *wise* men continued in the more congenial pursuits of watching the wonderful developments of nature in the transformation of tadpoles' tails and bugology.

Professor Hare gives the experiences of many other investigators of the phenomena, as corroborative evidence to sup-

A



B



port his own statements; among others that of Dr. W. Geib, which we give to illustrate some of the wonderful phases of mediumship now being daily exercised in our midst. The medium referred to is Mrs. Ada Foye, of San Francisco.

Dr. Geib says: "Being subsequently in the city of New York, I visited the public circles of a medium for automatic writing and the sounds. Being requested, as the rest had been, but without response, to ask if any of my spirit friends were present, my interrogation was answered by three distinct raps upon the table. 'Now ask who it is; a father, mother and so on'; and I was informed it was a son. 'Is your sister with you?' 'Yes.' 'Will you spell his name?' 'Yes;' and it was correctly given. 'Is her little son with her?' 'Yes.' 'Will you spell his name?' 'Yes;' and a name of seventeen letters was correctly spelled out by the card, the letters being indicated, when pointed to, by three raps. My spirit son also informed me when he had died, and of what disease. It will be observed that my son's name had not been mentioned, reserving it for a test. Three raps had replied in the affirmative to my question, when the medium spasmodically seized a pencil, extended a sheet of paper toward me, and wrote upside down, so that I might read it as written: 'We are looking forward for you to join us, when we shall be more so;' and to my perfect delight and astonishment, signed my son's name to the communication, asking whether the name was correct.

On a subsequent occasion, when a large and respectable company was present, I remarked to the medium that she had reported the fact that foreign languages had been written by her hand. 'All kinds of language; but I don't know anything about them,' was the reply. 'If you have no objection, I should like to get a communication from my son, in a foreign language. 'Oh, not in the least; if he knew it in this world, he will know it in the next.' 'My son, will you give me a communication in a foreign language?' Answer, three raps. The company were all intent on this striking and convincing test of spiritual intercourse. 'In French?' 'No;' one rap. 'In Spanish?' Three raps. The medium's hand, as before, seized the pencil, and wrote upside down a communication in correct Spanish, though we all accepted her declaration that she was not acquainted with one word of the Spanish language."

We have presented some of Professor Hare's experiments with the phenomena of Spiritualism, and will close our sketch

with some of the conclusions to which he arrived in consequence thereof.

Professor Hare says: "Confining the range of my philosophy to the laws of motion, magnificently illustrated by the innumerable solar systems, but no less operative in every minute mechanical movement, I hold that I could only come to the same conclusion as Faraday, that if tables *when associated with human beings* moved, it must in some way be due to those beings, since, agreeably to all experience of the laws of matter in the *material* world, inanimate bodies can not originate motion. But as when the planetary motions are considered, any hypothesis fails which does not account for the rationality of the result, and therefore involves the agency, not only of a powerful but a rational cause; so the manifestations of Spiritualism, involving both reason and power, might consistently justify me in looking for agents endowed with the reason and power manifested by the phenomena. This power being *invisible* and *imponderable*, and at the same time *rational*, there was no alternative but to consider it as *spiritual*, no less than that to which the planetary motion is due. In its potentiality the power thus manifested might be extremely minute as compared with the potentiality of the Creator; still it had to be of the same spiritual nature.

It has not appeared unreasonable to infer that the soul in assuming the spirit form should acquire a power of which material beings are destitute, and of which they can only conceive an idea from its necessity to the operations of God. Parting with its material attributes, were the soul not to acquire others, even if it could exist, it would be perfectly helpless. Hence, in becoming an immaterial spirit, it must acquire powers indispensable and appropriate to that state of existence."

Although Professor Hare's efforts to induce his scientific friends to investigate Spiritualism were met with contempt or indifference, his interest continued unabated and he continued his communications and investigations to the end of his earth life, deriving great comfort therefrom. Writing in 1858, he says: "Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months, had more striking evidence of that agency than those given in the work in question."

ILLUSTRATION OF APPARATUS USED BY PROF. HARE.

Description of the instrument by which spirits were enabled to move a ta-

ble under the influence of mediumship, yet in no wise under the control of the medium employed, even clairvoyance being nullified. (A).

The table is about six feet in length, and sixteen inches in width, so contrived as to separate into three parts for convenience of carriage.

The pair of legs under the right side are upon castors. Those of the left side upon an axle, passing through perforations suitably made for its reception. The axle serves for two wheels of about six inches diameter, of which one is grooved. A disk, is secured upon a pivot, affixed to a strip of wood, which is made to slide between two other strips attached to the frame of the table just under the top board. By this means the band embraces both the hub of the disk and the wheel; when this turns in consequence of the shoving of the table horizontally along the floor, the disk turns with the wheel, and as much faster as the circumference of the groove in the hub, is less than that of the groove in the wheel.

Any mortal having due hold of the table, may, by shoving it one way or the other, bring any letter under the index, so as to spell out any desired word. But no person, sitting as the medium is in the engraving represented to sit, with the plate on two balls, can actuate the disk so as to spell out words. Utterly incapacitated from moving the table, it were manifestly impossible to actuate the disk, or to interfere with the movements otherwise imparted.

DESCRIPTION OF APPARATUS ILLUSTRATED, MARKED B.

Representation of an experiment, in which the medium was prevented from having any other communication with the apparatus, actuated under his mediumship, excepting through water. Yet under these circumstances the spring balance indicated the exertion of a force equal to eighteen pounds.

A board is supported on a rod so as to make it serve as a fulcrum, as in a seesaw, excepting that the fulcrum is at the distance of only one foot from one end, while it is three feet from the other. This end is supported by a spring-balance which indicates pounds and ounces by a rotary index.

Upon the board, at about six inches from the fulcrum, there is a hole into which the knob of an inverted glass vase, nine inches in diameter, is inserted.

Upon two iron rods proceeding vertically from a board resting on the floor, so as to have one on each side of the vase, a cage of wire such as is used to defend food from flies, of about five inches diameter, is upheld (inverted) by the rod within the vase concentrically, so

as to have between it and the sides of the vase an interstice of an inch nearly, and an interval of an inch and a half between it and the bottom of the vase.

The vase being filled with water until within an inch of the brim, the medium's hands were introduced into the cage and thus secured from touching the vase.

These arrangements being made, the spirits were invoked to show their power, when repeatedly the spring-balance indicated an augmentation of weight equal to three pounds. The relative distances of the vase and balance from the fulcrum being as 6 to 36, the force exerted must have been $3 \times 6 = 18$ pounds; yet the medium did not appear to be subjected to any reaction, and declared that he experienced none.

It was on stating this result to the Association for the Advancement of Science, that I met with the same reception as the King of Ava gave to the Dutch Ambassador, who alleged water to be at times solidified in his country, by cold, so as to be walked upon.

The belief in spiritual agency was treated as a mental disease, with which I, of course, had been infected; those who made this charge being perfectly unconscious that their education has associated morbid incredulity with bigoted and fanatical credence.

Although Prof. Hare mentions the receipt of communications through the instrumentality of apparatus B, he fails to give the method of obtaining them, which was probably by the substitution of an alphabetical dial and index in place of the spring-balance, as shown in the illustration.

MRS. P. W. STEPHENS.

The subject of this sketch was born in the city of Schenectady, State of New York, in October, 1822. When she was two years of age her parents, Samuel and Charlotte Wilson, removed to Oneida County, near the lake, where she was raised.

Her father, though having a good education, was tinctured with ideas common to those early days regarding the education of women, considering the only desirable accomplishments, being a knowledge of housework and the care of children. Consequently his daughter was never sent to school. Although possessed of a strong desire to study, books were scarce and work plenty, therefore little opportunity was offered for mental development, and she grew to womanhood a machine for labor and a child of Nature.

From early childhood she was clairvoyant and clairaudient, but supposed the voices she heard was God speaking to her, and thought everybody heard them. Her mother was also clairvoyant, often

seeing her "dead people," as she termed them. When a child, she was frequently visited by a spirit who would say: "*I am Granny Hadlock, don't be afraid, I like little gals.*" Mrs. S. said that in after years she asked her mother if she ever knew any one by that name, and her mother answered "Yes; Granny Hadlock was my great-grandmother, and raised my mother, who was left an orphan, but I never saw her myself."

One day her twin brother was missing, and as there was a stream of water near the house, it was feared he had fallen in and was drowned. Diligent search was being made when suddenly Mrs. S. heard a voice say: "He is in the huckleberry lot," which was half a mile distant. She ran to her mother, saying "Jacob is picking huckleberries." "How do you know?" said her mother. In a whisper she answered: "Because God says so." Her brother was found at the place designated.

In the year 1844 her father passed to spirit life. The following year the family removed to Illinois. In 1846, she was married to William Kinsey, a Quaker, (or Friend). While conversing with Mrs. S. not long since, when speaking of this portion of her life, with much emotion she said: "All the years of my neglected childhood, all the toil, trials, and disappointments of maidenhood, stand out today, in shining radiance, beside those six weary years of wifehood. Perhaps they were needed to teach me the lesson of humility, and cause the flame of sympathy to ever quickly kindle in behalf of the suffering and down-trodden of earth, especially of my own sex." During these six years of marriage Mrs. Stephens became the mother of six children, three of whom passed to spirit life. At the age of thirty she was left a widow. Six weeks after the death of her husband her mother also passed away. They both soon gave remarkable evidences of their ability to communicate with her. In 1850, her brother E. V. Wilson, whose name is a household word wherever Spiritualism is known, visited her, and through his mediumship she received her first knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism. She was soon controlled to speak in a remarkable manner, and would write essays upon subjects of which she was entirely ignorant. Spiritual literature was not abundant in those days, but she read the *The Spiritual Telegraph*, as long as it was published; then followed *The Banner of Light*, which she yet calls her loving friend.

In 1857 she married Philander Stephens, who proved a kind, loving husband, and father to her children. In 1862 they joined a train composed of one hundred and fifty persons and came overland to

California. During this perilous journey they met with many exciting adventures, being several times attacked by Indians. On one of these occasions Mrs. S. and another lady volunteered to mould bullets while the men were fighting the Indians. They also stood guard the whole of that night, exposed to the enemy's bullets. During these trying hours she was constantly encouraged by the "voices" which were always more clear and distinct in times of greatest distress. After many tribulations they arrived in California and settled in Calaveras County.

In the summer of '65, Mrs. S. was prostrated with a severe illness. Her attending physician thought her recovery doubtful. She was visited by her spirit daughter who gave her a prescription that restored her in one hour. Upon his next visit the physician expressed much surprise at the change. When informed of what had occurred he pronounced the prescription an excellent one, but said he had not thought of it, and laughing, said it was a lucky dream for Mrs. S. The next day her babe, which was then two weeks old, was placed in her arms for the first time. She immediately heard Mr. Stephens' spirit wife say: "The baby will die." Mrs. S. said "No; this strong healthy baby will not die." The voice again said: "The babe will die." "When?" exclaimed Mrs. S. "To-morrow," was the reply. Her husband, who was absent had been telegraphed for, as it had not been thought she would live, and the family were expecting his return. She then asked the spirit if Mr. S. would get home before it died, and the reply was: "No; but I will take your darling and care for him." The child was taken suddenly ill that night and expired at four o'clock the afternoon of the next day. Mr. S. arrived at six.

In January, 1867, the family moved to Sacramento City, after having resided for a short time in El Dorado County. Up to this date Mrs. S. had never heard a spiritual lecture, or witnessed any of the phenomena of Spiritualism, except what had occurred through her own mediumship, or that of some member of her family. Mrs. Laura Cuppy was lecturing in Sacramento at that time. Mrs. S.'s mediumship developed so rapidly under these new and favorable conditions that in six weeks after settling in Sacramento her house was daily crowded with people seeking evidences that their loved ones were not lost to them. She soon became a trance speaker, giving in glowing language the philosophical evidence of a continued life. Her first public lectures were delivered in Sacramento in the autumn of '69. She also visited adjacent towns and cities, spreading the truth by lecturing and giving tests. In the spring of '72, she visited Utah, attracting much



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attention during the few months of her sojourn in that section. After her return she visited many places in California and Nevada, doing much pioneer work for the cause. In April, 1874, obeying the instructions of her guides, she started for the East, stopping in Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, and Iowa, visiting all the principal cities on the way, lecturing and exercising her mediumistic gifts. In September, while attending the Spiritualist's Convention in Chicago, Mrs. S. was informed by her guides that her son in Sacramento would pass into spirit-life in November. She hastened home and the statement was verified by the death of her son by accident on the 19th of November.

In the Spring of '76, she again visited the East. Stopping at the home of her brother, E. V. Wilson, in Illinois, she attended the meeting held in Rockford, in June, where her usefulness was fully appreciated by her brother and the vast numbers who attended, as the records of the convention and favorable comments of the press demonstrate. In October, at the request of her brother, she accompanied him eastward, assisting him at the meeting in Binghamton. At its close she visited many places in the East, spending the winter in Northern New York. Her ministrations attracted much attention and gave great satisfaction, receiving very favorable notices from the local papers in every city she visited.

The following spring she returned to her field of labor in the West. During the next few years she resided a portion of the time in Reno, Nevada; also in Oregon, which State she canvassed quite extensively, carrying "glad tidings" of immortality to many doubting ones by her superior ability to *demonstrate* its truth.

In 1883, Mrs. S. was directed to go East as far as Cheyenne, W. Ty., visiting Colorado and Arizona during her absence. *The Denver Times*, speaking of her presence in that city, says: "Mrs. P. W. Stephens, of Sacramento, California, again interested the people of this city with a lecture in Warren's Hall. She is an elderly woman, a graceful speaker, and impresses her hearers with the truth of her convictions almost irresistibly. She spoke last night upon subjects chosen by the audience, of which was "The Higher Life," which was well handled. "Then Chinese Immigration" was treated, and if the ideas of the spirit are correct, there are dark days before the people of the West from this *evil*, as they are termed. Altogether her work here is of a fine order; but then we had rather think Mrs. S. is a smart, educated woman than to attribute it all to spirits."

While in Arizona the *Prescott Miner*,

speaking of her, says: "Mrs. Stephens gave her second lecture last evening to a large audience. The subject, which was chosen by a committee from the audience, was "The Aztec." To say it was marvelous and instructive would fall short of the letter. We heard learned men say they would give the ablest man in the territory one month in which to prepare a lecture on this subject and defy them to outdo this. It was highly reasonable and in accordance with the views of the most learned of the day. We care not how the lady received her knowledge it was a grand effort, and every man and woman in this land so full of the relics of an unknown and extinct race, ought to have heard it."

After her return home from this trip she lectured in Sacramento until August, 1884, when she was attacked with a severe illness which has entirely disabled her from public work since. In a brief sketch like this it is impossible to enter into the details of the public work accomplished by this gifted medium, and we hope that Mrs. Stephens will yet have an account of her eventful life published in book form, as it would prove a valuable acquisition to any spiritual library:

LIFE IN OTHER WORLDS.

[From the *Sphere of Humboldt*.]

A DISCOURSE BY THE GUIDES OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, DELIVERED IN METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 27, 1883.

From the simple standpoint of the individual man, the whole visible structure and that which is invisible in space seems to revolve around him; not only does he think that the earth and the air were fashioned for him, but the planets and heavenly bodies seem to move with special reference to his being. The day is for his pleasure, the night for his sleep, and the sun seems to go up and down in the heavens in obedience to his infantile wish.

In ancient days when man's eyes were all the vision he had; when man's senses constituted his perception, the sun and moon and planets moved around the earth; the earth was flat, having four corners from whence the winds came to do the bidding of man, or, to desolate, as the Gods might wish. From the moon at night and from the sun by day and from the stars, small and great, man derived his light and heat.

Thus it was he thought that all the earth and heavens were fashioned for him, and that he, standing upon this small footstool of being, was the king and crowning glory of the earth.

But when it came to be known that not the earth, but yon bright orb that

fills the world with splendor was the center of the visible system; when it came to be known that not the earth, but that there was some remoter center still, around which the earth and all the kindred planets moved, then man felt his insignificance; and that, somehow, there might be a universe that did not consult him as to its peculiar movements and requirements, and that he did not stand as the center of the visible universe at all.

Fy degrees there were found to be not only five and six planets (not including the moon,) but more; and these in exact geometrical order, beginning with Mercury, and extending far out beyond the reach of human vision a direct line of planets, step after step, revealing the symmetry and order of the universe which man knew nothing of. Not only this, but the earth was one of the smallest of the planets and related to one of the smaller Solar systems, while the fixed stars and those systems that seemed never to change,—yet must be involved in the great law and harmony of motion,—seemed so far away and yet so powerful and so palpable, that with all the motion of the earth around the sun, and the still more remote motion of sun and earth and attendant planets around some distant sun, those wonderful systems never seemed to move.

Oh, what depth and height were here unfolded! Step by step after astronomical science, other sciences came into being. The air, which was supposed to be uninhabited, was found to be possessed of millions of forms of infinitesimal life. The microscope was brought in to aid human vision, and all the air which you breath was found to be populous with molecular life. Not only so, but water and every fluid substance through the law of chemistry was found capable of being transferred into vapor and thin air, and the most solid substance could be restored to certain primates which chemists could detect, but beyond which they could not go. Atoms could be united in groups and arranged in geometrical order forming the duad, the triad, the quartad and quintad, but the monad itself was invisible—could not be discovered alone, could only be detected in some of its combinations; while from the atom or monad up to the largest sun capable of being perceived either by the natural eye or the largest telescope, a continuous chain of life was found to have existence, and man was but a portion of this, albeit the science of earth declares that he is the culmination of organic or created life upon earth.

