



W. J. COLVILLE.

# The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME III.

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## W. J. COLVILLE.

As the subject of this sketch is at present sojourning in our midst ministering to the spiritual needs of the multitudes who flock to hear him during his services at the Camp Meeting, we thought it would please our readers, especially those who have made his acquaintance at this Convention, to be able to carry home with them the "shadow of the real man," with a brief sketch of his mediumistic experience. The *Golden Gate* speaking of his first appearance here says:

Mr. Colville is beardless, boyish, spirituelle looking, small of stature, but with mighty powers. He has a large and remarkably shaped head, almost all intellect and spirit, with only base brain enough to anchor him to the earth.

He commenced with an eloquent invocation to the Divine Spirit of Love and Wisdom couched in such tender words and so full of sweet gentleness and pathos as to at once win for him a place in all hearts. His address was alike full of sympathy and good will. The burden of his theme was the exaltation of humanity, and the work of the new dispensation of Spiritualism to meet the hungry longings of the soul for that knowledge and unfoldment which can alone bring rest and happiness. His language was the perfection of graceful utterance, without the least straining for effect. His well-rounded and artistic sentences flowed from his tongue in a continuous strain of unbroken melody, while every ear was eager to catch the slightest note of the grand anthem.

After the address the speaker gave an improvisation in poetry on a theme suggested by the audience, in which was displayed much poetic ingenuity.

The secret of Mr. Colville's power as a public speaker is his great heart of love and charity for all humanity. He knows how mankind is environed with conditions—how the bias of birth, education, and the lack of education, warp poor human nature, making it, often, but little more responsible for its devious ways than the weather vane is responsible for the wind that blows. He realizes the many perils that beset the race, and how weak are many to resist the seductive allurements to a vicious life;

and his sympathetic nature goes out to all erring ones in loving tenderness. This is the true Christ spirit."

The following sketch is from a volume of Mr. Colville's Lectures and Poems and is written by a friend of long standing.

"In the very early spring of 1877, W. J. Colville was first introduced to Mr. Burns, the publisher of this volume. At that time he was under 18 years of age, and had enjoyed very few educational advantages; nevertheless his inspired oratory was so remarkable, that after hearing him speak once in the drawing room at the Spiritual Institution, the Editor of *The Medium* considered himself justified in hiring a short-hand writer to take down W. J. Colville's oration, at Doughty Hall, on the following Sunday evening. That lecture and many others were soon after published in *The Medium* and the name of W. J. Colville soon became a household word with all English-speaking Spiritualists.

The story of his sudden and singular discovery of his mediumistic powers has often been told, and is doubtless familiar to many who will read this record, though it will be new to others.

On the 24th of May, 1874, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan (now Mrs. Richmond) spoke in the Concert Hall, West Street, Brighton. W. J. Colville, who was then a child, and knew nothing whatever of Spiritualism (though he was extremely interested in liberal religion, and was at that time an active member of a Unitarian congregation, though as a professional singer he frequently officiated in the choirs of churches of widely different theology) was attracted by the unusual announcement that a lady, described on the placards as a "trance medium," would lecture upon 'Spiritualism, under influence of her spirit guides,' and also give 'an impromptu poem on a subject chosen by the audience.'

Attending the meeting on the evening in question, he became conscious of spirit presence during Mrs. Tappan's inspired invocation. He distinctly remembers seeing a misty form behind the speaker, the outlines of whose features he could clearly trace, while throughout the oration and poem his attention and gaze were rivetted upon the speaker, he feeling all the time under a most agreeable spell, as though some very pleasant

change were about to take place in himself and his surroundings.

No sooner had he returned home than he astonished all at the supper table, by asking in a deep bass voice if the company present knew anything about Spiritualism, telling them that if they did not they would show their wisdom if they refrained from abusing it. (The conversation had turned on Spiritualism, through W. J. Colville having told the folks at the table that he had been to hear a Mrs. Tappan instead of going to church as usual.) "Well," said a lady present, "you say that Mrs. Tappan gives impromptu poems on any subjects the audience may give her; if there are any spirits here, let them influence you and give us a similar test; and that will be a test if you give a poem, as we know you have never displayed the slightest poetical genius, and do not even care to read poetry." The words were hardly out of the lady's mouth, when W. J. Colville's features underwent a complete transformation, and in a girlish voice of very peculiar tone, he expressed his readiness to improvise on any suitable theme.

He describes his sensation at the time in the following words, which we have from his own lips: "I suddenly felt myself lifted in the air. I seemed to have an enormous head and a very small body. My lips seemed to be moving mechanically, under the pressure of some influence over which I could exert, and could will to exert, no power whatever. I heard some one commenting upon a poem, and then I sat down and finished my supper, and wondered if I had not been to sleep. That was my first experience as a medium for speaking, though from my earliest childhood I had had spiritual experiences, and constantly felt, saw, and heard beings around me, who were not in material form."

After that first striking example of inspired utterance, W. J. Colville was constantly requested to display his phenomenal abilities in the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy and gentry. About that time, or soon after, he was the subject of many very successful mesmeric experiments, though he was never really subject to the influence of more than one person, a young gentleman of extraordinary psychological power and very at-

tractive personal appearance, to whom W. J. Colville continued devotedly attached from the first moment of their meeting, till circumstances, over which neither of them had the least control, separated them, doubtless at the right time, as this loss of his dearest friend opened the way for our Lecturer's prominent appearance before the public at large.

All through his public career, which has been a very striking and eventful one, W. J. Colville has relied entirely upon the guidance of his invisible friends. He assures all that they have never deceived and never once led him to make a move he afterwards repented. The only occasions when he has acted unwisely have been when he has not taken or acted upon the advice of his unseen directors, whom he regards as his dearest friends, and between whom and himself the closest bonds of sympathy always exist.

Sometimes while speaking he is quite unconscious, at other times he hears everything that is said, but his own mind never interferes with the controlling spirit. No one can listen to his utterances for any length of time, without discovering traces of the distinctive individuality of the various spirits who constitute his band of guides. At times the style is argumentative, and the lectures are closely reasoned in plain, forcible language, adapted to hard-headed thinkers and controversialists; at other times the language is singularly flowery and poetic, and the subject matter is idealistic or transcendental; while the answers to questions upon hundreds of different subjects, which are constantly being given both publicly and privately through this remarkable instrument of the Spirit-world, give evidence of a reservoir of intelligence somewhere, which appears inexhaustible.

Though W. J. Colville is admirably adapted for introducing Spiritualism to new hearers and to places where its claims have never been fairly presented to the public, and while he excels in dealing with almost every topic of public interest, his great power has been chiefly manifested in long engagements in one place, as in the case of his lengthy ministrations in Berkeley Hall, and other places in the city of Boston, U. S. A. The more one hears him the more one wishes to listen to what he says (or rather to what his guides have to say through him), and only when he has the opportunity of following up a train of thought, by a long series of concatenated lectures, does the full greatness of his abilities as an orator begin to dawn upon the listener. Of course all lectures are not of equal value, and conditions have something to do with their

delivery, though not nearly so much as with the majority of mediumistic orators.

W. J. Colville cannot be called an uncultured or illiterate person, though he never received any education beyond that obtained in a preparatory school, and he was never either an apt scholar nor a regular attendant when he was getting his education. He has, however, considerable natural abilities, has keen perceptive faculties, but not a very good memory. He can be very agreeable in private life, when he chooses to exert himself to please, but very often persons, who desire to intrude upon his privacy or force themselves upon his notice, find him absent-minded and indifferent to their desires.

In personal appearance he is decidedly attractive, though one would not call him singularly handsome. His manners, when he is in a happy mood, are pleasant and polite. He can converse fluently and entertainingly upon his travels and experiences in the world, and often manifests a large amount of genuine humor, not always unmixed with satire. He is five feet seven inches in height, not very stout, singularly well-built, though by no means powerfully organized. His features are finely chiselled. He has a fine head, expansive brow, expressive blue eyes, fair hair and a very clear skin.

The leading phrenological indications of character seem to be *Conscientiousness*, manifesting itself in a devout reverence for the moral sense of every individual, a hatred for shams and artifices, and a singular breadth of thought and toleration for everybody's convictions, no matter how singular they may appear to the world. *Benevolence*, expressing itself in a desire to help everybody, without however any particular feeling of regard for relations or fellow countrymen. *Ideality*, manifested in an appreciation of everything beautiful in nature and art, and a great belief in the influence of the beautiful to elevate the human race. *Causality*, evidenced in a determination to know the why and wherefore of all things as far as possible. These four organs seem exceptionally prominent, while *Mirthfulness*, *Self-esteem*, *Approbativeness*, *Combativeness*, and *Cautiousness*, are all quite sufficiently developed. *Continuity*, *Amativeness*, *Philoprogenitiveness*, and some others are conspicuous by their absence rather than by their presence.

W. J. Colville is a natural Theist: he could not be an Atheist were he to try ever so hard to give up his faith in a Supreme Intelligence. He is a born Spiritualist, and finds it as hard to comprehend Materialism as Materialists find it difficult to discover the reasonableness

of Spiritualism. Though fond of music, ritual and all the accessories of ostentatious systems of religion, he has a hatred of all sectarian limitations, and perhaps his intense love of liberty is above all his dominant characteristic. He is quite willing that all others should enjoy their freedom, but he must have his own. He makes a bad servant, but a kind and considerate master. He is not tyrannical or aggressive, but very impatient of all restraint, and therefore succeeds far better on an independent basis than as a hireling of a society.

As an author, W. J. Colville has made a great name, both in England and America. He wields a graceful and facile pen, but declares himself utterly unable to excel in any literary enterprise without the assistance of his spirit friends. He has a splendid voice, both for speaking and singing, clear, resonant, and penetrating, capable of giving great expression to all he essays to interpret. As an instrumental musician he would never rise into celebrity, by reason of his lack of application to study, it being quite unnatural to him to work in any direction which requires a special effort of his own mind. This trait would be a weakness in many, but in him it is a source of strength, as with his peculiar gifts and sensitive organization, he is now often able to speak at length three times on a Sunday, and five evenings in the week, to large public audiences; also frequently to sing in public, accomplish a great deal of literary work, and take a large amount of out-door exercise without apparent fatigue.

His chosen companions are vigorous young men, and he has a great love of animals, from whom he says he gets more good than from any other quarter. Dogs are his special favourites, with whom he is always on terms of mutual confidence and affection. He is kind and considerate to children, but has no faculty for training them until they are approaching maturity. He seems entirely destitute of appreciation of wedded bliss, and, though thoroughly domesticated from childhood, is utterly unfit to enter the married state; and, indeed, he assures us he cannot understand the attraction of the sexes, except theoretically.

He is almost always in the enjoyment of excellent health, and finds his work a pleasure, and is evidently peculiarly cut out by nature to do exactly the work he is so ably performing.

Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, of Philadelphia, has been admitted by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania to full fellowship at the bar. She can now practice before all the tribunals of the State.



AMY POST.

## AMY POST.

## "The Mother of Modern Spiritualism."

BY A. E. TILDEN, M. D.

The name of Amy Post does not take up much space on paper, but for nearly half a century she, on account of her great deeds for the good of mankind, has attracted attention among reformers, more perhaps than any other female reformer, not a public speaker.

This is because of her firmness in the defense and advocacy of truth, and the wisdom of her counsels.

When some reformers were disposed to rush forward with inconsiderate zeal and censorious spirit, and others were doubting, wavering, halting, her intuitions seemed to comprehend the situation, and the wisdom of her counsel was so apparent that she was looked upon as a safe and sure guiding star.

She was born on Long Island near Jericho on the 20th day of December, 1802.

Her early religious training was among the people called Friends. During her whole life she has endeavored to live in the sincere practice of everything good taught among them or any other religious sect; but as her reasoning faculties became mature she asserted for herself the right of private judgment, as did her noble husband, Isaac Post, and together they discarded all shams and superstitions as fast as they were discovered to be such; and although they were obliged to endure opposition and persecution from many who did not unlearn error as fast as they did, they dared to proclaim and live the truth.

The biography of Amy Post ought to be written for the encouragement of others, but this can only be a very brief sketch.

Her private charities have made her conspicuous, but her world-wide fame has been gained by her zealous and wise labors to promote the causes of Anti-Slavery, woman's right to a voice in the government by which she is governed and taxed, and last, but not least, in her own estimation, *Modern Spiritualism*.

It was Amy Post who first brought the young Fox sisters to notice before the public with the "Rochester Rappings," and stood by and defended them before the infuriated mob in Corinthian Hall, and when they succeeded in escaping from the mob in the hall under protection of the police she conducted them to her own residence where she sustained and protected them till they could safely again appear in the public thoroughfare. The mob in the hall organized and adopted a resolution warning the medium girls to leave the city within twenty-four hours.

They had committed no offense only to

submit to be passive and make it possible for disembodied intelligences to use their magnetic aura to manifest their presence and thereby prove that the conscious life of the spirit survives the dissolution of the body.

Without Amy Post those young and sensitive mediums would have been frightened into obedience to the mandates of the mob, if not killed outright. Therefore she has been appropriately called the *Mother of Modern Spiritualism*.

The celebrated medium and speaker, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, Md., attended the funeral services of Mr. Goodwin, the husband of her sister Lottie, at which time the kind offices of Mrs. Post in this time of bereavement called forth an appreciative letter of acknowledgment of services which truthfully set forth the characteristics of Amy Post's interior nature.

In a letter dated April 28, 1877, just after her return to Baltimore, speaking of her sister Lottie, Mrs. Hyzer says: "She feels your kindness to her in her great trial more than words can ever tell you, and I speak for her as well as myself, and those who most sympathize with her in her trial, when I tell you that your tender thoughtfulness of her needs and her sorrow have placed us all under the most undischageable obligations to you and your noble son Willett.

You, dear Amy, have been mother, sister, friend, and comforter in a time and in a place that no one but yourself could have filled to us. But Lottie and I are but a small proportion of that class of humanity who can truly thank God that you have lived and still live upon the Earth.

Surely your house is the Temple of Truth!

I have made your relations to your household, your friends and your dependents the subject of much careful and philosophical criticism when I have been in my soul and mind laboratory among my crucibles, lamps and retorts, and I have set you down dear friend in the rank of "*Divine Positives*."

I do not think your nature, my dear sister, is one half understood even by those who prize and love and honor you most.

No nature *is* that yields while it conquers, weighing justly in tenderness, deciding firmly in love, and retaining with unimpeachable integrity its own selfhood while giving of all for the good of others, seeking in every thought and action to lift up the fallen, to free the oppressed, to heal the broken in heart and give courage to the weary and despairing.

Many think that gentleness and tenderness, and sympathy, and patience, and generous pity are the types of the less potent forces of the soul, while so

far from being these they are the highest evidence of God's omnipresent love and omnipotence; and those who are largely enfolded in these principles, of all who walk the Earth, can best afford to be unappreciated.

I do not mean by this that my dear friend Amy is not appreciated. On the contrary her praises glow upon the lips of all who know her. Nevertheless I would that all could see the principles that govern her actions and inspire her beautiful and noble life as I see them by the altar flames of my worship of eternal truth and imperishable love, when those flames are fanned by the ministry of angels and the breath of Divine Revelation.

But each one must judge another by his own light, and the more light we have within ourselves the more justice we can measure toward another.

Thy friends will have no power to rear  
A monument for thee,  
Thy life stands forth all pure and clear  
Upon eternity,  
Fairer than fairest marble stands  
In artist halls or classic lands.  
The chisel of immortal truth  
And love Divine has wrought  
The graces of a fadeless youth  
Into thy deed and thought,  
Until thou art in mind and heart,  
Thyself a form of highest art,  
Unto its peerless loveliness  
We may our tributes bring  
'Twill not itself be more or less  
For all the praise we sing,  
Thy life is wrought by love divine,  
The joy of living *true* is thine.

The above word-picture by Mrs. Hyzer of Amy Post's mental characteristics is so perfect that those best acquainted with her will hardly need to have her name given in order to know to whom it applies in a pre-eminent degree.

Mrs. Post looks upon every human being, however degraded, as an angel in embryo, and the lower they are in the scale, the more they need our help, our kind offices and encouragement to make themselves better.

Although she would deal with oppressors and wrong-doers educationally instead of vindictively, her sympathies are entirely on the side of the oppressed and the weary, and for years her house was kept open as a refuge for the victims of American slavery fleeing to a land of freedom. In other words her house was a station of what was called "The Underground Railroad."

