



L. K. Pierpont.

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME III.

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JOHN PIERPONT.

"Poet, Patriot, Preacher, Philosopher,
Philanthropist."

BY ALBERT MORTON.

"The front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

We are indebted for much of the material for this sketch to an able and appreciative tribute to Father Pierpont by the Rev. Sumner Ellis, in *Brittan's Journal*, July, 1873, and to the leading article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1866, from the pen of John Neal, the deliciously egotistical hero of all his own stories, and business partner of Mr. Pierpont in early life.

"John Pierpont was born in Litchfield, Conn., on the 6th day of April, 1785, having an honorable ancestry. His great grandfather, Rev. James Pierpont, was the second minister of New Haven, and one of the founders of Yale College," says Mr. Ellis. "He was many-sided, blending traits not often joined; in dead earnest about whatever he set his hand to; every motion of his mind was terse. He was sunny as a child, and warbled poetry like a bird; stern and unyielding as a Puritan, and like a Puritan, never halting between two opinions; merry as a jester, grave and devout as an apostle; a great lover and a good hater; exquisite in taste, careful as an artist of the minutest details, and yet forceful as a good general or a great ruler, and capable of overlooking all the ground at once; he had the grace of the willow and the vigor of the oak."

His monument in Mount Auburn bears the inscription of "Poet, patriot, preacher, philosopher, philanthropist;" a fitting tribute to a many-sided, noble man.

Mr. Pierpont graduated with honor at Yale College in 1803, and shortly after became a tutor in the family of Col. Wm. Allston, of South Carolina, in which position he remained for two years, when he returned North, studied law and was admitted to the bar at Newburyport, Mass. "A born lawyer," in the language of one who knew him longest and best,

still he did not succeed in his profession. Removing to Boston he opened an office but met with no better success. "He spent much of his time," as John Neal says, "in cutting his name on little ivory seals, and engraving ciphers—'J. P.' so beautiful in their character, and so graceful, that one I have were enough to establish any man's reputation as a seal engraver. It bears about the same relationship to what are called ciphers, that Benvenuto Cellini's flower-cups bore to the clumsy goblets of his day. He had, withal, a great fondness for mechanics, and one, at least, of his inventions, the 'Pierpont, or Doric Stove,' was a bit of concrete philosophy, so classically just in its proportions, and so eminently characteristic, as to be a type of the author."

Not gaining a practice sufficient to encourage his remaining in the legal profession, Mr. Pierpont formed a business partnership with Messrs. Lord & Neal, in the jobbing and retail dry goods line, and finally established branches in Baltimore and in Charleston, S. C., of which latter concern Mr. Pierpont had personal charge. For a time the business proved quite profitable, but the renewal of business relations with England after the close of the war of 1812-14, unsettled values and finally that business venture resulted in a disastrous failure. Mr. Pierpont had, at that time, made a few flights on Pegasus, and Mr. Neal relates a very amusing anecdote in this connection: "Well, do I remember," says Mr. Neal, "a little incident which occurred in Baltimore, soon after the failure of Pierpont & Lord—and Neal, when we were all dying of sheer inaction, and almost ready to hang ourselves—in a metaphorical sense—as the shortest way of scoring off with the world."

We were at breakfast—it was rather late.

"Where on earth is your good husband?" said I to Mrs. Pierpont.

"In bed, making poetry," said she.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, flat on his back, with his eyes rolled up in his head."

Soon after the gentleman himself appeared, looking somewhat the worse for the labor he had gone through with, and all the happier that the throes were over, and the offspring ready for exhibition. "Here," said he, "tell me what you think of

these two lines'—handing me a paper on which was written, with the clearness and beauty of copperplate—

'Their reverend beards that swept their bosoms,
wet

With the chill dews of shady Olivet.'

'Charming,' said I. 'And what then? What are you driving at?'

'Well, I was thinking of Olivet, and then I wanted a rhyme for Olivet; and rhymes are the rudders, you know, according to Hudibras; and then uprose the picture of the Apostles before me—their reverend beards all dripping with the dews of night.'

How little did he or I then foresee what soon followed—soon, that is, in comparison with all he had ever done before! The 'Airs of Palestine,' (first published in 1816) 'like the night-blooming cereus—the century plant,' (?) 'flowering at last, and all at once, and most unexpectedly, too, after generations have waited for it, as for the penumbra of something foretold, until both their patience and their faith have almost failed.' [It seems almost a pity to spoil the picturesque symbolism of this sentence, but "facts are stubborn things," and from our window we can see six *century* plants—not yet a dozen years old—in full bloom; but our "glorious climate" upsets Eastern calculations and figures of speech]. "But," says Mr. Neal, "from the very first, there were signs of growth not to be mistaken—of inward growth, too—and oftentimes an appearance of slowly-gathered strength, as if it had been long husbanded, and for a great purpose. For example—

'There the gaunt wolf sits on his rock and howls;

And there, in painted pomp, the savage Indian prowls.'

What a picture of brooding desolation! How concentrated, and how unpretending, in its simplicity and strength! And, again, having had visions, and having begun to breathe a new atmosphere, with Sinai in view, in says:

'There blasts of trumpets, long and loud,
Swelled by the breath of whirlwinds, rent the cloud.'

Two of the grandest lines to be found anywhere out of the Hebrew."

How many memories of school-boy days are aroused by reading "Warren's

Address to the American Soldiers;" written by John Pierpont for the celebration of laying the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1825, on which occasion Daniel Webster gained fresh laurels for his noted oration.

How the blood, inherited from Revolutionary sires and dams, coursed through our veins, and how the big girls applauded as we grandiloquently spouted:

"Stand! The ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it in yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

In the God of Battles trust!
Die we may— and die we must;
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed;
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell."

A poem, prophetic, it seems to us, of the grand warfare against intemperance, slavery, religious proscription, and all the evils that tend to obstruct the onward and upward march of humanity, in which our poet was destined to take a conspicuous part for nearly a half-century.

Failure in mercantile life was but a prelude to a grand career in a wider sphere of action. "Theology," says Mr. Ellis, "had a special charm for him, addressing, as it did, at once his inherited reverence, his strong love of moral laws and duties, and his quick poetic sense of the beauty and infinitude of the spiritual realm. In fact, the better side of the universe, opening more and more to his admiring gaze, lured him like a spell, and when he finally failed as a merchant, he was ripe and ready for the ministry. In 1818, then in his thirty-fourth year, he entered Harvard Divinity School, and was ordained the following year, as successor to the celebrated Dr. Holley, of the Hollis-street Church in Boston." (The same church, which forty years later, declined to release, but reluctantly, granted *leave of absence* to our grand and eloquent T. Starr King to come to San Francisco and minister to the foremost Liberal Church on the Coast; in which service he accomplished—in the brief period of about four years—more work for the elevation of humanity than is done by many prominent clergymen in a lifetime. And here he obtained the evidence—through the mediumship of the veteran, Dr. J. V. Mansfield—which convinced him of the truth of Modern Spiritualism; a belief which comforted

him in the arduous and unselfish labors for human progress, which soon wore out the frail form—all too weak for the burdens he so cheerfully and nobly bore for humanity).

"Mr. Pierpont had overtaken his flying destiny in Hollis-street pulpit," says Mr. Ellis, "and for a quarter of a century he found in it a sphere worthy of his gifts. He could here breathe his tenderest reverence in prayer, indulge his heart in sympathy with sorrow and need, discuss and enforce the high principles of the Christian religion in the interest of both private and public life; whilst in his study he could give himself to literary pursuits, and in society to that genial good fellowship which was his delight."

With a dominant moral nature, and a heart of broadest humanity, he was naturally drawn into the reformatory movements of his time. Where could such a man stand, but with Garrison, Parker, and Phillips, in the thickest of the battle waged against the minions of sin? We quote the words of his old friend, John Neal: 'Believing that, as a servant of God, he had no right to preach smooth things when rough things were needed, and that acknowledging other people's transgressions would not satisfy the law, he came out boldly, with helm and spear, against two of the worst forms of human slavery—the slavery of the body and the slavery of the soul, the slavery of the wine-cup, and the slavery of bondage to a master.'

And he drew every weapon at his command into this conflict, like one who meant a hard fight and no surrender. He slept with his armor on; he was alert at every call of duty, near and far. Like Whittier, he invoked the martial muse; and his songs of Freedom and Temperance were sung from East to West, and on a thousand platforms. Their ring was decisive as the tones of a trumpet, and the enthusiasm they often kindled in mass-meetings of the hardy and earnest reformers, justified the old saying, that 'Who makes the ballads and lyrics of the land, is master of the people.'

But to poetry Mr. Pierpont added in his determined and fearless advocacy of human rights and well-being, conversations at every corner with friend and foe, serious and satirical stories in the public journals, telling selections in his "American First-Class Book" and "National Reader," to set the young right; lectures, speeches, and sermons and prayers almost without end. But in that day of bitter hostility between parties, and of the general subordination of pulpits to pews, the hero we are considering was not likely to have an easy time of it. His parish was wealthy and conservative; some of his most influential men

were engaged in the liquor interest—as manufacturers or wholesale dealers; whilst others had large Southern patronage at their stores, and numbered many slave-owners among their friends. They found their pastor troublesome. It was not pleasant to be set in the criminal-box Sundays, when they sought the peace and complacency of dignified pews. They thought him presumptuous to disregard thus their wealth and social standing. Was it not for the pulpit to defer to the pews from which it derived its bread? Had they not "called their minister to preach the gospel?" What right had he to "meddle with trade or politics?" Who was he that he had a right to set aside custom?

They remonstrate. But with the coolness of conviction, he replies that "moral principles are given by our moral Governor and Judge, to be applied to every subject, and in every relation in life." They next threaten. And he responds, "I will stand in a free pulpit, or I will stand in none." The conflict was long; characterized on one side with scandal and malice; but Father Pierpont kept his clear course, regardless of malice or withdrawal of financial support.

The result was a church trial in which the jurors were the prominent Unitarian clergymen of Boston. The proceedings of the ecclesiastical trial were published, making a finely-printed book of upwards of three hundred pages. Every effort prompted by arrogant pompous wealth, and an unscrupulous determination to crush the uncompromising and eloquent advocate of reform, at whatever cost, proved a miserable *fiasco*. Our hero came out of the conflict unscathed, crowned with fresh laurels.

"Mr. Pierpont," says Mr. Ellis, "defended himself. Having been a lawyer, he knew the art; and, being in the right, he counted on an easy victory. Speedily was every charge touching his moral character set aside. He vindicated his honor to the last degree, and turned the reproach of scandal-mongers upon his accusers. His life of uprightness and charity spoke for itself. The only qualification" (in the report of the jury) "made by these grave jurors, in view of the occupant of Hollis-street pulpit, was that, in some instances, he seemed to have been too vehement in his manner. The tempest of years' duration narrows to a mere mist! Months of heated and turbulent accusation and pressing of charges draws a verdict of an excess of vehemence! The toiling mountain agonizes and delivers a mouse! Well, the hero of humanity can afford to go down the way of history as one who, in the estimate of the dignified clergy, was too ardent! The crime of enthusiasm is one of credit, where the ends are

moral and for the good of the race. An intense eagerness to do away national sins, to which most others are as farthing candles to the sun, and set free from moneyed and selfish rule the pulpits of the land, may well be forgiven.

After a quarter of a century of hard and noble service in Boston, which endeared him to the city and won him a name that shall outlive marble inscriptions, he resigned his place, and went to reside in Albany, N. Y., as pastor of the Unitarian Church. But, acclimated to New England, he found life there an 'exile;' and with joy he returned, at the end of four years, to settle in Medford, near Boston, and to spend, as he hoped and expected, the entire evening of his life, honored by foes, and happy with friends."

But the hoped-for rest in his quiet parsonage was not to be realized. When the war, which was destined to remove the blot of African slavery from our country, broke out, the veteran anti-slavery worker, like "the war-horse, who scenteth the battle afar off," could not rest in inglorious ease, but was eager to become a participant in the strife, which was to complete the good work in which he had been, for many years, a zealous and untiring worker.

Although he had reached his seventy-seventh year, he resigned his pastoral charge, and applied to his warm friend, Governor Andrew, for a chaplaincy in the army, on condition that his regiment should go through Baltimore. He went into camp with his regiment near Washington, but was soon compelled to resign from service in the field. He was shortly after appointed to a position in the Treasury Department by his friend and brother Spiritualist, Salmon P. Chase, and spent the last five years of his life, as John Neal says, "in digesting the treasury decisions, often contradictory, and always inaccessible, for there was no index, until he took them in hand, going back thirty years, I believe, and reducing the whole to a system which need be no longer unintelligible to the Department."

While a delegate attending the National Convention of Spiritualists, at Providence, R. I., in August, 1866, we saw Father Pierpont for the only time, and remarked his wonderful preservation of strength, for one of his advanced years, as he accompanied some friends to their carriage in the evening. On this evening he gave his latest poem, "Nothing but Water to Drink," which we give in another column, before the Convention. The next morning he departed for a visit to his home in Medford, and passed the following Sunday in visiting friends. "He retired," says Mr. Ellis, "after a day and evening of unusual vigor and happiness, 'sparkling with wit and light-

ed with wisdom,' and was found asleep in the long sleep next morning, (Monday, August 27, 1866), with a composed and cheerful smile on his face.

The star fell unseen from its earthly sky. But the manner of his death seems much like a fulfillment of his prayer, expressed in a poem he had written many years before :

"Fain would I, if I might, be spared the scene,
Of wife and children round my dying bed;
Kneeling in prayer, or to my last poor words,
Bending with tearful eyes!"

In the sketches by Ellis and Neal, there is but little allusion to the devotion of Father Pierpont to the cause of Modern Spiritualism, which he advocated for many years, on many platforms; acting, at one time, as President of the National Association of Spiritualists. Attending the sale of his homestead and effects in Medford, a few weeks after his peaceful transition, we found, in the portion of his library not bequeathed to Harvard University, quite a valuable selection of books, upon the subject of Spiritualism, and were fortunate in securing a copy of the first edition of Davis' "Nature's Divine Revelation," with his beautifully written autograph upon the title page. Another treasure we acquired—the large, portable writing desk, in which our venerable friend kept his private papers, and we sometimes feel that the magnetic links are thereby strengthened, and help bring us into closer relations with the grand spirit with whom it is sometimes our privilege to hold communion. We condense some of the interesting personal reminiscences of Mr. Neal. "Our friend Pierpont was an oracle from the first, and in the church and parish, after he had been set up from the pulpit, an idol. I have heard him warble a Scotch air on the flute with uncommon sweetness, without *tonguing*, and play two or three other tunes, which had been adapted in the choir of his church, upon glass goblets, partly filled with water and set upon a table before him, as if he enjoyed every touch and thrill—his long, thin fingers traveling over the damp edges of the glass, and bringing forth 'Bonnie Doon,' or 'There's nothing true but Heaven'—with his cuffs rolled up as if he were driving a lathe, and turning off some of the little thin boxes, and other exquisite toys, in wood or ivory, which he was addicted to, about fifteen years ago, in what he called his workshop. He had a deep, manly voice, read as very few are able to read, and his modulation was rich and varied, and very agreeable, both to the understanding and the ear. His pronunciation was a marvel for correctness.

In personal appearance he was tall,

straight, and spare; six feet, I should say, and called by the women of his parish, not only the most graceful, but the most finished of gentlemen. He was dignified, courteous, and prepossessing, very pleasant in conversation, a pleasant story-teller; exceedingly impressive, both in the pulpit and elsewhere, when much in earnest, and in after life a great lecturer and platform speaker. I was constantly reminded of John C. Calhoun, a fellow-student with him at Yale. His tall figure, his erect, positive bearing, and somewhat uncompromising, severe expression of countenance, when much in earnest, with black, heavy eyebrows, clear blue eyes, which passed for black, and stiff black hair, were all of that Huguenot Southern type, which, like the signs of the Scotch Covenanter, or of the old English Puritan, are as unlikely to die out as the Canada thistle. In their steadfast pertinacity, in their adamant logic, as unyielding as death, and calm, serious energy of action, they were alike; and alike, too, in their tried honesty. The great Nullifier, and the great Reformer, were both Titanic in the vastness and comprehensiveness of their views, in their unrelenting self-assertion, and in their metaphysics. He became a Spiritualist, in which faith he died. He could not be a materialist; and having faith in the evidence of his own senses, and being as truly conscientious a man as ever breathed, and accustomed to the closest reasoning, what was he to do? There were the *facts*. They were not to be controverted; they could not be explained; they could not be reconciled to any hypothesis in physics. His last days have been, I should say, most emphatically his best days; for he has lectured through the length and breadth of the land on 'Temperance,' [*and Spiritualism*, A. M.] "and, after having endured all sorts of persecution as one of the anti-slavery leaders, he lived to see the whole system against which they had been warring so long, and with so little apparent effect, utterly overthrown throughout the land.

After he had become a Spiritualist, the evening before his seventy-seventh birthday, he wrote a poem of one hundred and sixty lines, entitled 'Meditations of a Birthday Eve,' a copy of which he sent me upon the express condition that nobody but myself was to see it until all should be over with him. It must have been written without labor, as one would breathe a prayer upon a death-bed. The following extracts will show what were his feelings and what his aspirations at the time :

'Spirit, my spirit, hath each stage
That brought thee up from youth,
To thy now venerable age,
Seen thee in search of Truth?

'Hast thou in search of Truth been true—
True to thyself and her—
And been with many or with few,
An *honest* worshiper?

'Spirit, thy race is nearly run;
Say, hast thou run it well?
Thy work on earth is almost done;
How done, no *man* can tell.

'Spirit, toil on! thy house, that stands
Seventy years old and seven,
Will fall; but one 'not made with hands,'
Awaiteth thee in Heaven.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 5 April, 1862.'

On his eighty-first birthday there was another celebration, yet more solemn and affecting, where the greetings and congratulations of his brother-poets, all over the land, were sent to him and published in the newspapers of the day."

Father Pierpont was not one to cease his efforts for the enlightenment and elevation of humanity in passing to the higher life; nor was he, as Neal says, "found asleep in Jesus;" but soon found fresh fields and increased powers with which to labor,

"For the right that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
And the good that we can do."