His egotism having received so severe a shock in the discovery of astronomy and other sciences, and by the wonderful laws of geometry and the higher

mathematics finding that there is a regular plane of existence outside of and independent of his thought, and if he should be the crown or epitome of earth may not be crown or epitome of the universe, he is led to the thought that possibly there may be wiser beings than he, and that some of those wonderful worlds that shine out in space when the night is redolent with stars, may be inhabited by beings as far beyond him as this earth is beyond the atom, or the sun beyond the earth, which moves around it and is but a satellite.

Astronomers have no clue and are not justified in any supposition whatever as to whether planets other than the earth are inhabited. There are two propositions in the scientific world upon this subject, which I will briefly state. One is that few, if any, of the major or even the minor planets of the solar system are capable of being inhabited. The reason for this judgment is, that by spectrum analysis of the rays of light corresponding, and observation of the density of those planets and their atmospheres, it is supposed that this density is not sufficient to create or preserve organic life. Some of them are supposed to be in a state of incandescence, and therefore incapable of any solid substances or organic processes whatever, while others are either passed the period of being inhabited, or are certainly not in the right position concerning the sun's rays.

There is a general skepticism, or rather I may say, a general lack of any definite premises upon which science can predicate any conclusion concerning the capability of other planets to contain life. On the other hand, Herschel maintained in the earlier portion of his astronomical career, that some of the major planets must be inhabited, and he held that organic life might be carried out upon planets that seemed entirely different from that of the earth, because the adaptation might be different. But it is said that in the latter portion of his life he changed his thought upon this subject. Whether this be true or not, astronomers are about equally divided as to the capability of other planets to maintain organic structures of any kind, and especially that which resembles man.

I consider that the theological teachings of the past few hundred years have had much to do in warping the minds of astronomers concerning this subject, since they are taught distinctly in theology (why, it is impossible to tell) that the earth only is inhabited, and since they draw the conclusion from the sacred writ—why I cannot tell—that there can be no other planet especially set apart for inhabitation excepting the earth.

For myself, I draw no such conclusion either from the interpretation of the Bible or from that book itself, and much less do I draw those conclusions when I glance down through past ages and discover that the various sacred books of the Orient have glimpses of some life beyond in the planetary order of being. Whether there are planets inhabited by beings that can in any way reach you, we shall discuss farther on in this discourse; but I know of no scientific reason why we need conclude that if the earth is governed by laws as relates to its gravitation, its density, its atmospheric condition, capable of so adjusting the atoms that different forms of organic life can appear upon the surface, finally culminating in man, that other planets exist purely for ornamental purposes, or that they are in such a state of incapacity as to yield nothing but brilliance to the observation of man. Besides, spectrum analysis may be very deceptive. While it is capable of regulating your knowledge, perhaps of some small portion of the rays of light that reach you from the sun and other planets, and may be utilized to ordinary chemical and mechanical purposes, you must be aware that there is a vast range of color which the spectrum does not reach, and which chemical science can only imagine as yet. But if that range of color includes fine laws and higher conditions of the atmosphere that are yet unconnected with optical science, and if we consider also the polarization of atoms to the earth with reference to its own production, and the atmospheric conditions of your earth through which all spectrum analysis must be made, this must necessarily pervert any knowledge that you might otherwise be able to gain concerning the actual condition of life or light upon those planets. Mathematics enables you to measure the distances of planets and their position in reference to the sun, by assuming the sun as the center; but mathematics as yet give you no possible clue by which you can measure the vibrations of light from the sun as they come in contact with other planets, without also taking into account your own atmosphere, and until observations can be made that are as correct with reference to the analysis of the atmosphere of Saturn or Jupiter as they are with reference to the atmosphere of the earth, and can be made independently of any influence that the earth's atmosphere may have upon the instruments employed, you cannot judge concerning the relation between Jupiter and the sun or any other planet; you can only judge by that which is presented in your own analysis.

When the time comes that you can study chemistry or the vibration of the

rays of light in their chemical analysis without reference to your own atmosphere, then you will be able to judge as to whether the spots seen lately upon Jupiter are the result of disturbance upon the planet, or atmospheric incandescence surrounding the planet. You will then be able to judge whether the belts of Saturn exist very near to the planet itself, or whether they are a portion of the aura thrown off from the sun forming other moons and satellites. When these and other questions can be solved you will then be much better able to determine the scientific proposition as to whether other worlds are inhabited.

Aside from the scientific proposition, the law of analogy, of universal observation that nothing is made in vain, gives to the student of universal science only one conclusion: That all planets old enough or sufficiently advanced in formative processes of life to be inhabited, must necessarily be so. Whether by the same orders of being that are evolved from the molecules to the formation of life upon earth or not, will of course depend upon the relation of the planet itself to the sun, and relation of atoms to one another upon the planets, and even then the organic processes may begin where these leave off, and may indeed be wholly different from yours—so different that you could form no conception of them.

Still the fact that those planets exist as luminous centers and have existed for ages, (undoubtedly some of them long before the earth was fashioned), and that everything betokens a continued chain of being, must prove that not only the planets less unfolded than the earth and lower in the scale of organic being, but those that lived thousands of ages before the earth was fashioned, have forms of life adapted to their own condition; and though the planets be not so dense as the gases to which you are accustomed, still if every form of life upon every planet is adapted to the polarity of the planet and not to the polarity of your planet, then forms of life which are as ethereal as the air you breathe could exist upon the planets whose density was no greater than that air, and they going on still more ethereal might constitute the inhabitants of that planet.

In other words, solidity and density, and all relative terms employed concerning a substance of earth, cannot by any possibility be applied in the earthly significance to other worlds. The density of other worlds must be formed upon the basis of the center and polarity of the other worlds and the atmospheres, as well as attendant moons, and the relation of the rays of the sun's light to those planets must be governed by the position

that the planet holds with reference to the sun, and the power of the sun's rays upon its own atmosphere. Whether it be a thousand times more dense than the earth or a hundred thousand times less dense will not decide whether a planet is inhabited or no, because the forms of life upon the surface of the planet must be adapted to *its* condition and not to *yours*.

Consequently you who have never been in space at all, who have only ascended into the atmosphere three or four miles, at the extreme, can by no possibility judge what could be the form of life or the adaptation of the life, of a planet whose grossest atmosphere is more ethereal than that you breathe on your highest mountain tops, and whose forms of life must therefore necessarily be adapted to that condition of atmosphere. You do not understand how the butterfly can live upon the dew of the flower; it would be but a small sustenance for the physical support of man, and yet by tracing the laws of science you discover that according to the direct chain of being that which sustains the butterfly is precisely adapted to the nature of its structure and formation, just as the fish can live in water without any inconvenience, yet which man can inhabit only for a little space of time.

There could be, therefore, no better illustration than to point you to the inhabitants of the deep and of the upper air, without including human beings, to show that directly opposite conditions are essential for some forms of life. And if this be true upon the earth, which is uniform in density, and in the laws which seem to govern its physical attributes, how much more true must it be that all planets that so far transcend the earth that there are no points of comparison between them, that those planets are capable of forms of life upon their surface. Can we suppose for a moment that they are a monster bauble of fantastic display in the heavens that amount to nothing and are only intended for the amusement of the infinite mind? Such a supposition is at variance with the whole structure of the universe. The careful arrangement of the leaf, the gentle tinting of the insect, the beautiful and gorgeous plumage of the Southern birds, all the rays that flash from the thousands of brilliant gems, ranged in exact geometrical order in crystalline perfection, proves an ultimate purpose and method in all, and a divine harmony that joins world to world, and star to star, and system to system. Proves that if the earth is gifted with the capacity and endowment of sustaining life that can yield intelligence like this which we have pictured, then those worlds that move symphonious to yours around the central planet, and those systems that

like yours are clustered around a more distant sun which is unseen, must certainly be inhabited with orders of beings that may transcend yours; whose lowest forms of life may eclipse in splendor your most perfect expression here.

But whatever it is, the flash of the human thought through the dense vapor of the earthly atmosphere proves that it is capable not only of supposing that worlds are inhabited, but by some process of ultimately finding out whether they are or no. When the telescope brought within the range of Herschel's vision the planets that he saw by mathematical prophecy before, it revealed to the whole earth that he was not mistaken in his wonderful vision. When we shall be so enlarged and improved upon that you can see the mountains and filmy valleys of the moon and perhaps gaze through them into the space beyond; when your telescope is so improved and enlarged that the nearest planet shall not seem as a mere ball of vapor with no definite outline of form, but shall be as palpable to you as the moon now is under the strongest telescopic vision; and when by invention and the strides of human intellect this vast sea of space that lies between you and other worlds shall be found to be inhabited—not perhaps by organic beings but by those who move viewless as the air and yet palpable as the breath of light, who form chains and archways of light connecting you to other worlds—when that shall be accepted as a fact, as much so as the submarine cable that brings you news of the doubtful coronation of a Czar, as much so as the flash of the wire that tells you that all Europe is afraid of its kingdom—while the great world of space has never lost a kingdom—when you come to consider that there may be those who are not limited to the petty kingdoms of earth and who do not covet the small ant-hills upon which Emperors rule, but who in the knowledge of other life and the power of added being are conscious of worlds and systems far beyond yours; when you can secure your line to that invisible cable that joins you to the whole realm of what you call space, then the first click that comes to you across that wire will be, there is no space, no world, uninhabited. All realms of upper air, all the vast sea that lies between you and those wonderful islands in the vast ether beyond, still must be peopled; and if not peopled with organic structures, gross and cumbersome like yours, still peopled by those who have sentient thought and feeling as well as those intent upon measuring the scale and weight of the molecule or upon determining the value of the immortal soul.

Beyond this abyss of space into which you dare not plunge save on the wings of science, into which you must plunge

when the great sea of death encompasses you, there will be found answers to all your questions. A voice will tell you that when the solar system was first formed it was chaotic and inorganic and it filled all the space that is now occupied by the outermost planet and the innermost sun; that, as gradually the incrustations were formed upon this outer surface that finally eliminated light and then bursting became the nucleus for worlds; one planet after another had its place in the vast circle described by the aura of the solar system, and that those planets then gradually assumed shape and order in their motion; and the next rim and the next planet with its satellites were also formed, and that satellites are fragments of the rim, not sufficiently independent to become worlds, but turning around the nucleus of the earth of the planets, revolved as a portion of itself. And that finally each world or planet adjusting itself to the influence of the sun's rays, and by no means dependent for warmth or light upon the distance between it and the sun, but upon the polarity of the atmosphere with reference to the individual planets—all these became inhabited in turn by successive orders of beings that correspond to those of your earth, in direct geometric ratio. That in the position you occupy of nearness to the sun, so are you youthful and inexperienced; that it shows the earth is in its infancy; that the ancients were not much mistaken when they accredited Saturn with the ruling power of the world.

When you are careful to fasten this line of telegraph more perfectly in your lives, you will find that these vibrations that come to you will declare that the entire series of planets constitute a harmonic scale upon which the great Infinite is playing the symphonies of life, and that you form but a small portion (your portion, it is true) of the orders of being that to your conception may transcend or be inferior to you according to the position that they occupy in this wonderful and rhythmical scale; that beneath you the planets nearest to the sun—the one lately discovered, or those to be discovered—are yet in their primal state, while Mercury and Venus are undergoing the first processes of formative and gradually advancing existence—an existence that corresponds to yours only as those planets correspond to you in the scale of being; similar, yet different, as one note differs from another yet is harmonious in the scale of music. Just as the monad differs from the triad, yet each assists in making up the complete geometry of atomic structures until molecular life is formed and upon that the basis of primordial being.

When a better telescope shall have

been fashioned and your vision and mind adjusted to it, your present questionings and doubts will be supplanted by certainty, and you will bridge over the arches of space by the divine pathway of intelligence.

In ancient days it was said that the oracles held converse with the gods, who communicated to them the methods of life and the secrets of eternity. Those beings doubtless inhabited the upper air, and were not gods in the sense that man has imagined them, but intelligent beings who understood that of which they were speaking and fain would have communicated the exact science to mortals, save that man will not receive with any degree of complacency or quietude that which comes from beyond the realms of the senses.

By and by all these sacred images shall be restored in your midst, and instead of doubt and fear and trembling, experimental science will take the second place in the world, and positive science—which is the science of mind, the science of intuition, the science of perception—will take the primary place. You plod along wearily with your experimental load, and your scientific savants often times deceive you and lead you into mazy labyrinths of inquiry, and dividing at the most important point of observation one goes in one direction, and the other the other. But in the realms of absolute truth, like mathematics, there is no room for two schools of thought, and in the realm of absolute perception there is no room for experiment. Experiment supplements your present incapacity to rely upon your intuitions or to cultivate them properly that they may be relied upon. But the age and day will surely come when the realm that now is invisible shall become palpable to man's mind, and that which does not appeal now to his dull vision will appeal to the vision of the soul and the perception of his divine intelligence.

Transfigured from the mere dull being of the senses he has risen now to the comparative position of a God. He commands the winds and the waves, the lightnings do his bidding, vapor and steam are his forces and beasts of burden, and upon the invisible yet palpable breath of electricity he bears his joys and sorrows to a listening world. Hundreds of thousands of shuttles fly in obedience to the wonderful mechanism of his thought, and girdling the earth with his genius he is able in a few moments to know that which transpires in remote regions.

Shall it end here? Shall it pause here and leave him on the verge of a great destiny, or shall it pass on and on through ages of unfoldment and growth, until the proudest thought that you now can think will then be as the alphabet in

the great language of science? Until the loftiest achievement of mechanical, chemical, and geological science that you now conceive will then be deemed but as toys for little children? Until that which you now suppose to be the ultimate of the physical structure of the universe will take its place, but only as the small ball that you have played with when a boy, that serves its purpose as an illustration that the world is round?

The great sphere of life that will open to you beyond in the visible universe and in the impalpable heavens will make you know that the proudest achievements of earthly science causes men to stand as pigmies before the mighty grandeur of those splendid worlds yet to be explored; of that space that you have not yet been able to discover; of those links of life that lead you on to the eternal suns around which you and the Pleiades and the mighty star that reigns in the kingdom of the North still must move with the vast cycles of ages and the countless terms of years that make up one of the years of that vaster sun.

And then when this is exhausted, into the realm of interstellar space you pass and as Gods gaze upon the worlds and consider them your footstools.

A Woman's Thoughts About Women.

NUMBER IV.

"She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard."

"She maketh fine linen and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant."

The next circle beyond the home contains the shops, stores, farms, everything directly concerned in supplying the wants of the body. When I commenced looking at women from an especially business point of view, I said, I must preach my sermon without a text, for the Hebrews, though noted for their commercial talent, seem not to have considered it proper for women; indeed, their minds seem to have been absorbed in the faint hope of becoming mother to the expected Savior, or failing in that, of presenting him with a populous kingdom when he came; but in looking over the last chapter of Proverbs, I found the above in the description of a virtuous woman, so am supplied with what is, by many, considered authority for what I am about to say: That women can be equal to men in business; more than that, in some respects superior, for, though slower to venture, they are more saving of the remnants, and in the end surer. Though many have already engaged in business, we seldom hear of the failure of one, unless we give that name to leaving it at marriage.

In past years the one string opposer of womanly independence played on was that called Woman's Sphere. They said she had no business undertaking anything but the raising of babies. Very often such opposers deserve to be answered as was Judge Tyler, of San Francisco, when beaten in law by Clara Foltz, a practicing attorney, of the same place. Nettled at his defeat, he said, "That counsel had better be engaged in other business. A woman's place is at home, raising her children." According to the report, "Flashing her blue eyes straight into the Judge's florid face, she remarked, 'A woman had better be in almost any other business than raising such men as you are, sir.'" I would not take oath that this is true, but have seen and heard both, and can easily believe it. Whether true or not in this case, it might be said in thousands of others. The production of children, regardless of number or quality, is no credit to a woman, but is often a disgrace.

Supposing she has no home to stay in, and no children to take care of.

There are in Berlin 60,000 more females than males, and in many other cities, not excluding those in the eastern part of the United States, contain a great disproportion. Now what are these women to do; turn Mormons? According to Emily Faithful, "The only way out of the terrible struggle seemed to be to marry, stitch, die, or do worse," and in many cases marrying is doing much worse. But supposing she has done her whole duty, and been both wife and mother, but death has interfered, and she is in the same position toward the world as though she had never married? Marry again? A second time deprive another woman of the husband and home it was her religious duty to have had? The next alternative was *stitch*. Read this:

"In a Westchester town, shirts sent up from New York, cut out, are given out by storekeepers to women who sew them for thirty-two cents a dozen, and they must be well done or they bring no pay at all." To be sure, work which requires greater skill, commands better pay, but if a woman has lived all her life under the impression that she has no business doing anything but housework and the washing and dressing of children, consequently has made no preparation for any work requiring special skill, and suddenly finds herself without home or money, but with the children to provide for, what then? If she cannot marry or stitch, must she die or do worse? You men raise your hands and eyes in holy horror at either, but let me ask you why the *doing worse* is so profitable.

When the Solicitor of the Treasury objected to allowing Mary A. Miller, of

Louisiana, the right to manage a steamer as Master, he said: "All the fiddle-faddle of the day that we hear about Woman's Rights is calculated to degrade instead of elevate the female character," and grew eloquent over shrines and household gods and priestesses, and with that fine talk was trying to deprive a woman of a chance to earn an independent living. Whatever the definition of fiddle-faddle may be, it would seem as though his own talk must resemble it. The romantic Solicitor appears to fear the tendency of the Woman's Rights agitation is toward the blotting out of all traces of chivalry and knight-errantry. To be sure it is, as it ought, for it was degrading.

In that country or age in which it flourished, while the better class of men considered women fragile toys, of no use except to be ready at all times for their amusement, the lower class, bringing the idea down to their level, made of them drudges; neither really respected them and many believed they had no individual, immortal soul.