All true reformers, though they may differ as to means and measures, are alike in favor of all apprehended good, but while there are so many departments of humanitarian labor it is impossible for any one person to devote a great deal of time to *every* good work, so as to occupy a conspicuous position among its advocates, but Amy Post has stood in the van among the foremost workers for the

equal rights of all men and all women, and for the last thirty-seven years, she has devoted her energies and means to aid in the promulgation of the truth that conscious life and progression do not end with the dissolution of the earthly body, as proved by the return and manifestation of spirits through media.

Though, as has been mentioned, she has never been a public lecturer, her zeal and efficient labors have been such that her fame as a reformer is not confined to this continent, but people visiting this country from across the oceans have so planned their excursions as to visit the humble but angel-blessed residence of Amy Post in Rochester, New York, and testify to her personally their high regard and appreciation.

The writer of this sketch has seen her called up and cheered, in Hersha Hall, Chicago, and in Chickering Hall, New York, when crowded to excess with reformers who had heard of her great works for the good of mankind, and were anxious to look upon the one they had learned to regard with so much veneration.

Perhaps some of them had pictured her in their imagination as an Amazonian in physical proportions. What they saw when her natural diffidence could be overcome so that she rose to her feet, was an octogenarian, weighing about one hundred pounds.

It was not the physical power of Amy Post that tyrants, both great and small, have so much feared for the last fifty years, but the power of truth, of which she seemed to always have an intuitive perception, the courage with which she dared to utter her convictions against the prejudices and ignorance of the multitude, and the manifest wisdom so potent in guiding the friends of truth in their efforts to bless the world.

The weight of years is upon Amy Post. She will soon be lost to mortal sight. Though to many she appears about as she has for the last decade, her nearest friends and associates perceive that her life vigor is diminishing. At a time not very distant, she will rejoin her noble, loved companion, Isaac Post, in the land immortal.

There will be mourning among us blind mortals in earth life, but she will meet a rapturous greeting from friends of truth who have preceded her to spheres of light, and from multitudes who have been recipients of her benefaction in material things.

I must here pay a deserved tribute to her grand and noble husband, the late Isaac Post, who passed on about fifteen years ago.

During his earth life he and Amy appeared to have been a perfect unit in labors to do good.

In this respect she was spared the terrible, soul-crushing experience of many whose companions do not sympathize with their efforts to make the world better and happier.

Amy was Isaac's second wife, his first wife having been Amy's oldest sister, Hannah, so in marrying her he became the husband of his deceased wife's sister.

This act was contrary to the rules of the Quaker society of which they were members. The society could perhaps do no less than to apply their discipline and disown them, which they accordingly did until they should make suitable acknowledgements. Subsequently they signed a paper acknowledging that they had married contrary to the rules of the Church, and on doing this they were received back to full fellowship.

They did not acknowledge that they "were sorry and would never do so again," for she says they never did get sorry.

Their life together was beautifully harmonious, and since his transition, the frequency of return to her shows that she still is blessed with his guardianship and loving ministration.

Since the above was written he has communicated his wish that I would make mention of his being guided by the superior wisdom of his wife in nearly all things. This communication was given in writing, by mechanical control.

Amy Post fully realizes that the progress and triumph of Spiritualism depends upon establishing the fact that what is called phenomenal or physical mediumship is genuine and not fraudulent. She does not underrate other phases, but what are called the mental phases have existed for many centuries without producing any such thing as modern Spiritualism in the world.

All there is of modern Spiritualism today is the result of establishing the fact that the rappings through the Fox girls, and others, and other forms of physical manifestations that followed were genuinely produced by disembodied intelligencies. This is the only point of contention between the friends and the enemies of Spiritualism in both spirit and mundane life.

If it can be proved that disembodied spirits ever produced one rap or any other manifestation, there is nothing more that need be proved to convince every reasonable person that Spiritualism is a truth. Spirit and mundane enemies know this very well and so are doing all they can to disparage mediums by representing that the most convincing phases of mediumship are frauds. There is but one class of enemies of Spiritualism; those who try to destroy the confidence of the public in the genuineness of the phenomena that prove spirit return.

Some inspirational speakers are controlled by just such spirit enemies, who do all they can against the physical and materializing phenomena. Mrs. Post has no sympathy with such, and considers it wrong to give them countenance and employment, because they surrender the only vital point in the controversy to the enemy.

A family of mediums, grown up and developed within the last few years under her supervision, assailed and slandered by Spiritualists, whose attendant spirit-guides are on a different plane of development, have been so defended and aided by her that they call her their patron saint and declare that the world shall yet know to whom should be ascribed all the good they shall ever do as mediums. For, as with the Fox girl mediums so with them, without Amy Post, to all human visions, the spirit enemies of truth with their mediums would have prevailed and put them down. She has consented that they may call themselves after the name of "The Amy Post company of mediums."

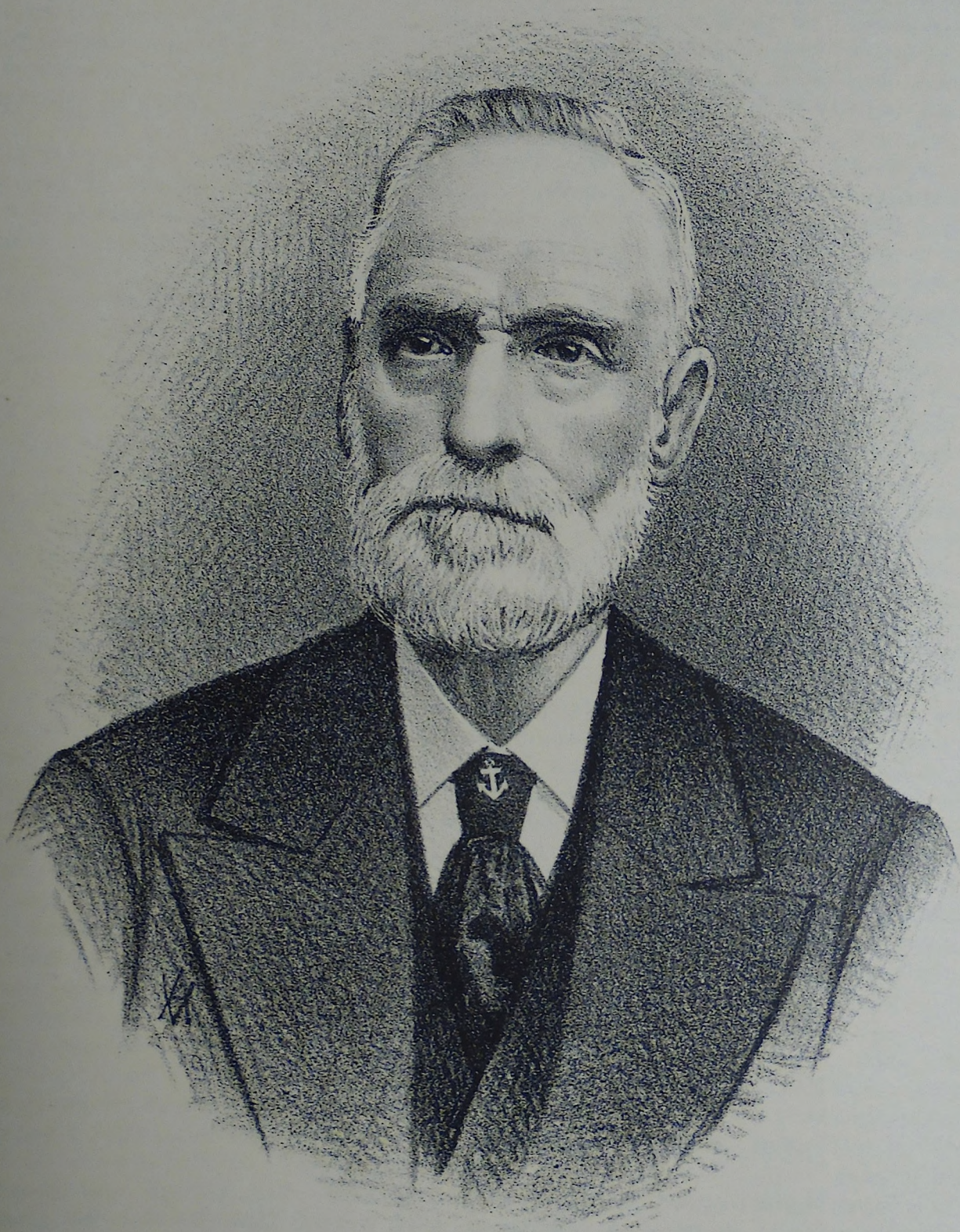
The first Woman's Rights convention was held at Seneca Falls. Amy Post attended it and took part in its deliberations. There she met Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth C. Stanton, and others of both sexes, whose names will go down to posterity as among the earliest and ablest advocates of the right of franchise for women. The efforts and influence of Amy Post succeeded in having the next convention meet in Rochester. This second convention was held in a church and was largely attended by both citizens and strangers.

They were met in convention to prove to the world that woman had the right and was capable of judiciously wielding the ballot to control the destiny, not only of individuals and municipalities, but of states and nations, and to even topple down kingdoms and empires in the interest of human rights and human progress.

But, behold! how were they struck with astonishment and even consternation when Amy Post, from the Committee on Nominations, reported the name Abigail Bush for permanent President! It was an idea that they had not contemplated, that a woman could preside with sufficient dignity in a crowded convention of fashionable people in a fashionable city church.

Some of those who had come to speak to champion woman's rights and abilities were alarmed and almost horrified. One strong and talented advocate of the cause declared that she would take no part in the convention unless a certain gentleman should be President.

But Amy Post, who probably never said an impatient word in her life, se-



JOHN BROWN SR

renely stood upon the opinion she had formed, that, notwithstanding woman's disadvantages, there were women capable of presiding in a Woman's Rights Convention, and Abigail Bush was chosen. After she had made her inaugural speech, which was very brief, nobody whispered distrust, and by the time the convention closed, it is believed that every person present had found out that a woman could fill the place of President of a convention with ability and becoming dignity. Lucretia Mott and others who had opposed the experiment, congratulated her upon her accuracy of judgment.

This was one reform which Amy Post inaugurated and successfully carried out in one session of the convention. Women have answered for Presidents of conventions ever since that triumph of Amy Post.

### JOHN BROWN, SR.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

The power to perceive spirit presences and to comprehend spirit impressions is a gift of nature—a sixth sense, which may be called the spiritual sense. The subject of this sketch has possessed the gift from childhood. Soon after his birth, in 1817, he was taken by his parents from Massachusetts to Missouri, where, being left an orphan at an early age, he was cared for by strangers, but was essentially alone in the world. He had no playmates. Nature was his only teacher. Listening to her voice, and solacing his lonely soul with her beauty, it is not strange that, endowed as he was with the spiritual sense, he heard spirit voices, coming as if from the air, when he was alone in the fields. The voices said to him, "John, we have come to help you; we love you and want you to love us." In giving an account of this experience, John Brown says:

"At times they seemed to be close to me, but I could not see them. When I related the facts to the people I lived with they said I had eaten too much, and sent me to bed without my supper. I was so often deprived of food, after telling what I had heard, that I finally learned to keep such things secret. One day, when about seven years of age, I was in the field alone when I suddenly became aware of the presence of a large number of people. As I did not see them come from anywhere, I was somewhat startled. Most of them were children; they talked to me, and wanted to play with me; but seeing some of them disappear suddenly, and then appear again close to me, I became frightened, although they seemed as natural as any children, and were friendly. The family I lived with were absent, but in my

fright I ran into the log cabin and hastily closed and locked the door. It soon opened, and a pleasant-looking man, bearing in his hands a rod about two feet in length, entered and said he had come to remove all fear of my strange visitors. He requested me to take in my hands the rod he carried. I did so, and at once felt attracted to him. The rod, he said, was the symbol of truth. After a brief conversation, in which he assured me he would watch over and protect me and be my teacher and friend, he took the rod, which I handed to him, bade me 'good-bye,' and walked out. I ran to the door to call him back, but found it locked. On opening it no one could be seen. This spirit has ever since been my near and dear friend; my guardian angel, my teacher and guide. He has watched over and cared for me; has saved me from drowning in the dark waters; has preserved me from being devoured by wild beasts, and has protected me from the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the wild Indian. 'What good has Spiritualism done' is a question I can answer for myself, if not for others—It has been my preserver from the days of my youth, my counsellor in times of doubt, my consoler in affliction, my instructor and guide; and now that the end of earth-life draws near, it is my guarantee of life immortal."

After the Seer of Nazareth, at the age of twelve years, confounded the wise men in the temple, no more is heard of him until, at thirty years of age, he was baptised in the river Jordan and began to teach the people. John Brown, the Seer, did not lose his spiritual gifts, but, as little that was very remarkable occurred during this early period, it is well to pass over a few years, until he reached the second phase of his mediumship, that of prophecy, which began in his boyhood, when he went to the Rocky Mountains in the employ of a trapping party composed of sixteen whites and six Indians. To his lodge at night came his spirit friend, with whom the spirit of John Brown traveled to distant places, his guide pointing out the occurrences of the ensuing day. Brown saw the trail his company would travel, the beaver they would trap, the wild animals they were to kill, the locality of their next camping ground, etc. He also saw persons far distant, who were traveling, trapping, or trading with the Indians. In the morning the occupants of the other lodges of the camp would gather in Brown's lodge, often before he was awake, to learn what he had seen, and the "dreams," as his companions called them (though he knew they were not dreams), invariably proved true. A single illustration is sufficient: The party were camped some distance south of Pike's

Peake, when John Brown's guide, one night, took him to the Pueblo, on the Arkansas River, thirty miles distant, and showed him the ox-teams of James Waters, a trader well known to the company, who had gone East for supplies, and was not expected to return for several months. Brown saw a wagon of peculiar construction, with a crooked bed and box painted red. He saw the trader's goods, including tobacco, powder, lead, shirts, hats, blankets, etc., and among the rest a box of white clay pipes, an article never before seen in that country. He particularly noticed an iron-gray mare, which his guide told him Mr. Waters had brought for Timothy Goodale, one of Brown's party. The mare had never been shod, and was in excellent condition for an animal that had just traveled a thousand miles. He even noticed a pile of wood the campers had hauled in for fuel, and inside the fort he saw a white woman and two children, and observed their clothing, including checked aprons and calico sunbonnets. On relating his experience the next morning Brown's companions thought the statements could not be true, because the time set for Waters' return lacked two months of expiration; he had always driven mules instead of oxen, and it was utterly improbable that any white woman would come into the Indian country. They immediately sent a messenger to the Pueblo, and on the following morning Mr. Brown told them that the messenger, Tim Goodale, had started on his return and would be in camp at sundown, leading the gray mare. At that exact hour he returned leading the mare, and smoking one of the white clay pipes. When asked what was the news, he said he had none, that Brown had told them all, even to the thin strips of board used by the white woman to stiffen her sunbonnet. This woman was the wife of a Mr. Washburn, who, with his family, was on his way to California.

It is remarkable that although the spiritual experiences of John Brown were usually at night, the places seen by him appeared as in daylight. That this was not owing to the ability of the spirit to see in the dark is evident from the fact that the persons seen, instead of being found asleep, were always engaged in employments of the day. Usually they appeared to be doing just what they were afterwards found doing when the hunting party reached that portion of their journey, which was generally on the ensuing day. In case the incidents foretold were undesirable, Brown and his companions endeavored to prevent their occurrence, but just before the time set for their fulfillment they would invariably forget the warning, and the incidents would take place precisely as related,



after which the prediction would recur to their minds. After the fulfillment of many such predictions members of the party began to bet with people they met on the happening of events predicted. Brown protested against it, but they continued to bet, and the gift of prophecy left him for several years.

During the Mexican war the American troops killed a number of Apaches, and in revenge the Indians made raids on the whites from the Mexican line as far north as the headwaters of the Arkansas. It became unsafe for whites to remain in the country, and in 1849, Brown and his party started for California, and while on the way, were overtaken by gold-seekers who had heard of the discoveries on this coast. Brown went to the Mission San Juan, about thirty miles from Monterey, and while there one night his guide told him that a steamer would arrive at Monterey the next day with news of the admission of California to the Union. Brown announced the fact to W. J. Shaw and others, and the vessel came in with the news as predicted.