Since his transition to the spiritual world Father Pierpont has ever maintained his interest in the growth of Spiritualism on earth, and on every possible occasion has sought to express that interest, and to increase the usefulness of what, to him, is a holy cause, by uniting his labors with those of the world's workers, and in exerting his influence upon mediums in various departments of spiritual effort for the enlightenment of humanity.

In the late fall of 1879 it was decided by that band of spirit workers having the interests of truth at heart, who have charge of the spiritual labors of the *Banner of Light*, that John Pierpont be invited to fill the position of spirit President at the *Banner of Light* free circles, as well as to serve as spiritual adviser to the publishers of that well-known organ of pure Spiritualism. As Mr. Pierpont had previously controlled the *Banner* medium, Miss Shelhamer, many times in private, he had now no difficulty in taking her under his charge, and it was discovered that his magnetism was eminently fitted to assimilate with that of the lady over whom he was to assume a guardianship. It was with a sense of the responsibility, and a knowledge of the labor pertaining to the office, that the spirit entered upon a discharge of its duties, having been duly installed therein by Spirit Henry Clay, at a grand convocation of spirit workers, and subsequently at a private meeting of those

mortals most interested in the *Banner of Light* circle-room.

The duties of President Pierpont in this circle-room are, to prepare the medium for the reception of such spiritual influences as may be drawn to her; to select at each seance such spirits present as will be likely to best control the instrument, with as little delay and loss of power as possible, and, at the same time, who will be best profited by the experience; to receive the spirits who come to him with tales of woe, seeking consolation, advice, or magnetic support, many of whom never manifest publicly through the medium, but who find a supply for their wants from the band of spirits under the guidance of the spirit president; also, to direct, advise, and consult with the attendant spirits, who, under his counsel, constitute a well ordered band of helpers for the support of the medium, and the regulation of the circle.

It is impossible, in the limits of a magazine article, to fully describe the nature of the duties and labors that spring from the directorship of such a system of communication as that organized at the *Banner of Light* circle; nor is it possible to publicly portray the various questions that come up for consideration and settlement at the weekly private meetings of Messrs. Colby & Rich, with their spiritual counselor, John Pierpont. Suffice it that the spirit finds the discharge of these duties a tax upon his time and magnetic forces, yet he is in sympathy with the work, and declares himself only the stronger and wiser for its accomplishment.

While his largest work, in connection with earth is at the *Banner of Light* establishment, Spirit Pierpont does not confine his labors to that field. He is ever ready to extend his influence and ministrations to any medium, or to whatever point his power may be useful and beneficial. In this sense he is a thorough cosmopolitan, claiming the world as his working sphere; humanity as his friends.

We cannot more appropriately close this brief sketch of the grand old veteran, than by giving the inscription with which it opens; preceded by a poem by Father Pierpont for another occasion, which truly expresses the feelings of the writer, and thousands who honor his memory, and who now enjoy the fruits of his grand, unselfish labors. The poem was "Written for the Obsequies of Dr. Gaspard Spurzheim, which were celebrated in the Old South Church, Boston, November 17, 1832."

Stranger, there is bending o'er thee
Many an eye with sorrow wet;
All our stricken hearts deplore thee;
Who, that knew thee, can forget?
Who forget what thou has spoken?
Who, thine eye, thy noble frame?

But that golden bowl is broken,
In the greatness of thy fame.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither,
On the spot where thou shalt rest;
'Tis in love we bear thee thither,
To thy mourning Mother's breast.
For the stores of science brought us,
For the charm thy goodness gave,
To the lessons thou hast taught us,
Can we give thee but a grave?

Nature's priest, how pure and fervent
Was thy worship at her shrine!
Friend of man, of God the servant,
Advocate of truths divine—
Taught and charmed as by no other
We have been and hoped to be;
But, while waiting round thee, brother,
For thy light—'tis dark with thee.

Dark with thee? No! thy Creator,
All whose creatures, and whose laws
Thou didst love, shall give thee greater
Light than earth's, as earth withdraws.
To thy God thy godlike spirit
Back we give, in filial trust,
Thy cold clay—we grieve to bear it
To its chamber—but we must.

"JOHN PIERPONT."

"POET, PATRIOT, PREACHER, PHILOSOPHER, PHILANTHROPIST."

MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

BY ALBERT MORTON.

The present medium of the *Banner of Light* was born at South Boston, Massachusetts, May 6, 1853. The father of this lady was a German, who came to this country from Wurtemberg in very early life; the mother, a native of Boston, Massachusetts, a direct decendent of the old Puritan stock of that rugged State. The childhood of this medium passed much like that of other children. At the age of six years she was entered in a public school of Boston, and at the age of twelve left the ranks of scholarship, it being necessary for her to remain at home to assist an older sister in the care of three smaller children of the household, who demanded their attendance; for, at this time, the mother having bidden her husband God-speed in his duty, when enlisted for a service of three years in the late civil war of our country, was obliged to concentrate all her energies to the task of providing food and shelter for her family of six little ones. The Government pay of a private volunteer in the army proving far too small for such provision. Since that hour of farewell to school life, Miss Shelhamer has received only the educational advantages bestowed upon her by interested spirit guides, and from



M. T. Shelhamer.

the perusal of such publications as they have recommended to her notice.

While her husband was absent in the army, Mrs. Shelhamer, the mother, became an investigator of Spiritualism, and becoming convinced of its truth, she, although a member of the Baptist church, fearlessly proclaimed her convictions, and, on the plea of being unable longer to subscribe to the tenets of the church, requested a letter of dismissal from that body, which in due time was granted. Just then the mother discovered that her youngest boy, six years of age, was not only a rapping medium but clairvoyant, and many an hour was passed at the close of a day's hard work, with her little ones seated around her, in spelling out the messages of truth and cheer rapped out for her on the heavy, mahogany table, on which alone rested the tiny hands of the little fellow; or in listening to a description, given in language above his attainments, of the bright beings, or pleasant scenes that passed before his inner sight.

On the evening of February 10, 1868, the subject of this sketch passed under the influence of a higher power, for the first time. She was then in her fifteenth year, and like any other healthy, blithe-some girl of her age. The spirit taking possession of her organism, proved to be a little girl who called plaintively for her mother, telling who she was. The mother was sent for and came, skeptical at first, but convinced before the interview was over that the visitation was a real one from the little child she had lost and mourned.

Delighted at finding a trance medium among her children, through whose agency messages from the dead could be delivered to their mourning friends, and, despite the scorn of her former church associates, and the opposition of her husband, returned from the war, broken in health and crippled in limb from shot and shell—he having no belief in a future existence—Mrs. Shelhamer threw open her doors to the public, inviting all to come and investigate the truth of Spiritualism without charge, and for a period of three years, this self-sacrificing, noble woman, held three free evening circles weekly, at which her young daughter presided as test and message medium, until, compelled by the necessity to renew her furniture and repair her house, by the advice of friends, a small admission fee was established.

These circles created a great interest in Spiritualism in South Boston; they were always crowded, and seldom did any person go away from them without having received some evidence of the verity of Spirit communion. For a period of two years subsequent to this long course of free service to humanity,

Miss Shelhamer advertised as a test medium, giving public circles and private sittings to those who sought her mediumship. At the end of that time, owing to failing health and other personal reasons, she suspended all public work, expecting never again to enter upon it. By the advice of spirit friends, private home-circles were established, resulting in an increase of medial power, and the complete conversion of her skeptical, materialistic father to a full faith in, and knowledge of, the truth of Spiritualism.

In time there came a change in the spirit band of the medium, John Critchley Prince, the Lancashire poet, who had produced many remarkably fine poems through her mediumship, which have been published in the *Banner of Light* and other spiritual publications, announced that henceforth spirits John Pierpont, Dr. John Warren, and others would unite, with those of the former band who wished to remain, in strengthening the forces and preparing for the future work of the medium.

Spirit Fanny A. Conant, then only a few months in the Higher life, brought a band of Indian influences, whom she declared were necessary to the usefulness of Miss S., as without such powerful attendants, the medial forces would be wasted or dissipated by spirits whose only care for the medium was to use her in reaching their friends. Then began a vigorous work on the part of the spirits; for some time they devoted their labors to supplying the exhausted medium with new life and energy—Dr. John Warren and his Indian co-workers at length accomplishing the desired result, bringing their charge into a condition for new and useful phases of work.

At this time (in the early part of 1878), a spirit brother of Miss Shelhamer, notified her that the time had come for a resumption of her public work, and that she had been prepared and developed as a message medium for the *Voice of Angels*, a Spiritual paper published semi-monthly in Boston, but of which she had never seen a copy. In vain the medium rebelled and demurred at this decision on the part of her guides; under the most remarkable circumstances the work was consummated, and for two years, and more, every issue of the *Voice of Angels* bore a long number of spirit messages, given through her organism in the privacy of her mother's home; nearly every one of which was publicly verified.

In the fall of 1879, Miss Shelhamer was called to fill the vacancy of mediumship at the *Banner of Light* circle-room, made by the resignation of that position by Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd a few months previous. Sustained and encouraged by her unseen guides, but doubtful and in

trepidation as to results, she took her place on the public platform of that establishment in October of the same year, and has continued to hold semi-weekly seances there ever since, save during the weeks of her summer vacation, when the circle-room is closed. As is generally known these circles are free to the public, and the hall in which they are held is usually filled with a most attentive and cultivated audience. The results of each session appear weekly in the Message Department of the *Banner of Light*, a close study of which will prove its usefulness, and convince any candid investigator of the utter absurdity of any explanation of the sources of the messages therein except as claimed by the spirit controls having charge of this department. The writer has had many verifications of messages given at these circles, under conditions which would satisfy any reasonable person of their genuineness. Any explanation of the origin of these messages other than the Spiritual, is absurd in the extreme.

As with the mediums preceding her on this platform, Miss Shelhamer has enjoyed the finest success in her labors. Constantly are the managers of the *Banner* receiving from far and near, testimonials to the worth and genuineness of their message department, written by strangers who have never seen them or their medium, but who have received direct proof of spirit communion by messages from loved spirit friends, given in the *Banner of Light* circle. Besides a mass of verbal and other evidence of value and usefulness of her work, constantly coming to her from strangers who seek an opportunity of grasping her hand and expressing their gratitude for her services. Miss Shelhamer has in her possession over two hundred and fifty printed verifications of messages, given through her agency during the sessions of '84 and '85, which are only a part of those sent to the *Banner* during that time. Many of these corroborations are attested to by a number of relatives and friends of the communicating spirit whom they recognized, thus making the testimony far stronger than the unsupported word of one person. Any thoughtful inquirer giving the Message Department of the *Banner of Light* a careful study, cannot fail to be amazed at the variety of style, manner of expression, and mental characteristics embodied in the different communications which appear from week to week. But the test mediumship of Miss Shelhamer is a small part of the work she has accomplished for the Spirit World. During the eighteen years of her mediumship she has written and published poems enough to fill two volumes of four hundred pages each, and has spoken many times in public in defense

of Spiritualism and presentations of its claims to human understanding. During 1878, her guide, J. C. Prince, wrote in attractive form a series of articles giving his experiences in spirit life, which were published in the *Voice of Angels*; Dr. John Warren wrote a series of articles on medical subjects for the same journal, and Kate Kinsey—a lovely young spirit, a stranger to the medium, who came to find means of communication with her father and friends on earth—commenced writing for the public, continuing to write semi-monthly for over three years, all of which with innumerable sketches from other spirits were published in the same paper.

During the same time, Dr. John Warren was pursuing a highly successful medical practice through his medium, continuing so to do until her increasing labors in her present sphere caused a suspension of his public work with her in the fall of 1880.

"Life and Labors in the Spirit World" is a work of four hundred pages, compiled from the spiritual writings of Kate and Mary Kinsey and John C. Prince, through the mediumship of Miss Shelhamer. This volume, issued from the press of Colby & Rich, has attracted a large share of attention, in and out of our ranks, upon both sides of the Atlantic. One unique feature of its appearance is the fact that the gentle spirit, Kate Kinsey, who was instrumental in bringing it before the world, secured a promise from her father that a portion of the first edition should be devoted to those who needed its teachings but could not afford to pay money for them. And so it was that over five hundred copies of the first edition of "Life and Labors" were actually sent out broadcast to those who desired to read and could not purchase it.

But we must bring this sketch to a close, merely referring to the fact that from the demise of D. C. Densmore, former publisher of the *Voice of Angels*, in Jan. 1881 to the summer of 1884, Miss Shelhamer, in addition to her other labors, edited that journal, writing every leading article that appeared in its columns, with but two or three exceptions. This was done in accordance with the request of its spirit friends, as a support to Mrs. M. B. Sprague, a woman of advanced years, who could not attend to its editorial duties; also to the fact that in 1884 members of her spirit band commenced to write a series of sketches on spiritual subjects through the *Banner* medium, which were followed by serial stories, the first of which, "Outside the Gates," created a profound sensation among its readers, the interest in which class of literature has followed on through "Here and Beyond" and "After Many Days," which, we have no doubt, will

continue through whatever stories they may be pleased to give, as these guides affirm it is their purpose to occasionally present moral and spiritual truths to the public in such attractive form.

We cannot close this brief sketch of the labors of one of the foremost mediums in the spiritual field without bearing our testimony to her sterling worth as a woman; her truthfulness, versatility of gifts and usefulness as an unselfish, indefatigable worker in whatever position the angels have called her to occupy as a minister of the gospel of peace and comfort to suffering humanity. We feel that thousands who have been blessed by her ministrations, will unite with us in the prayer that she may long be spared, blessed with health and the appreciation of all lovers of true mediums to continue her labors in the glorious mission in which she is an able and shining exemplar.

We took an active part in the First Children's Progressive Lyceum in Boston; holding for several years the positions of Assistant Conductor and leader of Liberty Group. Many who were in our school during that time have since become favorably known in the dramatic profession. Among those who have appeared on the stage in San Francisco, who made their first steps in the histrionic art on the platform of our Lyceum, the foremost is now one of the leading ladies in the profession, Georgie Cayvan, who for several months took leading parts at the Baldwin and California; another, Hattie Richardson, held a prominent position in the Alice Oates Comic Opera Troupe, at the Bush Street Theatre, and for years, M. F. Davy, (who was encouraged in his dramatic studies by our highly gifted inspirational poetess, Lizzie Doten,) and Ella Lovejoy, known here under the stage names of Charles and Ella Allen—were employed in several of our theaters. It was our practice to have original essays read nearly every Sunday by the leaders and elder members of our Lyceum, and in our group we could always depend upon the elder brother of the *Banner* medium to respond to all demands with an essay presenting evidences of originality of thought and clearness of expression rarely found in one so young. Since that time our highly esteemed pupil and essayist has developed rare gifts of healing, and, now in the front ranks of our Practical Physicians stands

DR. J. A. SHELHAMER.

This most successful and promising Magnetic Healer, now located in the *Banner of Light* building, Boston, Massachusetts, was born in Boston, June 29, 1849. In connection with his sister, the

circle medium, he assists in forming the strong battery for the spiritual powers that center around the *Banner of Light* establishment. Dr. S. first developed his medial powers when but a mere lad, and early came under the influence of spirits of Indians and others, who sought to utilize his magnetic qualities for the benefit of humanity. Many times had his organization been brought under the control of some returning spirit, anxious to reach its friends in earthlife, but, owing to his aversion to being suddenly influenced by unseen intelligencies, perhaps subjecting him to the railery or ridicule of fellow workers and associates who could not understand the source and meaning of his strange appearance; the youth ignored his powers and maintained a positive attitude toward the appealing spirits that lasted for several years.

The mother of Dr. Shelhamer, who for many years had vainly besought her son to yield to his mediumship, and thus allow the Spirit World to do good with it, grieved long and sincerely over what she considered a waste of noble powers; but only a few months had elapsed from the date of her demise in June, 1881, before the son began to feel a quickening of his powers, and the demand pressing upon and operating through him to make use of them to benefit humanity.

So great did this interior pressure prove that he was soon forced to yield to its influence, and, early in the following year, under the direction and encouragement of spirit Dr. John Warren—who, from the time of laying down his public service through Miss Shelhamer, had directed his attention to the utilization of the magnetic qualities and spiritual powers of her brother—and a powerful band of Indians, Dr. Shelhamer found himself fairly started in the professional practice of that mode of treatment known as Magnetic Healing. In the few years this healer has been before the public he has achieved a wonderful degree of success and has received from his patients a large number of testimonials to the efficacy of his treatment. Perhaps one of the causes of his success lies in the fact that Dr. Shelhamer subjects every case of sickness coming to him to the careful analysis of his trusted spirit guides, and is ever faithful in following their instructions, whether it be to treat his patients by magnetism alone, or to combine that method of practice with remedies carefully prepared from herbs and roots, and conscientiously magnetized to meet the special needs of his patients.

The following indorsement of the efficacy of Dr. Shelhamer's treatment, from the pen of the editor of the *Banner of Light*, and appearing in the editorial columns of that journal, under date of Jan-



MRS J. J. WHITNEY.

23, 1886, is in itself sufficient evidence of the work the spirit world is doing with one of its chosen instruments: "For the transmission of vital energy to his patients by the laying on of hands, we know of no one superior to Dr. J. A. SHELHAMER, of 8½ Bosworth Street, Boston. During our severe illness for several weeks past with pneumonia, he has treated us successfully, and we therefore do not hesitate to recommend him to the public as one of the most powerful healers in our midst. Besides, he prescribes the proper medicines, when in severe cases prescriptions are necessary. His treatment throughout was wonderfully accurate, as the result has amply proved." Such strong evidence from a gentleman having had the widely extended and critical experience of the noble veteran editor, should commend those having need of his services to consult Dr. Shelhamer with entire confidence that relief, or cure, will be realized by every person he is impressed to treat; for the doctor is too conscientious to undertake the treatment of a case without the assurance of beneficial results to the patient.