Times have changed and ideas must change with them. It is not a question of the most beautiful or the most agreeable, but a question of *must*, and bread and butter, and shame on the man who would try to keep a woman from earning an honest living in the way that suits her best. The *Christian Register* says: "It is only the effeminate men and the masculine women who seem to be at all excited about the result. None of the really brave and masculine portion of the men seem to be afraid."

Very carefully they have let the lines a little looser as if we were colts not yet in training, and appear astonished if we do not break away and smash the whole domestic carriage. But a thousand "It cannot be done" are rendered null and void by one "It has been," so let us see what men say of those who have been tried: "General Spinner had at one time one thousand women under his direction handling money. He testifies that they count more accurately and rapidly than men, that their ability to detect counterfeits proved to be superior in nearly every test, that they were, without exception, interested and were invariably more careful and painstaking in their work. In cases of dispute as to the genuineness of money he always took the judgment of Miss Grandin, who was for a long time employed in his bureau. He said, 'If I were a believer in clairvoyance I should say she possessed that power, but am not, so call it instinct.' Of the several thousand women employed by the government not one has been unfaithful to her trust."

The *London Daily Telegraph* says: "There are many advantages in women

clerks. They are punctual and docile. Their good conduct and decorum after office hours insures steady attendance. They have not that genius for getting into debt displayed by their male colleagues, etc."

But there are more clerks than clerkships and something else must be found to do. We cannot, like Mrs. Emily Williston, of Massachusetts, make a fortune covering buttons, but perhaps we can think of some other need that has not been supplied. Why do we not invent better tools with which to do our own work? Why do we leave that for men who cannot understand what we need so well as we ought to? Miss Martha Knight, of Massachusetts, invented a machine for making paper bags, drew the plans and superintended the making of the machinery. The account says, "when she went on to explain her plans, and when wishing to illustrate more particularly the meaning, she actually stepped to one of the men's places and did for herself what she wanted done, they were not only surprised but convinced at once of her entire capability of managing her own affairs, and all the employees were ready to do what ever she told them." Do you not see the point? They were convinced of her capabilities because she was capable.

Why should women not plan houses, make draughts, and draw up specifications? Is it not more appropriate work for them than for men? What objection can there be to their turning farmers? It has been done by some, and I believe their masculine friends, instead of being ashamed, are rather proud of them. Cooking seems to belong especially to women, and there is certainly a demand for better food and yet we are letting men excel us in that. Why is Worth the acknowledged leader in dressmaking? A business man said "the only objection to women as workers is the constant effort they make to convince me that they belong to a much higher station than the one they happen to occupy. If this thing continues, what will America do for servants? When the foreign supply gives out we shall probably all be reduced to engaging nothing but male help." What does that mean? Are we ashamed of our work? Ought we not rather to be ashamed of the careless manner in which some of us do our work? If those who labor and those labored for were better acquainted, perhaps some of the foolish pride of both classes would die for want of suitable nourishment.

Here is a chance for those women who have plenty of money and are acknowledged leaders in society. Let them make fashionable some want which a skillful but needy woman can supply, if possible, in some field which has not been monop-

lized by machinery; then for convenience appoint a mutual referee and place of meeting. Arrange social systems of planets and satellites, each revolving in her own sphere but owing to mutual dependence. One need lose nothing in dignity, the other nothing in independence; but both may gain much in knowledge of and sympathy for each other.

As an antidote to the previous criticism we read: "Mrs. Marilla Ricker, who was admitted to practice in the courts at Washington the other day, passed the best examination of the seventeen applicants, all men but herself, and was particularly well-posted in the laws of real estate, which has generally been considered as something much too profound for the female brain to comprehend." "Miss Howard, an American lady, is one of the most distinguished physicians in China." Scattered all through the papers are similar notices, which prove that such work can be done by women without losing the respect of the world, and must be done well for them to keep step in the "breadwinner's march."

To do it well, of course they must have a chance to obtain the necessary education and training, so they are gradually pushing into university and college and demanding the right to practice law and medicine and preach religious morals or moral religion. Point after point has been gained never to be lost, and woman is already occupying a place that would have been thought impossible for her two hundred years ago; but there is much yet to do.

If they make such good clerks what prevents their being at the head of mercantile concerns?

If they make good type-setters, why not, as some already are, be editors and publishers? If they can manage a kitchen garden successfully, why not a farm? If girls in all our schools can win a higher per cent. in mathematics than boys, why not be professors in that branch? As they are so nimble-tongued why not be professors of languages? In short, when it is proved that they can do so well as far as they go, what but their own lack of determination and the discouragement of men, prevents their going further? Men say they cannot, that the power is not in the feminine brain, but let us prove that they are mistaken.

If the proposed Women's Colony is founded in Colorado there will be a chance to test some of the ideas working in the feminine mind, and let us hope that, as well as all other efforts, may result in good.

LUPA.

A little girl seeing her father, who was a barber, honing his razor, said: "Pa, is that the knife you sharpen your cheek with?"

MARGARET INFELIX.

A True Story, by E. H. B.

[From *The Spiritual Telegraph*.]

Some years ago it was remarked that a young clergyman of the Church of England, who had become highly popular in his vocation, manifested a remarkable pertinacity in refusing to accept of any settled "living," or confining himself to any given locality. His many accomplishments of mind and person procured him innumerable offers of lucrative and permanent positions; indeed, it could not be doubted that he might have attained to high church preferment, could he be induced to change his restless and erratic course of life. His custom was to go from place to place, and from church to church, offering his services to brother priests, and occasionally accepting a very limited engagement to do duty in some remote place; but even then his wandering spirit sought relief in exchange of duty with every clergyman in his neighborhood.

This singular conduct, and the stern silence which he maintained as to the cause of his eccentricity, naturally drew upon him universal comment; and at length, that largest half of the world who so generously neglect their own welfare, in absorbing interest in the business of other people, decided, in solemn conclave, to fasten upon the young divine the following particulars: The first of these was, that he had been a poor curate, but had suddenly risen into wealth by an acquisition of fortune, none could tell from whence; secondly, that although he was universally courted, and esteemed the handsomest as well as the most eloquent preacher of the day, he was in manners and habits unsocial, reserved, and even morose—living alone, and, as before stated, forever in a constant state of change; while, thirdly, "in conclusion," and above all, and beyond all, it was remarked that, wherever he appeared, to preach, he was invariably followed by a lady, who, without ever being seen to speak to him, or hold the slightest communion with him, took her place at every service in some conspicuous position as nearly as possible in front of the pulpit. She was tall and graceful; her dress betokened better days, being of that kind of faded gentility which so eloquently speaks of the fallen externals of fleeting fortune and the changeless internal dignity of true breeding. It was impossible to judge of her age, for though her gait and manner exhibited the composed grace which marks the gentlewoman of any time of life, her features were entirely concealed by a splendid white veil of impenetrable thickness. In summer and winter, frost and heat, storm and sunshine, "the white

lady," as she was termed, appeared in her accustomed place. Who and what she was, why she came, and how, were points which no scrutiny, however prying or persistent, seemed likely to determine. What was her connection with the young minister, was a mystery equally impenetrable with her veil. They were never seen to speak, nor did his eyes ever, in the whole course of the service, appear to turn toward her; on the contrary, he was noticed studiously to avoid directing his glances to the spot where she was; nor was he on any occasion recognized by the world as being in communion with her; and yet it was urged that some understanding, and that of the most direct kind, must subsist between them; for, however suddenly he might decide upon changing his course, even between morning and evening service, though the slightest incident might arise to alter his destination, and careful plans were often laid to practice thus upon him, it could never be discovered that he either communicated with her, or to any one who could inform her of the course of his erratic movements. On the contrary, it was at length believed that the extreme care with which he strove to envelop those movements in mystery was caused by a desire to elude the vigilance of his mysterious attendant. If this was his object, the failure was certainly signal, for none ever remembered, during many years, to have seen Mr. H. preach without the presence of his phantom-like auditress.

Those who most narrowly scrutinized the conduct of this singular couple could detect certain evidences in the preacher's manners, that the effect upon himself, at least, was prejudicial, if not actually ruinous, to health, happiness, and intellect. Many who remembered the brilliant advent of his short career, were confounded when they considered how rapidly he had grown old, how evanescent had been the bloom and beauty of youth, how transient the glow of lustrous health on the cheek and brow. It was sad to watch the deepening furrows and wasting lines of cankering care, eating so openly into the thin cheek and pallid brow. The light of his eyes looked out from "the window of the soul" in troubled, fitful glare, like the eager search of an unquiet spirit "seeking rest and finding none." Nothing seemed to escape the rugged tooth of the hidden worm that was gnawing its way from the depths of his silent, suffering soul to the telltale surface of the tabernacle, but the pathetic tones of his melting voice. A deeper cadence, a more passionate inflection, a more soul-stirring ring, like a well-strung harp responding to the touch of a master-hand, echoing to the chords of the deepest of human passions, were the elements which

seemed to gather power and intensity with Mr. H. as the presence of some unmistakable cause of internal suffering stamped its evidences in premature decay on other conditions of his organization. As the feeling of interest connected with the mystery that surrounded him deepened into sympathy, the preacher's popularity increased in inverse ratio to the probable duration of his ministry.

It was at a period, however, when the very oil of life itself appeared to be nearly expended, and the flame now flickering in its socket to be almost on the verge of expiration, that the minister was seen for several successive Sundays without his veiled attendant. At first the confusion which this fact occasioned in the minds of the various congregations among whom he was accustomed to appear, directed attention from the priest himself; but when the curious began to scrutinize the effect which this absence would have upon him, great was their astonishment to behold the very same phenomena in the conduct of the preacher which had invariably marked his manner in the presence of the unknown. There was the same anxious avoidance of a particular part of different aisles where the lady had been accustomed, as if seeking the most conspicuous possible position, to appear—the sudden, abrupt turning of the head away, which had so often given token that his eyes had involuntarily encountered a disagreeable object; nay, as he passed down the aisle to change his robe previous to the communion service, he was again and again observed to move aside and even gather it up, as if to avoid contact with what had once occupied a space now filled by empty air.

Many months passed away subsequent to the disappearance of the mysterious lady, without any other change in Mr. H.'s equally mysterious deportment than an increased acceleration of that visible and rapid decay of physical strength of which we have before spoken. At length it happened that Mr. H. was solicited to visit a very distant part of the north of England, which it was supposed was his birthplace, but which he had never returned to since the period when he had left it, converted from a poor curate into a rich man. Mr. H. manifested an unusual reluctance to visit this place, and it was only at the earnest entreaty of a gentleman who had bestowed much medical skill and kindness upon him during a long fit of sickness, that he could be induced to comply with the requisition of the parishioners of Y—, to do duty for their rector during his temporary absence.

On arriving at the church where he was to officiate, his restlessness and uncertainty of manner became more than usually apparent. His furtive glances

were perpetually directed towards an empty space directly in front of the pulpit, and the distress which he evidenced in glancing in that quarter was so marked that at last the congregation began to look as eagerly into the vacancy as himself. On passing the spot, too, to the surprise of all, he suddenly stopped, as if some one had addressed him, bent his head slightly, as if in acknowledgment of a communication, and, with an ashy paleness on his face, proceeded to the vestry room to change his robes. As he returned again to the altar, his unaccountable conduct, combined with the singular rumors which prevailed about him, broke through all the conventional forms which hedge in such a scene with a wall of strict etiquette, and the whole congregation simultaneously rose to observe his movements. Without paying the least attention to the rustle around him, he proceeded up the aisle with the same downcast look which ever marked his way, until he arrived at the vacant space, when he was observed to draw aside his robe, as his custom had been when he had been compelled to pass in direct proximity to the veiled lady. Some wondered why he drew aside his garments from the viewless air; others pronounced it the force of habit; and some few wondered whom the preacher addressed when he murmured, as he passed the empty space, "*For the last time on earth, remember.*"

That day the minister had to spend with a venerable old man, who had once been an incumbent of the parish. He was a kind person, highly esteemed, both for his wealth and the noble use he made of it. As he returned to the manse with his reverend guest, he maintained a profound silence; but the moment they entered the door, he invited him to accompany him into his library, where the two sat down at the open window, as if for serious converse. It was a lovely autumn day; the woods and lawns were glowing in the rich, mellow tints of dying summer; tall forest trees shaded the painted Gothic windows of the still, calm retreat of learning in which they sat. The noble windows, open to the floor looked out upon the silent resting-places of the village dead; the grassy mounds and moss-grown stones telling "the short and simple annals of the poor," while the deep stillness of the scene was only broken by the cawing of a colony of rooks, the solitude-loving yet noisy tenants of those spots most consecrated to mystery and repose.

After the involuntary tribute of some minutes' silence, which both gentlemen felt bound to pay to the presiding spirit of this peaceful scene, the elder commenced by saying, "Mr. H., it grieves me to be under the painful necessity of warn-

ing you that you are likely to encounter some opposition from claimants to the property you are now in possession of."

"Indeed," replied the party addressed, scarcely manifesting sufficient interest in the communication to turn his head from the open window.

"Yes, sir," rejoined the old gentleman; "the family of the late Mrs. F. I. have informed me, their uncle, of their resolution to dispute your title to the large sums you became possessed of in her name."

"The late Mrs. F. I.!" shouted the young man, springing up from his chair, and fixing upon his companion a look which almost froze him to stone.

"Ay, sir," stammered the other. "Is it possible you can be ignorant of Mrs. F. I.'s decease, nearly eight months ago?"

"Decease—eight months ago!" replied Mr. H. "Old man, you rave!"

"Now, sir, if I mistake not greatly, it is you who rave," rejoined the rector. "The unhappy course which my niece thought proper to pursue, in following you all over England, appearing in your presence on every occasion of your ministry, while life lasted, has stamped that life with too unfortunate a notoriety for me to question that you, or any one connected with her, can be ignorant that she expired eight months ago, and now lies not ten feet from the spot on which we stand."

As he spoke, he pointed to a slab of white marble, separated from the other graves in the quiet churchyard before them by a row of small rose-bushes, which were already beginning to form a hedge around the last earthly home of her whose remains they sheltered. The old man then proceeded to speak of the efforts which some one was making to dispossess him of his property; but Mr. H., without heeding him, rushed through the window, glanced hastily at the slab, on which was simply traced these words, "Margaret Infelix," and turned wildly to his companion, exclaiming, "You, then, are Mrs. F. I.'s uncle, Dr. Masham."

"I am," was the reply. "You knew her by sight?"

"As well as I know my own children. She was equally dear to me."

"And do you mean to say that you, in calm possession of your senses, will deny that you saw her to-day—saw her in the very center of the aisle, standing the whole time, as it has ever been her custom to do, dressed as she has been accustomed to dress for the last eight months, in shining white silk, with a black instead of a white veil, and that for the first time since her dreadful persecution began, *she spoke to me?* My God, why do I ask this? You *must* have seen it; you sat close by; you might almost

have heard her speak. Every one sees and hears *us* whenever we appear. All must have seen it—seen me, too, as I returned an answer to her."

"Will you permit me to ask what you supposed her to say?" stammered the rector, whose very lips were now becoming livid.