After some trading ventures in the mines, Mr. Brown settled in San Bernardino, where he has since resided. Here he was endowed with additional powers of mediumship, being granted the gift of healing; yet he did not lose his prophetic power, as he frequently foretold the death or recovery of the sick, and on one occasion described a mysterious murder which occurred forty miles distant and named the murderers. Rush Dickey, the County Assessor, suddenly disappeared while traveling alone on business to Fort Yuma. No trace of him could be found, but Mr. Brown, on being applied to, said to a circle of friends, "Go forty miles out on the Yuma road, two miles after passing an Indian village at Agua Caliente, turn from the trail to the right and go to some oak trees where a part of Dickey's body will be found!" The father of Rush Dickey then had an interview with Mr. Brown, who said to him, "Your son stopped at the Indian village to rest his horse, and was accosted by two Indians, one named Serape, the other Jose, who asked him where he was going. They then went out on the road two miles and waited until he came along, when one of them shot him with a rifle and the other with arrows. They cut up his saddle, and you will find pieces of it in their camp." A sheriff's posse immediately went to the place, found mutilated remains under the oak trees, found the pieces of saddle in the Indians' camp, and arrested Jose, but Serape escaped and was afterwards shot by his own brother. The confession of Jose confirmed Mr. Brown's statement to the letter, and the murderer was executed.

Among the cures performed by aid of

Mr. Brown was that of N. Williamson, who was accidentally shot, and was pronounced by physicians to be incurable. By request of friends Mr. Brown paid the dying man a visit at Los Angeles, and was shown by his spirit guide the exact location in the man's body of a strip of cotton cloth and two pieces of bone, and pointed out the spot where the incision must be made to take them out. He also made a drawing of the pieces of bone, and informed the wounded man that he could be successfully operated upon, and that in a few weeks he would be able to visit his family in Texas, who, Mr. Brown's guide stated, were homeless, their house having been burned. The Los Angeles physicians refused to attempt the operation, but Mr. Williamson went to San Francisco, where he was operated upon by Dr. Stout, who extracted the cotton cloth and the two pieces of bone, and the latter on comparison were found to be of the exact size and shape represented in the drawings. Mr. Williamson went to Texas, found his family homeless from the cause described, and returned with them to Los Angeles, and is still residing at Azusa, in that country.

One day Mr. Brown was compelled, without knowing why, to go to the house of James Waters, who met him at the door and said, "John, you have come too late; our little girl has just died," which was the first information Mr. Brown had that any one had been sick in the house. He went in and found the child apparently lifeless in the arms of a neighbor, Mrs. Parrish, while the mother of the child was in another room preparing its burial clothes. Mr. Brown placed his hand on the child's head to which the hand adhered for a short time. He then told Mr. Waters that his child would be well in fifteen minutes and nursing its mother. He cautioned Mrs. Parrish against becoming excited, and placing his hand again on the child's head, he spoke to it; he held the child's feet for a moment, then took its hand in his and called it to wake up. In a few minutes the child began to gasp, then looked in Mr. Brown's face and smiled. It was well. Mrs. Parrish called loudly to the mother, "Mrs. Waters, your baby is alive, your baby is alive!" That was twenty years ago. The child who was dead has grown to womanhood, and now fills the place in the household made vacant by the departure of her angel mother.

Mr. Brown himself once apparently died, without previous sickness, and his conscious spirit stood near the body the physicians pronounced dead. The people in the room seemed to pass through him, as they walked back and forth, and he tried to take hold of them and make

them know that he was not dead. He appeared to be dressed and was examining the clothing he had on, when his guide, who stood beside him, showed him another dress he would eventually wear "but not yet," he said, "you shall not die yet." Then Mr. Brown felt himself raised by an unseen power and placed horizontally over his body, into which he was absorbed, and immediately awoke. The doctors, who had retired, were recalled, but said they could do nothing. "He was dead; now he is alive, we do not understand the case; let nature cure him."

On several occasions the spirit of Mr. Brown has visited the abode of spirits, not merely the region of earth-bound spirits, but the higher spheres where his loved ones live. He has there communed with the spirit of his daughter and other dear ones. His narrative of these experiences, too lengthy for this sketch, will be given in full in a volume soon to be published, detailing those events of his life which relate to Spiritualism. Mr. Brown is a quiet, reserved man, who naturally shrinks from obtruding himself upon public notice, but, at the solicitation of friends, he has consented to make public his spiritual experiences in the hope that they may give assurance to some doubting minds, of the reality of the "life beyond."

One instance of the appearance to Mr. Brown of the so-called dead may be of interest. O. H. Carter, an old friend came to his bedside at night, and Mr. Brown got up and gave him a cordial greeting, taking him by the hand as in life. Mr. Carter stated that he "died" three hours before at Santa Barbara (two hundred miles distant) while returning in his own conveyance, with his family from Utah, by the southern route—an unusual route to reach San Bernardino. After begging Mr. Brown to assist his family, he said, "Good bye; I must go back and try to comfort my wife." In a few days the widow arrived in San Bernardino and confirmed the statement as to the time and place of death. She also said she had seen her husband twice since his spirit left his body.

During the last six or eight years still another phase of mediumship has come to Mr. Brown, that of writing in an unconscious or half-conscious state. He has burned the larger portion of the writings, but still has enough to prove that the spirit who dictates was a person of culture, which Mr. Brown is not, as far as book knowledge is concerned. J. S. Loveland, in an article on John Brown, says:

"John Brown is a born medium. He is no product of any developing process. Before he left Missouri for the Rocky Mountains, which was when he was a



JOHN W. DAY.

mere boy, he was a seer. \* \* \* He was aiding in the construction of Fort Laramie when the first expedition crossed the plains to Oregon. Years before the Fox family at Hydesville ever heard the "mystic rap" John Brown in the wierd fastnesses of the Rocky mountains was almost nightly visited by his spirit teacher and informed of the more important events to transpire the ensuing day. Without exception the predictions were fulfilled. No effort on the part of himself and companions availed to defeat the predictions of the spirit. The reader might think that the details of how a bear or deer would be captured, or the leg of a mule broken, or the arrival of a trader, are things unworthy the attention of a spirit. If that were all we might agree to it; but when we find the lives and property of the company saved from the savages by this same power it assumed another aspect. But there is a higher view in which to estimate these strange occurrences. Slowly, yet surely, the conviction was being forced upon these sturdy men of a spirit power neither God nor Devil. For a long time they thought it the latter. \* \* \* Let no one suppose that simply telling John Brown what would occur on the following day was the main object of his spirit attendant. One of his first propositions was that he had come to show him "how people lived after they were dead." He also proposed to give him a thorough education. Both of these purposes were attempted, but, as in many similar cases, with only partial success. But the main ideas of Spiritualism were all taught to John Brown in the mountain fastnesses long before the Rochester knockings. The manner in which his teacher communicated his instructions was varied—sometimes by spreading them out as in a panorama; sometimes by lectures, and then again he would slowly unroll a printed scroll similar to the rolls of the ancients, and as he passed his finger over it, in the process of unrolling, the entire contents would be impressed upon the memory of his pupil. \* \* \*

Some time before John Brown forsook the mountains for California, in 1849, his guide left him, and why? Those hardy hunters had learned that the spirit never told them an untruth. Whatever he declared was sure to come to pass. They were in that wild region for gain—why not make this a means? Why not bet with the unwary and get their money? They proposed it to Brown. He dissented; but they could bet without his consent. The spirit came once or twice appearing, but looked disapprovingly on the proposition, and came no more. Why not, if he was the devil or one of his agents? Is the devil opposed to gambling? \* \* \* How

did John Brown go to these numerous places unknown to him before? Did he leave the body, or did the spirit impress coming events upon his mind? The latter is a plausible supposition, and it would cover most of the facts in the case, but he does not awake like a sleeper. He goes back to his lodge; he notices things on the outside which he had not seen the evening before, and he does not wake up till morning. On one occasion he refused to go with his guide through fear that his body might die. His guide showed him how the process of respiration was kept up in his absence, and afterwards he did not hesitate. \* \* \*

A spirit guardian remained with the body while the spirit of John Brown and his guide were absent."

The leading characteristics of John Brown are honesty and love of justice. There is no sham about him, no pretence, no assumption. He dares to appear to be what he is, and never assumes to be what he is not. He knows the value of education, but does not hesitate to acknowledge that he never had a day's schooling in his life. That was not his fault, but a misfortune beyond his control. Deprived of his parents in childhood, debarred when a boy from the privilege of schools, and spending his early manhood in the wilderness, it was impossible for him to acquire a knowledge of books. But the defect has been remedied in great measure by the teachings of his spirit friends and the practical education acquired since his arrival in California. In matters of business few men are better informed or more successful in their undertakings. If he had made the gathering of riches the sole object of life he might have become very wealthy; but his answering integrity, his spirituality and kindness of heart prevent him from sacrificing everything else in life to the accumulation of property. He is a man of strong convictions, and has the courage to defend them, no matter how unpopular his views may be, or how bitter the opposition. With childlike trust in his spirit guide and an unfaltering faith in the final regeneration of mankind through spiritual influences, he is one who, when asked if he believes spirits communicate with mortals, can answer, "I do not believe; I know;" and what John Brown knows he does not fear to avow and maintain. The reader will be glad to learn that the spiritual experiences of such a man are soon to be published as written by himself, in his own plain, unvarnished style, unassuming and quaint, like the man. The compilation will be made and a preface written by J. S. Loveland, one of the ablest expounders of the spiritual philosophy America has produced.

## JOHN W. DAY.

BY ALBERT MORTON.

JOHN W. DAY was born in Annisquam, a part of the city of Gloucester, Mass., February 17, 1838. His parents were Joseph and Augusta Day. His mother was the daughter of Rev. Ezra Leonard, who deserves mention in that, though a settled Orthodox clergyman of Annisquam, he, in the early days of Universalism, became a convert to its teachings, bravely declared to his congregation that he had changed his views of man's estate in the hereafter, delivered a series of discourses on his new faith, and was rewarded for his uncompromising fealty to his conscience by having his whole parish (except certain of the *deacons*, tradition asserts) secede from the doctrine of Calvinism, and announce its determination to follow him in a belief in universal progress beyond death.

Only those familiar with the rigid, uncompromising strictness of the then prevailing Puritan spirit of New England can fully appreciate the strength of conviction and force of character involved in such a course on the part of the minister, and it is evident he possessed great logical and persuasive powers to enable him to convert his congregation from the extreme of conservative, religious bigotry, to the beneficent teachings of a Church which was generally looked upon with abhorrence and considered almost as discreditable as rank *infidelity*, and infidelity to the then prevailing dogmas was almost equivalent to social ostracism.

In the possession of a strength of character and independence of spirit which has led him to "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may," the subject of our sketch has, in every emergency, proven himself to be the worthy descendant of the sturdy preacher grandsire.

The early education of young Day was obtained in the grammar schools of the rugged seaport of his nativity, and in the High School of Portsmouth, N. H., with the addition of a partial fitting for Harvard University, at the Hampton (N. H.) Academy; circumstances arose, however, which prevented his obtaining the coveted collegiate course of instruction, and he entered the office of the *Universalist Trumpet* (edited by the Rev. Thos. Whittemore, in Boston) as an apprentice, to learn "the art preservative of arts," and become a practical printer. The fine typographical and artistic make-up of the paper with which Mr. Day is connected, may be attributed to the fact that, from editors and publishers to mailing clerk, all holding responsible positions, have graduated from the case—all are practical printers.

After two years service in the *Trumpet*

office, in May 1857—about one month after the *Banner of Light* was established, viz: April, 1857—Mr. Day entered the *Banner's* composing rooms, and was employed there for a term of over two years, when his eye-sight failing (through a too close application to business, joined with unremitting attention, after days of labor, to various pursuits which naturally suggested themselves to a young man anxious to make literature his profession) he was reluctantly obliged to take a rest for the recuperation of his health.

After a home vacation he joined the *Chester Herald* (a weekly paper published by his classmate, W. A. Haskell, in one of Boston's neighboring cities) as its assistant editor; but the old trouble with his eyesight returning, he followed the illustrious example of a Harvard undergraduate Richard H. Dana, (whose descriptions of the bucolic life in California in the pre-aurific period, in "Two Years before the Mast," have never been surpassed) and took to the sea as a refuge, serving as a common sailor in the eastern and southern coastwise trade, till the breaking out of the late civil war, when he enlisted as a private in the first three years regiment (Col. Cowdin's) which left Massachusetts. He soon left the foot service for the mounted, remaining in the army throughout the war, serving in Virginia, Maryland, etc. For a limited time he accepted the hospitalities of the Confederacy as a boarder in Libby Prison and on Belle Isle, Richmond. His conscientious and capable discharge of his duties—a leading characteristic of our pen-pushing, sailor, warrior—brought him favorable notice, and he passed successfully through the grades of Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant, and Captain of Cavalry.

The war closing, he returned North, and in May, 1867—just ten years from the time he began working on the *Banner* as an apprentice—he again became connected as a printer and a shorthand reporter with that paper, reporting the lectures of the most prominent speakers in the Spiritual ranks; the publication of which has been a prominent feature of the *Banner* nearly thirty years. Since returning to this service he has served continuously, and on the editorial staff he has occupied for nearly fourteen years the position of assistant to Luther Colby, the veteran editor and founder of the *Banner*.

For many years Mr. Day followed the example of his worthy chief, and was only wedded to his employment. Finally, daylight dawned on his weak optics, and in February, 1880, he was united in marriage with Nellie, daughter of Benjamin and Lydia B. King, of East Cambridge, Mass.

Members of many of the fraternal or-

ders have in Mr. Day a worthy brother, he being a highly respected member of the Putnam Lodge of Free Masons; the New England Lodge and Encampment, I. O. O. F.; Post 57, Grand Army of the Republic; Garfield Council, United Fellowship; and Shawmut Tribe, Improved Order of Red Men.

Mr. Day, in addition to his record as a reporter, journalist, etc., has gained a good standing in the field of versification—having written many poems which have appeared in the columns of the *Banner*, and those of other prominent papers and magazines, published in Boston and other cities in New England. Those best known among his highly commendable productions are his lines on the picture of the Indian maiden, "Spring-flower," (by the eminent artist, the late Joseph John), and his poem, "The White Dog Sacrifice," dedicated to Father Beeson, the Indian's friend. Mr. Day also wrote and delivered a poem at the Revere House Banquet of the Printer's Union Congress, held at Boston, in 1859, which was widely republished at the time of its delivery.

The subject of this brief sketch has a retiring and unassuming nature, disposed to let his works bear witness to his worth, and since his earliest youth, his wish and ambition has been to prove true (as far as the imperfections inherent to our common humanity allow) in all the trying emergencies that have arisen in the midst of varying experiences; and this desire to be found doing his whole duty (wheresoever his lot may be cast), when the Angel of change shall draw nigh to him, is the stay and religion of his manhood.

Mr. Day, in his quiet, unassuming manner, has accomplished a vast amount of good for the elevation of humanity, in the promulgation of Spiritual truths, and we hope his labors will long continue in his congenial field of Spiritualistic journalism.

A large meeting of pit-brow women was recently held at Brynna, a colliery village near Wigan, to resist the proposed legislation to prevent the employment of women at pits. Sympathetic letters were read from a large number of people. The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, alluding to the objections of clothing worn by pit girls, said they might be dismissed without scruple as the "senseless clamor of ignorant prudes, who, if left alone, would probably put a frill round the ankles of their kitchen table."

Miss Kate Stoneman, a teacher in the New York State Normal School, and a sister of Governor Stoneman, of California, has successfully passed the examination for admission to the bar. Miss Stoneman is the first lady lawyer admitted to practice in New York State.

### W. J. Colville's Opening Address at the Campmeeting.

#### INVOCATION.

Eternal and Infinite Spirit of all beneficence; thou who art the light and the life, the supreme and abiding glory of all the universe; thou who dwellest in eternity and art unaffected by all the changes of time and sense, those who have passed on to homes of light and beauty beyond the grave are now praising thee in thy glorious temple of the universe because of the priceless jewel of immortality which they have discovered; those who still on earth are lingering awhile amid the shadows, yet turning their eyes upward, that they may see beyond the darkness the glory that lies in realms unseen by mortal eye, would learn to praise thee, because every step of human experience is fraught with blessedness and leads on eventually beyond the barriers of the grave to the overcoming of death, and to the demonstration of life immortal; those who have gathered here to-night in invisible form, and those who are here yet clothed with material habiliments, would unitedly praise thee now and at all times with glad acclaim, blending their voices with angels and archangels and all celestial companies, as they invoke the presence of whatsoever is pure, whatsoever is noble, whatsoever is of good repute among the angels at thy right hand.