In personal appearance, Dr. Shelhamer is of medium height, dark complexion, is of the sanguine temperament, has a healthful physique, and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds. Beaming with vitality and good humor, he carries a cheerful influence which is highly beneficial to all who are worn and weary from the ills that disease has laid upon them.

As a conscientious, faithful and powerful worker for the angel world, may he "live long and prosper."

Sketch of the Mediumistic Experience of Mrs. J. J. Whitney.

The subject of this brief sketch has but recently appeared before the public as a medium, but, during that period—about twenty months—she has been instrumental in bringing to many people positive evidence of a continued existence after the change called death, and of the power of spirits to return and communicate with mortals. The history of Mrs. Whitney's development, as a medium, dates from the death of her only son, who was killed on the Narrow Gauge Railroad, in Alameda, four years ago.

Her experience at that trying time, as related by herself at the Spiritualist's Campmeeting, held in Alameda, October, 1884, and which was published in the CARRIER DOVE, is of such an interesting nature that we republish it here, feeling that it may bring comfort and hope to some others who are mourning the loss of beloved ones, by showing how, sometimes from the ruins of our brightest hopes and dreams, spring the fairest

flowers that could blossom for us, whose fragrance fills with sweetness our whole after lives.

Mrs. Whitney's experience was as follows: "Three years ago, the 24th of October, my only child, my son Harry, was killed on the Narrow Gauge Railroad. Harry was in the habit of kissing me when he left home, but on the day this terrible accident occurred he started away without doing so, being in a hurry to catch the train. I called him back, but he said, 'Never mind, mother I will give you two kisses when I come home.' That night Harry came to my bedside and kissed me twice. I told my husband, and he said I was mistaken, that Harry was not there. I got up and looked at the clock, and it was just ten minutes past two. At five o'clock a messenger came, saying Harry had been killed on the road. At the inquest it was ascertained the accident occurred at 2:10 A. M. His last words were, 'O, my mother!' I was not permitted to see my boy, although I was assured that he looked, 'just as if he were asleep.'

About five months afterwards I was sitting alone in my room one afternoon, when suddenly it became very dark, then came a bright light, and in the light stood Harry. He was wrapped in a sheet below the waist; above, he had on a dark coat and vest. His face was cut, his chin discolored, and his hand and wrist crushed. I said, 'Harry, can't you speak to your mother?' He shook his head, but did not speak. When my husband came home, I asked him if he would tell me the truth about it if I told him how Harry looked, and where he was hurt, and he said, 'Who has been talking to you about Harry?' I said, 'No one; but I have seen him.' Again the room darkened, and again came the bright light, and in it stood my son as before. I then described his wounds to my husband and he said it was correct. I told no one except my husband and one lady friend, and they thought that I was losing my reason. I was persuaded to consult a physician, who told me I had no cause to be alarmed, that he had no doubt I had seen my boy; 'for,' said he, '*if there is anything hereafter the Spiritualists have got the truth about it.*' Soon after this, my son again appeared to me, at the same hour of the day and in the same manner as before, but Oh! how changed. This time the sheet which had wrapped his crushed limbs, was gone; the face which was gashed and disfigured, was now animated and beautiful. The eyes sparkled, the cheeks glowed, and Harry, *my son, my beautiful child*, stood before me, arrayed in the glory-garments of immortality. I could weep no more, for why should I! My child still lived and I could see and

converse with him. This time my little daughter Maudie, who passed away when but fourteen months old, came also, but was now, apparently about six years of age. On this occasion Harry was accompanied by an elderly man of commanding appearance, who gave his name as William H. Saulsbury and said he was burned at the stake in Massachusetts in the year 1628, during the cruel persecution of innocent people for the imaginary crime of witchcraft. He informed me that he was my *guide*. I said I did not want a guide, but if I must have one, I wanted one who would always speak the truth, and if possible, bring to other bereaved mothers the comfort he had brought to me. Now, I see my dear children daily, and not them alone, for other dear ones come, and I see and converse with those who have lived, and as we say, *died*, as naturally and really as I do with those still living on the earthside of life."

After the events narrated above, Mrs. Whitney was frequently entranced and gave tests to several of her lady friends, who were always requested by her guide to say nothing of what had transpired to the medium, but wait until the proper time came and he would control her publicly. Her husband states that many times she would have those "spells," as he called them in the night and would get up and talk to him describing and giving names of people whom she said she saw until he became very much alarmed, thinking she was indeed insane. Among her friends were several ladies, who were familiar with Spiritualism, and they knew if her own and her husband's prejudices could be sufficiently overcome to induce them to investigate the subject, she might become a wonderful medium, as they had already received sufficient evidence of her mediumship during their private afternoon sittings, when Mrs. W. would suppose she had only been visiting, having no recollection of having been controlled.

One Sunday afternoon she was persuaded to accompany a friend to a Spiritual meeting, held in Odd Fellows' Hall, in this city, and while there she was entranced and gave some very remarkable tests. Upon returning home her husband questioned her regarding the meeting, but she could tell him nothing, only that she became very cold soon after entering the hall, and that it seemed filled with beautiful people, among whom were her own children, Harry and Maudie. She remarked that she "would not go again," but the next Sunday she felt a strong desire to go to the meeting, and did so, when she was again entranced, and her husband, seeing her get up with that strange, peculiar look, sprang after

her, thinking she had another of those "queer spells." When told that his wife was only *controlled*, he asked what *controlled* meant, being entirely unacquainted with anything pertaining to Spiritualism. On this occasion the tests given were again excellent, and, during the same week, Mrs. Whitney had calls for private sittings, and from that time forward, she has been constantly engaged as a public medium, having given many thousand sittings since the 7th of October, 1884. During the first six months of public work, while residing in Oakland, she gave seances twice a week, at which might be seen doctors, lawyers, judges, and even ministers of the gospel, all eagerly investigating, and almost without exception *all* going away satisfied "that there was something in it."

Since her removal to San Francisco she has given up her public seances, being constantly engaged giving private sittings. Mrs. Whitney not only gives tests, but frequently diagnoses diseases and prescribes for patients, performing some very remarkable cures. One case of this kind, which came to our knowledge through parties concerned, was that of a wealthy gentleman, who was given up to die by the physicians. Mrs. Whitney was sent for and found the patient surrounded by a group of anxious friends, who were expecting his decease at any moment. Several physicians were in attendance; lawyers were there, executing his last will and testament. Mrs. Whitney approached the bedside of the apparently dying man—was immediately entranced, and gave instructions what should be done. She was obeyed, and the result was gratifying in the extreme. The patient rallied, and from that hour his improvement began. She visited him occasionally, continuing to give advice from his spirit friends, until his recovery was assured. To-day the gentleman is alive and well, and one of Mrs. Whitney's most enthusiastic converts. These instances could be multiplied, but we have not space to give them.

Our own experience with Mrs. Whitney has been very satisfactory indeed. We have tested her in various ways, and invariably found her correct. On one occasion we tested her ability to answer sealed letters, taking with us four distinct questions, each addressed to a different spirit. *Three* of these were correctly answered and the name of the communicating spirit given to each one.

We met a prominent gentleman of San Francisco, a few days ago, who had visited Mrs. W., and, relating his experience, said: "I never had a more satisfactory sitting with any medium. It seemed to me I was speaking, face to face with my friends, many of whom came and gave

positive tests of their identity." It is difficult to do justice to so gifted an instrument in a brief sketch, or to estimate the good done by one true, honest medium through the exercise of her glorious gift for the enlightenment of humanity. But, when we see the streaming eyes, and hear the fervent "God bless her," of those to whom have just been given the first glimmerings of a correct knowledge of the future life awaiting us all a little farther on, we can understand a little of the grand work being accomplished in the world by our mediums. We have seen the sad and almost hopeless, comforted and inspired with new faith. We have seen the bereaved made glad with a perfect knowledge of the presence of dear ones. We have seen those addicted to evil habits, reformed. We have seen the infidel and scorner—he who thought death a shoreless sea from which no voyager returns—made happy in the consciousness of having seen a gleaming sail, heard the dip of the oar, and welcomed with joy the returning voyager who had found—

That shoreless sea but a silvery stream,
Whose farther shore was clearly seen
By the clairvoyant eye; and the listening ear
Could ever its angel-music hear.

J. S.

MILLY.

Spirit Control of Mrs. Albert Morton.

Milly was a member of the Oneida Tribe of Indians. Her father, Tomeka, was an Indian doctor, a medicine brave, as Milly calls him; and practiced according to the usual methods prevalent with Indians who treat among the whites, with roots and herbs. Tomeka has been with the writer, at intervals, for several years, and at one time gave evidence of strong physical powers through our mediumship; more especially in rapping and musical manifestations. For months it was a daily occurrence to hear "Tom's Horn," as it was called. Notes and short bars of music would be heard, precisely like those from a cornet, although there was no wind instrument in the house. The sounds were so loud and frequent at times, that the neighbors thought some one in our house was practicing music lessons, apparently not much to their delight. It was a common occurrence, when any one whose magnetism was agreeable called at the door, for Tom to give a loud blast upon his horn, apparently from the head of the front stairway. These sounds were more frequent in the day time than at night. One feature of the manifestations was more striking and, perhaps, necessary than at all times agreeable. For a long time, punctually at seven o'clock every morning, Tom

would sound a long and loud reveille, apparently under the bureau in our room, and there was no more rest after that summons. Milly says: "When a little papoose, my mother go to the hunting-ground, and leave me in a wigwam in bushes with my father brave; where he left me to go and get roots and herbs for sick people." When about eleven years of age, she says: "Milly was sick and her father went to get herbs, while I laid on the buffalo and looked on the sunshine in the bushes; then Milly go to sleep and wake up in the hunting-ground. There Milly see all bright; sick no more; all bright. See plenty pale-face squaws and braves who tell me to come into the bright places; then Milly want to come back to this life some more, and they tell to me come when they find somebody. Then the circle bring me to my medy and tell me to speak through her; Milly tongue, medy's tongue different; when Milly talk Indian to the pale-faces, plenty moons, pale-faces no know what Milly say; then big guide tell Milly she learn to talk like medy tongue. Heap moons ago;" about twenty-five years, "Milly come to live with medy and never go way no more. Milly love all pale-faces and squaws she meet through her medy. When brave and squaw tell Milly to go hunt for something"—exercise her remarkable clairvoyant powers,—"Milly try to find 'em, and when their hearts are sorry she try to drive away the clouds. Milly knows that plenty of sunshine and peace will come to all she speak to bye and bye." A quaint, but we believe a truthful presentation of the destiny of every human being when the clouds of materiality have rolled away.

The mother of Milly, (whom I have only known by the pseudonym of "Silver Bell," probably given her by a Western medium, through whom she tells me she gives musical manifestations,) is one of the finest, most gentle spirits we have ever met. Her influence is like a gentle benediction; soft and soothing; restful and healing as the gentle breezes of Saccelito on a summer's day after the harsh trade winds of our peninsula.

For a long time after her assuming control of Mrs. Morton, Milly was a "guileless child of nature," whatever she saw she gave fearlessly, and without restraint. She was truthful and unwise, and it was some time before she learned the necessity of reticence. At times, however, her extreme candor was productive of good effects. On one occasion her medium was invited to pass the evening at an artist's house, and, greatly to her surprise, found a large circle gathered to witness her phase of mediumship. Milly controlled, and among other tests, gave one which proved rather serious to one



MILLY.

SPIRIT CONTROL OF MRS. ALBERT MORTON.

of the parties present. Turning to a young man, who sat beside his fiancée, she said, "Brave, why you speak double tongue to the squaw?" The lover denied the assertion, but Milly gave such evidences of a complete knowledge of his faithlessness, that his affianced followed up the clues, learned of his engagement to another lady—tableau, curtain falls amid lurid light.

At another time, while passing a tobacconist's, Mrs. Morton's attention was irresistibly drawn to the wooden statue of an Indian Chief, resplendent with bright colors, and decorated with the usual trappings of feathers and wampum. She became oblivious to all surroundings, and on regaining her consciousness, found herself in the midst of a crowd, who wondered at her dancing and gleeful expressions of delight in an Indian language. The unsophisticated child of nature had to learn a lesson of self-restraint and compliance with the usages of civilized (?) society, under the penalty of the severest punishment which could be inflicted upon her—banishment from the society of her beloved "medy."

Since Mrs. Morton has attained an independent, inspirational mediumship, although a constant attendant, Milly seldom controls for others, except to act as the mouth-piece of those desiring to give written communications, through the writer's assistance, when her loving salutation, "Brave, I come to bring the sunshine," comes to us like the loving expression of a favorite child.

The portrait accompanying this sketch, is copied from one given through us several years ago, and is somewhat changed from the original in costume and accessories, in compliance with the growing taste of the dear spirit, our household blessing, *Milwaukee*. A. M.

If Spiritualism is True, What of It?

A lecture delivered by Mrs. E. L. Watson, at Metropolitan Temple, May 2, 1886.]

INVOCATION.

Angels of wisdom and love, ye who have lived our human life and trodden earth's stormy paths to find the truth, to learn the purposes of life, to scan the pages of nature and con the lessons of eternity, we joy to feel you near; we know that the faults and weaknesses of our human hearts will not deter you in your blessed work of love and wisdom, of ever sowing seeds of truth in this world, your birth-place, and so forever dear.

When we were tempted, ye have drawn near unto us and held us in safe paths; in our discouragement and despair, ye have whispered sweet words of sympathy and hope; in seasons of sickness and

mortal agony, ye have lent us the light of your love, urged upon us the truth of immortality, and implanted in our bosoms those blessed thoughts that made us strong and brave to meet whatever trial came. We thank you for all this noble service. And now, we know that every thought of prayer will be heard and answered according to your wisdom. We know that whether we recognize your presence or not, you still draw more near in our sorest need; we know that you people our solitude with blessed thoughts and dear companionship.

And we thank you, O ye precious ones, living in the reality and truth of the eternal life! and knowing how much we need to understand its laws, even while we dwell in the flesh, ye will teach us and wait patiently for recognition through all the blind years that we reject you. Your noble ministry has helped to make the world more glad and human life more sweet. And now we know that as the thought of you gives us courage, and as the knowledge which you have imparted concerning the life to come, inspires us to stronger and higher endeavor, that you, too, grow in happiness; that the growing beauty of our earth, the growing goodness of our humanity, the union between the seen and the unseen, adds to your heavenly joy.

We know that we need not pray that ye will continue to be patient with us; that you will lend your wisdom to our ignorance, your sympathy to our woes, your love to our loneliness, but we are glad to lift our thoughts to you and feel the sweet responses of heaven raining like baptismal dew into our often sore and grieving hearts. And for this presence here this hour, and for the countenance you give to our efforts for the ennobling of self and others, we thank you evermore.

ADDRESS.

The hope of immortality is co-extensive with the race. Upon the belief in a life beyond the grave have been founded all the institutions of religion which have ever had an existence on earth, and therefore it seems an amazing thing that any thinking mind can ask, "If Spiritualism is true, what of it?" But to many, religion is a mere prejudice or an unthinking assent to certain forms, not an anxious inquiry and quenchless aspiration toward better things. With this spiritually undeveloped class the question may arise, "even if it be proven that man is immortal, what is the good?"

The truth is, if the mere hope or belief in immortality, has power to move men's souls to the extent that history proves, dyeing our mundane existence in vivid colors and giving it a high pitch of aspiration and desire, anything which

shall settle this question must have a profound influence either for good or evil.

To those who cry "One world at a time," it may seem of little importance that we can prove that man lives after death. But this motto of agnosticism is not from the heart and shows sad superficiality of mind, for every one knows that it is as impossible for the soul to be satisfied with the world of matter alone as it is to live and work for one day only. We know that every effort which we put forth now anticipates to-morrow; if to-day was all we had of this world; if there was no to-morrow for the reaping of harvests which we sow, no looking forward to some future time, for the results of our labor, the industries of the world would be paralyzed. It is with this ever-present thought of the morrow that men toil for the things of earth. Moreover, we are never creatures of a purely sense world; already we are living in two worlds—the world moral and spiritual as well as physical and mental. Men are beginning to cognize the fact that even the labors of the physical have a bearing somehow upon the spiritual; that the best worker in matter may leave a more indelible impress than the poorest worker; that integrity and morality is reflected down through all human existence. The thought of the future in degree, penetrates every act of the individual being. The Christian divines have put the idea into such vague form, however, and heaven has been described as something so remote and unreal, hell so horrible, unjust and preposterous, that man can accept neither one nor the other as a reality, and therefore notwithstanding the persistent presentation of these theological dogmas, he has remained in uncertainty in regard to the future; for while he has a vague hope of a Hereafter and naturally and irresistibly works towards it, nevertheless, it has been pictured in such repellant fashion, and so contrary to reason that hell has ceased to have any terrors and heaven has lost all appearance of reward for labors well done.

Therefore, the importance of Spiritualism is shown in the undeniable fact that it settles the question of immortality beyond a peradventure, and actually affords the *only* absolute proof of it ever given to the world. There is not a Christian minister in the land who dare tell you that he has any positive proof of immortality, beyond the record of spiritual manifestations in the Bible; and, if you were to say to him, "But, sir, these manifestations appear to be so miraculous that they are beyond belief, I need some further proof. I want better authority for these things," he has naught to say. To affirm that they are recur-

ring to-day, would brand him as a heretic.

Reasoning from analogy is not conclusive; it is good in its place; it may stimulate our hope, but it can do little more. The desire for immortality is inadequate; for, according to Theology, God cares little what we desire in this world or in the next, and determines all the questions of life and death, of salvation and damnation, without regard to our hope, love, or desire. Therefore there is no surety that any of the natural promptings of the human heart point to a reality, for, says the old Theology, "the mind of man is carnal and as prone to error as the sparks to fly upward; disregard your reason upon all spiritual questions; it is the devil tempting you when you begin to ask questions of this character; you must take everything as a matter of faith; the more a man believes without reason the better his chances for Heaven."

What has Spiritualism to say on this subject? It settles immortality as a scientific fact; just as certainly regulated by law as the evolutions of the planets; snatches this boon from the clutch of an arbitrary God, and places it where it belongs—in the constitution of the universe; shows the adaptation of all the relations here in the outward, and reveals their connection with the spiritual and the eternal.