"She said," rejoined Mr. H., "*We meet for the last time on earth.*" I felt so confused at hearing her voice, that I could not answer her at once, but overjoyed at the prospect of release from this dreadful persecution, I replied, as I returned, '*For the the last time on earth, remember.*'"

"O, sir," continued the unhappy man, speaking with an impetus which proved that the dreadful secret, so long the incubus of his soul, now bursting from lips which had for the first time given vent to the agony of his overcharged heart, would come forth—"O, sir, what a life of insupportable torture has this same most miserable wealth, of which you speak, cost me! In my humble curacy, not many miles from this village, I lived happy and respected. I was betrothed to the woman of my choice, a sweet village flower, whose loveliness was her dower, whose purity and truth were the possessions which monarchs might have coveted. We were both orphans, and if the demons of ambition and avarice had not tempted me to aspire to loftier fortunes, O, how supremely blessed might I not at this moment have been in the possession of my lost Mary! O! Mary, Mary! would I had died for thee! One fatal evening, when it seemed as if some newborn fire kindled up my Sabbath evening address into an unwonted torrent of inspiration, I was accosted after service by a distinguished and fashionably dressed woman, who appeared among us as a stranger. She asked me if I would share her splendid equipage on my way home, as she wished to converse with me. Under the excuse of needing spiritual advice which I alone was qualified to give, she formed my acquaintance, and soon drew from the sinless heart of youth the hitherto unfathomed aspirations of ambition and avarice, which were gradually developing in my heart. I soon learned that this lady was rich, high born, a widow, and to my utter astonishment I discovered that she was actually enamoured of the humble curate and his insignificant pretensions to village fame. I forbear to trace the process by which this terrible arbitress of my fate gained complete mastery over all my better feelings. The temptations of power, dignity, preferment, and wealth, held out but feeble lures in opposition to my devoted attachment to my precious mountain flower; but at length I was weak enough to promise that if she would place her for-

tunes in my hands as a test of her sincerity, I, in return, would abandon Mary, marry her, and yield up my destiny to her guidance. For the riches I should thus attain, and the quick and lofty church preferment she assured me of, I was contented then to barter my soul to the fiend. When this woman first placed her enormous wealth at my disposal, I honestly declare it was my firm intention to redeem my pledge, and marry her; but alas! alas! who shall stay himself on the swift ocean of crime, when once his bark is launched? The sea of error is shoreless, and death alone can break the spell in its irretrievable pathway. The very hour I found myself in possession of the widow's wealth, I eloped with my first love from my native village. Alas, poor Mary! she was as innocent as the slaughtered victim at the altar of the means whereby I had so suddenly acquired wealth, and the reasons which urged me to insist upon a change of name and temporary concealment. Again I placed my foot on the ground, and vowed I would retrieve the past by a life of charity, usefulness, and devotion to my unconscious wife; and again the relentless magnetism of strengthening evil goaded me on to fresh crime. Scarcely knowing the use or value of the wealth I had abstracted, I squandered it in vice of every kind, in the pursuit of void excitement and lawless anodynes to bitter memory. When, after a few months of reckless and disgraceful extravagance, I found myself once more reduced to extreme poverty, I resolved to return with my poor, broken-hearted Mary to the homes of our childhood, and ascertain how far my character might have suffered in my absence, ere I ventured to endeavor to establish a little school. As my intrigue with my much wronged victim had been kept entirely secret, even from my wife herself, I had every hope that I should be enabled to retrieve the past, without any other penalty than such as I might have to pay to an injured woman's vengeance. Alas for me! If I could have foreseen what that was to be, I need have neither feared nor expected any thing more terrible. One evening, just as I had completed every arrangement for my intended journey, I returned to the cottage where I had left my wife and a new-born babe, scarcely a week old. I returned to find the cottage and both its precious inmates a heap of ruins—consumed, as it was subsequently made evident, by an incendiary; both mother and child had perished in one burning wreck. When night came, and the crowd of sympathizing neighbors whom the horrible calamity had drawn around me had left me to my unutterable woe, a lady entered my apartment whom, to my horror and shame, I rec-

ognized as Mrs. F. I. 'Edward H.,' she began, 'coward, traitor, and thief! I am but partially avenged—watching the favorable moment, *I destroyed your wife and child!* Seek not to arrest or convict me; the instruments who served me are beyond your reach; their safety and their silence are bought by a price which places them forever out of your power. Now learn your doom! Go forth and preach with lying lips, a seducing tongue, and felon's speech! Go forth and teach lessons of virtue and morality; but go where you will, do what you will, say what you will, *living or dead, I will never leave you more!* Till the hour of doom, when we *must* part forever, these lips shall never address you by word or token, but my *presence* shall be your continual shame, the sight of me your everlasting torment, and the consciousness of that presence a fire which nought but the death of *both* can quench.' O, sir, you never can imagine how fearfully that awful denunciation has been visited upon me. These eyes have never beheld her face, that tone of doom has never again sounded in my ears until to-day; but the horrible consciousness that she was there, the certainty that I could not escape her, the hideous prescience by which she seemed able to divine my most secret plots to elude her vigilance, and ever present her appalling presence in my path at every turn, the almost supernatural power with which she enfolded me in her dreadful atmosphere, has been like the aroma of a thick and deadly poison infused into my very life principle, or a shroud drawn between me and the light of the sun, whose terrible veil can only be rent by death."

"But, most unhappy young man," replied the rector, whose heart was deeply moved by this strange recital, "you have been freed from this presence for the last eight months; it is enough that Mrs. F. I., my niece, expired suddenly of a fit of apoplexy in this very house; that I myself pronounced the funeral service over her remains, and that her absence from your path has been the theme of as much comment as her presence used to be."

"It may be so," murmured the young man, after a pause; "none ever dared to speak to me or question me on the subject; none, therefore, would converse with me of her absence. Her name was a secret; none would, therefore apprise me of her death, if it were known; but when you tell me she has ever been absent from her accustomed place, *that she was not there this morning*, and did not speak the words which I have repeated to you, you ask me to discredit that which has been as palpable to me as the light of yonder blessed sun is to you. And now leave me; on this grave I would say a prayer,

the first my heart has yearned to breathe for many long years."

His request was complied with; but when the rector returned some hours hence, alarmed by his protracted absence, he found him lying concealed beneath some bushes at a little distance, cold and lifeless as the marble by his side. The old man aided to bear him to the house, sighing as they went, "At last then he is—Edward Felix."

The newspaper account of the finale to this tragedy announced that "the specter-haunted minister" had suddenly died of apoplexy; but none of those who knew the details of his strange history were ever able to decide whether, for eight long months, the veiled lady whom the minister saw was the real or ideal Margaret Infelix.

Watch the Children's Feet.

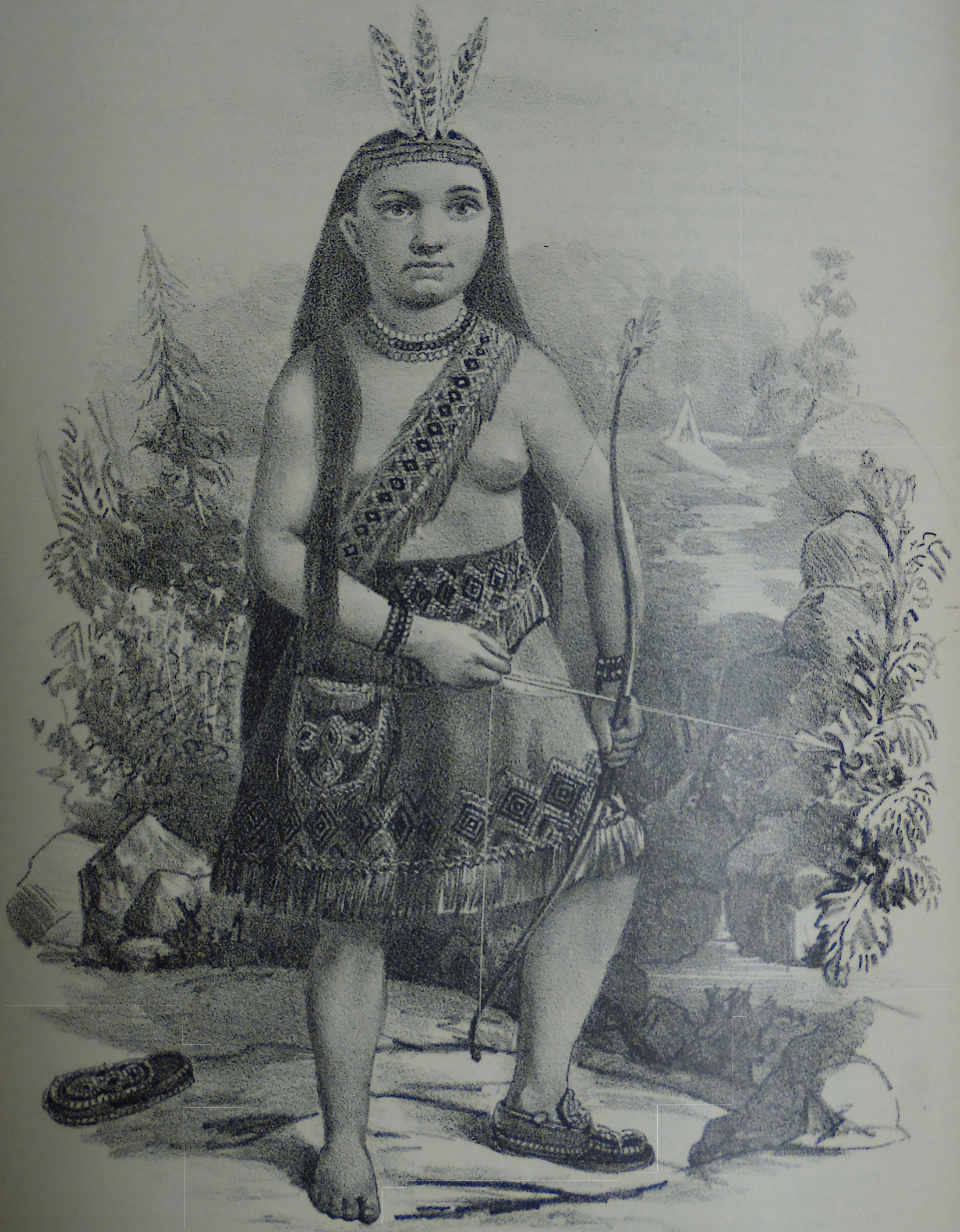
The following advice from the *New York Evening Post* is thoroughly practical, and deserves the attention of every mother: "Life-long discomfort and sudden death often come to children through the inattention or carelessness of parents. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet; the thing to be last attended to is to see that the feet are dry and warm. Neglect of this has often resulted in a dangerous attack of croup, diphtheria, or a fatal sore throat.

Always on coming from school, on entering the house from a visit or errand in rainy or muddy or thawy weather, the child should remove its shoes, and the mother should herself ascertain whether the stockings are the least damp. If they are, they should be taken off, the feet held before the fire and rubbed with the hands until perfectly dry, and another pair of stockings and another pair of shoes put on. The reserve shoes and stockings should be kept where they are good and dry, so as to be ready for use on a minute's notice."

Edison a Spiritualist.

Rev A. L. Hatch, Congregational minister of 59 Liberty Street, New York, furnishes the following statement to the *New York World*:

You know he, (Mr. Edison) is a medium and his great invention of the quadruplex telegraph instrument was revealed to him in a trance state. He sat one day, and, passing into that condition, seized some paper lying before him and wrote until he had filled several sheets with closely written instructions. Then waking up and rubbing his eyes, he said he thought he had been asleep, until his attention was called to the paper which he had not read through before he broke out with his usual expletives, and said he had got the idea he had been struggling for so long."



WINONA.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

of the President of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

Annual meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, held in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy Street, San Francisco, April 11, at 2 P. M.: After roll call, and a majority eligible to vote found to be present, the following reports were submitted as subjoined: First, the President's; second, the Secretary's; third, the Treasurer's cash report and inventory of property; fourth, Librarian's; after which the following Board, nominated at large by the members, were unanimously elected: H. C. Wilson, S. B. Clark, T. C. Kelley, C. H. Gilman, Mrs. A. F. Anderson, Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Mrs. F. E. White, Mrs. M. Miller, and Mrs. J. J. Whitney, after which the Society adjourned.

S. B. CLARK, Secretary *pro tem*.

Immediately after, the Board organized by electing H. C. Wilson, President; Mrs. A. F. Anderson, Vice-President; Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Secretary; S. B. Clark, Treasurer; T. C. Kelley, Librarian; D. H. Faust, Door-keeper.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

FELLOW MEMBERS: It is with feelings of pleasure akin to joy that I transmit to you, for your consideration, this report of the several officers of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists. It is not their intention to furnish elaborate or detailed statements of all their labors and the results thereof, but only to present such as will serve as another yearly milestone, which being placed along our pathway, will determine the measure of our advancement up the Hill of Life.

I desire to call your attention particularly to the report of the Librarian and to the great amount of valuable labor performed by that arm of our Society service. We can now justly claim to have in our Society the best selected, most perfectly conducted and largest Free Spiritual Library open to the general public, on the continent. It is the duty of all to guard this great, silent teacher at every step, and to do all in their power to aid in the dissemination of its heaven-inspired truths. The members of this Society owe it as a duty to all concerned to continue the present Librarian, Dr. T. C. Kelley, in that position as he is an efficient officer, and is always found at his post.

I am under deep obligations to the Treasurer, Mr. S. B. Clark, also Acting-Secretary, *pro tem*. The healthy condition of our finances, as evidenced by his report, to which your attention is called, is due in great part to the business-like methods inaugurated by him on his assuming charge of the treasury department. A continuance of his policy will

some day place the Progressive Spiritualists in a home or hall of their own; while to depart from it, allowing things to take care of themselves, will surely bring disaster.

I desire to tender my thanks to the Board of Directors for the zeal displayed by them at all times in contributing to the well-being of this Society; and also for the hearty support they have given me at all times in the discharge of my duties. I believe they are deserving of compliment here, inasmuch as no inharmonious action or debate has marked a single meeting during the year. It is to be hoped for the good of the Society, that the incoming Board may be equally fortunate in this particular.

Let me express my appreciation and gratitude to you, one and all, my fellow members, for your uniform kindness to me during the whole year. It is a Spiritual manifestation on your part, commendable to all and needed by many. When kindness is *practiced* by all *professing* it, Spiritualism will not be the tinkling cymbal or sounding brass that many now consider it. When, in the discharge of the duties of my trying position, I have ruled to your satisfaction, you have encouraged me with the smile of your approval. When I have erred in judgment and made mistakes, you have exercised charity, other than condemnation; and when unjustly assailed and cruelly persecuted by foes from without and within our ranks, you have nobly rallied by hundreds to my support. I shall never be able to make you fully realize how much I appreciate this humane, this purely Spiritualistic treatment. Surely you may claim henceforth to *practice* what you *preach*.

During the year it has been the pleasure of this Society to ordain three teachers in Spiritualism. Bro. S. N. Aspinwall is now sojourning with friends in his old home in Minneapolis. We hear that our Sister, Miss Susie M. Johnson, is doing a good work in Los Angeles, where she has very many friends. Sister M. G. Payne has been "called by the Angels" to "Come up Higher." Her great loving soul solved the great question of life last December, and we may rest assured, she is now engaged in paving the way for less-experienced feet to pass more readily on to the joys of the Great Beyond. The physical form of our Sister, Mrs. Breed, will be present with us no more; but she is with us in spirit, having given unmistakable proof of her presence in this hall on Anniversary Day. The world would call these two worthy souls, these grand instruments, dead and lost to earth; but we feel that they have but awakened to a fuller consciousness of the unbounded possibilities of the soul.

I must say a few words in relation to our meetings. To my mind, they have proven eminently successful. Our Society is in a prosperous condition, and is "doing a world of good;" but there is one thing that stands out as a crowning glory to all other causes of its success, and that is our *Free Platform*. There is no paid preacher here, through whose brain our thoughts must first be filtered; but each one, exercising all the faculties with which nature has so kindly endowed us; each one contributing his share to the great fund—the sum total of human knowledge—carves out his own destiny, builds up a thorough and beautiful individuality, and aids in the general advancement of the race. A free platform is one of the most potent agencies for breaking down church forms and letting in the light of truth, now in existence. It will do more to relieve the mind of the bigoted idea of clerical authority, thus letting the captive of superstition go free, than any other means at the public's command. It has been said, time and time again, by people in our city, that a free platform could not be sustained; but our own platform, so ably occupied by hundreds of people during the last three years, and constantly growing in favor, certainly disproves any such wild, selfish assertion. A free platform can not only be *sustained*, but the people have grown to that degree that there is an actual *demand* for such a platform; and I point to the Sunday Evening Meetings now being held in this hall, and to the Union Spiritual Meetings, held on Wednesday evening, both of which have adopted our plan and, like us, draw large audiences, as proof of my words.

My friends, I beseech you to guard the principle of a free platform, and encourage free thought as the most precious boon to a rising humanity; for, in the day you surrender these, the destruction of this Society begins.

Justice and a sense of duty demand that I accord the meed of praise to all who have in any wise contributed to the success of our meetings and the welfare of our Society, but I feel that my duty requires me to particularize to the extent of making special mention of our devoted mediums and sweet songstress, through whose individual efforts and praiseworthy devotion to the cause, we have been so ably sustained, and both materially and spiritually advanced.

Now, last in the list, as a crowning sheaf to all, I desire to pay my humble tribute to that noble woman, that great-hearted pioneer worker, whose soul is so imbued with the truth of the teachings of the angel world, that she has entered fully upon their practice here. Her name may never be heard in distant lands;

no lofty monument may mark the resting-place of her ashes; but what is better far, the angels have caught the inspiration welling up in her noble soul, and are joining in glad songs of commendation, as they herald her approaching steps to "The Beautiful Gates" of "The Home of the Soul." Her name may not be recorded on the pages of public history, but her name and her good offices to this Society will be indelibly stamped in the memory of all Progressive Spiritualists, and it will be their pleasure to teach their children to pronounce with love and veneration, the philanthropic name of Eunice S. Sleeper.

I regard it as a fact worthy of recording here that though questions of moment have arisen during the years, calculated in every way to test the vital strength of our Society as a corporate body; though questions have been presented on this platform for discussion, affecting the weal and woe of humanity at large, questions about whose consideration and settlement men, in time past, have not only reasoned, but fought, bled, and died; though designing persons with evil intent, have sought to produce division in our ranks and consequent ruin; yet through it all, our beloved Society Ship has passed in perfect safety, weathering every gale that has swept barques less staunch to destruction. She has avoided those sandbars upon which other vessels with less vigilant pilots have stranded; and, having out-rotted all the storms of envy and passion, and passed safely through the breakers of unkindness and the fogs of bigotry and ignorance, she has on this, her third birthday, entered the secure haven of Washington Hall and lies here peacefully moored to the dock of truth, made fast to the shore of life by the line of reason, handled by that jolly tar named Common Sense.

Thanks to the angel hosts who hold our noble barque in their keeping and guard her in her labors for the right, hour by hour, there is no word gemming her snowy sails that stands out clearer to our mental vision, than that of *harmony*. Oh, friends, well may I say that it is with pleasure akin to joy, that I hail you to-day on this, our third yearly "reckoning." Our good ship has not only returned to us in safety from her fifty-two voyages made during the last year, but each time she has come freighted with "glad tidings of great joy" to the starved and thirsty ones of earth. In her outward bound trips, she has taken assorted cargoes; knowledge for the uninformed, sympathy for the sorrowing, and words of cheer for those who languished by the wayside. Consolation for the bereaved has been furnished through the light of truth; while the fallen and de-

praved have been raised to higher plains of life, through the potency of aspiration. The glittering teardrop resting on the pale cheek of the widow and the orphan, has lost its brilliancy, having been dispelled by the "Bright Star of Hope." But another year is before us and our good ship has many voyages to make; and as she wings her way across trackless seas of thought, out into the great vast realm of the Unknown, or takes less pretentious voyages along the shores of material life, holding commerce with the children of men; of what, oh! of what shall her cargo consist? Do not imperil her present safety by loading her down with the useless lumber of dead issues; and do not, I implore you, damn her fair future by requiring her to dispense other commodities than those which are wholesome, pure, and beautiful. Watch the lading of the ship, my fellows, and see to it that nothing that is calculated to trammel thought, pollute the body, or bebase the soul, finds a place on board.