If there be those to-night in this room over whom the shadow of the grave has fallen like a dark cloud; if there be those who have buried the bodies of their loved ones out of their sight beneath the cold, green earth; if there be those who are mourning because they find themselves bereft of earthly comforts and joys, may all such turn their eyes beyond the things of time and sense, beyond all that is mortal and perishable, to the immortal and imperishable realities of eternity. If there be those who are wandering on in darkness, may they behold new light and may they hear a voice saying unto them, there is a better way and that way is plain—even the way of love—and ye all may walk in it. And according to the necessities of all minds here congregated may the gifts of the spirit be made manifest. If cloven tongues of fire be needed, may those ministers of truth draw near who can touch the lips of humanity with the fire of eloquence and compel the tongue to show forth thy praises in the word of understanding; if there be any who need the mighty rushing wind, even though it comes as a storm of adversity, may they remember that the fiercest gale can only strengthen the forest oak, and that every sapling must be inured to the storm before it can become the giant of the forest; if there be any who need the

soft and tender pleading of gentlest spiritual ministrations, who require but the softest touch of an angel's hand, and the softest, trembling accent of a voice beloved from the other side of the grave, may that voice be heard speaking in the silence, made audible to the soul, even though the outward atmosphere is not tremulous with an angel's breath.

And so may the gifts of the spirit be dispensed, so may the bread of life be broken in our midst, that each one may receive that portion, if it be but a crumb only, which shall minister to the soul's requirements and cause this place to become indeed thy temple, and this hour indeed a holy time; then when these services shall end and when this Campmeeting shall close, may those who have gathered here to-night and those who have come from time to time to the meetings yet to be held all feel that it has been good for them to be here, because the spirit of truth has been outpoured, and because the promised Comforter has come. Amen.

## ADDRESS.

Being called upon this evening to address you on the occasion of the opening of this Campmeeting's sessions for this season, and occupying this platform for the first time in our experience, it affords us more than pleasure to turn our eyes over this large assembly and witness so great a concourse of friends, both old and new, both in the mortal and in immortal forms. Verily there are angels here; verily there are clouds of witnesses whom no mortal eye can discern; verily this place is filled with the presence of multitudes who have taken an interest in your coming together at this season and who will sustain you until the close of these exercises; nay, not only until the close of these, but making them a preparation for a new departure of active labor, will spur you all onward to victory, to conquest over whatsoever holds you down and hides from you the light of immortality.

But seeing there are so many churches, so many spacious houses of worship here in Oakland and all round about, why are you gathered here in the name of Spiritualism out in the open fields with only a tent over your heads? Why are you not in some of the gorgeous edifices which men have erected and dedicated to the Almighty? Why are you not gathered among those who have long worshipped under names rendolent of antiquity, and rendered glorious because of the mighty minds that have borne them? Why, under what is termed a new name, and why, outside of the prescribed limits of Christian faith and worship, are you assembled here to-night as a company of seekers after truth? Surely not because

there was no inspiration in the olden time; surely not because there has been no wine of the spirit in the many bottles which Theology has invented from ages immemorial until this hour; certainly not because the spirit has never spoken before in your midst, or because no fruit grows upon the trees of the various organizations with which you are familiar, but solely because in the progress of the centuries there is always some new developments of life; there is always an additional lesson to be learned; there is always a new ray of light to be discovered; there is always a new note in the music of the universe, or, it may be, even a new octave to be heard; and it is to supply some want of humanity at this hour concerning this new truth, it is to reveal to the world this added inspiration, it is to speak and hear the word of this new prophecy that many friends have congregated and many visitors have joined with them, gladdening the hearts alike of officers and members of this Campmeeting Association. Many strangers are gathered here from many motives (but we are sure from laudable ones), and thus have you formed the gathering of to-night.

But the question may be asked, is not past revelation a finality? Is not the word of God infallible? And if the spirit of truth has ever spoken to the world, has not the utterance of the divine spirit been a final and authoritative one.

We answer that all truth in the absolute realm of soul is eternal and infinite. It can never vary; it never diverges by one hair's breadth from the direct line of perfect integrity. But the perfect measure of truth has never been revealed to man because man has never been able to comprehend all truth; but as man's power of ascertaining truth is continually on the increase, the additional, the supplemental revelation which Spiritualism offers to the world is not a reflection cast upon any truth, is not a reflection cast upon God's word, but if a reflection is cast anywhere, it is cast only upon the weakness of man's spiritual eyesight and upon the weakness of man's spiritual hearing. And as you claim that you are all subject to growth, that you are amenable to progress, mentally and morally as well as physically, it is a compliment to man instead of a reflection cast upon him to declare that in every new age, in every new period, every new cycle, every dawning era in the world's history, man has taken a forward step. Therefore, the eye of man, looking out upon the universe to-day, declares that there are more glories than there used to be. We beg your pardon, there are no more than have always been, but you see more. There are more sounds and colors than there used to be,

say some; we answer, not one more, but you hear more. Are there not more truths than there used to be? There can never be more than one truth, but you can behold ever more and more of that perfect truth day by day and year by year, as you pass higher and higher up the pathway of spiritual experience to the ultimate goal of spiritual perfection which yet looms before you in the near or the distant future. In every age Messianic revelations, direct utterances from the spirit world, have descended through the instrumentality of prophets and wondrous visions beheld by them; all ages and countries have received tokens of the presence of the living spirit in earth's midst, even so to satisfy the peculiar needs born of the skepticism of this nineteenth century, which prides itself both upon its civilization and upon its agnosticism, to satisfy the requirements of this age in which material science is deified and the external laws of nature, so-called, are set up in the very throne of Deity by savans and declared to be the absolute and eternal life of the universe, there comes a special revelation of spirit, a revelation so adapted to man's varied needs as to be infinitely diversified in its expression and yet so perfectly a unit, despite its variety, that if you could behold the spiritual revelation from the standpoint of spiritual existence you would see it as a single ray of perfectly pure, white light. Beholding it from the standpoint of earth, one sees only red, one only blue, another only yellow; others again will behold only violet, or, it may be, indigo, or orange, or green; still all the primary and prismatic hues are blended into the white ray of perfect harmony. In the perfect octave of spiritual sound there is forever harmony but no discord. In the perfect sphere of spiritual truth there is eternal unity but there is no dead uniformity. There are diversities of gifts, but there is only one spirit, only one source and purpose; there are many operations, but there is only one divine and directing will; and thus it fills us with pleasure to witness the various gifts of the spirit, represented by persons on these camp-grounds and in this audience. As we move about among the tents and look over this assembly, we see that one medium is allowed to exercise the gift of healing; again, another is called upon to exercise clairvoyance; again, another must exercise clairaudience. Then there are physical manifestations adapted to those who are on the plane of sense. Then there are, again, those who are called to speak in public and private places as the spirit gives them utterance. Then there are others who are inspired to paint, and thereby, through works of art, to display the truth of spiritual exist-

tence; again others are made to sing, employing music as a vehicle for the spirit.

As in the olden time the various gifts of the spirit were all recognized by the Christian Church prior to its deterioration; as in the New Testament Paul enumerates many gifts of the spirit and declares that they are all desirable, all honorable, all blessed, but declares that every one of them is valueless without charity—that charity which thinketh no ill, that charity which perverteth nothing, that charity which useth everything for good—so we say to all our friends, are you mediums, are you artists, have you any special gifts which you would exercise, is their any vocation in life which seems to be especially yours, then in one calling as well as in another, by means of one gift as well as by means of any other, you can glorify the eternal goodness by benefitting your fellow creatures, provided only that you use your gift in the spirit of this most excellent charity. We stand here to-night maintaining the position that there are no *higher* gifts and there are no *lower* gifts; there are no higher phases of true spiritualism and there are no lower phases; but there are some persons who make a higher use of a gift than others make of it; some make a higher use of a phase of mediumship than others make of that same phase. Therefore there is no question of superiority of genius in mediumship, but there is a question of utilization, there is a question of whole-heartedness, there is a question of one doing one's best, of working to the utmost of one's ability. Let no one say I have the higher gift; let no one say I have the lower gift and if I only had a better gift I would do more for humanity. The gift *you have* is the gift for *you* to use; the power granted to *you* is the one *you* must employ, and let that gift, whatever it may be, be laid upon the altar of the Eternal by being fully and absolutely consecrated to the uplifting of humanity. Here comes in the all-perfect potentiality of that charity which is the very essence of all spiritual religion. You will have laid your gift upon the divine altar and sweet incense will have risen and angels will have been invited, only in so far as true charity has reigned in your bosoms. If charity reigns supreme, not only will you have called upon angels but they will have responded and they will be made known through you in your midst.

If the question is asked why there should be any special movement, such as that known in the movement of Modern Spiritualism, we would answer that Modern Spiritualism comes into the world as all modern inventions come. This Modern Spiritualism is a branch of a very ancient tree: it is the latest devel-

opment of a very ancient type or species in spiritual existence and phenomenal expression. The ancient Egyptians were Spiritualists, and if you can decipher the hieroglyphics upon the wondrous monuments and temples which adorn the banks of the Nile, you will know that more than 6,000 years ago, according to exact chronology, and possibly more than 20,000 years ago, according to the computations of many of the learned, revelations were made to Egypt from spiritual sources. The Egyptians claim to have held communion with Osiris the mighty angel whom they designated ruler of the sun and source of solar light, declared controlled the planets and dwelt in the sun; and not only with that all-glorious and resplendent light which shone down upon all worlds from Aleyone, the most distant star, called the center of the sidereal heavens, the central sun in the bright and beautiful cluster of the Pleiades, but also with their own spiritual friends—with the angels of the household. Though in certain external forms the Egyptians may have mutilated the true idea of spiritual life—not being able in their hieroglyphic art to interpret all spiritual ideas perfectly in outward expression—the central fact shines forth as a supreme and glorious light, even though it enter through an imperfect window.

Egyptologists to-day stand amazed before the wonderful revelation of the religion of distant ages and exclaim, "Are these men to be called Pagan? Were they heathen? Were they without God? Were they without knowledge of immortality? Were they without religion?" Ah, no! It was the religion of that ancient Egypt of long, long ago which constituted the very source of that river of inspiration, which, flowing through Israel in the time of patriarchs, prophets, and seers, blossomed at length in Judea into that glorious revelation of spiritual truth which Jesus declared would be fully made known in the coming of the Comforter after he had withdrawn himself from the outward perceptions of his friends.

Now, after another two thousand years, after the desolation of imperial Rome, after the wanderings of the fugitive Israelites in every land beneath the sun, after the decline of certain forms of Christianity—owing to mammon worship—the time again draws near when the angels shall sing "Peace on the earth; good will among men." But this peace ever comes, as the Vulgate has it, "Peace on earth to men of good will," for there can be no peace anywhere, either proclaimed from heaven or attained on earth unless it be among men of good will; the good will must be in themselves; the capacity to receive must be

within; the soul's recognition of truth must be developed or there will be no more comprehension of the new light of the spirit than there can be a comprehension of mathematics by a child who does not understand the multiplication table. If there is no charity within, all the voices in heaven may sing in delightful harmony, and you will term it a Babel of discord; if all the splendors of heaven should be unveiled before you, your eyes would be unable to perceive the slightest beauty. That charity which alone can receive spiritual truth may be interpreted spiritually much as faith may be thus interpreted. Faith and charity are sisters and they are bound together by the sisterly bond of hope. If true charity and true faith be correctly interpreted, and these are united by hope, then the three sister graces—the greatest of which is charity—stand before you as a perfect unit in their last analysis; if you are capable of a supreme resolve on the part of your spirit to leave the world better than you found it; of a supreme determination to reject no spiritual light, and to steel your heart against no message of truth, then in the still small voice which follows after the earthquake occasioning fear, a voice which follows after the shaking of the house where the multitude are assembled, after the cloven tongues of flame seen by the eye of spirit as ready to reveal the truth, the word of justification, of consolation, of truth itself, comes as the answer to the soul's silent but all-prevailing prayer. Above all other gifts we must have charity. Whenever an answer comes to a weary and forlorn world in response to the urgent needs of humanity, people exclaim, "But the revelation is spontaneous! No one was looking for it; nobody wanted it! How can you say the revelation of truth comes in answer to the demands of the world? Why, whenever a great reform has come into the world it has been execrated, those who have propagated a new truth have been ostracized from human society, imprisoned in dungeons, many have even suffered a martyr's doom, and the earth has been watered with their blood. Did such a revelation come as an answer to prayer? Was not every one ready to scold it? Were not its mouthpieces burned and crucified and stoned and thrust out from the gates of the city as unholy things?"

Yes, that may have been the reception awarded them by those who stood high in the world's esteem; they may have been scourged by the rulers even of the synagogue, and rejected scornfully by the Supreme Council; but there are always multitudes whom the historian knows not of upon the earth, who are God's angels walking among humanity

unawares; there are those who wear no regal or priestly robe, those who have never been promoted to any public office, those of whom the world knows nothing, who spend their lives in devotion to the truth, and day and night are petitioning the Most High that there may come an answer of peace from heaven to the needs of suffering humanity. Their prayers are answered, their desires are fulfilled, their heart's aspirations are crowned, for the Eternal Spirit is not one who needs, like certain men, to be importuned in solemn state; he is not deaf to mortal requests, save when men put on solemn raiment, and with gorgeous rituals, pour their praises or their prayers into His ear. It is the intention of mind, it is the thought of the spirit, it is the desire of the heart that brings an answer from the realms above; and if anyone declares that thirty-eight years ago, when Modern Spiritualism announced its presence in the world, that no one asked for it, we reply that millions asked for it. If any one says that it came unheralded and unsolicited, we declare that it came in answer to the prayers of myriad hearts, for on the one hand the terrors of Hell loomed upon those who were fast bound with the iron chains of popular theology, and on the other hand, the cold, dark waters of annihilation seemed rolling at the feet of those who had drifted away from all the theological moorings, and to the bereaved widow, widower, mother, child, brother, sister, friend, there was no answer either from those wonderful heavens of theology so far away that no human voice might reach them—no word from the loved one there nor from those dreary plains of nonentity whither polished skepticism (which was ignorance, certainly not knowledge so far as immortality was concerned) would have you believe that your loved ones had gone.

As year after year the world had been crying out for the coming of the Deliverer, as prayers had been offered by myriad hearts, as anxious and troubled spirits had prayed again and again for light from Heaven, the light came. As the truth was made known eighteen hundred years ago to Galilean shepherds, before it was revealed to the Persian Magi; as the very humblest dwellers round about Bethlehem, were those to whom was first made known the coming of Christ, so in this age not to the crowned heads of Europe, not to the Pope at Rome, not to the President of the United States, not to the House of Congress, not to the Parliaments of nations, but to lowly children, to little girls, the truth of the spirit was revealed. They may not have known the superiority and importance of their work; they may have been the unconscious and passive instruments of a power beyond them, but they were

chosen to instruct humanity, as in the ancient days man had been instructed, that it is not learning, not the world's grandeur, not promotion to high civil and ecclesiastical offices that can prepare one for the reception of spiritual truth, but lowliness of mind, child-likeness of heart, and purity of thought constitute all the necessary perquisites. We declare unto you that there is no one in this assembly to-night who cannot be the recipient of the spirit's choicest benediction. Let no one say, "I am illiterate. When I was a child I had no advantages of collegiate education; if I only had received such and taken a degree then I might have preached the Word of God, then I might have written valuable disquisitions concerning spiritual truths and all the world had admired. How can I speak eloquently? How can I write well, I, who have never been educated?" No such questions should remain unrebuked. The spirit world, from first to last, as it chose the child Samuel in preference to the aged patriarch Eli, has chosen in these modern times unlettered children in order to show forth the abundance of spiritual power.

Some will say then, "you under-rate learning, you decry knowledge; we had better shut up our schools; of what use are our institutions if the gifts of the spirit are outpoured upon those who are unlettered? Surely the old proverb is true, and 'where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise;' and ignorance, according to this kind of spiritual teaching, is surely the very height of blessedness."