Consider the treasure that has been expended to convert men to an unreasonable, degrading faith; the millions of lives sacrificed at the point of the sword in the hands of the Church Militant, and then ask the question, "If Spiritualism is true, what of it?" It takes from priestcraft its wrongly-arrogated prerogative, and declares that no one can step between man and his creator, and that to be "converted" is but a single step in the direction of salvation here or beyond the grave; and to use all our faculties for the betterment of our condition here will fit us for the life hereafter.

Scientific Spiritualism furnishes ample reasons for our present being, and in lieu of Orthodoxy's homœopathic doses of religion, measured by a cast-iron creed, places humanity as a receptacle in the midst of infinite truths, and says to all, "Come ye and drink freely at the fountains of life eternal; earn for yourselves a blessed immortality, no power in the universe can rob you of this treasure."

Millions of human beings have suffered ineffable tortures of superstitious fear propagated and nurtured by the Church; untold millions have felt the rankling theological manacles repressing their spiritual nature; chains forged upon the anvil of priestly imposture, falsely called religion.

Now, in place of all this costly machinery for the salvation of souls, Spirit-

ualism develops a simple rule, as immutable as any principle of Euclid, and that is—*Be ever true to the constitution of your physical and spiritual being, thereby shall you be safe here and hereafter.* That is what Spiritualism says to every man, woman, and child in existence.

It negatives every false assertion of the Church in power, and in place of mere assumption, gives us living, demonstrable facts. For the last five hundred years the greatest thinkers of the world have plead for a FACT in substantiation of the affirmations of the Church, and the Church has answered that the time of miracle and spiritual ministry is forever past, and that we must rely upon precedent for all our proofs of immortality; we must accept the Bible as authority on all spiritual matters and *trust the Church with our religious welfare, nor expect any new inspiration, henceforth for all time.*

Spiritualism declares that the law of inspiration is universal and co-eternal with God; that the time never was and never shall be when inspiration shall cease, nor when the question which man asks concerning the creation, may not be answered satisfactorily, and that the time shall never come when Reason has no right to bear her living torch into the spiritual kingdoms of nature in search of the source and destiny of being.

In place of the testimony of men whom we do not know ever had an existence, as recorded in the musty records of bygone ages, Spiritualism tenders to the eager, questioning, passionately praying world, living facts concerning his spiritual nature. To the mourning mother it gives no vague reply to the yearning cry, "How is it with my lost child?" For centuries the best thing we could think of for our departed friends was that they had been carried up through the measureless sky into some remote corner of the universe, to be seated near a great white throne with the privilege of playing eternally on a golden harp. That was the noblest destiny of which the Church could conceive for the active, yearning, loving, human soul. Opposed to this was the awful possibility—nay, according to the generally accepted tenets of religious faith, the almost absolute certainty, that out of a family of ten children but one could be saved. If this doctrine be true, paternity becomes an unpardonable crime! How dare a man beget a child with the probability staring him in the face that it may suffer awful agony throughout the endless ages of eternity? Men have professed to believe this, but human nature is too wise and good to allow of these dogmas, being forced down into the bottom of the heart; they have lain upon the surface in the form of a mild assent and never become a real

conviction. If this were not the case the whole earth would have become a lunatic asylum with no possibility of a single smile of joy.

What is the attitude of the high priests of Orthodoxy toward the facts of Spiritualism to-day? Publicly they either ridicule or utterly ignore them, but in secret, under cover of night, seek out spirit-media for their own consolation, and lean secretly upon the bosom of the angelhood, gathering nourishment for their own tender hopes, and encouragingly to preach lest they are too cowardly to preach lest they may lose the support of the pews, and often the laymen are engaged in a similar search after spiritual food—pulpit and pew thus unconsciously taking up the forward march from faith to facts! This may seem severe—and I do not say that there are not good and noble men in the ministry, nor spiritually in the church pews, but I say they are bound by fear and prejudice, by love of popularity and do not count aright the pulsations of this new-life which is beating in the hearts of humanity.

Spiritualism is making steady progress in all our Christian churches; it has revolutionized the teachings of old theology, and hundreds of pulpits in this land to-day are trimming their sails to the popular breath which is as sure to flow toward the acceptance of these facts, as to-morrow's sunshine is to kiss the sea-waves out yonder and dimple them with the laughter and fresh beauty of the newborn day.

There is no one present who has mourned the loss of a friend but will admit, "If Spiritualism is true, then I know that my darling lives." Not only that but just as I have said that we need to-morrow for the inspiration of to-day's work, so do we need a definite idea of the nature of our immortality in order that we may live in the light of it to-day. Let me say to you that the voice of truth is ever eloquent with divine encouragement; never did a truth come to this world that was not freighted with blessedness for man. If Spiritualism is true it means the betterment of man's condition. Whenever we inculcate error and embody it in our lives we create discord and discontent; it is like poison in the physical system which causes pain and trouble until we get rid of it. When truth comes it is like the pure air to the lungs, the beauty of flowers to the eye.

The truths of Spiritualism come to us not only with promise of immortality but with every encouragement for this life. Of course those who think most live the largest lives, and are truly earnest, will deeper feel the value of these truths. Those whose lives are superficial and who do not feel the beating

of the divine heart may stand indifferent, but whenever the deepening process comes through trial, pain, and loss and the inner life stirs and quickens, then it is that the good of Spiritualism will make itself fully known.

It is not all to know that our friends live beyond the grave. To know that they are still our friends and have not changed except for the better and that the affections are purer and stronger, affords great consolation.

More than all this, Spiritualism promises justice to all. The injustice of the old system repels us. We are not made better by the idea that we shall one day (if we happen to be among the unfortunate saints) look with indifference upon the terrors of hell; that we shall be so hardened by the process of death as to care nothing for all the multitudes that writhe down there in unending pain—this is not calculated to make a person feel proud.

Spiritualism urges that every noble thought is so much gained. The husbandman who tills the ground faithfully will surely reap a better harvest than the one who neglects the soil. So here in the spiritual kingdom the facts of Spiritualism place the spiritual nature upon a scientific or natural basis, within the realm of cause and effect. It gives us data for reasoning out every relation which man may sustain here or in the hereafter. It says that just as a husbandman reaps a better harvest for the good work he does in his field, so man, spiritually, intellectually, and morally, reaps as he sows—eternal justice is dealt out to him there on the other side. What a vast encouragement for the efforts of man! How passionately we yearn to do some noble deed! How short the time is here—we are but barely awake as thinking, moral beings, when it is time to pass into the silence of the grave. Though we may give all our time to learning; to noble and generous toil; how little is it we accomplish! A few statues from the sculptor, a few ideals dimly shadowed forth on the canvas by the artist, a few problems solved by the scientist, a few glimpses of truth, a few grains of sand gathered on the infinite shore of knowledge, and all is done; then are we resolved into dust, says the materialist; into marble saints or screaming devils, says old Theology; to learn no more; to be lost in an awful, unending monotony. But Spiritualism says, "No! O, sculptor, better than thou hast ever wrought shalt thou now work out these precious thoughts. O, artist, such colors as this world has never produced, such forms of beauty as are inconceivable to-day shall break across your vision, and every moment of training given to the

hand, every activity of the brain, every pulsation of these material molecules is preparing you for a grander work. Just where you left off at the grave you begin on the other side; and not a noble thought, not a single endeavor, not a dream of beauty, no silent song of tenderness, but shall finally be unfolded into a fair reality.

This is what Spiritualism proves possible for man. It demonstrates the truth of his evolution as a spiritual being, and settles the old disputes of Theology; it rears upon the basis of facts, a grand spiritual superstructure, in which the soul is full-orbed and satisfied. And the truth came as soon as the world was ready for it. For hundreds of years the good angels had been appealing to the consciousness of man. Wherever an opportunity offered they projected themselves upon the atmosphere; they unveiled themselves to the psychic vision, they beat their beautiful thought-wings against the bars of our unbelief and fear, until to-day their workings are crowned with a degree of success, for we now rejoice in the fact of a rational immortality; millions worship at the invisible but real altars of love eternal; millions, living and dying, lift their eyes with holy hope and highly-beating hearts, to the great beyond, believing that God's sweet world of angel-life is so near that its silvery beams may fall across our path; that the dying may hear the music of that world, and the dimming eye catch glimpses of beauty, fadeless forevermore.

It came like a great light, suddenly breaking
Through the gathering clouds of two thousand
years;
Earth's dreamers and doubters quickly awaking
and spanning with rainbows life's river of
tears.

It came like a sweet voice after long silence,
Thrilling the wide world with the answers it
brought,
To the questions of both religion and science,
Refuting the errors priest and savant have
taught.

It came alike to the high and the lowly,
Rekindling the fading embers of faith,
And unveiling for all the visions so holy,
Of loved ones arisen from shadows of death.

It touched the sad lips of suffering woman,
To whom 'twas forbidden to question or
teach;
And breaking the seal of the Church-rule inhu-
man,
Wreathed them in beautiful blossoms of
speech.

It put forth white hands to the sick and the
dying,
And healed by a touch their weakness and
pain,

Till songs broke forth where was mourning and
sighing,
To be drowned in despair never again.

It struck from our souls all cruel creed-fetters,
And dissolved by a breath the dungeons of
fear,
Then wrote o'er the past in indelible letters—
"Let priest-craft and creeds lie long buried
here."

And where Love knelt on the grave of her idol,
Raining hot tears and wild wringing her
hands,
It whispered, "Be brave and wait for the
bridal,
When souls are re-joined in bright summer
lands."

E'en thus hath it come—this light and this
wonder,
To peasant and king, the near and the far,
In soft, silent thrills and truth's hurtling thun-
der—
Sweet life out of death, and love's guiding
star.

The Genuine Teachings and Character of Jesus of Nazareth.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

In order to determine the real character and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, it becomes necessary to discriminate between the historical and the mythical, the genuine and the fabulous portions of the New Testament; which, however, is but rarely done, owing to the lack of definite information in these particulars by the masses. The careful and labored researches of the fast-increasing corps of rational biblical exegetes during the last half century, particularly those of the Tuebingen school, have, in large measure, cleared away the mists encircling the Gospels and Epistles, and enabled us to determine, with a considerable degree of accuracy and precision, the relative value and reliability of the several books, as well as of the various portions and passages of each book.

Among the twenty-seven books comprising the New Testament, the one most untrustworthy, most unreliable, is the Fourth Gospel, popularly ascribed to the so-called "beloved disciple," John, a book now known to have been written long after the death of the son of Zebedee, besides being in spirit and contents almost wholly foreign to his modes of thought and powers of expression. The entire book is a semi-philosophical, semi-polemical romance, evolved from the inner consciousness of some Grecianized follower of second-century Christianity, familiar with the speculations of Alexandrian Platonism and Gnosticism; and in his ideal picture of Jesus, he endeavors to unite the theories of nascent Chris-

tian dogma with those of the more cultivated Platonists, including a slight sprinkling of Gnosticism; to the exclusion, however, of the great bulk of the Gnostic faith—the principal doctrines of which are combated in the Fourth Gospel, as well as oppositionally hinted at in the so-called First Epistle of John, which may have been written by the unknown author of the Gospel, or is at least, the work of one approximating his school of thought.

No trace of John's Gospel has been detected in history or literature until about the middle of the Second century, A. D. 150—it being the last written book of the New Testament canon, except the Second Epistle of Peter, which was probably written about A. D. 175, or a hundred years after the death of Peter. The Jesus depicted in that Gospel is almost purely ideal. His actions and teachings in it being widely variant from those in the first three, or the Synoptic Gospels, as they are called. The latter are, in the main, much more reliable than "John," giving us, at least, fragmentary glimpses of the life, character, and teachings of Jesus, who, I am convinced, was a real man, living in Judea at the time specified in the Testament, despite the earnest efforts to prove Him and His Disciples to be solar myths, on the part of Dupuis, Robert Taylor, Gerald Massey, W. H. Chaine, Dr. Woolley, and others.

Many Spiritualists and other classes of Liberalists, often quote passages from John's Gospel, as indicative of the character and ideas of Jesus, severely criticising him therefor. Others cite what they call the words of Jesus, as found in the Fourth Gospel, as examples of Jesus' spiritual beauty and penetrative intuition. In both of these cases, Jesus is treated unjustly, in the light of rational biblical criticism; inasmuch as neither the pretentious bombast and extravagant braggadocio attributed to Jesus by "John," and quoted in disparaging criticism of the Nazarene, nor the philosophical idealism in "John," cited by the admirers or followers of "the Christ," ever emanated from the mind of Jesus. *The Gospel of "John" is perfectly worthless as an historical authority concerning Jesus, being almost wholly a work of fiction.* The sayings attributed to Jesus in this book were never uttered by him, and the deeds attributed to him therein are equally fictitious. In a few cases there appears to be a slight basis of historic verity, mixed with a definitely-ascertainable mass of pure invention. Great care should therefore be taken in commenting upon the Man of Nazareth, and in forming an opinion as to his merits or demerits; so as, on the one hand, not to accuse him of that of which he is innocent, and, on the other, not to credit him

with the utterance of wisdom-laden sentences, or the performance of praise-worthy actions, to which he was a total stranger during his earthly career.

The Jesus of the Three Synoptics is a very different personality from that presented in "John," which latter book is devoted almost wholly to the glorification of Jesus and his divine mission, with scarcely any ethical or moral principles inculcated—nothing but dogma, dogma, *ad nauseum*. It seeks to establish that Jesus was the incarnate pre-existent Logos or Word; an emanation from the Father, yet not equal in personality with the Father—the two being, however, one in spirit and character. This peculiar exaltation of Jesus does not appear in the other Gospels, save perhaps, in a few incidental passages, later interpolations, the result of the growth in the First and Second centuries of the belief in the super-excellence of Jesus' personality and nature—culminating in the Fourth century in the fully-blossomed dogma of his complete oneness with the Father, "Very God of Very God!"

The Jesus of the Synoptics is a man—the anointed Christ, but still a man—nothing more; and so far from representing himself as God in the flesh, he expressly disclaims it: Matthew, xix, 17; Mark, x, 18; Luke, xviii, 19. As far as can be gathered from the genuine sayings and doings of Jesus, scattered through the first three Gospels—mixed up, however, with much that is mythical and legendary—we can discover no trace of his ever considering himself more than a human being; conjoined, 'tis true, with visionary ideas about his Messiahship, yet laboring for the improvement and elevation of his people, the Hebrews, according to the light which he possessed. His mission was entirely confined to the Jews, as he forbade his disciples to preach to the Gentiles or Samaritans: Matthew, x, 5, 6; they being regarded by him, it appears, in common with his countrymen, as "dogs" and outcasts: Matthew, xv, 24-27.

The theory advanced by some Spiritualists and Liberalists that Jesus was a perfect, an ideal man, is a baseless assumption. We have the plainest proofs of his error and fallibility in the New Testament, after purging it of its various incrustations of myth and fable. He uttered many good and truthful sayings, but he also said and did foolish and silly things, the same as all other men and women have done.

For much valuable information concerning the real life of Jesus and the authenticity, times of unity, and comparative merits and demerits of the different New Testament books, in addition to Dr. James' "Primitive Christianity," noticed by me in the CARRIER DOVE for

May, reference may be made to Strauss' "Life of Jesus," Davidson's "Introduction to the New Testament," Keim's "Jesus of Nazara," Oort and Hooykaas' "Bible for Learners," Vol. 3, Scott's "English Life of Jesus," Greg's "Creed of Christendom," Chadwick's "Bible of To-day," and "The Man Jesus," Stewart's "Gospel of Law," Baur's "Paul the Apostle," Zeller's "Acts of the Apostles," Mackay's "Rise and Progress of Christianity," Tayler's "Fourth Gospel," Hanson's "Jesus of History," Frothingham's "Cradle of the Christ," Schlesinger's "Historical Jesus of Nazareth," Fish's "Jesus of History" and "Jesus of Dogma," Sunderland's "The Bible: What is it?" Wise's "Origin of Christianity," Cranbrook's "Founders of Christianity," Gile's "Christian Records," "Supernatural Religion," (anonymous), Savage's "Talks about Jesus," etc., etc. All of these books are written from the historico-critical or "scientific" point of view, the only safe method of arriving at truth in studies of this character.

PRESIDIO, San Francisco, Cal.

The *Phrenological Journal*, for May, 1886, will prove especially interesting to that large and increasing denomination, "The Disciples of Christ," as it presents an excellent portrait of the Rev. Robert Graham, with a very full and interesting sketch of his life and work. "Familiar talks with our Young Readers," (No. 5) is a rich installment of a series which grows in interest and spirit with each month. "The Constitutional Basis of Character," is an able paper. "Backs and Characters," illustrated, is very amusing, and the reader is sure to recognize every person therein described. "The New Cardinal," "Faith and Science," "Shams," "Notes from a Teacher's Dairy," and "A Plea for Women" are all interesting. Chapter II. of "His Weakness and Her Fault," finds the young people housekeeping. "Principles of Heredity," is one of Professor Sizer's vigorous and logical articles. "Notes on Science and Industry," presents much carefully selected information. The editorials are as always, brief and pithy. "Beggars alike," "Wood Violets," "Who is this?" sustains the reputation of the *Journal's* preference for quaint poems. "Answers to Correspondents," will surely suit *everybody*, difficult as it is to please him. Price only 20c. or \$2 a year; address, FOWLER & WELLS Co., Publishers, 753 Broadway, N. Y.

An aged Christian woman was asked, "Are you never troubled by the devil that you are always so cheerful?" "Oh, yes, he often comes to the door, but I never bid him come in, or give him a stool to sit on."

CROWDED OUT.

A Story For the Times.

BY MISS M. T. SHELHAMER, AUTHOR OF
"HERE AND BEYOND" "AFTER
MANY DAYS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING.