Be wide awake, one and all, ever active in furnishing your proportion of all that is sweet, true and wholesome for body and mind. See that our noble vessel is well supplied with the bread of truth, freely buttered with justice. Let her casks be filled with the crystal waters of love, and her coffers be overflowing with the milk of human kindness. Take a generous amount of the compound oils of patience and charity, that the waters may be calmed when they are troubled. Select a brave, gallant crew, who will stand in the fight so long as a shot remains in the locker, and who will go down, chained to the wheel and lashed to the masts, if need be; then spread the white sails of spirituality over all, and he is a poor prophet, indeed, who would not predict a prosperous—a useful voyage—one that will be largely instrumental in wafting us all over the crystal sea of Progressive Spiritualism, into the beautiful haven on the other shore where we shall all meet our own on that last "Annual Meeting."

H. C. WILSON, President.

Washington Hall, S. F., April 11, '86.
SECRETARY'S REPORT.

I hereby present my third annual report, for the fiscal year ending April 1st, on all matters except members, and that is brought down to the present hour. During the last year, the Society has held fifty-two sessions on Sundays, and had under consideration thirty-six different subjects, and the same treated by twenty-five different opening speakers, and on each of the fifty-two Sundays, the first speaker has been followed by an average of four other speakers in five and ten-minute speeches. Many of the sessions have been closed by mediums giving tests to the audience from the

platform.

The Board of Directors have held twelve regular monthly meetings and five adjourned and special meetings, at which there have been present eight and nine of the Board of Directors. During the year three teachers of our truth have been ordained, to wit: Miss Susie M. Johnson, Mrs. M. G. Payne and Dr. S. N. Aspinwall.

Members on the roll as per report of April 26, 1885	175
Members joined this year and signed the roll to date	51
Total	226
Members, withdrawn during the same time	17
Members passed on during the same time, to wit, Mrs. S. B. Baker, Mrs. S. F. Breed, J. L. Winnea	3

Total	209
Total on the roll at present date	209

Respectfully submitted,
S. B. CLARK, Secretary *pro tem*.

TREASURERS REPORT.

April 1, 1885—Balance on hand	\$ 428 25
April 1, 1886—Rec'd from all sources	1,234 85
Total	\$1,663 10

DISBURSED.

April 1, 1886—Sundries, as per vouchers	\$972 80
Balance on hand	690 30
The same stands to the credit of the following accounts:	
Mediums' Relief Fund	\$ 20 40
Building Fund	273 15
Income and Expense	396 75
Total	\$690 30

Respectfully submitted,
S. B. CLARK, Treasurer.

INVENTORY OF PROPERTY AND CASH.

ACC'T OF BUILDING FUND.

Three lots and nine houses on First and Fremont Streets as per three deeds, valued at \$21,000 00

ACC'T OF MEDIUMS' RELIEF FUND.

Two outside lots, as per one deed, valued at \$ 50 00

ACC'T OF FREE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY.

642 volumes, books, one book-case, valued at	\$ 1,000 00
Sundry articles, valued at	60 00
Cash on hand	693 30

Total	\$21,800 30
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Respectfully submitted,
S. B. CLARK, Treasurer.

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

I hereby transmit to you a few facts and figures in relation to the Free Spiritual Library connected with your Society. I am pleased to report that the number of readers of the library has steadily increased during the year, there having been a greater number for each month than for the corresponding month in the year previous. A new catalogue is now in press, which, when issued, will prove a great convenience to our readers and will serve, no doubt, to create a

greater interest in the mind of the general public. An order has been passed by the Board of Directors to extend our field of operations into the country, that all our people on the Coast may be alike benefited. I can not urge the friends of truth, and the advocates of its promulgation, too earnestly to interest themselves in building up this noble factor in our cause. Let not a book go to ruin on any shelf that contains a crumb of truth, but rather donate it to the library, thus placing it where it will feed many who are hungering for the bread of immortal life. Let all be proud to own a part or parcel in this institution.

ACCOUNT OF BOOKS.

April 1, 1885—Number of books on hand	376
April 1, 1886—Donated during the year	168
April 1, 1886—Purchased during the year	98

Total	642
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April 1, 1886—Loaned during the year	2,239
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Respectfully submitted,

T. C. KELLEY, Librarian.

At Unity Church Sunday Evening.

EDITOR SENTINEL: The thirty-eighth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated at Unity Church last Sunday evening. The exercises were opened by Mrs. F. A. Logan with an invocation; music by Mr. Baxter and the Millett sisters, from Truckee, now residing with their parents on Beach Hill, in our city. Then followed the reading of an original poem by Mrs. Logan, in which the idea was advanced that Benjamin Franklin not only chained the lightning which was made subservient to our use, but from his spirit home succeeded in establishing by the spirit rap, in 1848, communications between his spirit home and the inhabitants of earth. To some this might seem erroneous. She had never heard the idea advanced in print, nor by any mortal, but it came to her inspirationally, as many ideas had, which in after years were confirmed by scientific minds.

Dr. T. B. Taylor, of Glen Haven Sanitarium, was introduced, and made some very able remarks in reference to Spiritualism. That the tiny rap referred to in the poem had gone world-wide with other wonderful phenomena, until millions had been convinced of the immortality of the soul.

Mrs. Dr. Shaw, whose happy face always brings sunshine, read a beautiful essay, considering the few moments in which she had to write it.

Mrs. Dr. Taylor was next introduced, and read a very appropriate selected poem. She reminds one of the fairies. Her sprightly, vivacious temperament and petite figure must call forth many a thought of gratitude as she flies from one room to another to wait upon the patients

in her neatly-kept and well-ordered Sanitarium, of which her husband is the founder.

Dr. Shaw, next in order, quoted several authors in substantiation of the rising and falling of nations; of epochs in our national, political, and religious eras. His tall figure, far-seeing eyes, always impresses us that he is scarcely of this earth—earthly. His profundity of thought, scientific research, love of books, and knowledge of the occult, place him with the greatest thinkers of the age. And we always grieve in sympathy with such natures who live so far in advance of the times that they are not properly understood or appreciated. And in our finite wisdom we would say, "Doctor, come down to earth for a while. 'One life at a time!' And then the eternal future, all that thy soul lovest shall be thine."

Mrs. Kendall, from the Sanitarium (whose husband has been to the anti-Chinese question in Eureka, Humboldt County, self-sacrificing as was John Brown in the anti-slavery movement), recited a poem entitled "Dave's Hollyhocks," a synopsis of which is all we can give at present. It should be heard from the same lady to be appreciated. A fond mother sent her son for the seed, and contrary to her expectations or command he stopped to take a swim, and lost from his pocket the seed, took his death of cold, but never for a moment admitted to his mother that he had disobeyed her orders, nor would he tell her or any one else where or at what place he must have lost the seed. But after his decease, through a medium, far remote from his home, wrote on closed slates to his mother to look on the bank of the river for hollyhocks. Lo, and behold! they were there. She took them up and planted them on his grave, and forgave her wayward son, with joy that he still lived, to return and give her unmistakable proof of his existence.

Mr. Baxter gave one of his happy, earnest speeches, keeping close to the subject of the occasion.

Mrs. Ella Wilson, lecturess, made a very commendable eleutionary effort in reciting Edgar A. Poe's "Farewell to Earth," as given by himself through the inspired lips of Miss "Lizzie Doten."

All of the exercises were interspersed with good music, and the vases of sweet roses, flowers and lilies, together with the flower-wreathed wall (furnished and prepared mostly by Mrs. Broadwell and George Fox, whose artistic talents were displayed in their arrangement), called forth much gratitude from Mrs. F. A. Logan, who presided over the meeting with her characteristic ease, self-possession and dignity. Said she would thank in behalf of the audience all who had so ably contributed to make the anniversary in Santa Cruz a success. Also said

that she was here in the interest of healing, to do good to souls and bodies without a diploma, only as she was commissioned and assisted by higher powers, and would therefore appoint another meeting for next Sunday evening.

Mr. Brooks, trance speaker, said he would be on hand to give a lecture at that time if desired, which was responded to in the affirmative.

Mrs. Logan asked Dr. Taylor to close the meeting, which he did by throwing his magnetic healing power upon the audience and then pronounced the benediction.

VERITAS.

Agassiz's Dream.

It is said that Agassiz had been for two weeks trying to decipher the somewhat obscure impression of a fossil fish on the stone slab in which it was preserved. Weary and perplexed, he put his work aside at last, and tried to dismiss it from his mind. Shortly after, he waked one night persuaded that while asleep he had seen his fish with all the missing features perfectly restored. But when he tried to hold and make fast the image, it escaped him. Nevertheless, he went early to the Jardin des Plantes, thinking that on looking anew at the impression he should see something new which would put him on the track of his vision. In vain—the blurred record was as blank as ever. The next night he saw the fish again, but with no more satisfactory result. When he awoke it disappeared from his memory as before. Hoping that the same experience might be repeated, on the third night he placed a pencil and paper beside his bed before going to sleep. Accordingly, toward morning the fish reappeared in his dream, confusedly at first but at last with such distinctness that he had no longer any doubt as to its zoological character. Still half-dreaming, in perfect darkness, he traced these characters on the sheet of paper at the bedside. In the morning he was surprised to see in his nocturnal sketch features which he thought it impossible the fossil itself should reveal. He hastened to the Jardin des Plantes, and with his drawing as a guide, succeeded in chiseling away the surface of the stone under which portions of the fish proved to be hidden. When wholly exposed it corresponded with his dream and drawing, and he succeeded in classifying it with ease.

The *Banner of Light*, the first and foremost of our Spiritualistic exchanges, has just entered upon its fifty-ninth volume, which means the last half of its thirtieth year. The *Banner* has done, and is doing, a grand work for humanity. Long may it unfold its precious precepts to the world.—*Golden Gate*.

MUSICAL AND PHYSICAL PHENOMENA

Through Mrs. Mary E. Currier Wallingford.

The following extract from a memorial notice published in the *Banner of Light*, of March 13th, gives a very interesting account of the principal phases of mediumship possessed by the refined and lovely medium, Mrs. Wallingford, *nee* Currier.

Tenderly sheltered by the loving care of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Currier, who are prominent residents of Haverhill, Massachusetts, Mary had all the conditions necessary for the proper unfoldment of her wonderful gifts. Her refined and sunny ways endeared her to thousands, who, like ourselves, had the pleasure of frequently meeting her in her pleasant home, and at the spiritual campmeetings and societies, where for years her parents have been conspicuous for their unselfish devotion to the cause of Spiritualism. The report is from the pen of Fred L. H. Willis, M. D., himself, in former years, one of the foremost mediums for physical manifestations in the world. A. M.

Dr. Willis says: "Mary is a quiet, ladylike girl, with an air of perfect sincerity and frankness about her that renders it difficult to believe for a moment that she could possibly lend herself to a wicked imposture upon the most sacred feeling of the human heart. I have had several seances with her, and though I instituted no special tests save those of a mental character, I received during those seances what to me were most positive and most satisfactory demonstrations of the wonderful power of spirits to manipulate matter and do with it as they will. I pursued my investigations in silence, preferring to share my observations with no one. I distinctly heard sounds produced during this stage of the manifestations that would require at least six pairs of hands to execute, and I cannot conceive how a sane man can sit through one of those seances and listen carefully and closely to the effects there produced and ascribe them all to the two hands of the medium.

"During this part of the seance I repeatedly asked mentally that certain effects might be produced upon the different instruments. To my delight, invariably my thought was responded to, showing a wonderful power of mind-reading somewhere. This was no chance result, for I tested it again and again, and so varied my experiments as to make the demonstration triumphantly beautiful and satisfactory.

"Once, while notes were being executed at the extreme ends of the keyboards, requiring the widest possible distance between the two hands of the

medium—granting for the moment that she was the performer—I heard a beautiful minor interlude performed upon the middle register of the keys, that could not by any human possibility have been executed without the presence of another pair of hands upon the keyboard.

"Again: The piano-lid was always down and covered with heavy articles, music books and various instruments; and yet the most surprising effects were produced inside the piano. I defy any mortal to imitate them, even with the cover removed. The power seemed to penetrate to and pervade the inmost recesses of the instrument, and the wires were manipulated as if by hands between them and the sounding-board, imitating now the harp, and again the guitar, or banjo. Here again I applied my mental tests, and with the same success; invariably and readily came the responses, giving the effects asked for mentally, now upon one set of strings, and then upon another.

"During this time the other instruments frequently chimed in, producing effects as beautiful as they were novel.

"And now let me give you a little experience that was more satisfactory to me than all that I heard in the darkness, wonderful as that was; so true is it that I am most fully satisfied by the evidence of all my senses—and also demonstrating to me one of the most frequent causes of failure in manifestations of this character:

"One evening the medium went into the circle-room and took her seat at the piano. I was in the sitting-room; the door between was open, and the flood of light from the room I was in made every object in the circle-room distinctly visible. Scarcely had the medium struck the first note upon the piano, when the tambourines and the bells seemed to leap from the floor and join in unison. Carefully and noiselessly I stole into the room, and for several seconds it was my privilege to witness a rare sight. I saw the bells and tambourines in motion, I saw the bells lifted as by invisible hands, and chimed each in its turn accurately and beautifully in unison with the piano. I saw the tambourine dextrously and scientifically manipulated, and no mortal hand near it. But suddenly, by a slight turn of the head, the medium became aware of my presence in the room. Instantly, like the severing of the connection between a galvanic battery and its poles, everything ceased. Mark this: So long as my presence in the room was known only to the invisibles, so long the manifestations continued in perfection. The moment the medium became aware of it everything stopped. A wave of mental emotion passed over her mind,

which was in itself sufficient to stop the phenomena at once. So wonderfully delicate a thing is mediumship! Even the veterans of Spiritualism have no real appreciation of it, nor can they realize that a medium is of necessity an instrument so delicately strung that the slightest jar, even the vibration of a thought on the mental atmosphere, may entirely disintone it. This little incident proved to my mind most clearly that, in nine cases out of ten, it is the condition of the medium that renders it so difficult for spirits to perform these wonders in the light, rather than any lack of power or disposition on their part."

Carlyle on Female Physicians.

In a recent posthumous letter by the sage of Chelsea occurs the following: "I have never doubted but the true and noble function of a woman in this world was, is and forever will be, that of being a wife and a helpmate to a worthy man. It seems, furthermore, indubitable that if a woman miss this destiny or have renounced it she has every right, before God and man, to take up whatever honest employment she can find open to her in the world. Probably there are several or many employments now exclusively in the hands of men for which women might be more or less fit—dentistry, printing, weaving, clerking, etc., etc. That medicine is intrinsically not unfit for them is proven from the fact that in much more sound and earnest ages than ours, before the medical profession rose into being, they were virtually the physicians and surgeons, as well as sick nurses—all that the world had. Their form of intellect, their sympathy, their wonderful acuteness of observation, etc., seems to indicate in them peculiar qualities for dealing with disease, and evidently in certain departments (that of female diseases) they have quite peculiar opportunities of being useful.—*The Practical Physician*.

Don't Do It.

Listen, girls, just for a few minutes, listen to the list of penalties you must pay if you adopt the incoming fashions of long, tightly-laced waists. What a hideous resurrection from "the dark ages" this winter's fashion-plates are, with their attenuated, waspish bodies. Those ladies who have been timidly, but with great joy, learning the blessedness of easy-fitting clothes during the past ten years, will not be tempted back into the thralldom of "straight-jackets" again, but the girls—will they have the stamina to say "no" to the edict of the soulless monster, fashion?

Don't deform your beautiful bodies by such suicidal folly. There is just so

WOMEN FOR CLERKS.

Their Satisfactory Service in the Legislature.

In twenty-five years or more, the world has indulged in much talk of women's unfitness for certain duties, and she has been regulated to "her sphere" with an absolute persistence entirely unworthy of the lords of creation. All this because she has with a firm determination pushed herself into the places once employed by men, and having gotten them has made them see and hear, and feel, and know in their inmost souls, she has come to stay. She has snapped her fingers in mockery at the man, who, with a delicious sentimentalism has declared she is too tender and delicate for the world's rough ways and had better make her living at the washtub than with her pen, her needle or on the platform. Among the working-women of Iowa is a great army of clerks of various kinds, stenographers typewriters, copyists, and during the legislative winters the capitol force of women, numbers many. The places secured by the young ladies are places for which they are well fitted, and the work is well suited to them. Because they have proven their competency so well in the past, it has become an established custom to give the clerkship to the ladies instead of the men.

The surroundings are so unobjectionable in every particular that daughters from the first families in the land fill these positions, young ladies of eloquence and culture, and this winter the force is composed of women who are not only competent, but well educated, accomplished and refined. Often times a purdush or evil-minded person inveighes with bitterness against the propriety of an "unprotected female" being daily exposed in such a shocking manner among so many men. The idea is absurd. If a noble, pure-hearted woman is not safe among Iowa's legislators, then we are sunken indeed. A woman who is not noble or pure-minded is safe nowhere. She invites danger, and would attract it in the most jealously guarded home in the land. Una was safe, even with the lion. Her purity shielded her as an invincible armor. Iowa may well be proud of her working-women and among them there are none more worthy of commendation than the force employed bi-annually at the Capitol.—*Iowa State Register.*

Handling Fire With Impunity.

On Tuesday, February 23, a seance was held at the residence of Mr. H. Rowson, Accrington House, at which a very good and harmonious circle assembled. Mr. Hoperoft was the medium, who was entranced by his favorite female control, "Vina Green." The medium was

under influence for two hours and a half. The proofs given were entirely satisfactory to all present. One of the most startling exhibitions was when the medium placed his hand right inside a large burning fire, and took it out without the slightest appearance of any bad effects. One gentleman was present who was determined not to suffer any deception, and minutely examined his hand, and declared that not even the tips of the fingers were above their natural heat.