We answer that if this is the view you take of our position you entirely misunderstand it. If secular education were being neglected in America to-day we would be the very first to insist upon its importance. If education in painting, in music, in sculpture were neglected we would be the very first to urge upon you the necessity of your children learning and cultivating ennobling accomplishments. But no one can say that secular education is neglected; no one can maintain, in the face of the great outlay every year for education, that it is likely to be ignored in this generation; one can hardly imagine, in the face of the splendid school-houses erected everywhere throughout the land, that there is likely to be any neglect of education. As popular feeling is entirely on the side of secular education, we need do no more than acknowledge its presence and be grateful for the blessings it confers. But secular education is not allowed simply its own place; it is made to usurp another's place also. The culture of the spiritual side of man's nature is not adequately provided for, while the intellect is almost exclusively unfolded in relation to external arts and sciences and materialistic philoso-

phy; then surely there are needs, if there be something lacking still, that the attention of the world should be turned to that part which lacks; and that part which lacks in the very midst of modern American civilization, in the very midst of the modern glories of the British Isles and in all the climes of Europe—the very part that lacks to-day is the spiritual side of man's nature. Where are there schools of the prophets? Where are there institutions where mediumistic children are taught to develop their seership, or encouraged to do so? Where are there any educated under the auspices of Christianity in an assumedly Christian country in accordance with the gospel, teaching that teachers are to depend upon the spirit that shall give them utterance, causing them to speak the right words at the right time in whatsoever place they may be? No, it has been classics and Divinity, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; the changes rung upon dead languages, commentaries, encyclopedias without number; a classical education has been provided, a college education, a musical education, an artistic education, and there education has stopped, save that a certain portion of intellectual training has sometimes been called a theological education. But what has theology been? An amassment of other people's opinions; theological training has consisted in one's being drilled in what other people have said, what other people have discovered in another age. Pardon us for the statement, but it always appears to us in theological halls as though those who instituted them and those who manage them must believe that there was a time when God was very near to the earth, but through all the past centuries he has been going farther and farther away from it, for this reason we have two Testaments; a *Testament* according to Paul is of no value as long as the Testator liveth, and does not the Testator live? If the Testator is the Immortal Spirit, if the Testator is the Eternal God can the Testator ever die? No. Then there can be no new Testament, and there can be no old Testament. There is no new Testament which is God's Testament, because God is never a Testator; God never makes a will because God never intends to die. God never bequeaths anything from his death-bed to succeeding generations.

But if you have testaments they must be only testaments of Jacob, or of David, or of Moses; or the testament of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, or Jude, these being finite men embodied for a while upon the earth in material form, could and did pass on another state of existence and leaving their works, their laws, and their bequests behind them; and while we do not deny, but on the contrary,

positively admit that the voice of the Lord was heard in the olden time, while we believe in revelations given then, while we know that truths were proclaimed on the banks of the Nile, of the Ganges, and of the Euphrates, and other rivers sacred to man; we believe also in the word of the Lord, spoken by the prophet, Joel, that in the latter days there would be a yet more abundant outpouring of the spirit. There may be a Joel in this audience to-night, and the word of the Lord may be spoken unto a modern prophet whose name is Joel, this evening. If there ever was a time when heaven was opened to a man named John, on the island of Patmos, who was in the spirit on the Lord's day, and saw and heard wonderful spiritual truths which were afterwards committed to paper and have been handed down for the benefit of humanity, until this day then there may be a John on this Lord's day in the spirit, who will find this camp-ground an island of Patmos, for Patmos only means revelation—surely the place of revelation may be here on this camping-ground to-night, and there may a vision of spiritual truth and words of spiritual import be given to a modern revelator, be his name John or aught beside. The John who lived eighteen hundred years ago may surely be succeeded by the John who is here to-night; and the John here to-night may be inspired, for all we know, by the John who lived eighteen hundred years ago, as the angel messenger who spoke to the John living then, according to the Apocalypse, was an angel who measured the city according to the measure of man, that angel claiming to be none other than John's fellow-servant and brother, and one of the prophets. If there be those from any churches here to-night, if there be some who believe in the infallibility of the Bible, if there be any who believe in its plenary inspiration, in the authentic and divine authority of every single word, then to them Spiritualism only declares, God is not an author who, having written one book, has exhausted himself. The God who spoke, now speaks; He who revealed, now reveals; and it is this continual Word, this perpetual handwriting of God that the spiritual revelation of this day and of this hour calls upon you to recognize. If you are told in the Christian records that when Jesus was about to render Himself finally invisible to the mortal perception of His disciples, He said unto them "Lo, I am with you always," and told them not only He would send the Comforter, a Comforter who should lead them into all truth, then why is not the promised spirit here to-night, and why over this assembly may there not be a wave of Pentecostal power poured down from heights super-

nal? Why may not a risen Teacher of truth pour down upon the world to-day this glorified effluence, even the spirit of truth, who cannot be received or perceived by those who are carnally minded, because the external intellect, which recognizes only the outward form, does not receive the things of the spirit of God, but can surely be recognized by the intuitive perceptions of the human soul, to the joy of all who look above the perishable toys of sense for their comfort and instruction.

All outward manifestations of the spirit are commendable, all are blessed, there is not one phase of spiritual manifestations which is not demanded and is not a benediction. There are states of mind which demand the milk for the babe, but there are other states of mind which demand the strong meat for the adult. There are those who need the primary school, and there are those who need the finishing school and even the university.

While it is necessary that the spirit should be here to give milk as well as to give meat, while it is necessary that children should attend the primary school, and that there should be infant school teachers, as well as professors of a university, it is for you to say whether you always wish to remain children, or whether you are willing to graduate and so pass on to receive truth answering to the higher requirements of your expanding need.

Truth is as truly present, so far as it goes, in the statement twice two is four as in twelve times twelve is one hundred and forty-four. Absolute truth is told in the simple statement that twice thirteen makes twenty-six, as absolutely as in the solution of the most difficult mathematical problem ever presented to the mind of man. But the multiplication table is not higher mathematics and does not include those mathematics, but the higher mathematics will include the multiplication table, for you could not solve a difficult problem unless you knew the multiplication table; though you could know the multiplication table without being able to solve a difficult problem. If any have the larger gift, in that higher gift they have everything that is beneath it, because everything beneath it is included in it. If we have white, which is the perfect ray of light, having the perfect color, we have all colors, for all colors are included in it; but if we have only one color, we have a part and not the whole.

Be thankful for the red ray of love, the golden beam of wisdom, the blue light of truth, but ever press on toward the goal of perfection which is white (absolute purity).

Let us all resolve to hold out our hands lovingly to receive every blessing that is offered them in the higher life; let us

neither cavil nor complain, because our gifts are not like those of others, but receive power from the spirit of truth in all its phases, knowing that if we ask in the love of truth we must receive the very truth we need.

IMPROMPTU POEM.

The audience selected as the subject for a poem, "The fruits of the realm of love." The inspiring spirit touched upon other subjects given, which were: Ought our government to prohibit the importation of Chinese? Our Camp-meeting; Prayer; Watchman, what of the night? Time and Eternity; What is truth?

The fruits of the Realm of Love are these:

All fair and all beautiful things,  
All charming flowers which on earth may blow;  
All birds on their glorious wings,  
Which rise from the earth and mount above,  
Are borne on the pinions of Infinite love.

There is not an angel there above

Where the bright stars ever shine,  
That is not filled with the power of love—  
A love that is all divine.

And when some angel makes known below

The primal source whence all blessings flow,  
That angel is guided on wings of love,  
And appears to your hearts as a pure white dove,  
Who blendeth a wisdom profound and high,  
With the dove's divine simplicity.

The fruits of the Tree of Love are these:

All the gifts of healing known,  
And all the prophecy which tells  
That right shall win the throne.  
That though through long and dreary night  
The wrongs of earth prevail,  
Yet love shall conquer every ill—  
Love every height shall scale.

Love every deepest depth shall sound

Till there shall be no more sea  
Dividing man from his brother man.  
All shall dwell in charity.

The fruits of the Tree of Love are these:

That all nations shall agree,  
Men no longer fondle pride of rank,  
Nor boast of ancestry.  
No longer black nor white be known,  
Nor Chinaman nor red,  
But all be one in the light of truth,  
All by its light be led.

If any inquire "But, what is truth?"

Then the angel will answer these—  
The spirit of love within speaks truth;  
Truth answers to love's decrees.

But, if Pilate, haughty, imperial, proud,

Shall demand of the teacher meek—  
"What is truth?" then no answer comes to  
him,



For the truth can only speak  
Where the love of truth in the heart is found,  
For there alone is the fertile ground;  
And there alone can the seed spring forth  
In the love that conquers all guilt and wrath.

And if looking over the ground to-night—  
Over these camp-grounds fair,  
Of the watchmen stationed at their post,  
Ye ask what night is there?  
They answer: the night shall turn to day,  
Its every shadow shall flee away;  
Ye cry: "Watchman, what of the night?"  
Night, with darkness and terror dumb,  
Shall be turned into morning light,  
When the spirit of love has come.

When the truth shall have been revealed,  
Then "Watchman, what of the day?"  
Will be the cry of your hearts,  
You will all be healed that day.  
For the healing power is the power of soul,  
And this alone can destroy  
Whatever confines you in bonds of sense,  
Whatever your peace doth alloy.

Terrors one and all shall be vanquished,  
The power of evil shall fail,  
The Spirit of Truth, the Spirit of Love,  
And of Wisdom shall prevail.

When on earth love finds her home,  
Then your Government will be  
The perfect expression of God's own love,  
The Light of Truth ye will see  
Reflected on earth, while light divine  
From a brighter sphere will dissolve,  
In justice, error, and every wrong,  
Truth alone will all questions solve.  
Truth commands, avaunt prejudice, fear and  
pride,  
Let all earth's races blend,  
And all religions bless all mankind,  
With a love that shall know no end.

## BENEDICTION.

May the light of God's perfect love,  
The truth in its native hue,  
The wisdom which cometh from heavenly  
spheres  
Your spirits with light endue,  
So that every mind may yield at once,  
Gladly, without reserve,  
To the perfect splendor of peace divine,  
Which for those who never swerve  
From duty's pathway, is now reserved  
A peace which can ne'er decay,  
A peace which like to a river flows,  
In the realms of eternal day.

Mrs. Crawford has obtained the position held so long by her late husband, as Paris correspondent of the *London Daily News*. She has also been elected an honorary member of the Cobden Club, the only lady on its rolls.—*Woman's Tribune*.

## CROWDED OUT.

## A Story For the Times.

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

## CHAPTER III.

## NEW EVIDENCE.

A new trial was to be granted Frank Bowler, and the fifth of May had been assigned for it to take place. The murder of George Bowler had occurred late in the preceding October, and for months the condemned man had languished in jail uncheered by any gleam of hope save that which occasionally came to him from the invisible world that seemed very near when Mattie Jewett was by. Frank had come to believe in the reality of spirit communion, for not only had the strange girl given him unmistakable evidences of her power to discern spirits, through the messages of cheer and of identification she brought him from his beloved mother and others, but on several occasions, when she was in his cell, the gloom had been strangely illuminated, as by some electric power, and twice Frank himself had dimly seen a shadowy figure standing by his side.

These frequent visits to the prison occasioned no remark; as we have before said, Mattie had always been a privileged character, going where she pleased, for, although people viewed her mysterious powers as something uncanny and abnormal, yet they considered her harmless, while her dreamy, smiling face and pathetic hazel eyes won for her a place in many a heart, not to speak of the attractions of her rich voice, whose power of song held a wonderful fascination in its depths. Beside, the warden of the jail was a distant relative of the girl's father, and he had permitted her for years to visit the prisoners when she liked, and to cheer them with the simple home ballads she was always ready to sing at their request.

The friends and counsel of Frank Bowler had left no stone unturned in the effort to procure new evidence concerning the murder, but for sixteen weeks after his conviction not even a thread could be found. At the end of that time, Mrs. George Bowler, a little, soft-spoken, silvery-haired lady of gentle mien and cultured voice, in examining the clothing worn by her lamented husband on the last night of his life, discovered a folded paper tucked into the inner pocket of his vest. Mrs. Bowler loved her nephew with a tender affection, and her heart had been rudely torn at the shock of his arrest and conviction on the charge of murdering his uncle. There was an un-

usual bond of sympathy between them, for in addition to the young man being the son of George Bowler's brother, his mother had also been the only and beloved sister of Mrs. George—it being a case of two brothers wedding two sisters—and from his earliest infancy that lady, having no children of her own, had loved and petted Frank as though he belonged to her.

George Bowler was a man who had never communicated anything of his business affairs to his wife, nor would he at any time accept advice from her lips. He expected from her a submissive yielding to his ideas, and being of a susceptible, peaceful, nature, she never undertook to thwart his will; and yet the wife loved her husband devotedly so that his terrible end had been a severe trial to her. This, together with the knowledge of her nephew's conviction of crime, had prostrated the lady upon a sick bed from which she did not arise for over three months.

The scrap of writing found in the pocket of the deceased man threw a new light upon the subject of the murder. It bore the date of that fatal night and read as follows:

10-P. M.—Have just held a stormy interview with my nephew. I never saw him so aroused nor knew he could be so impetuous. After all, there is much of truth in what the boy says, and I must think it over. He gave me some hard facts, but I like him all the better for his candor."

Armed with this little scrap of writing and with a new witness that at the last moment he had discovered living in a distant city, the counsel of young Bowler felt ready to enter his prisoner in court for a new trial.

The day approached, and, as before, the court room was crowded with spectators. Frank was brought in looking haggard and worn, but with the light of his eye undimmed, and the expression of calmness upon his face unchanged. As before, the witnesses for the government gave in their testimony. That of the footman who had admitted the prisoner to his uncle's presence on the fatal night—that of the housemaid who had overheard the high words spoken, and had seen the hand of the nephew toying with the deadly weapon—that of John Pierce who had met and talked with the same man after he had quitted the house, were all unchanged, and bore their damaging evidence against the prisoner.

But the next session brought out the facts from the other side. The prisoner's counsel produced a scrap of paper and requested that Mrs. Elizabeth Bowler be summoned and sworn as a witness; that lady, pale and trembling, but with a look of love toward her nephew, stepped

to the stand and was duly examined. Her testimony did not throw much light on the case until the subject of finding the note was brought up. At dinner her husband had informed her that he should be busy for an hour or two as he expected a business caller. She had not known the expected visitor was her nephew and had retired to an upper part of the house before he arrived. She heard no unusual sound, and had no suspicion of anything wrong, her first knowledge of the murder coming to her when the body of her husband was discovered on the following morning. No, she had no reason to suspect anyone of the deed, nor could she believe her nephew guilty. She only looked upon his strong words as repeated by the former witness as an expression of dissent or protest against the rather severe methods of the deceased in dealing with his employees, and not at all as conveying a threat or even a warning of doom.

Then the writing was produced, and sworn to as the penmanship of George Bowler. The lady then related how and under what circumstances she had found it, and was then permitted to step down.

This piece of evidence in favor of the accused produced a profound sensation in the court, for the most obtuse mind could see that unless it could be proved that Frank Bowler had returned to the house after taking leave of his uncle, and had committed the deed at a later hour than when that morsel was penned, he could not have been the murderer.

But another witness was to be summoned, and the name of Henry Browne was called. A short, thick-set man, with iron-gray hair, stepped to the stand, whose evidence ran substantially as follows: "My name is Henry Browne; I am senior member of the wholesale dry-goods house of Browne & Co. of — C. Our firm deals largely in cottons, which are supplied us principally from the Bowler Mills, of Fielding. On the 25th of October, I came to this town to make arrangements with the managers of the mills for a large purchase of their goods. I remained one night staying at the Tyler House. On the evening of the twenty-sixth, I was on my way to the station to take the 10:15 express to C. Passing the mansion of George Bowler, I observed a light in the east room on the lower floor. I also observed the figure of a tall man wearing a slouched black hat, which seemed to be pulled well down over his eyes. This man was leaning over the iron gate leading to the grounds and did not notice me as I passed. It must have been very nearly ten o'clock at the time. The night was rather dark and I could not see the man's face plainly, but I noticed the

black slouched hat distinctly. On my arrival at C— I found a telegram awaiting me, summoning me to New York to the death-bed of my aged mother. She rallied after my arrival, but would not let me leave her side. She lived a month, and for that time I was absent from my home. I did not hear of the murder and conviction of the prisoner till my return, and then I did not suppose my evidence would be worth anything. Still, as I learned there would be a new trial I communicated my willingness to state what I knew in the case to the parties interested. The prisoner is not so tall as the man I saw leaning over the gate."

This testimony ended the trial for that day—on the succeeding morning there was to be further examination of the witnesses, and it was expected the case would be given to the jury by noon. The face of the prisoner while the evidence of his aunt and that of Mr. Browne were in progress, was a study. Amazement, hope, joy, and an expression of prayerful awe were depicted there. Watching him with a look of love in his eyes, the pale and almost bloodless face of John Pierce reflected the emotions mirrored in the countenance of his friend; as he thought, "How noble he appears; heavens, what a strain he has been under for months; he must be saved at any cost!"