The town of Fielding was all ablaze with excitement. For weeks a great strike followed by a lockout had been in progress. The shops owned by the Bowler corporation had been closed, and as these were the principal manufacturing concerns of the place, Fielding presented an appearance of idleness that had been quite foreign to that busy little town. The President of the corporation, a stern, unyielding sort of man, whose energetic nature and commanding mien made him one to rule and dictate instead of to be moved by others, had all this time kept the members of the Board up to his standard of authority. But now there promised to be a change. A conference had been called and under the eloquent pleading of young Frank Bowler, nephew to the President, and holding an important connection with the establishment, the Board of Directors had voted to open their factories and take back the strikers at their old rate of wages, provided they would return quietly to their work. But John Pierce they would not take back into their employ on any condition or at any wage.

This was no part of the plan of Frank Bowler, and in vain the young man argued and implored in behalf of Pierce, representing him as a faithful, honest man, a conscientious workman, one whose labor was worth far more to the concern than he received for it; but on this point the directors were obdurate. Led by Bowler senior they cast their vote against the tabooed man and would not reconsider it. Then the President made a speech in which he called Pierce a fire-brand who had kindled the flame of dissension, and discontent in the minds of the laborers. A man whose pride and ambition were above his station, one who fancied wrongs and who was not content unless inciting others to the same wild fancies. It would never do to keep such a hornet under the same roof with the employees, for no one could tell at any moment when he would break out with some new scheme of insurrection and revolt.

And so the meeting closed, and the following morning notices were issued by the corporation to the effect that all who chose to return to the factories the coming week at the old scale of wages might do so. A mass meeting of the "discnotents," as the corporation called

them, was called for Thursday evening to take action upon the subject, and prompt at the hour appointed, the large hall was filled to overflowing by a crowd of men and women whose rugged, honest features and sturdy bearing, betrayed that they could suffer and be strong in the cause of justice. They were all clothed in humble apparel, but although here and there might be seen a giddy, thoughtless girl bedecked in gaudy trappings, or a rude, ignorant man whose speech was coarse and bearing loutish, the mass of these people bore themselves with as manly an air as any better dressed and more cultured assembly might be expected to do.

Upon the platform were seated three men, the first a plain, elderly person, with gray hair and flashing dark eyes that seemed to take in every thing passing around him at once. This was Charles Brookes, a department foreman of one of the factories, a man of sterling qualities, faithful to his employers, but one quick to detect and to resent an injury. On this occasion Brookes had been chosen to act as chairman of proceedings, and in this capacity he served well. At his right was seated young Frank Bowler, whose boyish figure and fair hair gave him an appearance of youthfulness below his age, for he was twenty-four. "Mister Frank," as he was called, had been a general favorite of the working people and his presence was noted by them with respect and approval. On the left of the chairman sat John Pierce—grave, preoccupied, and self-possessed. Forty years had passed over him bringing out all the best qualities of mind and heart. Life had been a continual struggle with the man. His boyhood had been one of poverty and hardship. His early manhood had been burdened with the support of an aged mother and widowed sister. But he never complained, and, when, after years of self-denial, his parent died, blessing her faithful son with her latest breath, and a year later, his sister married again and went to a distant home with her new husband, John felt that he had not been remiss in his duty.

Then came brighter times and a gleam of happiness into the life of the man. Three years before our story opens he had married a pleasant, sensible girl who made his home attractive to him. He had risen to be a sort of an under-superintendent in one of the large factories, and by his fidelity had won the regard of all who knew him, save of George Bowler, the hard-fisted man who disliked any one of the laboring class who did not bow down to his authority. John had had few advantages of education, but he had read much and thought more, and his sympathies had been called

out toward his fellow workmen, whose long and arduous labors for the small pay they received, left them no opportunity for intellectual cultivation, and by his example and teachings, together with the reading matter he loaned them, he began to work a great good among them.

There would have been no strike had the wage-system remained at its former scale. But, at a time when the factories were running at full speed and there was evidence of a good market for their productions, the work people were notified of a contemplated reduction of their pay. Feeling the injustice and robbery of this movement, John Pierce counseled his associates not only to resist it, but to demand an increase of two per cent. in their wages. Hence the lock-out and the strike which lasted until the prolonged idleness of their shops warned the managers of their loss, and tempted them to compromise in the manner stated.

The Thursday night meeting proved an exciting one, and the Chairman had all he could do to maintain order when it came out that John Pierce had been tabooed. As it was, howls of defiance and execration went up now and then from the throats of a few independent ones, who vowed they would starve rather than work for those who had shut out their best friend.

Then John Pierce stepped to the front, his brown hair tossed back from a high forehead, his chestnut eyes calmly gazing down upon the people before him. They were all friends, and a cheer went up from their midst, as he took his place on the stand, that must have carried strength and gladness to his heart. No pen can do justice to his speech. Full of the fire of eloquence, of earnestness and of truth, it fell like oil upon the troubled waters. He counseled his hearers to patience and forbearance. He advised them to return to their work and to do their duty faithfully. "As for me," he said, "do not fear. Some one must always suffer in a just cause, but right will triumph at last. Go to your posts and behave like men and women. You have won so far, that you will not be deprived of any part of the wages you made before this trouble commenced, and the rest will come in time. I am an able-bodied man, and I will find something to do." He continued to talk to the people lovingly and gently, as a father to his children, pointing out to them the better part of life, showing how to profit by the bitter experience they had just met, how to make the most of their powers and opportunities, and how to wait for the coming of a more prosperous season, until at the close of his remarks there was a hush upon the whole assembly, as though each heart bowed in silent thought. During

the progress of his address, John Pierce felt a strange influence, one that thrilled his brain and crept with its life-giving warmth through every portion of his being, lighting up his features and shining in his eyes. He attributed this to the inspiration of the meeting and the intensity of his own thoughts, but he did not know that these thoughts were stimulated and encouraged by the grand intelligent being who stood at his side, with one luminous hand placed upon his head.

No one saw the tall, benevolent, earnest-looking spirit, with eyes aflame and soul aglow with his sense of justice, and his compassion for the oppressed, save Martha Jewett, a dark-eyed, dreamy-looking girl of sixteen, the quietest and most plainly-dressed creature in the room; and no one would have believed her had she spoken of the invisible guide, whose hand rested on the speaker's head. "Mattie" Jewett had always been considered a wierd, half-witted girl, because from childhood she had persisted in talking with unseen companions, and in other ways insisting that the dead did come to her. People looked on her with pity and some with a half-fear, but she was allowed to go where she pleased. The girl had but little education, her father, a hard-working man, believing her to be "possessed," not thinking it worth while to try and "let her off to school." For the last five years, Martha had led a quiet, hum-drum life at home, caring for her little brother and sister in a tender, half-brooding way, for the mother had joined the invisible spirits, who came to the girl and made her life full of peace. Though she never went to school, Martha had contrived to pick up a smattering of learning so that she could read and write a little, but this was all. She was a passionate lover of nature, and never so happy as when with the little ones under her charge, she could roam through the fields and meadows just outside the town, singing in happy tones to the waters and the trees.

During this evening, the inner sight of the girl had beheld another form beside the stately man by John Pierce, standing at the back of Frank Bowler's chair, a heavenly smile upon her saintly face, and with a yearning expression of love and protection in her radiant eyes, was a pure spirit, her countenance transfused with sorrow as though she beheld some trial that she could not avert for the dear boy over whose head she bowed in prayer. Mattie Jewett had seen this vision with awe, and she said to herself, "something is going to happen, Mister Frank's mother never looked so sad before." In the hush that followed the concluding words of John Pierce, young Bowler arose and spoke a few words,

promising his hearers, in the event of their returning to work, all the influence that he could bring for their benefit. He believed it only a question of time when they would not only get the advance they had asked for, but a greater increase wages. In the meanwhile he hoped they would do their best to prove themselves worthy of consideration, and while working for them, he would be a friend to the tabooed man, John Pierce.

CHAPTER II.

WHO WAS GUILTY?

The meeting closed quietly, each member departing homeward without delay. There was no disturbance, not even comment on the doings of the task-masters; and on the following Monday morning the great factories opened and the noise of wheels that had so long been silent once more re-echoed through the busy rooms. All the looms in the shop where John Pierce had superintended were busy but one. This had been operated by a silent, taciturn boy of twenty, to whom John had shown the utmost kindness, rescuing him from a life of dissolute idleness in the street, and extending to him such a degree of protection and advice as to win the fellow's devotion. Tom was a mystery to most of the world. His home was in a back alley not far from the shop, where he persisted in living alone in a garret, and of spending such evenings as he did not pass with his benefactor, who was trying to teach the tall, awkward fellow simple lessons in the rudiments of an education. John Pierce and Charles Brookes under the encouragement of "Mister Frank" had succeeded in opening a free reading-room for the working people. Books and papers, checker-boards and other harmless games were there, and many evenings the room was thronged by those who might have filled a bar-room had not this place been open to them; but Tom Hinks would never visit the place nor enter into fellowship with its frequenters. When it became known that John Pierce would not be taken back into the shop, Tom absolutely refused to go. Since Thursday night he had not been seen and his place lay idle at the factory. On Tuesday, George Bowler, the President, returned from a trip of some days to the distant city, bringing with him a stranger to fill the place of overseer made vacant by the ostracised Pierce. He had been notified by telegraph of the peaceful termination of the strikers' meeting, and, as he expected, found everything moving to his satisfaction on his return.

All but one thing. The day after his return, one of the mischievous tongues that are found in every community con-

veyed to the President an exaggerated report of the speech which his nephew Frank had made to the working people the week before. To his mind it savored of sedition, and other lawless sentiments that would certainly interfere with the management and prosperity of the corporation, if allowed to go unrebuked, and the man determined to have a reckoning with his relative at the earliest opportunity.

But the opportunity did not come for some days, owing to the unusual demands upon his time in getting the affairs of the concern in working order again. At length, however, the elder appointed an interview with his nephew in the private office of his own residence at eight o'clock in the evening.

The interview proved a long and stormy one. The hard, unsympathetic spirit of his uncle, and the accusation of intrigue and double-dealing brought against himself, exasperated the younger man, calling sharp incisive words to his tongue. The flush of anger and indignation had not died out from his brow, nor the fire from his heart, when Frank Bowler departed for his home. As he passed from the gate of his uncle's grounds, he was surprised to see a man leaning against the shrubbery, and still more startled to be accosted by the voice of John Pierce.

"I beg pardon Mister Frank," said he, "but I particularly wanted to see you. I went to your house and they told me you were here. But what's amiss?"—Noting the exciting manner and failing to hear the usual cheery greeting of young Bowler.

"Nothing is wrong only I have just had an interview with my uncle, and he has ruffled my temper. But what is it you wished of me to-night John?"

"Just to ask you to see if the new overseer understands the men in my room. Several of them have come to me with complaints of him, but I think the trouble lies with themselves. They do not like the change. Still if you would give him a hint about things, he might take especial pains to please the men, and make it easier for them and himself too."

"You're a good fellow John, always thinking of others, I'll look after this tomorrow. We will have a change in the shops soon I'm sure. These troubles can't go on forever. When I get more power, as I'm sure to do before long, you shall be the first to profit by it. How go affairs with you now?"

"Oh! tolerably well—the money's running low, and I would leave Fielding and look for work, but my wife is that nervous in her delicate state of health, she won't hear to it; so I must wait I sup-

pose till her trial is past, which won't be for three months yet."

"Well, keep up a good heart, and if you want a friend, come to me. Things may not turn out so badly as you fear. Good night, John." and with a grip of the hand of his companion, Frank Bowler turned in the opposite direction to that where stood the simple home of John.

The next morning, Fielding was thrown in the greatest confusion. George Bowler had been discovered lying in his private home office, cold and lifeless, with a short, keen dagger in his heart. The knife was one of his own that he had kept in his table drawer as a paper-cutter. The night before it had lain on the table, and Frank had fingered it in his excitement while talking with his uncle.

A coroner's jury rendered a verdict on the examination of the body, "of death caused by a dagger belonging to the deceased, in the hands of some person unknown." The servants of the household were put under inspection by the detectives employed on the case, and it was elicited from one that his master had received no callers the night before but "Mister Frank," who spent the evening with him; and from another, that in passing the office on her way upstairs, at half-past nine o'clock, she heard the voice of "Mister Frank," raised in high words. Looking through the key-hole, she saw the young man sitting by the table, toying with her master's paper-knife, and heard him exclaim: "This injustice cannot go on forever, sir! High Heaven will avenge it sooner or later. Be warned in time." And then she flew from the hall, afraid of being seen.

The story of the housemaid proved so serious, that within twenty-four hours Frank Bowler was arrested on a charge of having murdered his uncle, and in due time the trial came off. Leaving no stone unturned in the search for evidence, the officers discovered that John Pierce had been inquiring for the suspected man on the night of the murder. John was summoned at the trial as a witness, and as he listened to the concise and damaging testimony of the housemaid, which no cross-questioning of the opposite counsel could impair, the man felt his heart sink within him. As he stepped forward to the stand, he determined that no word of his should add a feather's weight of evidence against the accused, and yet the result of that interview at the gate came out bit by bit, for the prisoner bade him sternly to tell all he knew. As the witness repeated with a look of agony, the words, "when I get more power, as I'm sure to do before long," etc., spoken on the fatal night, Frank Bowler bowed his head with a

groan. How black they appeared against him now, writing his condemnation on the minds of the "twelve good men and true" who were there to adjudge him.

We cannot dwell on the incidents of the trial, but they ended at last. Circumstances were all against the accused, and the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. There was a sensation as the young man, so fair, so slight, and until now so beloved stood up to receive his sentence which he did with an open brow and calm demeanor that was manifest to every one in the room. Movements were made by friends of the convicted and by his counsel for a new trial. They would move heaven and earth to overthrow the circumstantial evidence built up around him, they said, and bring the real culprit to justice, for there were many who believed in the innocence of the accused; and money was not wanting to carry out their designs.

In the meanwhile the condemned man was confined in the prison, where daily applications were made by interested friends to visit him. Only a few did he care to receive, but among those who were admitted most frequently were John Pierce and Mattie Jewett.

The latter persisted in declaring his innocence to all who would listen to her, she was sure of it, she said, for the angels told her so; and several times, as in the quiet of his cell she described the loving beings she beheld there and repeated the gentle tender words they whispered, the prisoner fell to weeping, knowing that what the simple girl said must be true. "If ever I am released from this horrible fate" he would say, "I will devote my life and means to the elevation of humanity and to the spread of truth. Mattie, you tell me my blessed mother is here, what does she say of her wretched son?" "She says you shall be uplifted through all trial. Release from bondage will be given you. Fear not, for the cup shall be taken from you." And then in a glorious voice, Mattie would exercise her one gift of song and sing so sweetly to the unfortunate man as to bring peace and joy into his heart.

Three months passed, bringing the hour of pain and trial to Nellie Pierce. These months had been full of sorrow and misfortune to the true-hearted couple. John had been unable to procure work any where near his home and he could not leave his wife in the midst of her peril. Now, the wolf was not far from the door but the man hoped that very soon he should be able to seek that honest employment he craved, in a place where it would not be denied him.

Now sorrow and desolation were upon him, for Nellie, the wife of his bosom, the faithful, loving woman who had upheld him in every trouble, was doomed

in giving birth to the life of her child, to yield up her own. As he gazed down upon the white unconscious face of his darling, and realized that never more in this world would her smile or look of love respond to his, the man felt that his heart was indeed broken, and when, one month later, the babe also was taken from him to nestle by its mother's side, life seemed to have lost all its brightness for him forever.

(To be continued.)

The Widow's Dream.

DEAR MRS. COLBY: I am writing this letter in the home of one of your subscribers, Mrs. Mary Hughes, of Lancaster, Wis., whose husband, John Hughes, is a popular train U. S. Mail Agent on the Lancaster, Milwaukee & Madison branch of the Northwestern railroad, Mrs. Hughes, who is sister of another of your subscribers, Mrs. Mattie Havens, of Brown's Valley, Minn., is a bright, energetic, little housekeeper who cheerfully performs her own housework including the care of four small children, without help, and believes earnestly in equal suffrage. She is a great admirer of the *Tribune* and when the time comes—as it must ere long—for her to voice her opinions with the ballot will perform her duty more intelligently than nineteen twentieths of the men do. Of course whether she votes wisely or unwisely makes no difference concerning her right to cast a ballot.

I never hear some grand old fossil of a politician speculating as to the "way in which woman will use her privilege" if allowed the franchise, without a desire to apply a gag to his unprofitable mouth. And I never fail to tell such a one that it is no more *his* business what she does with her ballot than it is the business of a debtor to ascertain what use his creditor is intending to make of money that passes between the two in a common business transaction.

The unvarnished fact of the case is the ballot is woman's just due, which has been unjustly and fraudulently withheld from her down to the present time, and if men have any honor or sense of justice left they will pay the debt as soon as possible, beg pardon for the delay and ask no questions.

The more I talk with honest and thoughtful opponents of equal suffrage the more clearly I am convinced that the chief obstacle in the way of woman's immediate and unconditional enfranchisement is that lingering barbarism, which ante-dates civilization, and believes in the necessity of woman's subordination.

Men who are ashamed to admit this will, when driven from point to point,

for the want of argument, unwittingly reveal it.

Our present laws give men an undue advantage over the other sex which they could not otherwise maintain save by the application of a brute force that would subject them to the risk of being mobbed or lynched.

This assertion may startle some of my readers, but let us examine it.

Take for instance our marriage laws, saying nothing of crimes committed under this protection, crimes for which a man outside of these would be sent to prison for a term of years and in some states put to death, but discussing them from their bearing upon simple property interests.

A man recently died in Iowa County, Wis., and before the breath had left his body, his brother came to "take possession" of his place as the legal heir to all except the "widow's one-third." He assumed the office of master, and directed the men to do his bidding on the farm, telling them he was "boss" now, and ordering them to dig up certain trees and to transplant others.

His reign, however, was brief, for when the brother finally died, a will was read giving "control of all his property to his wife while she lived."

The man left the business and is now watching and waiting for the widow to die. One more case.

A worthy couple in Sheboygan County worked together for years to start and build up a manufacturing interest. So far as faithful labor and co-operation go, it was, in a social and financial sense, a genuine co-partnership.

The man died without children and willed his property to his wife with the provision that at her death it was to go to the nieces, daughters of an impecunious brother.