In order to give even more and entire satisfaction, a piece of newspaper was torn from the corner of a daily, and lighted. Mr. Hoperoft held the blazing fragment with one hand, and held the other hand, both back and front, in the blaze from the paper, without the slightest ill effects. This was unanimously pronounced by the circle as quite satisfactory, as no person in a normal condition could have dealt so indifferently with real live coals.—*Richard Burrell, in Medium and Daybreak, London.*

Primitive Christianity—Its Origin and Nature.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

I desire to call the attention of the readers CARRIER DOVE to a work recently published by the *Index* Association, Boston, Mass., called "A Study of Primitive Christianity," by Lewis G. James; price, \$1.50. Spiritualists hope and claim that their philosophy is destined to rule the world. At present its most formidable opponent is Orthodox Christianity, and a desperate struggle is imminent between these two for the Spiritual supremacy of mankind. To establish the truth of Spiritualism, the dogmas of orthodoxy must be overthrown, and in order to do this the sooner and the more effectually, Spiritualists should be familiar with the results of the scientific study of the origin and nature of primitive Christianity. To overthrow the errors of the prevalent theologies we must dig away at the foundation.

What we want to know and what the world much needs to know, is this: Who and what was Jesus, and what did he claim to be? What did he really do and teach; and what were the actual teachings of his apostles, including Paul? When and by whom were the books of the New Testament written, and what is their relative reliability and authenticity? In only one way can the truth be arrived at concerning these subjects, and that is by the application of the *scientific* method thereto. During the last fifty years a number of the ablest and best of the untrammelled scholars of the world have been solving these questions in a very satisfactory manner, and now we know, almost beyond doubt, the general out-

many pounds avordupois of your body, if you squeeze the waist, your wrists, ankles, neck, and abdomen will be enlarged, and the beautiful outlines of nature's moulding will be destroyed. The face will lose the power of growing beautiful even up to the winter, which may prove a summer of old age. The exquisite taste, the completeness of many pleasures is sacrificed, never again to live, by blind obedience to the barbarous fashion.

To the eyes of the artist, the poet, the physician, these mandates issued through the pages of the fashion journals are suggestive of torturing cruelties, that equal the tales of the Inquisition, and the suffering will reach out with skeleton fingers beyond the silly girl votary—beyond her bridal, to her motherhood, to strangle her pretty babes, and leave her with bitter memories, invalidism and loneliness.

It is a very cruel thing when years of preaching and patience have won women to strive for a better womanhood, that the girls must be assailed by a revival of the torturing stays. There is this hope to buoy up the brave ones, artistic tastes have grown so rapidly and are so strongly indorsed in all our homes, Dame Fashion may find her angular hour-glasses, square shoulders, and hectic-patched pallor quite ignored.

Don't follow her lead in this, girls—don't do it—the plates look horrible now, but remember the old rhyme about vice, and be very careful that you are not led into being embraced by this insatiable monster.—*A Lady Physician, in Phrenological Journal.*

An account is given of the introduction into England by Mme. De Long, of her metal-cutting machinery, which has for some time been in successful use in France. She has now, it appears, perfected some ingenious machinery, worked by steam power, which cut with the utmost precision the hardest and softest metals, in any design, so that by it can be produced a gold lace pin or a steel castle portculis from the solid metal, without any moulding or filling. This unique industry is divided into four general branches. The first is a production of gates, doors, balcony fronts, and other architectural metal work without casting—plates of brass a foot thick being thus cut into lattice work at a single operation; a second branch is the making of lattice metal work filled in with glass, to supersede the ordinary leaden frames for church and other ornamental windows; the third branch comprises the inlaying of plush and ebony jewel cases, cabinets, etc., with red and yellow copper, steel, and other metals; and the fourth for the working of picture-frames, baskets, crests, etc., out of the solid metals, fully finished.

line of the public career of Jesus and of the evolution of Christianity from the time of Jesus to that of Constantine; and also the general facts relative to the genesis and growth of the New Testament writings.

The book of Mr. James is an admirable summary of the established facts, (as arrived at through the careful study thereof, by the great masters of biblical science) bearing upon the origin and nature of early Christianity. It covers in ten chapters, every branch of the subject, and it is written in a plain, clear, and attractive style, readily comprehensible by all. If one wants to know all that is really known, or is probably true, concerning Jesus, the apostles, the New Testament, the Bible, and growth of Christianity, etc., he should get this book and carefully and thoroughly study it. Not that it is to be regarded as infallible in its every detail. By no means. On certain minor points, honest differences of opinion still obtain among rationalistic scholars, and on some points I differ from Mr. James; but, in general, his book is accurate and reliable, and full of absorbing interest. I would urge every Spiritualist to get a copy. It contains within a small compass a vast quantity of important and most interesting matter; and I think no candid, unbiased mind would even regret having obtained it. Its perusal at once demonstrates to every one its great and lasting value.

PRESIDIO, San Francisco, Cal.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MRS. SCHLESINGER: The CARRIER DOVE wings its way to my lonely heart down here in this "City by the Sea," and its messages and songs bring peace and joy. Its face is beautiful and symbolic of the blessed angels who are ever watching over and sustaining their inspired workers. Its heart throbs in unison with the pulsations of the ever living, active principles of which all are part and parcel. As we take it in our hands and closely inspect its plumage we are thrilled with its purity, while its vital life warms and invigorates our entire being, and we find our soul-love going out not only to all workers in our glorious cause, but to the poor and needy, the crushed and broken spirits of our world, as well as to those of the spheres, and the question arises again and again are we doing all that is possible to ameliorate the sorrows of earth. Although every moment of our waking hours are employed in trying to do good to souls and bodies, yet we see so much to be done before justice will obtain in the humanitarian and *Spiritual enfoldment of all*.

I was much pleased with your address

and Sister Mason's as given in Washington Hall, and will say that I have been holding meetings here every Sabbath evening during the past two months, in Unity Church, to fair audiences, yet, as in all places, there are some Spiritualists who seem satisfied with the phenomenal part and remain at home. Still there are minds searching for the truth as given through the instrumentality of your humble correspondent, and by the assistance of our angel guides and a few willing workers, we celebrated the 38th anniversary, a report of which I submit to your disposal, as published in the *Santa Cruz Sentinel*. Yours in the bonds of one grand brother and sisterhood.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

SANTA CRUZ, April 4, 1886.

DEAR BROTHER: I received your very kind postal card with the two numbers of your very artistic CARRIER DOVE. Upon showing them to my friends I was highly pleased by the recognition by Mrs. W. Keeler, of the letter and copy of the Photo-Spirit picture with the graphic account therein, she fully remembering the same. I would here state that her husband, the spirit artist, Dr. William Keeler, is with us for a short time where he is meeting with undoubted success. I have great cause myself for rejoicing, having been made the happy recipient of a beautiful well-recognized picture and likeness of my beloved wife, who passed to the higher Birth two years ago. Others also have and can testify to joyous recognitions by the same happy results of the doubly-endearing gone-before. His brother, Mr. Pierre O. A. Keeler, is delighting numbers by the startling materializations coming through his medial powers, with slate-writing and other phenomena. Another very interesting medium, Mrs. St. John, has the very wonderful phenomena of a profusion of costly and beautiful flowers being brought, letters sent and answered. Materializations with thrice happy recognitions all taking place weekly with locked and strapped doors. There are many others, but it would take up too much space to recount in detail the many other avenues of spirit converse and communion which are making sure and rapid strides toward the recognition of "Peace on earth and good-will to all" humanity, with the glorious truth that all are surrounded by an innumerable cloud of living—loving—hope-inspiring ministrants, whose glorious mission is to declare that Death has lost its sting and the grave its vacant victory.

I shall be glad to assist the CARRIER DOVE here in its beautiful flight of "Love to All"—by my humble and limited efforts. I will do as I can and have done by the other Spiritual papers—remit re-

turns for copies as sold, and assist in getting subscriptions, etc., as you wish. Fraternaly yours,

SAMUEL D. GREEN,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 24, 1886.

CHICAGO, April 4, 1886.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER SCHLESINGER: I have just arrived here on my way home, after a visit to Boston, New York, and Washington. Most of the time spent in Boston, where I found many friends and acquaintances. Had the pleasure of hearing those wonderfully-gifted speakers, Mrs. Lillie, Mr. Colville and Mrs. Colby; also Mrs. Dyer, in the Spiritual Temple. They are all very earnest workers, and are doing a noble work in advancing the noble cause of Spiritualism.

I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Ayer, the builder and owner of the Temple. He is a very practical, unassuming gentleman of about forty years of age, and it is a great pleasure to talk with him; very sensible, reasonable, and edifying in all his remarks. It is very much to be regretted that more of the wealthy business men of our country do not use their money in the same practical way that he has. He, with his brother, are in the wholesale grocery business. I will not describe the Temple, as that has been done through the various papers, so that your readers are, no doubt, quite familiar with it, I will only say that it is a beautiful, well-arranged auditorium, capable of seating about one thousand. I should think, with a grand organ and handsome platform. Below are good-sized committee-rooms, a smaller audience-room, one-half the size, perhaps, of the upper one; a large, nice, well-arranged library-room, with gas, water, toilets, and all conveniences.

I also met Mrs. Maud E. Lord, Mr. Joseph D. Stiles, and Mr. Edgar Emmerson, all of whom are excellent platform test mediums. At the Berkeley-Hall meeting, Sunday afternoon, they called upon me to make some remarks, and I gave them some account of the progress of the good work in the West and on the Pacific Coast. They seemed pleased with my remarks, and cheered me very generally. As this is becoming too long already, I shall leave other items of interest for another letter, if you and your readers desire to hear of them.

With best respects to you and all California friends, I am, as ever, your friend and co-worker.

S. N. ASPINWALL,
Minneapolis, Minn.

To be idle and be poor have ever been reproaches; and therefore every man endeavors with his utmost care to hide his poverty from others and his idleness from himself.—*Dr. Johnson*.

The Carrier Dove.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO
Spiritualism and Reform.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, ALBERT MORTON,
Editor. Associate Editor.

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

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual Workers of the Pacific Coast and elsewhere, and Spirit Pictures by our Artist Mediums. Also, Lectures, Essays, Poems, Spirit Messages, Editorial and Miscellaneous Items.

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OUR AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENCY.—Sole agent H. A. Kersey, No. 1 Newgate Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who will act as agent in England for the CARRIER DOVE during the absence of J. J. Morse. H. A. Kersey, the Progressive Literature agency, established 1878, as above, keeps on sale, and supplies to order all American books and periodicals.

Mr. J. J. Morse, trance speaker, at present located at 541 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, New York, will act as agent for the CARRIER DOVE.

J. K. Cooper, 746 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps constantly for sale the CARRIER DOVE, and will receive subscriptions for the same.

W. H. Terry, 84 Russell Street, Melbourne, Australia, agent for the CARRIER DOVE. Magazines for sale at his office.

The CARRIER DOVE, published at 854½ Broadway, Oakland, Cal., by Mrs. J. Schlesinger, can be found on sale at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, 9 Bosworth Street, Boston.

THE PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN.

The persistent efforts of fossilized or newly-fledged physicians to arrogate to themselves the monopoly of the treatment of disease, is a sure indication of the loss of grip on the public pulse. The physician, of whatever school, who has demonstrated, by successful practice, his understanding and ability to conquer or alleviate "the ills which flesh is heir to," needs no legal enactments to force patients to submit to his treatment; his good works do follow him, and all he asks of the law is to enforce the penalties incurred by the mal-practice of those who tamper with the health and lives of sufferers unfortunate enough to come under their treatment. The pretense of a desire to help the dear public and save them from the snares of the quack, is a hollow sham. These pseudo-philantropists, so far as honesty is concerned, are on a level with the charlatans who keep their touters and cappers on the watch for the unwary sufferer, who can be bled of a little coin. We believe the right to select our own preachers and physicians is as indefeasible as the right to choose the clothing we wear, or the dwelling we occupy. It is time united action be taken by all liberalists to settle the question by taking a test case to the highest court in our country, whose decision would be authoritative in all the States. All that will be necessary to produce this desirable result is for some reliable person to make a stand on the rights guaranteed by the Constitution of our country, and for liberalists to contribute the necessary means to carry the case to a final decision. Petty squabbles with County and State courts are of little avail.

The professors of the noble science of healing are persistent and hungry, as the following article from our esteemed contemporary, the *Banner of Light*, plainly shows. The *Banner*, in a recent issue, says:

"The New York Senate has just referred a bill to the Public Health Committee for consideration which is a disgrace to modern law-making. It includes in its clutches all non-diploma practitioners, 'who, for money, fee or reward, shall prescribe for or undertake the treatment of any person affected, or believed or represented to be affected, by disease, injury, deformity, ailment or

bodily infirmity.' Magnetic healers, clairvoyants, faith and prayer-cure disciples, Christian scientists, or metaphysicians, and all other orders of practice, save Allopathy and its allies, are, under the provision of this bill, should it become a law, liable to fine and imprisonment."

We hail with pleasure the advent of another advocate of medical freedom in the field, *The Practical Physician*, which we hope may be instrumental in concentrating the forces of freedom in a practical movement to stay the encroachments of the antediluvian practitioners, who cannot keep pace with the times, and the hungry hordes of adolescent saw-bones annually sent out by our medical colleges to fatten on the ailments of suffering humanity. The following extract from the salutatory article in the *Practical Physician* gives promise of an efficient ally in this fight for right:

"The unfortunate reference to miracle of the cures wrought in former days has long fettered human aspiration, and deprived the Christian world of the benefits of a method of cure which its illustrious founder did so much to introduce and disseminate. The restoration to health of thousands, however, in our own day by the laying on of hands, by the operation of the auxiliary law of faith and prayer, and a careful examination of the Scriptural accounts themselves, afford abundant evidence that these occurrences are neither unnatural nor miraculous.

To substantiate this statement our columns will contain, from time to time, such a mass of testimony from living witnesses as will remove all reasonable doubt. We expect to prove that there are persons of both sexes in every community, so constituted mentally and physically, that their simple touch has a controlling influence over the elements of diseased action. In proportion as this gift is inherited or developed, these persons are naturally commissioned to heal the sick. 'They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover,' far from being a figure of speech of temporary application, was a confident assurance based on a knowledge of the law of cause and effect. That the human hand possesses some peculiar power is conceded by many progressive physicians who have found in so coarse a procedure as massage an effective auxiliary to medical treatment. While this is a step in the right direction, those who suppose, however, that the touch of the healer may be realized in the services of the masseur, or who imagine the healing physician to be a human flesh-brush, or groom, will be

agreeably undeceived by further investigation.

Among the higher aspects of the gift of healing is an attribute the possession of which would assure the future of any school of practice. We refer to the power vouchsafed to some and made available by other healing physicians of diagnosing disease by means of the inner vision commonly called clairvoyance. By its aid the interior of the body may be passed in review, and each morbid condition or change accurately noted. Being found in different degrees of unfoldment its assistance in locating disease is naturally more valuable and reliable when coupled with a knowledge of physiological and pathological conditions; but from what has already been accomplished through its aid in diagnosis no limit can be fixed to its utility when the faculty shall have become more general and, of course, more accurate by a familiarity with morbid conditions. It will be our special endeavor to encourage the development of so priceless a gift by setting forth the capabilities of Statuolence in this direction as well as the means of making it available by a knowledge of physiology and pathology as embodied in Sarcognomy, the only system of medical philosophy as yet taught which recognizes a relation between soul, brain, and body in the cure of disease.

Another method of tracing diseased action is by means of psychometric diagnosis. Premising that the physician is by birth or development sufficiently sensitive to external influences, by simple contact with the hand of a person diseased—without a question—he intuitively recognizes the cause and nature of the ailment, the morbid condition often being reflected upon the corresponding part or organ of his own body. Or, being furnished with some appropriate link—say a lock of hair, which embodies the quintessence of one's physical personality—the psychometrist is able to detect the nature of the complaint with surprising accuracy.

These important adjuncts in the cure of disease are as yet almost exclusively employed by healing physicians, and form the basis of the remarkable success which attends their ministrations. Long convinced of the truth of the principles we have so imperfectly set forth, and recognizing the impossibility of their acceptance by the school of medicine in which we were educated, in consequence of that materialistic indifference and slavish devotion to routine which now characterizes it, we cast our professional lot with the fortunes of the new school. Of the future of this system we have no misgivings. Its success in the practical cure of disease must commend it to the

common sense of mankind, to whose judgment all systems must bow.

In the conduct of this paper the advancement of the New School and the interests of the healing brotherhood will be our constant aim. Calling to our aid the master minds of the movement our columns will reflect the best thought on everything calculated to uplift humanity and diminish human suffering. The more immediate policy of the paper may be comprised in the accomplishment of the following objects:

1. To disseminate among the people a knowledge of the philosophy of cure embraced in the practice of the New School of Practical Physicians.

2. To advocate a more thorough organization of its adherents.

3. To protect and encourage them in the exercise of God's best boon to man, the "Gift of Healing."

4. To demonstrate the present existence of that gift among thousands of men and women in all its ancient power.

5. In the interest of the people to earnestly invite an investigation and adoption by the medical profession of the curative methods employed by Practical Physicians in the treatment of disease.

6. To arouse the people to the encroachments of present medical laws upon their freedom of thought and action in medical matters.

7. To demand the repeal of all laws by which the people are deprived of the physician of their choice.

8. To insist upon the recognition of the principle in medical appointments by Government, State, or City, that the success of any system of practice shall be the only standard of merit.