Since the death of his wife and babe, some weeks before, John Pierce had led a hopeless life, his one joy being to visit the imprisoned man and spend the few moments allotted him in his company. For weeks an idea, born of the love he bore his friend, and the desolation that had come to him through his own loss, had been passing through his mind; but not till to-day, while listening to the story of Mr. Browne, had it taken shape and resolution.

That night, Mattie Jewett's father received a call from John Pierce.

"Dan," he said abruptly, "what would you do for me if I asked it?"

"Anything in the world, John, for you have always been a good friend to me," Jewett replied earnestly.

"Then I want you to make me a promise, solemnly, and upon your honor."

"I'll do it, though I don't know what you want. I'll promise for sure."

"Don't ever tell any one, under any conditions, that I was here in your kitchen after ten o'clock at night on the 26th of last October. Promise me."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ARRAIGNED FOR MURDER.

Awed by the solemnity of the tone, and the firm hearing of his friend—Daniel Jewett gave the promise that sealed his lips; but to the credit of the man let it be recorded that it never

flashed on his mind that the evening of the twenty-sixth of October, when he and John had spent a half hour in talking over their troubles, after ten o'clock, was the very night when the Bowler murder was committed, until the developments of the trial next morning brought it to him. Then he groaned, but a flashing look from John Pierce's keen eyes kept him quiet, while the same piercing, penetrating, all-absorbing gaze turned upon Mattie Jewett held her under such a magnetic fire that she could not stir, although it seemed as though her soul was full of voices bidding her cry out to the court the whereabouts of John Pierce after ten o'clock on that fatal night.

The testimony of the day before was only repeated on this occasion and brought forth nothing new for or against the prisoner. At the last hour John Pierce was recalled to the stand and put through a fiery cross examination by young Bowler's counsel.

"At what hour were you waiting for the prisoner outside the residence of his uncle, on the 26th of October?"

"The town clock had just struck nine when I came up, I waited half an hour, perhaps a little longer."

"How do you know it was not later?"

"Because at ten I was at another place where I could see a clock and tell the hour."

"At what place were you when you noticed it was ten o'clock?"

"I decline to answer"—sensation at this refusal.

"Your honor," said the lawyer, addressing the judge. "The witness refuses to answer an important question: shall this be allowed?" The judge ruled that it having a strong bearing upon the case, the question should be answered, but John Pierce only shut his thin lips closely together and refused to speak.

"Why do you refuse to reply?" was the next query from the bench.

"Because, your honor, it concerns private affairs, and has nothing to do with the case."

"How was the prisoner dressed when you accosted him on that night?"

"In his usual gray business suit, with a stiff hat of the same hue."

"How were you dressed at the time?"

"In a dark mixed woolen suit, with a black slouched hat, such as I always wear."

Was it by accident or by design that the witness laid such emphasis on the slouched hat? At his reply a gleam of triumph came into the eyes of his examiner; a look of pain, almost of horror, spread over the face of the prisoner, while a murmur of excitement ran through the room. Taking no notice, the witness continued to reply to his querist, swear-

ing positively that it could not be later than nine forty-five when he was joined by young Bowler on the night of the murder, that their conversation could not have lasted over seven minutes, and that he had waited until his companion had disappeared towards his home before turning to attend to his own business, that had given him a sight of a clock at the hour of ten.

This closed the evidence. Then came the summing up of the case, the lawyers' arguments, and the charge of the Judge to the jury. Frank Bowler was acquitted and released from custody. Friends crowded around him and congratulations fell upon him in showers. His aunt fainted away and was borne to her home, where as soon as he could get away, her nephew followed her. But of all who avoided him was the one over whom his heart yearned with a nameless feeling of pain, John Pierce, the generous friend, who had attracted to himself suspicion and distrust, that the fair name of young Bowler might all the more clearly be freed from stain. For now a reaction had set in; people were gathered in knots at the street corners and in their houses discussing the trial and its results. More than one suspected John Pierce of the murderous deed. Had not George Bowler been his enemy from the first—had he not tabooed Pierce and denied him employment until he had grown white and thin and sad-hearted? Had not Pierce seen his wife suffer for the things she most needed, all on account of the dead man? Had he not been wronged? Was he not prowling around the Bowler mansion when the deed was done? Why did he refuse to tell where he was after ten that night, etc., etc., etc.?

In the meanwhile, John, white and determined, was holding an interview with Mattie Jewett. "It's a shame," the girl cried, her eyes wet with tears, "They will say you did it, they will kill you for it; Oh, I must tell, I will tell!"

"Mattie, do you want Frank Bowler to be charged with this wretched deed, to go through life with this hanging over his head, to be sprung upon him any time by his foes?"

"No, no! I would die to save him disgrace and shame."

"Then listen to me, girl. Let this affair go on. If I am arrested and found guilty—what then? He will be spared such condemnation. He is young and rich and good; he can be of much use in life. I am weary and helpless and old. I feel as if I had lived a century—and my days are numbered. There is a fever burning in my veins that is slowly consuming me. I shall never live to be hung—so do not fear for that. I would give all for my friend—he will make a grand man. He will befriend the poor,

protect the weak, and teach the ignorant. He will do this because he is just—and because this experience will refine his spirit. There is no one in all the world who will be disgraced through me—my only relative is thousands of miles away and will never know. It is best for us all."

As he spoke, drawing himself to his full height and looking every inch the man in his all-conquering self-abnegation, the tears of the girl ceased to flow, and she murmured,

"It may all be as you say, I cannot resist you; but the voices say to me that right will triumph and we need not fear."

The next day a warrant was out for the arrest of John Pierce, on the charge of having murdered George Bowler. The trial came off in due time. It was wonderful how the evidence was pieced together. Scraps of conversation, unnoticed when uttered, but now made to appear full of significance, were reported against the prisoner and given with telling effect. Frank Bowler in turn was summoned as a witness and sworn to relate how and when and where he had met and parted with John on the fatal night. There was nothing damaging in this except that the prisoner did not move from the spot, but remained by the Bowler shrubbery after the witness had left him. Henry Browne could not positively identify the prisoner as the man he had seen leaning over the gate; the height was about the same, but he should think the man before him a little larger framed than the one he saw that night. Yes, he could identify the hat, he was sure, for he had particularly noticed it although the night was rather dark.

George Bowler, the wiry, energetic overseer of the mills, was called. He had talked with Pierce before and after the murder, and the latter had spoken freely. He considered the prisoner an upright, conscientious, thinking man in the main, but that much brooding over the narrow life and struggling condition of the operatives of the mills had made him sore. No, John had never used threats, but he had advised the people to bear patiently with their lot until it could be bettered. He had been foremost in the strike, but had been the first to advise its settlement. John had talked about the people working at starvation rates and being crowded out by rich monopolists. Had said he himself was being crowded out, as his wife had been, by the hands raised against him, but he could wait in patience for the end.

To the question of guilty or not guilty put to him at the opening of the Court, the prisoner had vouchsafed no answer. This looked bad for him, as the people argued if he was innocent he would not hesitate to say so, while, of course, no

man was bound to criminate himself; and this was remembered by the jury in considering the evidence and making up their verdict, which was "guilty of murder in the first degree," and the prisoner was asked what he had to say for himself. Standing in the dock, his head thrown back and eyes ablaze with light, John Pierce gave such an address upon the iniquity of crime, upon the demands of justice, upon the wrongs of humanity, upon the sins of the oppressor and other subjects, as to call tears to the eyes of all who listened. Surely at the hour he must have been inspired. He talked to the souls, not to the heads of his hearers, and at that moment, Frank Bowler registered a silent vow to devote his life to the righting of human wrongs. But the speaker did not assert his innocence. He merely said, touching upon the crime for which he was to be condemned, "If I am guilty, let the great Judge of all do with me as he deemeth right."

(To be continued.)

#### Psychometric Delineation of the Carrier Dove.

BY MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

Born of the spirit, and with understanding, the Dove comes before my inner vision with wings extended for power and flight. With the eye of spirit, I see the Dove is possessed of a beautiful plumage which will attract and hold people in home, as well as in foreign lands. It holds within itself decision, individuality, enterprise and grand inspiration which will become an anchor to the soul of many a way worn one of earth, yea and of spirit spheres also. The Dove is concentrative in purpose for the elevation of all from ignorance and superstition. It teaches that the road to progressive knowledge is limitless and is open to all, peasant, as well as king, who may choose to travel its winding avenues, and read the sacred gospel of use and good in everything. The Dove will be strong in its advocacy for truth against educated prejudices and errors; it will persuade and convince through logical argument and conclusive proof, for its mission is, freedom of thought and expression as it wings its way into palace and cottage homes all over the land. Its love nature is large, educated and sympathetic; pleading for equality, justice and divinity in all the relations of earnest life. As the Dove cleaves the lower and upper air it fears not, for it believes in its own possibilities, which will ensure success, and do a grand work towards establishing the religion of humanity and practical reform. The Dove is hopeful, for it is backed by an host which no man can number, bidding it fly with speed, carrying messages of love and peace to the troubled, sorrow-

ing and rejoicing wherever they may be. It will remove the fear of death, and teach of life, beautiful life in its multitudinous forms and changes; it will teach the glorious law of evolution from the loweft to the highest, which embraces all within its broad folds.

Finally, THE CARRIER DOVE must fly the earth around singing its song, telling its story and teaching the sacredness of life and duty, so that rolling sternities may catch the refrain and echo them onward, till souls shall stand free, owning their birth right from all kinds of bondage, and truly realize the beauty there is in the Soul of Things. Such is the mission of THE CARRIER DOVE, published in Oakland, Cal.

#### "Amber" Letter.

I am going to say a word to-night to discouraged women, wherever this letter of mine may find them between the two seas; to the army of women who every Monday morning fall to a work which no Saturday night shall ever see completed; to the army of dish-washers and floor-scrubbers and baby-tenders; the army whose backs are bent and whose limbs are weary in the ceaseless burden-bearing that life imposes upon them. For these discouraged ones, these troubled, yearning "Marthas," I have a word of comfort in my heart. It is as useless to preach and advise sometimes as it would be to read a manual of etiquette in the ward of a fever hospital, or distribute tracts among the maimed and wrecked in a railway disaster. Comfort comes only in the word of love, the close hand-clasp, the unchecked tear of sympathizing comprehension. You are troubled, dear heart, because you are often irritable and impatient; you doubt much whether you will ever go singing through Heaven's gates with such a brood of angry moods and rebellious thoughts—quick words of impatience and fiery-winged tempers—in your heart. If "the Captain" here, has the ear-ache, do I stand over her and exhort her to laugh and sing songs? Do you think the Tender Heart up yonder asks more of us than we in our imperfection demand of our children? If, for some good reason of His own, He lays sorrowful burdens on our life, think you He will expect us always to be songful and serene and sweet? Where, think you, the tender thought of God hovers nearest, like a white cloud brooding above the earth? Where, think you, the angels poise oftenest their pure wings, as they go flying to and fro, watching the sin-sick old earth groping its heavenward way through the mist of tears? Not where the graves lie, white-stoned and silent, under the tender new moons; not where the watchers bend above their dead; but right here

above your heads, ye host of toilers and weary ones, for whom, years since, hope passed into long eclipse, and the crushing presses of disappointment and regret yield, drop by drop, their red wine of heartsick misery. Not with saints at rest, nor yet with the quiet dead, does the Infinite Heart dwell nearest. It is to those who are called upon to *live*, and not to die; for those who are called to labor thanklessly, enduring hidden sorrows bravely, and wearing ever the thorn of an unavailing regret turned inward to their heart, that He draws nearest. And I wonder that we ever forget that, watching closely and knowing all, He understands completely. What is a cross word now and then, or a frown, or a flash of temper? Merely the dust by the way; it cannot hinder the onward march. Only a little cloud that slips across the sun now and then, but never affects its shining. Why, bless your poor, tired, discouraged hearts, God doesn't look at what we *do*, but rather, at what made us do it. If, behind the cross word lies a faithful, struggling heart, that is striving hard to be sunshiny and sweet, the word will be forgotten like the shadow of a crow's wing across a summer meadow.

Rest assured, although we stumble on the way, like barefooted children walking over stony roads, if we but keep our faces turned to the shining of His love, who will remember that we stumbled, when the gates have once closed behind us that swing between our hearts and heaven? What if the sparkle of life has gone out like a fisherman's light at sea, wind-blown and adrift; what if the bloom of youth has fallen like the petal of an over-ripe rose; is there nothing better in life than just to be happy? Does not a dutiful life yield more than a beautiful life? Because poverty grinds and legions of uncongenial tastes camp before the morning hours of each day, nor raise the siege at evening time, nor ever shall, until Death sends out his white flag of truce along the line; because the walls of an unlovely home, made unlovely by no fault of yours, close like a dungeon about you; all this is no reason why you should despair. The root lies long in the darkness and the dirt before it trembles into bloom and sweetens the air of summer with its balm, but no human power can delay its growth from root to blossom. So, whatever your limitations, whatever destinies confront, or make afraid, it will be June to-morrow, and heaven shall bring your flowering time.

When I see one scrubbing or bending over the washboard who was created with an artist's tastes and a poet's song in her heart; when I see a bright woman, in whom the frolicsomeness and drollery of youth die hard, amid a life of drudgery

and unrest; when I see one patching trousers and darning socks who was intended by nature to reign the crowned queen of some high vocation; when I mark the pallor and the lines of tell-tale care on the cheek that in girlhood out-blushed June's sweetest rose, or note how the hands that once drew divinest music from obedient keys have warped and twisted in the faithful performance of homely duties, I feel like kissing the faded cheek and folding the poor hands in a reverent grasp, for, I tell you, though she may sometimes falter by the way, though a fretful word or a discouraged mood may sometimes overtake her, not queens are more royal in the inheritance of their purple robes, not cloistered saints folded away from the world's turmoil so faithful, not dying martyrs so brave—for it is not dying that tells. To die is easy enough—but living! There's the test. Anybody can die, but, ah, the infinite difficulty of living!

I am not talking to-night, or ever, to whimperers or cowards—to those who find the road rough, and sit down by the wayside and refuse to go forward. I am talking to the brave, the true-hearted, the host of the disappointed, the legion who suffer for another's sinning, and bear in their own lives the punishments of another's transgression—to loyal wives, wedded to clods and drunkards; to tired mothers, who, for the love of little children, endure their martyrdom to the end, and make no sign. Pursue your way a little longer, brave hearts and true! Yet a few more days confront the grey monotones of life; your tears, your sighs, your aspirations, your renunciations, are all remarked and remembered. To-morrow the sails of your long voyage shall be furled, the black bread and bitter wine of earth be exchanged for the festival years of heaven.

#### The Church of Humanity.

We cannot build it of the crumbling bones  
Quarried from the grim sepulchres of yore;  
Nor of the hollow, mythologic stones  
That shone so gaudily in classic lore.

We cannot fashion it of heads or creeds  
That parcel out our God before our face;  
But rather build it of the thoughts and deeds  
That purify and elevate our race.

Set its foundations deep in every zone;  
Its ritual, on every shining page,  
Is love to God and love to Man alone,  
And pity for the errors of the Age.

Let its proud dome fill all the azure steep,  
And its vast chancels stretch from pole to  
pole;  
So that its mighty and majestic sweep  
Give ample space to every human soul.

—James McCarroll, in the *Day Star*.

## BEAUTY.

[Extract from a lecture by Joseph Simms, M. D.]

But though physical beauty is a great power, and *may* be a great good, it is infinitely inferior to beauty of mind and soul. Lord Bacon has compared it to "summer fruits, easy to corrupt, and which cannot last;" and certainly it has been oftener the cause of demoralization and misfortune to its possessors than of goodness and of peace. Mary Queen of Scots was not more celebrated for her beauty than her misfortunes; for having lost her crown, she lived for nineteen years in prison, and was finally beheaded. Helen and Cleopatra both set the world in arms. Paulina, wife of Saturninus, was hurried by her beauty into the commission of great crimes. Lucia, a maid of transcendent loveliness, put out her eyes in order to preserve her chastity; and the wife of Prince Orgiagon, as well as Timoclea of Thebes—both women of extraordinary beauty—committed murder, in revenge for their ravishment. Physical loveliness is so far from implying corresponding perfections of mind and soul, that the presumption is always against the moral and intellectual character of a strikingly beautiful person. This is particularly true of the female sex; for when women are beautiful they have usually little to do but to contemplate and exert their personal charms; whereas men may be diverted from this petty line of thought and action by ambition, study, business, and the many occupations and excitements of their more public and unfettered life. One reason for the moral and intellectual inferiority of beautiful women is found in the fact that when Dame Nature has furnished an abundant supply of physical advantages, she usually gives but a meagre outfit in other and more important particulars. Above the door of the great Minster of Basle is a representation of the wise and foolish virgins, in which the former are all plain, and the latter strikingly handsome. The artist who designed this pediment had evidently studied society to some effect—his leading idea that sense is made a compensation for ugliness, and that frivolity and beauty go hand in hand, having not a little foundation in fact.