The widow took these two girls into her own pleasant home and virtually adopted them as her children.

All parties were happy. One night the excellent woman had a singular dream. She dreamed that she was tied to a tree on the banks of a stream, and being kicked to death by a dead mule on one side and a live jackass on the other.

She at last in her dream broke loose from the tree, and by raising a club at the jackass (for he was a pusillanimous coward) frightened him away. But as the creature ran, he looked leeringly over his shoulders at the widow, and sung—as none but a jackass can:

"Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the dead mule
And myself are left alone."

She pondered over the strange dream for weeks and never realized what it signified till one of her nieces married a

man and took him into the family where the bride and bridegroom might have been living harmoniously to-day had not the latter in view of the will tried to be "master" a little too early in the day, and taken upon himself the responsibility of dictating to the aunt as to her expenditure of means that "virtually belonged to the wife." He even objected to the widow entertaining her own friends from abroad, and in spending money to visit them, solely because it was wasting means that "justly belonged to my wife."

The persecutions became so persistent and "cheeky" that the poor woman at length was almost induced to succumb "for the sake of peace."

Suddenly while brooding over the situation all by herself she recalled her dream and this was the inspiration that saved her. She broke loose from the fatal spell, shook her fore finger at the self-selected "boss"—told him to get away from her premises. And he took up his bed, his wife, and other chattels and "got."

And as he left slowly and sadly for the northwest he looked back over his shoulder and said "Only waiting" etc.

Then the widow realized that the dead mule was the *law* through which a man, tho' dead, may still kick and bruise his wife and that the live jackass was the contemptible creature who, as husband of her niece, was permitted to co-operate with that law in torturing her before her time.

In conclusion let me ask how many women are to-day being kicked to death between a dead mule and a live jackass? Furthermore are they content to fold their hands between the kicks and say: "I'm not strong-minded. I have all the rights I want."—*James G. Clark, in Woman's Tribune.*

The CARRIER DOVE has added to its assurances of being a well-conducted and successful periodical the name of Albert Morton at the head of its editorial columns, as an associate with Mrs. Schlesinger in its management. Mr. Morton gives his salutatory in the number for April. His long experience qualifies him in an eminent degree for the position. We congratulate that paper upon this grand accession to its working force. The DOVE for this month contains four full-page size lithograph portraits; D. D. Home, and Fred Evans, independent slate-writer, with biographies by Mr. Morton; Mrs. Melissa Miller, with a sketch by Mrs. A. W. Mayo; and G. Milner Stephen, the Australian healer, with an account of his labors, compiled from various sources. It also contains addresses by Mrs. Schlesinger and Mrs. Watson, a report of the Anniversary ob-

servances at various points on the Pacific Coast, including W. N. Slocum's oration at Los Angeles. Publication office, 854 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. The CARRIER DOVE is for sale by Colby & Rich, 3 Bosworth St., Boston.—*Banner of Light.*

The *Carrier Dove*, a very artistic illustrated magazine, published in the interest of Spiritualism, at Oakland, California, in its issue for February, 1886, gives a biographical sketch of the learned W. E. Coleman, together with a good portrait. Mr. Coleman was born in Virginia, June 19, 1843. His thirst for knowledge was early developed. He became an actor at an early age. But his greatest bent seems to have been for history and the languages. As a master of these Mr. Coleman deservedly holds a high rank.—*The Ironclad Age.*

Extract from letter by Mrs. Scott Briggs in *Banner of Light*, May 1, 1886:

"UTICA, N. Y.—I am once more at my home after a pleasant sojourn in California of over a year, where it was my privilege to be one of the speakers at the State Campmeeting, a report of which was in the *Banner* of July 18, 1885. I spoke several times in San Francisco. There is more interest shown there in the cause of Spiritualism than in any city except Boston. I have been in nearly every Eastern and Western city and know whereof I speak. I met Mr. Owens, of the *Golden Gate*, and became quite well acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Schlesinger, publishers of the *Carrier Dove*, of Oakland, a most beautiful monthly for any center-table. Each number contains portraits and biographical sketches of prominent mediums and spiritual workers of the Pacific Coast. spirit pictures, lectures, essays, poems, spirit messages, editorial, and miscellaneous items. This cannot take the place of the dear *Banner*, but is a fine auxiliary to it, and none who can afford it should be without both of them, and after perusing them, hand them to those who know not of our literature. We who have many years enjoyed the Spiritualistic Philosophy, have, I fear, done so too selfishly. If we would make as much exertion as the churches to disseminate our literature our cause would advance faster, and we bless ourselves and others in doing so. The adherents of a philosophy that gives such joy, removes all fear of death by proving that when our friends meet the change they are not removed except from our physical sight, should make sacrifices to spread the glad tidings. Oh! ye lukewarm Spiritualists, beware, lest by your inertia you find, when you pass into the next sphere of life, yourselves earth-bound for years to do what you should have done when here."

Spiritual Matters in Boston.

EDITORS CARRIER DOVE: I hope you will pardon my long delay in acknowledging the receipt of the January and February numbers of the CARRIER DOVE. The neglect to render thanks for so welcome and beautiful a visitant, bearing "glad tidings" from several of my old friends on the Pacific Coast, is very culpable. But I may plead local business and attractions that have engrossed my time as my excuse.

Let me now tender thanks with the assurance of a high appreciation of the merits of your creditable production. I am sure all lovers of spiritual truth must extend a cordial welcome to so fair and so interesting a messenger of things divine. I sincerely hope your arduous efforts will be justly rewarded by those for whom you despatch so lovely a visitant far and near. No class of people, I am sorry to say, have been more remiss in sustaining journals devoted to their cause than Spiritualists. It is to be hoped that ere long, they will realize the great necessity of sustaining the most efficient and powerful means of enlightenment in use. Spiritual lecturers and mediums are agitators and necessary factors in the advancement of the great work of leavening the public mind; but the press exerts a more far-reaching and permanent power for good, and multiplies a thousand-fold the usefulness of all whose mediumistic productions it spreads to remotest bounds. Who can estimate the vast amount of good our noble old *Banner of Light* has done by its Message Department which has fed hungry souls all over the earth? Its several Vestals have uttered messages that have, through its illumined folds, been borne as a healing balm to wounded hearts in millions of sorrowing homes, and the utterances of inspired teachers it has borne to the ends of the earth, thrilling human souls at the antipodes as though they were trumpet-tongued. So may the white-winged Dove carry joy and truth o'er land and sea.

Knowing how it used to be with myself during my eleven years' sojourn on your Coast, I doubt not, a few words concerning our common cause at this great focal point, will be of interest to your readers on the Pacific Slope.

Boston, like San Francisco, is a grand emporium of material and spiritual commerce. It is the head-center of the movement for New England and the Middle States, at least. Here speakers and mediums of all phases abide, and radiate upon missions of peace and enlightenment to all the regions round about. Here, as in San Francisco, several public meetings are held on Sundays, and as there, several of the mediums

hold Sunday-evening seances, to satisfy the yearnings of earnest investigators, and the unappeasable curiosity of sensuous test-mongers ever clamoring for "a sign." Materialization here also is "the rage," and here, too, unscrupulous "monsters"—as Mrs. Watson aptly calls them—"steal the livery of Heaven to serve the devil (themselves) in," at the expense of honest seekers for truth, whom they delude with "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," for which these miscreants are "very peculiar!" When the true history of the "First Spiritual Temple," which was "the hope of better things" in the outset, is made known, it will reveal, doubtless, many of the infernal "tricks of the Diakka," and the shameful complicity of a swindling, bogus materializer of "Ancient Spirits" of most recent manufacture, clad in mosquito netting, illuminated with a phosphate of the fuel of the antique Orthodox crematory.

One of the principal *bogus* materializers of a year ago, gave up her nefarious business and made a confession several months since, but the "mantle of her power" (or *skill*) fell upon a worthy *protége*, whose presence was known in San Francisco about two years ago, and if several reports of eye-witnesses, and the signs of preparation for fraud left in a former seance-room, are not wholly illusory, "the devil's business," as a "deceiver of the very elect," was not neglected because of the betrayal of one of his former "shining lights."

Another caterer to the eager wonder-seekers, who love to "hug delusions to their bosoms," when draped in the mantle of truth, came to grief recently in a city of the old Granite State, *a la* Mrs. Reynolds at San Bernardino, and a good deal of bustle has been created in the public thought by the discovery that *her bustle* contained masculine apparel, masks, whiskers, etc., such as no properly-appareled *female* angel in good society is supposed to require. So you see that "Frisco" has no monopoly of the most wicked and execrable swindle ever perpetrated upon human credulity, in the guise of angel ministry. How long, Oh! how long, shall this infernal business continue to bring suspicion upon all true mediums, disgrace upon a holy cause, and confusion and contention among the brethren, as it has so often in the past?

I fear such infamous frauds will continue and flourish until Spiritualists *demand* of all physical mediums that they shall present the phenomena under such conditions as shall not give every necessary opportunity for fraud, whenever they, or the spirits, are unprincipled enough to perpetrate it. I would not presume to dictate conditions to wise and good spirits, but there are a plenty

of Diakka who insist unreasonably in putting mediums in unnecessary, suspicious conditions, most favorable for deception on the part of one or both. Such spirits and their "aids and abettors" should be *boycotted* till they will comply with reasonable demands for test-conditions.

Pardon this digression by way of "pointing the *moral*" to those who err and sin.

While Boston has its share of impostors, it has many good, true, and highly-gifted media of nearly every phase, and its many rostrums are graced by the finest talent from abroad and at home.

Our English "cousins" have long been *lionized*, and far more hospitably entertained than were their progenitors at the famous "Tea Party" of Revolutionary fame. Mr. Colville, who is about to visit you, has long ministered here, winning many laurels, and doing great good to our cause and to humanity. Oakland will do well to give him a cordial greeting and a lengthy engagement, though Boston should thereby lose a brilliant light.

Doubtless you have had in exchange the *Facts Magazine*, which is co-operating with the *Banner of Light*, and the many speakers and mediums in furnishing the public with the proof of a future life, and laying a scientific foundation for the great religion of the future. Like the *Carrier Dove*, it is making success by the earnest toil and sacrifice of its founder.

As an earnest worker in the common field, I give my hearty God-speed to all our public journals, and hope they may work together in harmony in a field where there is no competition or necessary antagonism.

I have given but a meagre account of the good work hereabouts, but can say in brief, while it has many drawbacks from human weakness, it still goes bravely *on*, and while the outlook is not clear to mortal vision, we may trust confidently in the wisdom and power of its guiding and governing directors in spirit life!

In conclusion, may I ask the *Carrier Dove* to bear to my many friends and former associates in labor, a brother's kindly greeting, a warm, fraternal blessing, and heart-felt assurances of a lasting remembrance of their former kindness, while he shared in the blessings of their sunny homes.

DEAN CLARKE.

BOSTON, May 22, 1886.

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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.

JOURNALISTIC COURTESIES AND LEGAL "LIGHT."

"Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? But, masters, remember that I am *an ass*; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am *an ass*. I am a wise fellow, and which is more, a barrister; and which is more, as wise a quibbler as any is in London; and one that knows the law. Go to! O, I have writ myself down—*an ass*."—*Much Ado about Nothing* (Revised).

We are pained by the publication in *Light*, (London, England,) of a violent and unfounded attack upon the *Banner of Light* Message Department, over the initials of a prominent barrister, who defended Henry Slade in London, while upon trial for the violation of an antiquated statute about witchcraft, fortune-tellers, etc. A long and useful service as editors and publishers of the foremost Spiritual paper in existence ought to be sufficient to protect those earnest workers from such libellous attacks in a respectable contemporary in the same field of labor. What is worse, the writer is permitted to vent his spleen without even the pretence of evidence to substantiate his base insinuations that the editor, publisher, medium, and all persons corroborating the genuineness of the messages given through the *Banner*, are accomplices in the infamous business of trifling with the sanctity of communion with "the loved ones gone before."

In a reply to a correspondent, *Light*, February 26, 1886, the writer adds insult to injury, saying:

"I was quite aware of the column in the *Banner* which its editor is pleased to entitle Verification of Spirit Messages. It is just such matter, so described that helps to produce the enormous impression that Spiritualists generally have not the faintest conception of what *evidence* means. Letters are delivered at the *Banner* office 'from all parts' 'gratefully acknowledging the evident genuineness of the communications.' Is it so very difficult to concoct a spurious letter and get it posted at a distant place? Should the personality and respectability of the writers of any considerable number of these letters be established, then the *first* step towards real 'verification' would have been taken. The second would be much more difficult, the ascertainment of the fact (or at least the establishment of its

high probability) that the medium had not previous access to the particulars communicated.—C. C. M."

If the above is not evidence that the writer is a reckless slanderer of his superiors in truthfulness, we "have not the faintest conception of what *evidence* means."

We are among the parties implicated by this unjust and baseless accusation. Many times have we been requested to write acknowledgements of the correctness of messages published in the *Banner*, by parties whose tears of gratitude were to us—lacking the remarkable acumen of our legal censor—sufficient *evidence* of their sincerity. We have surprised and comforted bereaved parents, husbands, and wives—strangers to the consolations of Spiritualism—by the presentation of these messages, which were accepted as truthful *evidence* that the loved ones still lived; doubts have been removed and sorrow has given place to comfort; in this work we have felt that (unknown, even to the medium, whom we have known from childhood, and whom we consider one of the most indefatigable, conscientious and worthy mediums living) we were doing the angels' bidding. Alas! our censor leaves us only the choice of two evils; we are a credulous dupe, or that most infamous of all creatures, a swindler, imposing on the most sacred hopes and aspirations of humanity.

The writer's explanatory letter is a perfect *non sequiter*; a lame, halting, and puerile attempt to shuffle off and evade responsibility for his vile insinuations.

COMPARE OUR EVIDENCES.

C. C. M., Feb. 26, 1886. "Is it so very difficult to concoct a spurious letter and get it posted at a distant place?"
C. C. M., April 3, 1886. "I know nothing, alleged nothing, and suggested nothing against Miss Shelhamer. I had forgotten even her name when I penned my first remarks. * * * Allow me to say that the ridiculous ease with which a fraud of this sort could be perpetrated, led me, I am afraid, to speak of the possibility rather as if, in my own opinion, it was a fact. I did not mean so to express myself as to be open to this construction," etc.

As Ingersoll says, "There's some mistake here." The writer was quite correct in saying "*I know nothing*, alleged nothing."

ing, and suggested nothing against Miss Shelhamer." He left nothing to the imagination; but apparently to advertise his wonderful scientific attitude, with visor down, he blindly tilted against a man of straw, of his own raising, regardless of injured reputations and the truth. Hereafter, we hope he will subdue his "irritation" sufficiently to treat honorable men and women with less legal smartness and more equity. How different the spirit manifested by one of the closest students and most eminent writers upon the subject of Spiritualism, Rev. Stainton-Moses, "M. A. (Oxon)," himself a medium of rare development.

The *Banner of Light*, of April 24, 1886, says:

The issue of *Light* (London, England) for April 3, opens with a contribution by "M. A. (Oxon)," which reads as follows:

"Miss Shelhamer, the medium of the *Banner of Light* Free Circles, is strongly testified to by those who know her and have experience of her gifts. 'She is a frequent visitor in my family,' writes one of my correspondents, 'and my wife and I have studied her character and peculiar work closely. We regard her as a very sincere and honorable person, one who could not lend herself to any fraudulent purpose. Aside, however, of any opinion of ours about her, her mediumship tells its own story to any one who will carefully study it. It is simply impossible that she should fabricate the communications given at the Free Circle.

* * * One very remarkable feature of her mediumship is that it can be depended upon for fixed days and hours every week. Punctually at 3 P. M. on Tuesdays and Fridays she is in her seat on the platform before usually about a hundred hearers, and in ten minutes or less is under control. It matters not what the condition of her health or other circumstances. Indeed, she says that often, when feeling at her worst, the communications are the most striking and unquestionable. That most of the communications through her are very commonplace and devoid of interest seems due to the unhappy fact that most of the people who die are so.' Another correspondent, who has excellent means of knowing the truth of what he writes, and who by no means errs on the side of credulous and wholesale acceptance of alleged marvels, is very strong in his testimony to the value of Miss Shelhamer's mediumship, and to the results obtained at the Free Circles. 'I think,' my correspondent writes, 'no one who has taken proper pains to inform himself can have any doubt of the good faith of

the publishers of the *Banner of Light* as regards the messages; and as to Miss Shelhamer, the medium through whom they are given, it seems impossible for one to know her in her modest simplicity, artlessness, and purity of character, and to suspect her of complicity in a gigantic system of fraud. I have never heard such a suspicion breathed against her by any one who knows her.' I believe that it is my duty to let the readers of *Light* know the estimation in which Miss Shelhamer is held by those who know her. I conceive that the criticism passed by 'C. C. M.' on the evidence so gathered, and on the absence of any systematic attempt to verify it, was not directed against any individual, with whom, indeed, the writer was, I should imagine, unacquainted, but arose from a desire to emphasize Mr. F. W. H. Meyer's request on behalf of the Society for Psychical Research 'for cases of communications of subsequently verified matters of fact, unknown at the time, both to the recipients and to others present.' This is a method of scrutiny which I do not gather that the *Banner* has ever pretended to pursue. The letters of attestation are sent voluntarily, and are not subjected to any exact scrutiny such as the Society for Psychical Research considers a condition *sine qua non* of acceptance for purposes of evidence. This, however, is quite consistent with perfect accuracy in the messages themselves, and of perfect proof of that quality to the persons who have received them."

The above requires no special comment from us save the closing passage which refers to the advisability of subjecting the communications received at our circle to such investigation as will subsequently verify them as matters of fact, "unknown at the time, both to the recipients and to others present;" and the addition by way of rebuke for our seeming remissness of duty in this respect, that "This is a method of scrutiny which I do not gather that the *Banner* has ever pretended to pursue." Now the facts in the case are, that for a long period of time after the inauguration of the *Banner* Message Department, we did not allow one spirit-communication to appear in our columns until we had personally investigated its verity. In every instance we received replies from those we communicated with on these matters, each one acknowledging the correctness of the spirit-message in point, and attesting to the impossibility of our medium or any one connected with the *Banner* knowing anything of the life and death by the returning intelligence.