9. To give to woman her place as the natural physician of her own sex.

10. To prove that vaccination is a fallacy; compulsory vaccination, a crime.

While real medical knowledge is not to be depreciated, the efficiency of a healing physician after all, depends upon a special natural gift, which remains unaffected by all the medical education he may acquire. He matriculates in a school of his own, with a revised physiology and pathology, which takes in the whole man—soul, brain, and body—a means of diagnosis exact and unerring, and a *materia medica*, the remedies of which bear that definite relation to the disease which the psychometric process unfailingly secures.

As an illustration of practical healing and the value of knowing what to do in case of emergency, and how to do it, we present the following case in which a life is rescued in the face of scientific failure by the employment of New School methods:

A CASE IN PRACTICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT: In the *Banner* of Dec. 21, I find an article signed "Medicus," on the restoration of an aged man by magnetism, after the usual remedies had failed. For the benefit of this individual and others who have never seen the like of what I am about to relate, I will, by your permission, Mr. Editor, state in brief a fact that came under my own observation and most wonderful manipulation, though I have never claimed to be a physician.

Some time ago a Mr. Horton, then living in the town, had an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, which had run about five days under the treatment of an old-school Allopath, the patient constantly going down. About this time the old doctor—Castle, by name—went for counsel, which resulted in a decision of no hope for the patient's recovery. And well they might, for a few hours later, when I first saw him, a cold, clammy sweat stood all over him, and the blood had settled heavily under all the nails, fingers and toes. This has ever been an indication of immediate dissolution, and the case truly looked hopeless.

The doctors were away at their breakfast when I arrived. I immediately laid off my coat, took him by the hand, and with the other began to make passes from the shoulder downward to the extremities, changing from one to the other, and from shoulder to foot, first one side, then the other, with heavy passes, and with most satisfactory results. In about half an hour this treatment had taken the blood from under the nails, an equilibrium of the internal forces had been restored, circulation was active and regular, hemorrhage had ceased its flow, the work of death had been arrested and put at defiance, and the speedy recovery of the patient had been the result. The man lived between seven and eight years afterward, and finally passed on from other disease.

A lady who was present at the time saw the doctor a few days later, and said to him that she "never before saw so rapid a change for the better under any other treatment." His reply was "he had done all in his power, but to no effect, and that the treatment the manipulator gave was just what he needed."

Why is it that the doctors are so slow to introduce effective remedies? Why so ready to enact laws that would fine and imprison for such a cure as described above, performed by one who is not a physician in the eye of the law?

In this case it was evident that the vital forces had concentrated upon the most vital organs, and had found an outlet and were passing off. What, then, was the most natural remedy? Was it not to bring back into their natural

channels those life-forces, so that nature could again rally and restore to health?

W. D. HOLBROOK,
Waukesha, Wis.

We were personally acquainted with the writer and esteem him highly as a reliable man, and an earnest, devoted Spiritualist. A sketch of an operation in dentistry, which occurred in our presence at Dr. Holbrook's office, will be of interest in this connection, affording a remarkable illustration of the power of spirits in the subjugation of pain.

A spiritual lecturer—well-known to our New England readers as one of the foremost inspirational speakers, Mrs. Helen L. Palmer, now a resident of Portland, Maine—was the subject. Seating herself in the doctor's operating chair, she playfully asked him to examine some of her teeth to see if they were worth filling. Shortly her control, "Rosie," took possession of the medium, and asking the writer to hold her hands, told the doctors to proceed with his examination. The doctor decided that some of the teeth needed filling, which he promised to do if the medium would submit to the operation, whereupon "Rosie" expressed the opinion that she could hold possession of the medium and have the necessary operation performed, there and then. Dr. H. decided to make the experiment, and we held the medium's hands until he excavated and filled three cavities with amalgam filling.

The medium remained unconscious while the work was being done, and after regaining her consciousness asked the doctor if he thought the teeth worth preservation. Handing her a mirror, the doctor asked her to look and decide for herself, when, greatly to her surprise and delight, she found that the dreaded operation had been performed without her knowledge.

Although according to medical jurisprudence this operation may have been reprehensible; we believe many of our readers, with sensitive nerves and unsound teeth, would prefer the help of the angels in mitigation of pain to suffering *secundum artem*.

A. M.

The World's Advance Thought, is a new paper published at Salem, Oregon. It is the "Avant Courier," preparing the way for the "Messiah" whose coming shall usher in the "New Spiritual Dispensation."

EDUCATORS AND MESSIAHS.

Within the past fifteen years we have assisted at the birth and several times rejoiced over the demise of several journalistic ventures in the Spiritualistic field on the Pacific Coast. We have had an eruption of papers with an exalted mission—to make money or gain notoriety—which have served as outlets for the noxious gasses which have bloated the publishers like a greedy bovine in an alfalfa patch. The gas must escape or something bust—*they've busted*.

Journals with "patent outsides" and weak innards; leaders without sufficient knowledge of the history or philosophy of Spiritualism to instruct the veriest neophyte; reasoners without a reasonable excuse for existence; rising suns and lights of varying degrees of luminosity have twinkled like owls—making their darkness visible for a brief period of time—and flickered out, leaving their confiding subscribers a trifle poorer in purse, but richer in experience. Such experiences have made the public somewhat shy in supporting new ventures in this direction until they have demonstrated staying capacities somewhat commensurate with the pretensions of the projectors.

We have one journal—come to stay—which is a credit to Spiritualism; exquisitely neat and tasteful in typographical make-up; ably edited, by a journalist of long experience, who is familiar with the history and literature of Spiritualism; filled with instructive and sparkling editorials, contributions, and extracts—the latter we have learned to our cost, for its scissors are continually cutting from our exchanges the choice clippings which we cannot reproduce in justice to our readers, for many of them have the good sense which prompts them to take both paper and magazine.

We are proud of our contemporary and co-worker, the *Golden Gate*, and have felt that its advent filled the need of a high-toned Spiritual paper, but it seems we were mistaken. The *Golden Gate* and *CARRIER DOVE* do not represent advanced thought, and have remained in blissful ignorance that the time is nearly ripe for the earthly advent of another Messiah. "Will the line stretch out till the crack of doom?" We are especially favored on this coast; the Nazarine has been strug-

gling for about nine years to re-appear in Los Angeles; and another John the Baptist, in petticoats, has had the location selected and beautiful plans (on paper) made for a New Jerusalem, wherein she is to undergo the pangs of maternity, that we may be blessed with a Nineteenth Century Savior. Matters will have to be pushed in that direction; a few years longer delay and the miracle of Sarah will have to be repeated.

We have been too dilatory in the Golden State, and it seems we are to lose our grip on the scepter. We are informed that the headquarters of the new Spiritual Salvation Army have been established in Oregon, where the next Messiah is soon to appear and set up a Saving dispensary, from whence the light is to spread throughout the benighted world.

We have no desire to usurp the prerogative of Ingersoll, and dictate to the Higher Powers, but would suggest that the Judean symbol of a dove will be out of place as a type of the innocence and simplicity of this Web-foot Savior—how would a duck *anser*?

So long as cranky Spiritualists endorse such nauseous rot,
About "glorious New Dispensation" wonders,
they cannot
Ask level-headed mortals to cast with them
their lot,
As they go stumbling along.

That Spiritualism has gained a hearing among intelligent people, heavily handicapped as it has been—and still is—with frauds and cranks, is one of the strongest evidences that underlying all the froth and scum on the surface, lies the grand truth of continuous, progressive existence, on the other side of the Beautiful River of Life. A. M.

W. J. COLVILLE.

We are soon to be favored with an opportunity of seeing and hearing this distinguished inspirational speaker, his services having been engaged for the entire season of the camp meeting. He will probably deliver his first address on this Coast Sunday, June 6.

Mr. Colville is a great worker and his mediumship is so perfect and versatile that there seems to be no range of subjects but what his Guides find it easy to express through him. He is quite a young man and the few years of his

public work have been mostly confined to the far East and Europe. Our people have a rare treat before them in listening to his grand inspired utterances, and we know that none will fail to hear him who can possibly be present.

During the camp meeting he will teach a private class on the grounds in metaphysics and mental methods of treatment of disease, in harmony with the principles of Spiritualism. The course will consist of twelve lessons, and three will be given each week at a convenient hour in the day, when there is no public service. The price for the course will be \$5.00. All persons wishing to become members of the class, or who desire further information in regard to it, are requested to apply to the Corresponding Secretary of the Association, G. H. Hawes, 320 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Mr. Colville has been conducting these classes successfully for some time in Boston, and the teaching is given by his Guides. We are informed that they are also developing in their character, mental and healing mediumship being invariably brought out to a large extent.

THE CAMPMEETING.

As the time of our Campmeeting will be right upon us when our next issue comes out, we wish to make special mention of it in this number. The interest in the spiritual philosophy has increased so in our midst the past year and our people brought so fully in communication with each other through the spiritual press of this Coast, we shall expect to see a large turn-out from all our sister cities, and representatives from all parts of the Coast, as well as a good many Eastern people that are coming here every day.

It will probably be the largest gathering of Spiritualists ever known on the Pacific Coast, and the greatest centralization of mediumship and Spiritual forces. It only needs united effort to rapidly extend the influence of our belief through all our communities. Let every one take a personal and active interest in the State Association and bring their counsel and their wisdom and quickly open ways of benefit that will reach the remotest portions of our golden West.

The camp grounds are located on the northeast corner of Jackson and Twelfth Streets, Oakland, and a short walk of five blocks from Oak-Street station, on the local line of the Central Pacific Railroad, from San Francisco, and about the same distance from the Narrow Gauge terminus, corner of Webster and Fourteenth Streets, brings one to the grounds. Leaving at Broadway station the Brooklyn line of horse-cars will take parties direct to the camp. There will be an abundance of tents for all, and plenty of rooms available in the city.

All of our local talent is expected to take a generous and active part in all the proceedings, and a great variety of mediumship will be represented. As will be seen in another article the highly gifted Mr. W. J. Colville will be with us and devote his entire time to the occasion. There is also some prospect that Dr. F. O. Matthews, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will be present. He is an excellent platform test medium, and in this capacity takes an active part in the Eastern camp-meetings. We understand that some good mediums from the East have already arrived, who are expected to participate.

In a few days a circular will be distributed all over the State giving all necessary information and details. Should there be a failure on the part of any to receive such, or any desire for any special information relating to the meeting, they will receive a prompt reply by dropping a line to the Corresponding Secretary, G. H. Hawes, 320 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We present our readers, in this number, with a fine portrait from our crayon of Professor Robert Hare, the eminent scientist and fearless exponent of Spiritualistic phenomena; with two drawings of the ingenious machinery used by him to demonstrate the presence of an unseen, intelligent power.

Our portrait of Mrs. P. W. Stephens, the well-known California medium and speaker, is from an excellent photograph. We expect to soon give the portrait and sketch of our old friend and co-worker, the brother of Mrs. Stephens, the celebrated lecturer and platform test me-

dium, E. V. Wilson. For a description of the manner in which the beautiful portrait of Winona was taken, we refer to the article by her medium, Mrs. Thomas.

In our June number we shall give portraits and sketches of John Pierpont, the "poet, patriot, preacher, philosopher, philanthropist;" Miss M. T. Shellhamer, the medium of the *Banner of Light*, whose face, to the physiognomist, bears conclusive evidence to the purity, truthfulness, and spirituality of this eminent and indefatigable worker. We shall also give the portrait and sketch of the highly-esteemed test medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of San Francisco. Our spirit picture will be the portrait of Milwaukee (Milly), the spirit control of Mrs. Morton, from a crayon received through our own mediumship some thirteen years ago, and retouched to represent her as she now appears. A. M.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are under obligations to Messrs. Colby & Rich, of the *Banner of Light*, for copies of two valuable books, "Christianity and Paganism," and "Essence and Substance." The former consists of Historical Revelations of the relation existing between Christianity and Paganism since the disintegration of the Roman Empire. By the Roman Emperor Julian; given through the mediumship of T. C. Buddington. The latter is by the well-known, veteran lecturer and writer, Warren Chase. For sale by Colby & Rich, corner Bosworth and Province Streets, Boston, Mass.

The April number of *Facts*, "A monthly magazine devoted to Mental and Physical Phenomena," contains a portrait and brief sketch of W. J. Colville, one of the most popular inspirational speakers in the Spiritualistic field. It also contains many facts relating to the various phenomena of Spiritualism. \$1 per year, published by the *Facts* Publishing Company, corner Bosworth and Province Streets, Boston, Mass.

Among our new exchanges we are pleased to find one called *The Practical Physician*, "published monthly in the interest of the New School." Our Spiritual healers have needed just such a

journal as this, devoted to the interests of the profession, and able to present the scientific and philosophical principles upon which their practice is based. A careful reading of this journal will soon remove the prejudice against this method of treating disease which is the greatest obstacle to be overcome by healers. John J. Rivera, Publisher, 83 Elm Street, New York. Subscription for remainder of 1886, \$1.00.

J. J. Owen, editor of the *Golden Gate*, of San Francisco, delivered a very interesting discourse upon "Watchman, What of the Night?" at Grand Army Hall, Oakland, Sunday, April 25. Mr. G. A. Carter presided. Excellent music was furnished by Mrs. Jennie Clark and her sisters, the Misses Wheeler. The mediums present on this occasion, who gave tests, were Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Peck and Dr. Schlesinger, of Oakland. Mrs. Bowers, the "Washoe Seeress," of San Francisco, made a few remarks, describing what she had seen clairvoyantly during the afternoon session. An interesting programme is promised for Sunday, May 2, and we hope on that and each succeeding Sunday the efforts which are being made by the Oakland Spiritual Association to inaugurate successful, interesting meetings, will be rewarded by a large attendance. Remember the place of meeting is Grand Army Hall, 419 Thirteenth Street, between Broadway and Franklin Streets, Oakland. San Francisco friends are invited.

The sketch promised us by Mrs. Thomas, of the beautiful little Indian girl, "Winona," whose spirit picture appears in this number, has not been received, and we can tell our readers but little concerning it. We were informed by Mrs. T. that this spirit came to her one day when she was quite ill, and told her she would help her. She did so, and has remained with her from that time. She saw her so plainly, that she had a life-size portrait painted from the description she was enabled to give the artist. Our engraving is but a partial copy of the original.

Our Assistant Editor, Albert Morton, of San Francisco, has just returned from a brief visit to Los Angeles and Santa Monica. He describes everything as

looking beautiful in that portion of our "altogether lovely" State. We are glad to hear anything in favor of the "land of the Angels," (Los Angeles) as, in our estimation, it was justly named; and we look forward to the time, with pleasant anticipation, when we can find rest and quiet beneath our "own vine and fig-tree" in that sunny, angel-guarded spot.

The *Freethinkers' Magazine* for April, contains Thaddeus B. Wakeman's great speech on "The Political and Social Dreams of Thomas Paine;" an address by L. R. Washburn, on "The Life and Character of Elizur Wright," and an original poem by Courtlandt Palmer, entitled "An Easter Rhapsody."

Mr. Fred Evans, whose portrait and sketch appeared in our April number, has kindly offered to give a free sitting to any person who will subscribe for the CARRIER DOVE. This offer does not apply to old subscribers, unless in case of renewal.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

THE CARRIER DOVE.—San Francisco has two excellent Spiritualistic journals, a weekly, *The Golden Gate*, of which we have before spoken, and a monthly called the CARRIER DOVE, published at Oakland on the opposite side of the bay. The latter journal which has been existence about three years, has recently commenced to illustrate its pages with portraits of celebrated mediums and speakers. The January number now before us exceeds all previous efforts in this direction, and besides the usual quantum of excellent reading matter is richly illustrated by an artist of no mean ability. The frontispiece for the cover is a block about nine inches square, representing a band of angel forms descending towards the earth, preceded by a dove bearing a ribbon with the words "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy." Beneath is the city by night, with hill and water scenery. The title in fancy letters running across the intermediate clouds, does not mar the picture in the least. On the first page is a lithograph illustration of the platform of "The Metropolitan Temple," with Mrs. E. L. Watson and her co-workers upon it, on the second is a very fine portrait of

that talented lady who has filled the platform, with very little intermission, since her return from Australia, the next two illustrations are portraits of Dr. Albert Morton (a well-known medium speaker and energetic working Spiritualist, formerly associated with Professor Denton in the American Liberal Tract Society), and his wife, who we believe is an active co-worker with him in the Spiritualistic movement. The next is a very remarkable picture, being a beautifully executed lithograph copy of a spirit photograph, the sitter being Mr. S. N. Aspinwall, around him there are three distinct spirit faces. We publish in another column his letter explaining the circumstances under which the picture was obtained. Two copies of spirit pictures taken apparently from drawings complete the illustrations. We have no supplies of this journal at present, but shall be happy to take orders for it, as it is a most creditable production and well worthy of a large circulation.—*Harbinger Light*, Melbourne, Australia.

THE CARRIER DOVE.—This ably-conducted Spiritual monthly, for April, is full of good things. Mr. Albert Morton, of this city, to whose scholarly pen we are indebted for the excellent biographical sketches in the magazine, has been added to the editorial staff, to its advantage. The illustrations for the present number, with sketches of the lives of the mediums named, are of the eminent healer, G. Milner Stephen, D. D. Home, Fred Evans, and Mrs. Melissa Miller, the last two of this city—a truly remarkable quartette. Mr. Morton is a ready and graceful writer, and the CARRIER DOVE is rapidly winging its way to the hearts of the people.—*Golden Gate*.

THE CARRIER DOVE for March, is to hand, and is veritably a gem. It contains 32 pages of the choicest Spiritual literature, including essays, lectures, etc., with biographical sketches and full page portraits of Charles Foster and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mathews. It is printed on fine paper, the typographical appearance is unexcelled, and in every way is a journal of which the Spiritualists of America, and especially the Pacific Coast, should feel proud. Single copies are 25 cents, or subscription \$2.50 per year.—*The Spiritual Messenger*.