But it is not only true that when nature moulds a beautiful woman she is chiefly concerned with her beauty, and not with her endowment in other respects; it is even more to the purpose that though her native gifts be never so fine, they are peculiarly liable to neglect or vitiation. The woman whose personal loveliness affects the sense like fragrance, and whose

"Every tone  
Is music's own.  
Like song of morning birds,"

is not likely to care that her words should be wise ones; and they who can win love with a smile, are rarely those who labour to earn love by acts of thoughtful and self-devoted kindness.

To the practised physiognomist, mental and spiritual beauty are clearly expressed in the face, where their presence gives attraction even to the homeliest features; but those unversed in the physiognomic art, depend chiefly upon conversation and actions for their insight into the higher types of beauty. Beauty of mind appeals to the noble sentiments of charity, honesty, respect, hope, reason, faith, and friendship; while beauty of person too often engenders jealousy, envy, hatred, and animal desires. The man or woman who condescends to the petty gossip and slander which unfortunately form so large a part of conversation, is spiritually ugly; while they who give a word of kindly commendation, or speak a forceful but unpleasant truth to serve a noble purpose, are beautiful in the highest sense of the word. It is not only trifling and disenobling, but it is positively criminal for any one to say aught to the disadvantage of another, until he positively knows the charge to be deserved; and then he should speak not from motives of malice or from a disposition to entertain his hearers, but with a view to rouse that public indignation or disgust which is oftentimes the most effectual scourge of wrong-doing. It is natural for any fairly generous man to think well of those of whom he has learned no evil, but these instinctively kind opinions are constantly blighted by injudicious or malignant remarks; for there are to be found multitudes of men and women who will ruin the reputation of others with no other motive than the mere pleasure of ruining them. How much more to be admired than such malignant creatures, are those who cultivate the beauty of the mind, by contemplating the manifold charms of nature,—the blue vault studded with starry worlds, which imagination peoples with spiritual beings; the carpet of green adorned with myriad flowers with which the wide fields are covered; the wreaths of snow twining the lofty brow of the mountain; the glistening of the morning dew, the soft loveliness of twilight, the splendour of the rainbow, and the glory of the clouds.

Mental beauty may be cultivated, not only by the study of nature, but of literature and art; and spiritual beauty dawns upon every soul that is capable of apprehending though never so incompletely, the efficient cause and final end of this great scheme of things; who is capable of seeing, as an English bard has finely expressed it, that—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,

"Whose body, nature is, and God the soul."

There are those who entertain the belief, or at least the fear, that the cultivation of the mind is inimical to the growth of the spiritual nature. Such persons confound religion—which is nothing more or less than love to God and man—with the petty, complicated and superstitious dogmas of their own particular sect, and as they have good reason to fear that these latter will suffer by the growth of general intelligence, they decry the cultivation of the intellect as destructive to religion. All religious superstitions must disappear as the enlightenment of the people becomes more profound and general; but on the other hand, there is abundant cause for confident faith, that the growth of popular intelligence will only increase that reverence for the human soul and for Him who made the soul which constitutes the very essence of true religion. The study of all branches of physics has a natural tendency to lift the mind from the contemplation of nature's laws, to the great Law-giver; and they who become acquainted, through literature, with the mighty and virtuous deeds of the heroes of past ages, are roused thereby to that noble emulation which is the only true form of repentance, and which is the highest expression of spiritual vitality.

Spiritual, or soul beauty, being superior to all others, is the most worthy of cultivation. But as it is, in its nature, extremely subtle, and peculiarly independent of all physical surroundings, it is more difficult of description than either mental or physical beauty. It is adumbrated more or less distinctly in the noble, clear, and tranquil eye of the individual who possesses it; while mental beauty is manifested in the form of the nose, and the lines of expression which lead from that feature. Physical beauty resides chiefly in the permanent form of the body; mental beauty in the more noble parts—in the walk and other movements; and spiritual beauty in the exquisite, but evanescent, expressions of the countenance, and particularly of the eye. This soul beauty, physically manifested in the eye, is the crowning grace of those who use a strong and steadfast will to effectuate pure and lofty moral purposes. Of all the illustrious dead whom history holds up to fame, none appear so truly—so immortally beautiful as those who have bent all the energies of mind and body, and sacrificed fortune, friends, and life itself, to some great moral reform. There are many circumstances which tend to unfold and make beautiful the human soul, among which none are more richly productive than severe trials, nobly endured. As various tools and different kinds of processes are required to prepare wood, iron, and other

raw materials for the manufacture of a fine musical instrument, so various circumstances, such as troubles which cut into the soul, and pleasures which, as it were, plane or smooth it down—all are required to fit us, like fine instruments, to give forth spiritual harmonies. But though sorrows and temptations are the spiritual tools by which the highest virtues are, as it were, laboriously worked out; yet these tools, like the tools of a mechanic, must be properly controlled, if they are to effectuate any desirable result.

For the many examples of mental beauty, I would select for citation the great names of Bacon, Locke, Hume, Berkeley, Descartes, Leibnitz, Kant, Cousin, and Compté. Acceptable illustrations of soul beauty are not so easily produced, since those types of spiritual character which are admired as angelic by one class of men, are regarded as Satanic, or at least, ridiculous by another class. I will, however, venture to suggest, as illustrations of spiritual beauty, the names of Socrates, Plato, Howard, Wilberforce, Fenelon, Channing, Mrs. Mary Washington, Mrs. Mary Somerville, and Mrs. Mary Howitt.

Beauty of person without corresponding mental and spiritual beauty, is like a flowering tree which bears no fruit—it pleases the eye only to disappoint the hope. And when the hope is disappointed—when the “charms which strike the sight” are unaccompanied by the “merit which wins the soul,” then the pleasurable emotions with which a beautiful person is at first regarded, are followed by contempt or disgust. On the other hand, the most homely face grows beautiful when it is the look-out of a beautiful soul. For soul beauty, like a lighthouse on a desolate shore, illuminates all within, while it sheds blessings on all without. Many have been those who, though personally unattractive, have been most beautiful in mind and soul. Such a one was Dr. Jeremy Taylor—a man with salient and even homely features, but with a soul rendered beautiful by charity, by liberal culture, by wide sympathy with his fellowmen. Hippocrates informs us that Democritus was so indifferent to his personal appearance, that the people of Abdera, among whom he lived, regarded him as an uncouth madman; yet he was a humanitarian and a philosopher, a devoted student of nature, and of the most noble learning of his age. Those smooth, round facial outlines which are so essential to beauty, usually indicate shallow minds and inexperienced, undisciplined souls. It is almost impossible to preserve such outlines who has lived a laborious life; and idleness is, of itself, sufficient to fill the mind with foolish imaginations which lead to

dangerous desires, and too often end in gross and criminal actions.

In concluding this lecture, let me impress upon you this one consideration, that while physical beauty is, as yet, the heritage of few, and while even mental beauty is to a great extent a matter of natural gift, yet spiritual beauty may be attained by all. Yes, all of you who sit before me to-night, may, if you will perseveringly do that which is right (whether you *feel* like it or not), develop a soul as transparently pure as the dew-drop, and as staunch as the rocks.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

By the Guides of W. J. Colville.

Q.—Can you explain what is meant by the fourth dimension in space?

A.—The fourth dimension in space dilated upon by Prof. Zollner in his very learned work, “Transcendental Physics,” simply signifies that realm of spiritual being which is not recognizable by material sense. If you read Prof. Zollner’s definition of a fourth dimension in space you will recollect that he says the only reason why we do not comprehend four dimensions is because, physically, we are only three dimensional; and if we had only two dimensions then we could not comprehend three any better than having three we can comprehend four. The fourth dimension in space is a vague, abstract, scientific term which is probably used as a sort of non-committal expression which may be received in certain schools of thought better than if it were couched in spiritualistic language. All that Prof. Zollner really disclosed in his experiments with Dr. Slade was this: that spirits were able to disintegrate and reform material substances; that matter is porous, and when spirits sufficiently intelligent and pure operate upon it, it is just as easy for them to disintegrate particles and then reunite them, as it is for you to open a door and shut a window. The fourth dimension of space is simply that realm where mind operates supremely, and no longer regards matter as a tangible obstacle or barrier in its way. When spirits are sufficiently refined they attain to such triumph over physical substances that they can disintegrate and change particles of matter at will.

Q.—From a spiritual standpoint are the same two always one throughout all time and in all worlds?

A.—If that question has reference to celestial marriage, to the primal and ultimate union of the spirit with its eternal mate or counterpart, we should answer positively, yes. The perfect soul is a dual being and as two halves of one orange would always be the same orange, so two halves of one soul must always be the same soul. You are always united

in soul, and are only divided in the external degree of your consciousness. The true spiritual marriage is a discovery of spiritual relationship, whenever you reach that point in your spiritual career where you are ready for the discovery, the revelation comes to you of who is your companion for eternity, knowing this relation you are consciously one and never seek for another union, such union can never be broken up.

Q.—Will you please give the dimensions of the board and table which have lately superseded planchette?

A.—There have been so many inventions which have superseded planchette, and there are so many people who attach a superstitious or cabalistic value to certain external things, that we really have not set ourselves the task of becoming familiar with the particular board and table under consideration, because we know that neither planchette nor any other mechanical invention intended to supersede it, will, in this world or any other, attract spirits or give them an opportunity of communicating with you. When people who are naturally writing mediums experiment with a planchette they often get valuable written communications; but when people who are not writing mediums experiment with the same planchette they usually get nothing. When people are in a condition of mind to receive truthful communications, they get them, but when in any other state of mind then the pencil or the planchette writes a falsehood. Intelligence neither lies in the pencil nor is it attracted by the pencil, but as no pencil, no wood, no magnet, no table, no chair, no board, has any power whatever to attract spirit, and as spiritual gifts are possessed by many persons who have never resorted to any artificial contrivances, we should never undertake to advertise or in any way recommend a mechanical contrivance, which seems the outcome of an idea that mediums can be turned out wholesale, as tunes can be ground out of an organette by turning a crank, those possessing physical mediumship, however, may perhaps be able to facilitate matters in some instances through a device of the kind. The inquirer is referred to *Banner of Light*, June 5 and 12 for descriptions of the inventions.

Q.—Is it possible for man to so control his expression in the form to-day or in the future as to show it or not, like a smile on the face? If so, how is that to be secured?

A.—Certainly; people can control their feelings very nice by hypocrisy. In the spiritual world, where there is nothing to conceal, there is no attempt made at concealment. In the higher realms of spiritual being no one has a bad

thought to conceal, and people do not wish to conceal a good one. In the higher realms of spirit no one wishes to cheat another; no one conducts business in such a manner that he is afraid of his inward intentions being discovered. Therefore in the spiritual realm where the soul is fully expressed, instead of there being perfect concealment there is perfect transparency. A perfected angel is as transparent as a babe, and no more endeavors to conceal an emotion than the artless child who "lets out everything." When the Great Teacher took a little child and put him in the midst of the worldly-wise, saying "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," he meant that the spiritual kingdom, the spiritual state, could never be realized until men and women became childlike again, in the sense that they did not pretend to be one thing while they were another. Hypocrisy, concealment, masquerading, constitute the greatest sin, the most heinous in all the list of crimes, as deception is the foundation of all iniquity. Whoever was the hero of the gospel, be it Jesus or any other, in common with all others who have given the highest spiritual teaching to the world, abhorred all deceit and hypocrisy, and insisted on openness in his disciples.

The highest state of life is where you have no feelings you wish to conceal. When all your thoughts are pure, all your intentions honorable, when you are above setting a trap to catch another, when every intention of your life is toward goodness, you will be "wise as serpents, but harmless as doves."

Q—Is it not often necessary to conceal an emotion for the sake of sparing another suffering?

A.—Intuitive people cannot be deceived by attempts at concealment; sick people whose nerves are usually unstrung and who are therefore hyper-sensitive, are usually in a condition to imagine their state worse than it really is when anything is being kept from them. Doctors, nurses, and others often err grievously in this matter when acting from the best intentions. If a thought is in your mind, it is far better to express it frankly than to try to hide it, as suspense is worse for a patient's peace of mind than knowledge of the worst. You must, however, try to become imbued with a higher conception of existence than that common to prophets of evil; when you have reached a higher plane of thought and operation you will be able to declare spiritual truths which are antidotes to all misfortunes.

The CARRIER DOVE for August will contain a full report of the Campmeeting now being held in Oakland, besides the usual number of biographies and sketches.

THE NEW PLANCHETTE.

A Mysterious Talking Board and Table.

"Planchette is simply nowhere," said a Western man at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "compared with the new scheme for mysterious communication that is being used out in Ohio. I know of whole communities that are wild over the 'talking board,' as some of them call it. I have never heard any name for it. But I have seen and heard some of the most remarkable things about its operations—things that seem to pass all human comprehension or explanation."

"What is the board like?"  
 "Give me a pencil and I will show you. The first requisite is the operating board. It may be rectangular, about 18x20 inches. It is inscribed like this:

```

    .....
    :   YES.                               NO.   :
    : A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R :
    :           S T U V W X Y Z &.          :
    :           1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0         :
    :   GOOD-EVE.                          GOOD-NIGHT. :
    .....
    
```

"The 'yes' and the 'no' are to start and stop the conversation. The 'good-evening' and 'good-night' are for courtesy. Now a little table three or four inches high is prepared with four legs. Any one can make the whole apparatus in fifteen minutes with a jack-knife and a marking brush. You take the board in your lap, another person sitting down with you. You each grasp the little table with the thumb and forefinger at each corner next you. Then the question is asked, 'Are there any communications?' Pretty soon you think the other person is pushing the table. He thinks you are doing the same. But the table moves around to 'yes' or 'no.' Then you go on asking questions and the answers are spelled out by the legs of the table resting on the letters one after the other. Sometimes the table will cover two letters with its feet, and then you hang on and ask that the table will be moved from the wrong letter, which is done. Some remarkable conversations have been carried on until men have become in a measure superstitious about it. I know of a gentleman whose family became so interested in playing with the witching thing that he burned it up. The same night he started out of town on a business trip. The members of his family looked for the board and could not find it. They got a servant to make them a new one. Then two of them sat down and asked what had become of the other table. The answer was spelled out, giving a name, 'Jack burned it.' There are, of course,

any number of nonsensical and irrelevant answers spelled out, but the workers pay little heed to them. If the answers are relevant they talk them over with a superstitious awe. One gentleman of my acquaintance told me that he got a communication about a title to some property from his dead brother, which was of great value to him. It is curious, according to those who have worked most with the new mystery, that while two persons are holding the table a third person, sitting in the same room some distance away, may ask the questions without even speaking them aloud, and the answers will show they are intended for him. Again, answers will be returned to the inquiries of one of the persons operating when the other can get no answers at all. In Youngstown, Canton, Warren, Tiffin, Mansfield, Akron, Elyria, and a number of other places in Ohio I heard that there was a perfect craze over the new planchette. Its use and operation have taken the place of card parties. Attempts are made to verify statements that are made about living persons, and in some instances they have succeeded so well as to make the inquirers still more awe-stricken."—*New York Tribune.*

A man at Salem, Mass., drank sixteen glasses of whisky without taking any rest between drinks. He was probably trying his capacity for city alderman with the expectation of coming to Chicago, and adding his euphonious name to the list of recent candidates for office here. Alas! he was plucky, but he wasn't lucky, and the whisky it was bad; so instead of Chicago he went where they a' go when they miss the road, bedad. Our public men are educated in saloons. At a recent city election nearly all the candidates were or had been saloon keepers. Their whisky-soaked faces were photographed in one of our daily papers, and here is an accurate list of the lovely names attached; Michael Cocoran, Pat Sanders, Jim Appleton, Denny O'Sullivan, Billy Bassett, Jo Duffy, Jo McCoun, Pat Howard, Jimmy O'Hare, Tim Rian, Jimmy O'Brien, Mat Murphy, Larry Yore, and Patsy Lanigan. Comment is unnecessary. But be the howly virgin, the wimmin aint got sinse enough to vote. Lit'em sthay where God placed 'em, in the kitchen mindin' their husbands' clothes and cookin' dinners for'em whin they cum home from public sphakin' and the runnin' of gover'ment affairs.—*The Woman's World.*

The *Evening Item*, Philadelphia, says editorially: "The convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association at Washington was an occasion of interest and pleasure.