We continued to pursue this course until we were abundantly satisfied, through a mass of accumulated evidence, of the reliability of our medium, and of

the authenticity of the messages voiced through her organism. We then adopted the custom of printing the Messages as delivered in our Circle-room from week to week, without prior investigation, believing that the knowledge we possessed of the genuineness of our Message Department warranted us in doing so.

The verifications we now receive from all over the land of the correctness of spirit-messages which we have printed, come to us voluntarily on the part of the writers, most of whom are relatives or personal friends of the spirit purporting to have communicated. Many of these vouchers bear the address of their authors, and it is an easy task for those who doubt their authenticity to learn from them the facts of the case.

In the same number of *Light* appears an explanatory contribution from the pen of C. C. M., extracts of which we give below:

"Having by the courtesy of 'M. A. (Oxon)' been permitted to see his Notes which appear this week on the above, in MS., I wish to say that he has quite correctly represented the motive and the meaning—the sole motive and meaning—of the remarks I made recently in regard to evidence of identification, which have apparently given some offence. I know nothing, alleged nothing, and suggested nothing against Miss Shelhamer. I had forgotten even her name when I penned my first remarks. I will go further, and say that for my own part, were I compelled to wager on the question of the letters received at the *Banner* office being genuine attestations or otherwise, I would elect to back their authenticity. But this is because I, being in one sense a Spiritualist, and having some of the experience of Spiritualists, have a very different relative standard of probability from that which prevails in the world at large. That is to say, that whereas, human fraud always remains for me a possible hypothesis when not excluded by evidence, it is no longer for me, as it is for most others, the preferable, or more 'probable' hypothesis, just because, and only because, the alternative is a psychical mystery. But this is very different from saying that the attestations are proved for me, more than for others, to be genuine. * * * In conclusion, sir, allow me to say that the ridiculous ease with which a fraud of this sort could be perpetrated, led me, I am afraid, to speak of the possibility rather as if, in my own opinion, it was a fact. I did not mean so to express myself as to be open to this construction, but only to emphasize the necessity and absence of any evidence to the contrary. Indeed, it was rather my belief that the *Banner* letters could be properly authenticated, and would thus turn out to be of high import-

ance to psychical research, that imparted a tone of irritation to my comments on the neglect of our transatlantic friends."

We are glad to see that a disposition is manifested to accord to us worthy motives and honesty of purpose in our efforts to help in keeping open the door of communication between the two worlds, even though the writers imagine we err in judgment in our "methods" of so doing.

We think that those who know us best will be ready to attest that we are ever willing to co-operate with any one, who in a spirit of fairness, and a desire for truth, is seeking evidence of the reliability of spirit-communications given at our own circle or elsewhere. We have given much time and labor to such work, and we intend to do all we can in that direction in the time to come, regardless of transatlantic censors and domestic vilifiers.

Light of April 10, publishes a letter from one of the ablest writers on Spiritualism in America, A. E. Newton, from which we take the following testimony:

It should be remembered that the "messages" in question are not given for the purpose of satisfying these "scientific" and querulous doubters. If they were, doubtless, measures would be taken to more fully meet their demands. On the contrary, the main object seems to be to afford those who have passed from mortal sight opportunity to return with words of affection and comfort to loved ones left behind. Of this opportunity, thousands apparently have availed themselves, in numerous cases affording such evidence of their personal identity as has been fully convincing and satisfactory to those most concerned. Of the sufficiency of this evidence, outsiders, strangers—especially those residing in a far-off land—are plainly not competent judges. I assume that "C. C. M." has taken no steps to verify the genuineness of these messages in the only way in which it can be verified, for the reasons first, that he makes no claim to have done so; and secondly, because from my own knowledge, I am confident that no one can do so, in any proper way, without becoming satisfied of the entire good faith in this matter, both of the conductors of the *Banner of Light* and of the medium employed by them, and consequently being convinced of the supermundane origin of the communications. In my judgment, then—and I appeal to the judgment of all right-thinking men and women the world over—this wholly gratuitous imputation upon the integrity of these prominent workers in Spiritualism, in the absence of any effort to ascertain the facts, is utterly indefensible and inexcusable. Especially flagrant is the implication so

far as it refers to the medium, Miss Shelhamer. She is modest, shrinking, sensitive, against whose purity, spirituality, and sterling integrity I have yet to hear the first breath of aspersion from any one who knows her, and whose abundant productions as a medium show her to be a channel of the most elevating spiritual truths. To insinuate without provocation and without inquiry that this instrument of the angels may be the active agent in a gigantic and diabolical conspiracy, for years pursued, to impose upon the world in some of its most sacred interests, is surely unbecoming a man—not to say a professed philosopher and lover of spiritual truth. It is little short of a cruel outrage, inconsiderate though it may have been.

Those who find many of the communications "commonplace," and for whom the personal messages are of no especial interest, will find in the answers to questions—the larger number of which are given in reply to those presented orally, after the medium is entranced—much that is interesting and instructive; many obscure problems solved, giving evidence of an elevated and highly intelligent control. We are cognizant of a vast amount of good having been done through the agency of this department of the *Banner*, which has been maintained at great expense to the publishers, without reward save the consciousness of having been faithful to the duties entrusted to their charge. May the good old *Banner* long float to carry information to hungry minds and consolation to mourning hearts.

Fiat Justitia. ALBERT MORTON.

Miss M. T. Shelhamer as a Worker.

As a fitting comment upon the labors of this indefatigable worker, and an additional evidence in favor of the grand work in which she is engaged, the following extract from a report of the anniversary by John Wetherbee (Shadows), in the *Spiritual Offering*, is given. In the report of the proceedings in Berkeley Hall, Boston, under the auspices of the Spiritual Phenomena Association, William Wetherbee says:

"Dr. H. B. Storer was the principal speaker and was listened to for half an hour with much interest. He is always popular in a Boston audience. A feature of interest was the address of Miss Shelhamer, the medium of the *Banner* circle; after a few remarks somewhat

introductory, she spent her time in naming the spirits she saw, with circumstances and suggestions that would identify them, she named some twenty persons with circumstances at some length, every one of which were recognized. One young man arose and said that was the spirit of his father and every word was true and he was sure his father never knew the medium nor could she have known the circumstances of which she has spoken."

We are ignorant as to what would be considered conclusive evidence of genuineness by "C. C. M." and his colleagues in "The Experimental Research Section of the London Spiritualist Alliance."

The foregoing report is to us presumptive evidence, to say the least, that the twenty acknowledged tests given to persons present—not "persons at a distance"—were genuine, and not to be contemptuously thrust aside by the summaries or *ad captandum* arguments of persons laboring under such conditions of mental irritation "as would cause cavilling even though one appeared from the dead." A. M.

Passed to Spirit Life.

May 11, 1886, Mr. G. S. Cole, late of Battle Creek, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole came to this Coast last autumn, hoping a change of climate might restore him to health once more, but he was already so near the immortal shore, that restoration was impossible, and after a long and painful illness he put off the old garments of flesh for the beautiful robes of immortality. Mr. Cole was a brother-in-law of Mrs. L. E. Drake, of Battle Creek, also of Mrs. R. A. Loomis, of this city, at whose residence the change took place. A large number of sympathizing friends attended the funeral services, which were conducted by Mrs. Wiggin, of San Francisco, who made a most beautiful and touching invocation and address. The singing of "I Shall Know His Angel Name" was led by Mrs. Lizzie Gunn, after which a poem was recited by Mrs. J. Schlesinger, entitled, "From the Arabian." By request of Mrs. Cole, we publish both song and poem.

I SHALL KNOW HIS ANGEL NAME.
There's a dear one crossed the river,
Gone to meet the shining shore.

Gone to join the loved forever,
Gone to languish never more ;
Gone to learn the happy music
Of the spirit's glad refrain ;
Tell me, Oh ! ye bending guardians,
Do you know his angel name ?

I have wandered in the woodlands,
When the summer's green hung there,
List'ning to the wond'rous voices
Breathing in the atmosphere,
Thinking I might catch the echo
Wafted in some charming strain
Of his voice, or one familiar,
Telling me his angel name.

When we gather at the fireside,
Oft I linger by the chair,
Where he sat, and though 'tis vacant
To my eyes, I know he's there :
For above my burdened spirit,
Floats a dear and oft-sung strain
By him on the earth, but never
Telling me his angel name.

FROM THE ARABIC.

He who died at Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends ! it lies, I know,
Pale and cold and white as snow,
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead,"
Weeping at the feet and head ;
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers ;
Yet I smile and whisper this ;
I am not the thing you kiss ;
Cease your tears and let it lie,
It was *mine*, it is not I.

Sweet friends ! what the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting ;
Is a garment no more fitting ;
Is a cage from which at last,
Like a bird, my soul has passed.
Love the inmate, not the room ;
The wearer, not the garb ; the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends ! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What ye left upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear ;
'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl has gone ;
The shell is broken, it lies there ;
The pearl, the soul, the *all* is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him ; let it lie ;
Let the shards be earth once more,
Since the gold his in is store.

Allah glorious ! Allah good !
Now thy world is understood ;
Now the long, long wonder ends ;

And ye weep, my foolish friends !
While the man whom ye call dead
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you ; lost, 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you—
But in the light ye cannot see,
Of undisturbed felicity—
In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies !

Farewell, friends ! but not farewell !
Where I am, ye too shall dwell ;
I am gone before your face
A moment's worth, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept—
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep a while if you are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain—
Only not at death, for death
Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center !

Be ye certain, all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above—
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home—
La—il Allah ! Allah—la !
Oh, love divine ! O, love always !

He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

EXCHANGE NOTICES.

The *Occult World*; published by Mrs. Josephine W. Cables ; No. 40 Ambrose Street, Rochester, N. Y. ; \$1 per year.

The *Eastern Star* is a new semi-monthly Spiritualist paper, published by C. M. Brown, at Glenburn, Maine. Price, \$1 per year.

The *Ironclad Age* is a staunch, Liberal paper, and an earnest advocate of human rights. Published weekly at Indianapolis, Indiana. Price, \$2.50 per year.

"Psychometry, or Soul-Measure ; with Proofs of its Reality, and Directions for Its Development," is an interesting book by Mrs. L. A. Coffin, Medium and Psychometrist, of Somerville, Massachusetts.

The *National View* is "a friendly mouth-piece for the people, and the strong and persistent champion of that great trinity, Financial, Labor, and Temperance Reforms." Published weekly, at \$1 per year. Nos. 207 and 209 Four-and-one-half Street, Washington, D. C.

The *Weekly Discourse* is a neat pamphlet containing the lectures of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond as delivered each Sunday in Chicago. Price, \$2.50 per year ; 64 Union Park Place, Chicago, Ill.

Messrs. Colby & Rich of the *Banner of Light*, will please accept our thanks for a beautiful volume of "Inspirational Lectures and Impromptu Poems," delivered by W. J. Colville, with a personal sketch of the speaker.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The portrait of John Pierpont is from our crayon, copied from a photograph which is pronounced by friends of the noble spirit to be the best likeness of him extant. The strongly marked and characteristic modeling of the head and face is preserved in a manner we have never seen equalled except in a cameo portrait taken many years before his transition.

Our portrait of Miss Shelhamer fails to do justice to the truthfulness and spirituality of expression delineated in the photograph from which it was copied ; however, we submit it to our readers and physiognomists with confidence that the result of a study of the portrait will confirm our favorable comments on the work of this grand medium which are given in the present number.

The portrait of our highly successful test medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, will be received with pleasure by many who have heard of her remarkable test powers, both in public and private seances. We were recently present at a meeting in Washington Hall at which time Mrs. Whitney gave about forty names and descriptions of spirits, a large proportion of which were publicly acknowledged as being correct.

The manner in which the portrait of Milly was obtained is given in the sketch herein.

In the July number we expect to give portraits and sketches of the celebrated lecturer, W. J. Colville ; John W. Day, Associate editor of the *Banner of Light* ; and "The Mother of Modern Spiritualism," the venerable worker for humanity, Amy Post.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mrs. P. W. Stephens, the well-known medium and speaker of Sacramento, arrived in this city, May 19, for the purpose of being in attendance at the Camp-meeting. Her many friends will be pleased to welcome this faithful worker to their midst once more.

We are under obligations to Mr. Thos. Lees of Cleveland, Ohio, for copies of the *Plaindealer*, containing an able address by Mr. Lees on "The Work Modern Spiritualism has done for True Religion." It also contains a number of spirit communications of a remarkable character. The *Plaindealer* is laboring under the displeasure of the clergy of Cleveland, who have boycotted Sunday newspapers, and in retaliation, it has opened a *pulpit* in its Sunday columns. All liberal-minded men and women, whether Spiritualism or not, should rally to the support of such papers as are determined to defy the aggressions of orthodoxy. The movement now being made to suppress Sunday newspapers, shut up free reading-rooms and places of amusement on "the Sabbath" is an effort on the part of the ministers to force people to attend church. In this we think they will fail. When a bird has once tried its wings, it cannot be put back into the shell or nest. When people have had a taste of freedom, they will not go back into the shackles of orthodox creeds.

THE CAMPMEETING.

By the time our readers receive this number of the CARRIER DOVE, the State Convention of Spiritualists will be in session in this city. Many are looking forward to that time with pleasurable anticipations as a season of sweet spirit communion and intellectual enjoyment. That the greatest good may result, all should determine that individually they will labor to promote the best interests of the cause through its proper presentation to the public. This will be accomplished by a wise selection of speakers and mediums. No medium should presume to go before a critical public and attempt to give the evidences of immortal life, without being able and willing to submit to such test conditions as will prove satisfactory to any honest, candid

mind. If the "conditions" required by them and their "controls" are such as would lead one to suspect that the manifestations were of a fraudulent nature, we would advise them to avoid inviting criticism by attempting to display their powers, until they can do so in a manner that will satisfy the most skeptical of their honesty and the genuineness of their manifestations.

A COMMENDABLE MOVEMENT.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of San Francisco have inaugurated a series of meetings for the benefit of worthy members of the Association who may be in need of such assistance. It has been decided that hereafter the proceeds of the Sunday evening meetings, under the auspices of that society, shall be devoted to this purpose; as it is well known that right in our very midst are those whom unfortunate circumstances have rendered temporarily helpless and dependent, and it is the duty of those in comfortable circumstances to lend a helping hand, in such times of need. The first of these meetings was held at the residence of President H. C. Wilson, on the evening of May 24, for the benefit of Mrs. Whitehead, a very worthy woman. The mediums present, who volunteered their services on that occasion, were Mrs. M. Miller, Mrs. Jenne, Mrs. Frances, slate-writer, Dr. Schlesinger, Mrs. H. A. Wilson, and Mrs. Seip. Mrs. Miner sang two beautiful solos. The parlors were crowded to overflowing, at least sixty people being present, and many excellent tests were given. Mr. Wilson explained the object of the meeting, and envelopes were passed around in which each one could deposit their contribution. Dr. Schlesinger made a few remarks stating that if any person wished to subscribe to the CARRIER DOVE, or buy any of the copies there on sale, the amount of subscription and sales should be donated to the object of the meeting. The receipts of the evening were \$41.50.

Mr. Fred T. Evans also gave a benefit seance at his residence, on the same evening for the same purpose and succeeded in collecting \$20. We trust the whole amount thus obtained, \$61.50, will make glad the hearts of those for whom it was intended, and prove a worthy example which other societies and individuals would do well to imitate.

Sunday Papers.

A clerical clique in New York city is putting forth unusual efforts to suppress the issue of Sunday newspapers. Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby is at the head of it, and the most active worker. He not only preaches weekly screeds against these papers from his own pulpit, but issues what are virtually orders to his deacons and other members of his church in good standing, forbidding them either to buy or to read periodicals that are published on Sunday. This it will be admitted, is the genuine spirit of boycotting. He not only engages personally in this work, but he stirs up other ministers in the city to follow in his path. One of these followers, Rev. Dr. McArthur, preached a Thanksgiving sermon aimed very largely at the Sunday papers. A New York correspondent of a Boston contemporary, who has carefully studied this new crusade, says that the ground taken by the clergymen who have gone into this warfare is that the Sunday paper is injurious to its readers because it takes their minds off of the subject of religion, and has a general tendency to secularize the day. Dr. McArthur asserted that the contents of the Sunday papers were greatly demoralizing to the community. His particular and positive declaration was, that the Sunday newspaper must go.

He likewise stated that he was opposed to the opening of museums and libraries on Sunday. This being Dr. Crosby's position, also, the correspondent referred to observes that this fairly brings before the community the question of what shall be done with Sunday in New York. If, says he, the people are not to be allowed the wholesome reading which the Sunday papers present them with—are to be forbidden the enrichment of their minds in museums and other places where valuable information may be gathered—and are to be driven out of the libraries where they may find food for their minds—what is left for them to do? The church service is all that these ministers offer them; they would drive people into the church by closing up all the avenues of improvement and even of entertainment. But, allowing that they may be able to suppress the Sunday newspaper, and to close up all the libraries and museums that are now open on Sunday, the serious question then arises whether they would not thus cause a much greater actual demoralization in the general community than they claim is caused by what they now seek to destroy.—*Banner of Light*.

To love is to admire with the heart: to admire is to love with the mind.—*T. Gautier*.

Antagonizing the Churches.

As a considerable portion of the discussion at the National Woman's Suffrage Convention, turned, *in her absence*, upon Mrs. Stanton's well-worded "*Whereas*," and "*Therefore Resolved*," in regard to the biblical doctrine of "Woman's inferiority and subjection," we take for consideration the assertion made during that discussion, that "We cannot afford to antagonize the Churches."

It is allowable to meet assertion—being neither argument nor proof—with assertion; and believing, aye, even knowing, that the above doctrine has brought untold misery upon Christendom, we affirm that *We cannot afford to do anything else*. How would the statement look put this way—We cannot afford to be truthful and honest to our convictions, for fear of the Churches?