Devotion.

BY ACHSA W. SPRAGUE.

I worship at great nature's shrine,
Devout as any saint
That bows before the "great white throne,"
The past has loved to paint.
My temple is the universe,
Its dome the arching sky,
Its lamps the glorious burning stars,
The clouds its imagery.

The ocean, my baptismal font,
The "holy water" there;
The fruits of earth, God's sacrament,
And all may in it share;
The earth, my virgin mother pure,
To whom I kneel and pray;
Ave Maria! says my soul—
She answers me alway.

The crucifix to which I bend,
Is God's own Bow of Light,
I count the stars, like Catholics
That tell their beads at night;
The morning mist that graceful floats,
And lingers on the hill,
Makes e'en the mountain seem to me
A nun, white-veiled and still.

And oh! the mighty organ grand,
Whose countless thousand keys
Are scattered through the universe,
And swept by every breeze;
How does my inmost spirit thrill—
Spell-bound with magic wand—
Beneath those grand and solemn strains,
Waked by the Master Hand!

I join the hymn of nature's choir,
That binds me as a spell;
With nature's beautiful in prayer
I whisper, "All is well;"
'Tis always Sabbath unto me,
And hallowed is the sod;
One Priest is at the altar there—
That Priest the living God!

Spirit Hymn.

An unseen hand now leads me on
Where flowers unfold, and splendors rise
Far brighter than the fairest dawn,
Or sunset hues of summer skies.

A voice, by outward ear unheard,
Wakes the still chambers of my soul
My mother breathes each blessed word;
"Earth narrows all—*here* life is full;

An ample scope for widest thought,
Yet, living still more dearly near
To those we loved—for whom we wrought;
Such is our home immortal here."

Ah! starry faith and glorious hope!
That bear us o'er this earthly tide,
While we can pass our mortal scope,
Or bid them linger by our side!

—James M. Rogers.

Resolved.

As the dead year is clasped by a dead Decem-
ber,
So let your dead sins with your dead days
lie.

A new life is yours, and a new hope! Remem-
ber

We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of promise forget-
ting

Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong;
We waste half our strength in useless regret-
ting;

We sit by the old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark
is still shining.

Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath
for the next.

Did the clouds drive you back? But see yon-
der their lining.

Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for
a text.

As each year hurries by let it join that proces-
sion.

Of skeleton shapes that march down to the
past,

While you take your place in the line of pro-
gression,

With your eyes on the heavens, your face to
the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors

For any sad soul while the stars revolve.

If he will but stand firm on the grave of his
errors,

And instead of regretting resolve, *resolve!*

It is never too late to begin rebuilding,

Though all into ruins your life seems hurled.

For look! How the light of the new year is
gilding

The worn, wan face of the bruised old
world.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

In Memoriam.

[Miss M. E. Cuyler, who died March 3, 1884.]

"She has solved it, life's wonderful problem,
The deepest, the strangest, the last,
And into the school of the angels,
With the answer forever has passed.

"How strange that in spite of our questioning
She maketh no answer, or tells
Why so soon were life's honoring laurels
Dispelled by God's immortelles."

MOTHER.

[From selections from Miss M. E. Cuyler.]

"I expect to pass through this life but
once. If there is any kindness to show,
or any good thing I can do to my fellow
beings, let me do it now; let me not de-
fer it, for I shall not pass this way
again."

In Memoriam.

Slowly we rode to the home of the dead,
While June roses were scenting the air,
And laid low in the earth that fair young head,
With many a spoken and unspoken prayer.

Why was that life blotted out in its youth,
When its age could have brought only good?
Why was silenced that tongue that could only
speak truth?

Why deadened that brain with such power
endued?

Sadly we ask, and then wait for reply;
While the bell and our pulses keep time,
From that land where, 'tis said, our loved ones
cannot die,
And discords are changed into musical
chimes.

Law, is the answer that comes to the soul,
Law, eternal, unchanging, yet kind,
That each creature must be a well-balanced
whole,
Or friction will wear out the body or mind.

Fruit, early ripened, falls sooner to earth;
If the bird flies too fast, its wings tire;
If the body is weak, the soul seeks the new
birth;
The mind overtaxed, is a tightly-strung lyre.

The heart-broken mother submits, for she must
But lingers in grief, near the spot
Where lies all she had—"earth to earth, dust
to dust,"
As thousands have done when their "children
were not."

Trying to soothe her, a friend softly said,
As her pitiful wail rose anew,
"He is waiting beside a most beautiful gate,
And gladly will swing it wide open for you."

Long were the hours and most dreary the days,
While she watched for a sign or a sound,
For a glimmer of light in the uncertain maze,
A voice from the desolate silence beyond.

Seeking and sorrowing early and late,
The seasons rolled wearily round;
When the glad boy swung open the Beautiful
Gate;
I've found him! The jewel I lost I have
found.

Her freed spirit now sings, and we joy in her
joy,
That the sorrowing mother is again with her
boy.

Leta.

THE CARRIER DOVE.—The April num-
ber of this excellent magazine contains
portraits and sketches of D. D. Home;
also of Fred Evans and Melissa Miller,
two local mediums of note, the first a fine
instrument for the slate-writing phenom-
ena, and G. Milner Stephen, the celebrated
Australian healer. The CARRIER DOVE is
brought out at 854½ Broadway, Oakland,
Cal.—Banner of Light.

MRS. ALBERT MORTON.

Spirit Medium, 210 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Morton gives special attention to the diagnosis and treatment of disease, treating by absorption, magnetic forces, and the use of magnetized remedies, under the direction of Dr. Benjamin Rush—her medical control for twenty-five years. Sittings for PSYCHOMETRIC READINGS, EQUALIZATION OF FORCES, DEVELOPMENT, SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTION, AND GENERAL ADVICE. Magnetized spirit remedies for sale. Magnetized cotton and paper mailed for 50 cents per package.

To assist in extending the circulation of the CARRIER DOVE, Mrs. Morton will give one sitting free for each yearly subscription paid to her personally; will also answer letters for diagnosing disease and general advice only, on the same terms. For examination inclose lock of hair, and postal or express order for \$2.50; make orders payable to Albert Morton, and state when subscription to magazine is to commence.

"Mrs Morton has for many years exercised her peculiar and varied mediumistic gifts in the several directions required by the needs of her circle of friends and visitors. The effect of her spiritual influence upon sisters as described by them, is that they feel endowed with increased strength, enveloped in an atmosphere of serenity and peace. They are not only relieved of unhealthy physical conditions, but are tranquilized under great business or other disturbances, fortified against mental depression, given new power of resistance, illuminated as to future action, and buoyed and sustained in daily life. The uniform result is a noticeable improvement in health, increased elasticity and vigor of mind and body, and a healthful balance and harmony under all circumstances."—C. M. PLUMB, formerly of A. J. Davis & Co.

"MRS. MORTON, I feel that I had a feast from the spirit land. I have been blessed far beyond my anticipations. There is need of more workers in the field like yourself, and I fully appreciate your beautiful powers."—SELDEN J. FINNEY, Nov. 20, 1873.

"Among the really worthy mediums in San Francisco, is Mrs. Dr. Morton, formerly of Boston. She is a trance and impressional medium, giving the best of satisfaction."—J. M. PEEBLES, *Banner of Light*, Dec. 13, 1879.

"I have recently had interviews with the controlling spirits of Mrs. Albert Morton, of your city, during which they discoursed grandly and eloquently upon this and cognate subjects. * * * Indeed, these interviews proved exceedingly interesting; as I found Mrs. Morton

one of the most truly magnetic and cultured mediums I have ever known."—THOMAS GALES FORSTER, Lecturer, January 16, 1881.

"I would render due tribute to the mediumistic gifts of Mrs. Albert Morton, a lady of cultivated tastes, richly endowed with sterling personal graces alike of head and heart, commanding the esteem of all for her unostentatious social and domestic virtues as well as for her beneficent medial power, as exemplified in clairvoyant, psychometric, healing, developing, and other phases. Though not specially claiming to be a test medium, striking tests of identity are often given through her—my own experience with her corresponding, as above, with that of the many consulting her for advice and counsel."—WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN, *R. P. Journal*, January 29, 1881.

"Mrs. Morton is an exceptionally fine medium, having exercised her gifts in various phases of mediumship for many years, to the satisfaction of all."—LUTHER COLBY, *Banner of Light*, June 18, 1881.

"I had the satisfaction of listening to admirable addresses and receiving many remarkable test communications from Mrs. Morton's controls. The influences which surround this lady are of the highest and purest order, and my seances with her were complete spirit baptisms. In such communions we reach the heart of religion."—CHARLES BRIGHT, *R. P. Journal*, April 22, 1882.

Mrs. E. L. Watson said, in Metropolitan Temple, April 29, 1885: "The noble wife of my maanger, Mrs. Morton, is one of the first mediums in this city, and is daily ministering to sorrowing hearts in her own quiet and beautiful way. * * * Go to her, ye who sorrow, and receive the heavenly baptisms! And ye who are sick, and ye shall find her dispensing blessings always."

Mr. Coleman states in the *Golden Gate*, that Mr. Gerald Massey was told by Mrs. Morton that he would return to San Francisco, instead of going to England via India, as he intended; and also predicted certain business difficulties in Australia; both predictions proved correct, and Mr. C. adds: "This Mr. Massey himself told me a few days since."

It is not only trifling and disenobling, but it is positively criminal, for any one to say aught to the disadvantage of another, until he positively knows the charge to be deserved; and then he should not speak from motives of malice or from a disposition to entertain his hearers, but with a view to arouse that public indignation or disgust which is oftentimes the most effectual scourge of wrong-doing.—*Joseph Simms, M.D.*

A Monument to a Woman.

This city was the first one in the United states to build a monument to a woman, and our "Margaret" is the pride of the city, beloved by every woman, revered by every child who looks up into the pleasant face of marble, which seems touched with life-like beauty. The figure of this woman is a shrine for all lovers of womankind, and many a heart grows tender as the passer-by looks at the pleasant reminder of a woman who never refused to help any one. The owner of a little bakery, she always had something to give to those in need, and with the gift she seemed to send a bit of friendship that has grown into a feeling of reverence.—*New Orleans Cor. St. Louis Chronicle*.

We take pleasure in placing before our readers an item of interest to every scientific investigator and lover of eternal truths, and would ask all who are interested in the beautiful science of our Starry Heavens to call upon Prof. W. C. Zeigler, whose office is at 474 Thirteenth Street, Oakland, Cal.

Prof. Zeigler is a thorough and scientific exponent of the wonderful science of Astrology as given to the world and practiced by the learned men of Europe. For a clear delineation of a horoscope drawn from the hour of birth, there are certainly none to excel him. From the hour that any individual is ushered into the world, the Professor can give marked events of that person's future career. He gives marked events of both past and future, delineates diseases, gives advice upon love and marriage, and can tell a person, from his horoscope, what business or profession he should follow to be successful.

Prof. Zeigler is honest and conscientious and a very enthusiastic worker in the great science. Our opinion is candid when we say he is one of the best exponents we ever met. He is deserving and all should give him a call who doubt the wonderful science. He makes the following extraordinary offer: To those wishing to know how our Starry Heavens do influence mankind, we would say, that lectures will be given publicly, also to private parties at their residence at their request. For this purpose a beautiful map of the heavenly bodies will be exhibited and explained at such places as you should choose and desire, and remember the man may not soon appear in your midst, who will give you a like explanation on this sublime science of our Starry Heavens. Therefore you are invited to call soon or address, at No. 474 Thirteenth Street, Oakland, Cal., between Broadway and Washington Streets. Office hours, from 2 to 4 P. M.

One of the elements of success of the CARRIER DOVE is Mr. Hawes, who for a long time has been our regular stenographer, furnishing verbatim reports of inspirational lectures. He is untiring in his labors in this direction, and all the finest discourses of the above character delivered in San Francisco are secured by his well-trained hand and brain. As verbatim reporting has only been achieved since about the advent of modern Spiritualism, and as the fresh and burning eloquence of inspiration could only be vaguely retained in memory without it, it would seem that there is a close relationship between them, and that this great want was contemplated in its simultaneous appearance. Our reporter tells us that he was led into his profession solely from a desire to retain beautiful things he heard from the lips of mediums. He is thoroughly devoted to his profession, and weds it to the service of Spiritualism in every possible way. Mr. Hawes is one of the proprietors and has charge of the Shorthand and Type-writing Exchange, located at 320 Sansome Street, San Francisco, and does a general stenographic and type-writing business, having assistants whom he has thoroughly trained and taught. He has several writing machines and an office well equipped in every particular. From our own experience we know his work is done in the most prompt and careful manner, and we heartily recommend him to any one requiring any service in his line. He also teaches stenography, and in this the student receives unusual advantages in having practice in actual work in the office and his influence in securing a position. His advertisement can be found on third page of cover. *

ALBERT MORTON, Studio, 331 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. Fine Crayon Portraits enlarged from Photographs. Order direct from the Artist and secure Superior Portraits at prices low as are charged for inferior work by canvassers.

Prices for Crayon, Water Color, India Ink, or Oil Portraits: Three inch heads, from \$10 to \$20; Five inch heads, from \$15 to \$25; Life size heads—22x27 inch stretcher—from \$40 upwards. All orders for Portraits must be accompanied by a remittance for one-half the price: balance can be paid when the portrait is sent by express, C. O. D. No deviation from these terms. Extra charge for additional work on landscapes or other backgrounds.

I. B. Rich, of Colby & Rich, Proprietor of Hollis-Street Theater, Boston, says: "I consider it a very fine piece of work, from an artistic point of view, as well as a remarkably natural portrait of my wife as she looked when in good

health. I shall prize it very highly." J. W. Day, Assistant Editor of the *Banner of Light*, says of C. H. Foster's portrait: "It is the best portrait of Foster I have ever seen."

SPIRITUAL WORKERS, Photographed from Crayon Portraits, by Albert Morton. Additions to this list of Portraits are being drawn. Dr. Benjamin Rush, Paschal Beverly Randolph, Charles H. Foster, Charles H. Foster and Spirit Adah Isaacs Menkin, after Spirit Photograph, by W. H. Mumler; Professor Robert Hare, Professor William Denton, Dr. H. F. Gardner.

Cabinet Photographs, 50 cents: for sale at the Office of the CARRIER DOVE. *

A Remarkable Cure of Deafness.

There is something about the success which Dr. Darrin is meeting with which is truly hard to credit, yet we have it from persons whose veracity we cannot doubt, that his cures are astonishing. The following case is peculiarly striking. Mr. Crandall is well-known in this city and Nevada, being a noted millwright and engineer:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: For more than fourteen years I have been so deaf I could not hear without much trouble, accompanied with ringing and noises in my ears and a loathsome catarrh. I had despaired of ever being cured (as I had tried many physicians to no avail), until I heard of the marvelous cure of total deafness performed by Dr. Darrin on Mr. W. S. Dibble's daughter, of Berkeley, Alameda County, Cal. I had little faith that anything could be done for me, being sixty-eight years old. After magnetic treatment is given by Dr. Darrin, my catarrh troubles are cured, and now I am able to hear common conversation and the tick of a watch—something I could not do for years. The first indication I had of relief, was a cracking in my head, then I gradually grew better, until now I can hear as well as before I was taken deaf. I am not in the habit of puffing doctors, but the above facts call for more than a passing notice for the benefit of thousands similarly situated. Refer to me, at the American Exchange Hotel, San Francisco, where I have resided for years. I was cured in March, 1884.

O. CRANDALL.

—S. F. Chronicle. *

As various tools and different kinds of processes are required to prepare wood, iron, and other raw materials for the manufacture of a fine musical instrument, so various circumstances, such as troubles which cut into the soul, and pleasures which, as it were, plane or smooth it down—all are required to fit us, like fine instruments, to give forth spiritual harmonies.—Joseph Simms, M. D.

Certificates of Cures Performed by Dr. Darrin, of 113 Stockton Street, San Francisco.

MR. EDITOR: In 1872 my daughter was taken with the membranous croup, and upon her recovery was left totally deaf. I called on two eminent physicians who said they could do nothing for her. As a last resort, I took her to Dr. Darrin, who cured her, and she has never been troubled with deafness since. I consider it one of the greatest cures of magnetic treatment on record, and with great satisfaction give this testimonial. I reside in Berkeley, Alameda County, and will take pleasure in answering any inquiries concerning this most remarkable cure. Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM S. DIBBLE.

—S. F. Chronicle. *

Dear Friend and laborer in the cause of human progress; without tiring you with long-drawn eulogies of my appreciation of your beautiful DOVE and your ministrations on the rostrum and sensible editorials, let me just say *I endorse all that your many correspondents have said of your noble and self-sacrificing work.*

Truly Yours,

WARREN BOYNTON.

ROCKFORD, April 18, 1886.

In Sweden a man who is seen drunk three times loses his right to vote. Since a man's vote affects not only himself but the public, and since the average drunkard cannot be trusted with other people's business, it is not only the right of the State, but its duty to disfranchise him. Not only this, the drunkard who has a wife and children to support ought to have a guardian appointed to see that the time and property which belong to them are not squandered in the saloons. The average lunatic is more competent to take care of his family and property than the average drunkard.

After a tongue has got the knack of lying, it is not to be imagined how impossible it is almost to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass that we see some men who are otherwise very honest, subject to this vice.—Montaigne.

The hardest useful labor is less exhausting, in the long run, than exciting pleasures, as most of their devotees in middle life sadly confess.

We make too little of what we say of others, and a great deal too much of what they say of us.

Our souls much farther than our eyes can see.—Michael Drayton.