If to individual suffragists, individual members of strictly Orthodox Churches seem friendly, their friendship in general is but lukewarm, and it is well known how little there is to be gained to any cause by a seeming friendliness of such a milk-and-water nature.

How can that portion of the clergy who claim an "apostolic succession" and a divine right to the pulpit, concede woman's equal right to the "pulpit breeches," as a conspicuous one so vulgarly termed her claims?

Why, in the early history of the equal-rights party did not they say—We cannot afford to antagonize these women, these faithful allies and supporters—as we then ignorantly were. Simply because they knew they were in power, while we were yet weak and in disrepute.

If those churches are slightly veering round, as weathercocks do in a changing wind, it is only that they perceive that our antagonism counts, and that as formerly in the anti-slavery cause, and now in the prohibition movement, our organizations are increasing in numbers, strength, and influence; that the best talent of the political parties is espousing it; that truth and right and justice are "marching on."

"They see the watch-fires kindled in a thousand circling camps;

They see the altars build'd 'mid the evening dews and damps;*

We read the righteous sentence by dim and flaring lamps.

Mrs. Stanton is right. Three score and ten years of unremitting toil and labor have not whitened her curls, without her knowing whereof she affirms, that woman must first be emancipated from her subserviency—not to her natural religious tendencies, Heaven forbid!—but to her weakly inherited propensity for subscribing to man-made creeds and theologies in the name of religion.

* Campmeetings and evening sessions of the Woman's Rights Conventions.

There seems in any age, a coincidence of conviction in honest minds, in regard to any great work of reform; a unanimity of kindred souls.

Every human being is entitled to a sacredness in respect to religious emotions, belief, and aspirations, with which no other should inter-meddle; and no society should be formed, *presuming* to prescribe or circumscribe these feelings; much less proscribe the individual on account of individuality in the matter. There never will be "peace on earth and good will toward man," till this "rendering unto Cæsar the things due."

When was there ever an established religion upon earth that did not engender within itself a spirit of tyranny and persecution; or at least a "stand thou there, I am holier than thou" spirit.

Christ, though represented as being liberal—to the Jews he was a radical of the blackest dye—if here to-night, would cast the Ladies' Aid Social out of the Methodist Church for making it a house of feasting and the sale of Easter Cards for gain. Even the Liberal Organizations of our day, if not kept within bounds by suitable pressure upon all sides, would attempt to prescribe and proscribe. For nothing has man ever fought more readily and strenuously than for his religions. If all the wealth of time, money, and labor, spent upon their propagation and enforcement, had been directed into proper channels for the true enlightenment of the world, for its physical, moral, and intellectual culture, common humanity to-day could very well have been left in the peace and quiet and sacredness of its separate religious institutions, and not been found chopping off their "right hands," like the poor woman of yesterday, crazed by a religious revival, or still later, as did the mother who killed her children that they might escape hell. If in giving voice to our knowledge of the relation and position of creeds and theologies toward our own sex, we incur the antagonism of the Church, Hindu, Mohamadan, or Christian, we can only say, as did Emerson to the Millerite, who warned him of the approaching end of the world. "No matter," replied the Sage of Concord, "we can get on without it."

As it is not only claimed, but conceded, that the more liberal Protestant Churches are becoming more friendly than hitherto, if the bigoted orthodox combine in the future to "antagonize" equal rights, and continue to teach the exploded doctrine of woman's inferiority and to enforce her subjection, where will the blame lie?

LEWIS OLIVER.

MAGNETIC HEALING.

Answer to Question, "Banner of Light" Circle.

Q.—Is there, beside human and angelic magnetism, any remedy for disease save that found in the field of nature?

A.—We believe that in the field of nature there may be found a remedy for every ill the flesh is heir to. We believe principally in allowing nature to find her own equilibrium when the human system has been disorganized. We affirm that the highest curative agency known in the universe is magnetism, human and spiritual magnetism combined. By human or animal magnetism we mean those physical emanations which flow from the healthy physical body and become absorbed by the more negative diseased constitution; by spiritual magnetism we mean that peculiar, refined aura emanating from spiritual intelligences, who combine their influence with that of the healthy healer in mortal form, uniting the two forces, thus ministering to the spiritual needs and physical ailments of the patient at once. If this mode of treatment were adopted in every case of illness, and it was possible to find a healer whose magnetism would assimilate with that of the patient, whose own spiritual powers were adapted to the work, we believe that every case of sickness might be alleviated, if not cured; but sometimes these powers fail in their work because of the lack of the adaptability between the patient and the healer. Sometimes these forces are not called in requisition, and nature, lingering in her work of restoration, demands assistance. Well, in the field of nature—the great outside field of nature, we mean—we believe some curative agency may be found. The herbs of the field and the flowers of the garden yield medicinal qualities. This has been understood for ages past by your medical men; they have culled this knowledge and put it to practical use in many instances, and have yet more to learn on this vast subject. Constant experimentation will prove what we affirm to be true. We believe the time is coming when there will be known to the *materia medica* a cure, a medicine thoroughly adapted to every disease, which perhaps passing under the process of combination, according to various systems and stages of disease, will certainly work their sure result.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou's Clairvoyance.

The interest in Mrs. Ballou's Sunday evening discourses at the Horticultural Hall has been considerably augmented by some excellent Clairvoyant and Psy-

chometric tests, which she has given. On the 24th ult., she told a gentleman in the audience of a serious accident that had happened to him in his youth, by which he nearly lost his life, and located the seat of his injury. She furthermore described a female spirit standing by him. The gentleman acknowledged the truth of her statement with regard to the accident, and said the description of the spirit corresponded with that of his mother. Another spirit form standing between a lady and gentlemen was recognized by them, and a communication purporting to come from the spirit referring to an event in his earth-life, was acknowledged as correct. Both gentlemen testified to their being strangers to Mrs. Ballou. Last Sunday quite a number of satisfactory tests were given.—*Harbinger of Light*, (Melbourne, Aus.).

Answer to a Sealed Message.

The writer recently was talking to a gentleman on the subject of Spiritualistic phenomena, and the objection usually made that no information not known to at least one person present can be given, was discussed. The point was raised that a medium could not get any answer to a communication, the purport of which was unknown to the medium or anyone else in the circle. To test this the following experiment was tried: The gentleman wrote his own name and the name of some person known to be dead, with a question on a slip of paper, and inclosed the slip tightly in an envelope, which was given to the writer, the contents being entirely unknown to him. He took the envelope some evenings later to a circle and submitted it to several persons more or less mediumistic, but they were unable to make anything of it. It was then handed to a lady medium, who held it in her hand a moment and returned it unopened. Now, there was nobody in that room who knew what name was written in that envelope, so that any possible result could not be due to mind-reading or "thought transference." But a few minutes later this message was written with a pencil on a piece of paper:

"Mr. J. H. H.—(the name being given in full): I know that you want me to make this a test. I am here and send this to you." Then followed something of a personal nature, so obscurely written as to be read with difficulty, and the name was signed "Lena."

This was the name of the spirit addressed, written on a paper tightly sealed in an envelope that had never been opened, and which was unknown to a single person visibly present in that room. Was this mind-reading, and if so,

in whose mind was it read? How could it be thought transference when the whole matter was utterly unknown, and there could have been no thought about it? And if it was not one or the other, what was it?—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

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.

The Pilgrim Fathers.

[Written for the Anniversary of the Pilgrim Society, celebrated at Plymouth, December 22, 1824.]

The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?—

The waves that brought them o'er,
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the MAYFLOWER, moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale
When the heavens look dark, is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile—sainted name!

The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's
flame,
In the morning's flame burns now;
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;
But the Pilgrim—where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest;
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure
drest,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled.
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay where the MAY-
FLOWER lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

—John Pierpont.

Nothing but Water to Drink.

[A poem read at the National Convention of Spiritualists, at Providence, R. I., August, 1866, by JOHN PIERPONT.]

When the bright morning sun the new daylight
is bringing,
And the orchards and groves are with melody
ringing,
Their way to and from them the early birds
winging,
And their anthems of gladness and thanksgiving
singing,
Why do they so twitter and sing, do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to
drink.

When a shower on a hot day of summer is over,
And the fields are all smelling of white and red
clover,
And the honey-bee—busy and plundering
rover—
Is fumbling the blossom-leaves over and over,
Why so fresh, clean, and sweet are the fields,
do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to
drink.

Do you see that stout oak on its windy hill
growing?
Do you see what great hailstones that black
cloud is throwing?
Do you see that steam war-ship its ocean-way
going,
Against trade-winds and head-winds like hur-
ricanes blowing?
Why are oaks, clouds and war-ships so strong,
do you think?
Because they've had nothing but water to
drink.

Now, if we had to work in the shop, field, or
study,
And would have a strong hand, and a cheek
that is ruddy,
And would not have a brain that is addled and
muddy,
With our eyes all bunged up and our noses all
bloody,
How shall we make and keep ourselves so, do
you think?
Why, we must have nothing but water to drink.

Dr. Lucy C. Waite, of Chicago, has lately been admitted to the University of Vienna on equal terms with the male students. She is taking a special course in children's diseases, and attending the clinics of Dr. Herz, which are said to be the finest in the world. She has also been admitted to the special course in Gynecological Surgery and Obstetrics under Dr. Carl Braum.

Mrs. Anne B. Richardson, of Lowell, has been appointed the successor of Mrs. Clara B. Leonard, of Springfield, as a member of the Massachusetts Board of Health, Lunacy, and Reform.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

An Inspired Speaker Discusses its Merits.

The inspired lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, addressed an unusually large and intelligent audience at Metropolitan Hall last evening on the interesting topic of "The Vital Needs of the Hour, or Co-operative Labor versus Strikes." She argued that "the gathering storm clouds incident to the present labor trouble, imperiling the peace of our country as well as that of foreign lands, foreshadow sanguinary internecine strife and financial prostration unless wise measures of conciliation are speedily adopted." But the "wise measures," she held, were not the wisdom of strikes. The remedy for any great wrong was not to be found in the administration of a greater wrong. This great problem has but one proper solution—namely, arbitration. Though the power of a revolt against the oppression of capital be recognized, yet it should listen to the voice of wisdom.

She advanced the more radical philosophy of labor enthusiasts that has been sounded from the rostrum since the labor problem first assumed shape. "Labor can do without capital better than capital can do without labor. The laborer needs not the stimulus of capital and may eventually own the capital that his labor produces."

Her great panacea for all labor ills was organization and co-operation, and she thought it wiser to devote the proceeds at the command of labor toward that end rather than to alleviate the baneful effects of strikes.

The speaker was not a supporter of the widespread hue and cry that the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Stanfords, the millionaires were the great enemies of the working people—"it was alcohol, whisky, beer. Let it be stopped," she urged, "by legislation or moral suasion, or by any means whatsoever; let this great leakage of the laboring man's purse be stopped and we can all have more to eat and more to wear and live better than the kings of 500 years ago."

She thought that to avoid the scenes of twenty years ago every man and woman should at once go to work, educate the moral life and organize into co-operative labor.

The speaker alluded with bitterness to the fact that unscrupulous men were bought in the halls of Congress, and believed it was due solely to the negative action to the so-called respectable men who were disgusted with the filth of politics and ashamed to be identified with them. She believed that such a man ought to be disfranchised and a woman with a soul put in his place.

She closed her remarks with an appeal

to the women, reiterating their oft-claimed oppressed and downtrodden condition. She urged that their strength was not yet appreciated, and that now, of all others, in the healing of these great social wrongs, was the time to act with most effect.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

Mrs. Albert Morton.

Of the many mediums and various phases represented in this city, there is no medium possessing higher or more benign powers than Mrs. Albert Morton. The good lady has had so long the companionship of spirits from the angel side of life, and her own spiritual nature has reached such heights of enfoldment, that on entering her abode you feel at once that you are in the presence of divine influences in a holy atmosphere. One of Mrs. Morton's beautiful gifts is that of healing. She is guided in this by scientific spirit knowledge; teaches the patient something of the law at the same time she administers her life-giving balm. With the penetrating eye of prophecy she peers far into futurity and with minute exactness reads the history of "coming events." Added to these are psychometric gifts of a fine order. In these realms of thought and action Mrs. Morton is found a faithful laborer—doing a grand work in a grand way.

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 second page of advertisements. *

Professor E. I. Bonelli, one of our most successful music teachers, is introducing the process of severing the accessory tendons of the fourth or ring finger. The anatomical construction of the hand is such that this finger lacks a sufficient strength of touch and muscular power of elevation, when employed in the manipulation of the keyboard. Prof. Bonelli assures us that the operation is a perfect success. It is not an experiment with him, having already been performed in New York, Philadelphia, and abroad, and it has the unqualified approbation of the foreign conservatories. The operation is painless, leaves no scar, and as a result of it, the finger has the needed strength and pliancy. Judging from the manner Prof. Bonelli uses his fourth finger, it certainly has improved the action very much. In answer to an inquiry as to whether any of his pupils had been operated on, he kindly furnished us with the names of fourteen.

Not guilty as charged, was the verdict of the jury in the trial of Emma Norment, at Memphis, Tenn. This is the case. A young couple had grown up together, playmates and lovers from childhood. Under the promise of marriage, the young man seduced the girl. Her father and brother swore to kill him. She persuaded and held them back, hoping he would keep his promise. At one time all things were ready, wedding dinner cooked, guests invited, and at the last moment he ran away and went to Texas. After the baby was born, he came back, renewed his promise to marry "as soon as his business would allow." When the baby was nine months old, he eloped with a school girl, and married her. When the married pair came home from New Orleans, Emma came to town, went to his store and shot him through the heart.

The Maiden City Council has unanimously passed resolutions of respect to the memory of Mrs. Lucy P. Fuller, the wife of the Mayor, for her public services.

The addresses were strong and impressive and the women of the association were received with that respect and consideration which they merit, both as individuals and for their service to social progress."

THE CARRIER DOVE FOR MAY.—This fine magazine, with whose interests Albert Morton, Esq. (well-known to Boston Spiritualists, as well as to those of the Pacific slope), is closely associated—Mrs. J. Schlesinger being the editor—gives full promise of the highest future usefulness. Its issue for May has as a front-piece a portrait of Prof. Robert Hare, accompanying which is an account of some of his remarkable experiments in spirit-phenomena made in 1855, with engravings of apparatus designed and employed by him in scientifically testing their strength and genuineness. Following this is a sketch of the services rendered the public by making known to them the truths of Spiritualism, by Mrs. P. W. Stephens, together with a portrait of that worker, who, as is well known, is a sister of the late E. V. Wilson. The remaining illustration of this number is a full length lithograph of "Winona," the Indian control of Mrs. Thomas. With much else of great value is a discourse by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond upon "Life in Other Worlds," in which accounts are given of the planets Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, and their relation to the earth. The Third Annual Report of the San Francisco Society of Progressive Spiritualists is given, also an interesting miscellany of minor articles and items of local bearing. Publication office, 854½ Broadway, Oakland, Cal. Everybody should subscribe to this fine, illustrated magazine.—*Banner of Light*.

Why Not Examine It?

It is a singular fact that many persons denounce, without examination, anything that runs counter to their preconceived ideas, or differing from the doctrines taught in early life. Especially is this true with animal magnetism as a healing remedy. No sooner does a man speak of a cure wrought by this occult agent, or an editor tell of the wonderful powers of a magnetic healer, than all at once, with one accord, this class of skeptics cry "Quack!" "Humbug!" "I don't believe it!" This should not be. Men of intelligence owe it to themselves to prove that the terms they apply are deserved before they thus lavishly bestow them. Yet, strange to say, we find the greatest denouncement of magnetic cures among the class that have investigated its claims the least, and, as they themselves confess, know the least about it. Many physicians, graduates of our best medical colleges, are adopting magnetism either wholly or in connection with their other practice. They, the enlightened, thus acknowledge that in animal magnetism nature has its highest and best assistant in restoring diseased organizations. Dr. Babbitt, of New

York, after a long and careful investigation, writes thus: "There are two fundamental laws in the science of cure—the law of power and the law of harmony. All elements are potent in proportion as they are subtle or refined. In other words fineness is power, grossness is weakness. Thus such gross elements as rocks and earth lie in stupid inertness, having principally the negative power of resistance. Water is lighter and more subtle and has greater power, being able to wear away rocks and dissolve the earth. Air is eight hundred and ninety times as light as water, and yet when aroused can sweep the ocean into spray and dash the forests to the earth. Steam, still more subtle, can burst the very earth asunder, as in case of earthquakes. Electricity, far more refined still, is one of the principles that sweeps the world onward through space, and bears on its wings the strong orbs, many of which are millions of times as large as the world itself. Ascend now to magnetism, and we come to a principle so subtle as to penetrate all known substance and wield even electricity. A healthy human system being an epitome of everything, both spiritual and material, the magnetism that radiates from it constitutes the most effective of medicines, being the very life-power itself, and builds up the mind as well as the body. It is generally best communicated by the touch of the hand, which receives the brain forces very direct and may be intensified by the will-power, though it is not always necessary to use it. All diseases must be cured, if cured at all, by these fine soul-forces. The class of denouncers would soon dwindle to a handful if they would test the claims of magnetism and judge of the tree by its fruits. Drs. Darwin are most anxious to reach this class, and will assist in all ways to give a rigid, uncompromising, but just judgment. To such individuals we would say, if, after a fair test, they deem magnetism a humbug, they can speak of it knowingly. But before you condemn it prove by proper tests that it is not what it claims to be—the greatest curative power of the world.—*San Francisco Call*.

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, Photographs 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. Munler; Professor Robert Hare, Professor William Denton, Dr. H. F. Gardner.

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

Miss Gamble, lately deceased, made Girton College (the Woman's College at Cambridge, Eng.), her residuary legatee.

Mrs. Deborah G. King, of Lincoln, Neb., National Inspector W. R. C., will deliver the Memorial Day address at Superior, Neb., by invitation of the G. A. R. of that place.

For biliousness, constipation and impurities of the blood use the Tonic Liver Pills, prepared and sold at Dr. Fearn's pharmacy, corner 10th and Washington Sts., Oakland. 25c. per box, per post 20c.



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