## The Carrier Dove.

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

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

**Spiritualism and Reform.**

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

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

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

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

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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.

### THE DUTIES BEFORE US.

During the daily ministrations of W. J. Colville and other speakers at the Campmeeting which is now in session, we have been taught many grand, valuable truths. We have felt, while listening to these inspired utterances, ourselves carried away above and beyond the things of time and sense to revel, for a brief period, amid the glories of the spiritual heavens. We have felt the touch of the angelic teachers, heard the rustling of their garments, and, in moments of supreme self-forgetfulness and oblivion to all that was passing around us, have had our spiritual vision quickened, and caught glimpses of these shining ones whose transcendent loveliness was indescribable. Then, when the reaction came, and we have come to a full realization that we were still in a very material body surrounded by earthly conditions and environments we could neither change or control, we have begun questioning ourself and others, if it were not possible to *do something practical* towards establishing this kingdom of heaven in which we have momentarily reveled, upon earth. Then we have been told "the kingdom of heaven is within you," commence first to build from within, outward, and we have wondered if it were possible for *anyone* to become so truly and deeply spiritual within themselves, that the wrongs and injustice seen on every hand in the outward world would not sometimes cause a wave of indignation or regret to sweep over the peaceful sea of spirituality and cause at least a ripple on the surface. Then we have wondered if each one, instead of spending any time in unnecessary praying would set at once to work in some earnest, practical way to right some of these wrongs, no matter what they may be, would they not hasten the work of regeneration in themselves by their efforts to assist others. *The world needs workers.* It needs those, who, seeing a wrong perpetually before them, will seek to remove it. Spiritualists should not sit idly by and let the churches take the initiative steps in every great reform. Where are our Temperance Unions, our White Cross Orders, our Suffrage Societies, our Bands of Hope, and Lyceums for our children,

our Anti-Tobacco Leagues, etc., etc. "Why," says one, "Spiritualism embraces all these reforms." Certainly it does; but what is needed is a *systematized method of operation*, wherein all can participate, yet each one in the special field of reform to which they are best adapted. If it was decided to build a railroad across the continent, would it be accomplished by a number of people assembling together and saying, "Now, here are railroad ties, iron rails, picks, spades, shovels and spikes, let us make a road," and then all go to work without any system or order about it. Would the road ever be completed in that manner? Or would it not succeed better were each one to have a special work to do, and confine themselves to their department? Now all Spiritualists cannot be test mediums, or lecturers, or healers, or teachers of children, or successful organizers. Yet all should be recognized as having something to do outside of their own personal, individual affairs. The wiser ones should formulate some system of operation whereby the weakest ones among us could feel they had a work to do, and that work was for the hastening of the millennial day we are all waiting and praying for.

### A PLEASANT OCCASION.

On Friday evening, May 28, the friends of Mrs. E. L. Watson tendered her a farewell reception, previous to her summer vacation, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mathews, 538 Twenty-third Street, San Francisco.

At an early hour, the elegant parlors were filled to overflowing, and after a short season of happy greetings, social converse, and music, Mr. R. A. Robinson was called upon to preside. He made a few opening remarks, recalling old-time friends and associations, referring to those noble workers who were once with us in the material form, but who are now joined to the hosts invisible, especial mention being made of the esteemed veteran, Thomas Gales Forster. Other short speeches were called for and responded to by various persons present. Mrs. Watson briefly reviewed the work of the past, and feelingly referred to the loving sympathy of her people which had cheered and sustained her through many



trials, and of the thoughtful consideration which had prompted the giving of the much needed rest during the summer months; for all of which she expressed her grateful acknowledgments and most sincere appreciation.

Mr. J. J. Owen made a few happy remarks in his usual interesting manner. Mrs. J. Schlesinger related a communication she had received the day previous from Thomas Gales Forster, through the mediumship of Mrs. P. W. Stephens, of Sacramento, in which he stated that he would be present on that occasion, and if possible, impress some one with his presence. She felt that he had kept his promise by causing Mr. Robinson to mention his name.

Mr. Mayo said he had felt the influence of Mr. Forster during the whole evening. Mrs. Wiggin spoke beautifully of the high estimation in which she held Mrs. Watson, and for her brave, true words for the cause of woman she thanked and blest her. Mrs. Robinson, Judge Holbrook, and others whose names we do not now recall, followed. Mr. Irwin read a poem, little Master Irwin gave a recitation. Mr. Mayo gave a recitation, and Mrs. Laverna Mathews, the sweet, loving, and much-loved hostess, read an original poem, dedicated to Mrs. Watson. This poem will be found on another page, entitled "Friendship's Tribute." Prof. Lambert being universally called for, Mrs. Watson yielded to the control, and he spoke in his usual delightfully entertaining manner a short time, when, the hour being late, the company separated.

#### THE CAMPMEETING.

The State Campmeeting, which is now in session in this City, is one of the most gratifying and successful gatherings of the kind ever convened on the Pacific Coast. The management having it in charge certainly deserve great credit for the good judgment manifested in all the details of so responsible an undertaking. Mr. W. J. Colville is a wonderful speaker. His lectures attract the most intellectual and spiritual people in the community. Thousands flock to hear him, many of whom never attended spiritual meetings before, for "his fame has gone abroad throughout the whole

land." Some of the best mediums of the State are located on the grounds and give sittings daily in their tents, convincing the skeptical and comforting the sorrowing.

Mr. Colville has a class of nearly one hundred persons to whom he gives instructions in Metaphysical Healing every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings. On each alternate day there is a Mediums' Conference meeting in the morning. Lectures every afternoon and evening except Mondays. The large tent which will seat about sixteen hundred people, has been enlarged and even now fails to accommodate the eager seekers after truth. Sunday evening, June 20th, it was literally packed, and many stood outside who could not find standing room inside. If the interest continues to increase to the close we fear there will not be room enough on the grounds to accommodate all who will be in attendance on the last Sunday, July 4th. In our next issue we will give a complete report of this, the most remarkable spiritual outpouring ever transpiring on this side of the Continent.

#### A SEANCE WITH DR. STANSBURY.

Since the arrival of Dr. Stansbury, of San Jose, at the Campmeeting, he has been kept busy giving sittings to those who are anxious to witness the very satisfactory slate-writing which occurs in his presence. It was our pleasant privilege to witness these manifestations under such conditions as would render deception impossible, and the result was extremely gratifying. Four slates were covered with messages, some of a private and business nature, others congratulatory and friendly from spirits we had known in earth-life, and whose interest in the work we are striving to do, remains as great as before their transition. We also witnessed for the first time, the remarkable phenomenon of stigmata. We had scarcely taken our seats at the table when Dr. Stansbury said, "Wait, they are writing on my arm." He pushed up his sleeve, and there, in large, bright-red letters was my Mother's name, the writing extending down upon the hand. If any of our wiseacres can explain the process by which this writing was done, intelligence which gave the name, which out-

side of the spiritual hypothesis, and the Dr. Stansbury could not possibly have known, we would be extremely grateful for the information. The Dr. is a genial, pleasant gentleman, whose presence is gentle and inspiring. Those who are sensitive to the spiritual aura of individuals will discover their suspicions vanishing and the sunshine of confidence taking their place, in the happy atmosphere of this wonderful medium.

#### VALEDICTORY.

We regret to announce that in consequence of engagements, which will occupy our time to such an extent as to preclude giving the necessary time to labors in the biographical department of this magazine, we are forced to withdraw from the position of associate editor. We feel deeply grateful for the expressions of good will and appreciation which have greeted us, and trust the time is not distant when we shall again enter upon the field of labor which we now resign. The CARRIER DOVE fills a place in Spiritualistic literature which is not met in any other publication, and we bespeak for it the support it so richly deserves. Subject to the direction of our spirit guides, in whose wise counsels we place implicit confidence, we expect to labor, in different directions, for the cause of Spiritualism until we lay aside our earthly garments and are called higher. *Au revoir.* ALBERT MORTON.

#### W. J. COLVILLE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

We have engaged the services of the celebrated inspirational speaker, W. J. Colville, from the close of the Campmeeting, July 4, 1886, to continue his remarkably successful ministrations in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco; commencing July 11, and to continue to September. Mr. Colville's services at the Campmeeting have been attended by large, intelligent and highly appreciative audiences; a vast amount of good has been accomplished, and his labors have met with unprecedented success in interesting inquiry in relation to Spiritualism and cognate subjects. The services will be held in the Temple as follows: Lectures at 10:45 A. M., and 7:45 P. M.; questions submitted by the audience will be answered at 2:30 P. M. Seats can be

reserved on application to the writer on the camp-grounds, or by addressing a note as below, San Francisco. An early application will be necessary as the seats are rapidly being secured. Excellent music has been secured. Monthly reserved seats, \$1. Single reserved seats, 25 cents; admission, 10 cents.

ALBERT MORTON,  
Studio, 331 Phelan Building,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

We give in this issue Mr. Colville's first lecture on this Coast, delivered at the Campmeeting, Sunday evening, June 6; also, some answers to questions given on another occasion.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

It affords us much pleasure to be able to present our readers with a fine portrait and sketch of the "phenomenal man," W. J. Colville, whose ministrations at the Campmeeting have attracted such general attention and given such perfect satisfaction. That he is all he is represented to be and much more, those who know him can testify. His command of language wherewith to express the beautiful spiritual truths he enunciates is something marvelous. There is no hesitancy, no lack of words; they flow as freely as water from a fountain whose source is unfathomable. His answers to questions are profound and logical, and ever ready at the moment of asking. He is gentle and unaffected in his manners, kind and thoughtful of all.

We are under obligations to Mr. Thomas Lees, of Cleveland, Ohio, for a fine cabinet photo of himself and also one of Mrs. Althadine Smith, Test Medium and Lecturer, who, with her companion, Mrs. Louisa J. Wilson, was murdered by her husband in Cleveland, January 31, 1886. We had learned something of Mrs. Smith's private history through one who was a personal friend, and were therefore much pleased to receive the portrait. Perhaps our strong sympathy for the lady may have attracted her to us, and through her influence the photo may have been sent.

To those of our readers to whom we promised to publish W. J. Colville's lecture on Re-incarnation, we would say that as Mr. J. J. Owen, editor of the

*Golden Gate*, desired it we have relinquished our claim in his favor, as we could not publish it until August and many are anxious to get it before leaving the Campmeeting. It will be found in the *Golden Gate* of June 25, and every one should purchase a copy.

From circulars received, we learn that the Spiritualists of western New York, northern Pennsylvania, and eastern Ohio will hold their Seventh Annual Campmeeting on their camp-grounds at Cassadaga Lake, Chautauqua County, New York, commencing Saturday, July 31, and closing Monday, August 30. A large list of the best speakers and mediums are engaged for the occasion.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to "A Temperance Sermon," by "Lupa." It contains many valuable thoughts which men and women would do well to read and ponder upon, and, after pondering, *act*.

#### SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

Through the Mediumship of Dr. J. D. Stansbury.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER—*My Dear Friend:* It is with great pleasure that I am permitted to come at this time and express my appreciation of the high standard of excellence to which THE CARRIER DOVE has attained through your unselfish devotion to the cause which it represents. Endorsed and aided as you are by the angelic hosts, your labors will be abundantly crowned with success, and you shall live to see and enjoy the reward which you so richly deserve.

Fraternally thine,

WM. DENTON.

This message was written on a slate while it rested upon my shoulder, and I held it there.

J. S.

Tell the dear old doctor (Dr. Schlesinger) I want to give him a seance of the old-fashioned kind. CHARLEY FOSTER.

(Dr. Schlesinger received his first proofs of Spiritualism through Chas. Foster's mediumship.)

The following message from my daughter was written between closed slates, my hands resting upon them as they lay upon the table, and I distinctly heard the writing being done. The medium was Mr. Fred. Evans of San Francisco.

MY DEAR MAMMA: I am with you this morning and so happy to come and write for you this way. I want Mamma to keep this slate in memory of her little daugh-

ter. There are so many spirits around me watching me write this, and there are some who are sad and wish their mammas and papas would believe in Spiritualism, so they could write letters to them while they remain in earth-life. But I hear a wise spirit say that the time will soon come when there will be no need of public mediums for every one will be able to converse with their spirit friends alone. Won't that be nice? Mamma, there are many friends here who want to thank you and Papa Louis for being instrumental in bringing their friends to believe in this grand truth, for you have made many lives happy. I could tell many nice stories of little girls and boys who have met their brothers and sisters and friends in spirit life. I must stop now. Your loving little

MATIE.

#### Acrostic.—W. J. Colville.

Wondrous prophet of this golden age,  
Joy-bearer, philosopher and sage;  
Calming the turbulent waves of strife,  
Opening wide the gates to the spirit-life,  
Lifting the burdens from off the soul,  
Valiant and strong in his grand control;  
Illumed his thought from a higher sphere,  
Lucid his reasons, his logic clear,  
Laurels he bears up toward the skies,  
Endless truth his covenant and prize.

ELIZA F. MCKINLEY.

How a man clings to to his position, even when it barely keeps him from beggary. Oh, for the spirit of recklessness that would cause every underpaid laborer in the land to drop all holds and defy starvation. The bravery of such a deed would put God under obligations to come to the rescue. Surely a man can never feel himself so much a man as when kicking off his fetters and defying fate. Defying it? Why, when men defy fate the tables are turned, and it becomes obsequious to their wishes. The man who bids defiance to want, who turns his back on fear, who stands alone in the integrity of selfhood, commands the very elements of life and death; principalities and powers are as nothing to him; he walks on thrones, and the whole force of a universe kneels at his feet.—*Helen Wilmans.*

At this period of my life, when a change occurs in my affairs by which the future is obscured, and nothing is visible but starvation, I put on my best clothes and sit down in a sort of mental ecstasy waiting for the next event, knowing that man's necessity is God's opportunity, and feeling certain that nothing evil can come to him, who in divine passivity raises both soul and body to the influx of good.—*Helen Wilmans.*

## ANIMAL MAGNETISM AS A CURATIVE AGENCY.

"Time overthrows the illusions of opinion, but establishes the decisions of nature." How striking the fact, that in all ages the most important discoveries have, on their introduction, been violently opposed. How great the storm of opposition against Harvey, because he first asserted that the blood circulated through the arteries. But behold one of the greatest martyrs to the cause of science. See Galileo in the gloomy dungeon of the Inquisition because he invented an instrument that unfolds to the view of the astronomer new worlds—worlds floating in space, but also universal beyond. Space would fail to show the vast number of theories that were once deadly opposed, but now are acknowledged facts, even among savans. And why this hostility among all classes to the introduction of the good and true? It is because they do not obey the injunction, "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

We were led to these reflections from having visited the rooms of Dr. Darrin, the Healer. He relieves the sick by a process that is opposed by those who know not the wonderful effects. As the disturbance of the vital fires is the cause of disease, he, by some mysterious power, restores the equilibrium, and thereby imparts health. All classes show their appreciation of his valuable services by flocking in crowds to his rooms. Over a hundred visit his rooms daily for treatment. How joyful are the countenances of the ladies who have been relieved of deafness and spinal complaint. By his offer of kindness, and the display of his rare power in the healing art, they were restored to health. Words could not express their gratitude for such a blessing, vouchsafed by the stranger.

What can the opposers to this mode of practice say to such beneficial results? How is anything tested but by its effects; and are not the innumerable cases that have been seen in Europe and America, of relief and cure, proofs positive of the superiority of the Doctor's mode of treatment? He pretends not to give relief only in curable cases. Stubborn facts present an array of argument sufficient to convince all who are disposed to know the truth.

We cannot conclude without mentioning the case of H. E. Wright, Oakland Point, liver and kidney complaint and intermittent fever, cured; T. J. Newcomb, San Jose, fits and inflammation at neck of the bladder, cured; J. A. Arlington, Virginia, seminal weakness and heart disease, cured; A. H. Baldwin's son and daughter, 213 Leavenworth Street, San Francisco, office, 1321 Market Street, San Francisco, deafness and catarrh for six

years—restored to perfect hearing in five treatments; Edward Haberlin, formerly of Saucelito and now at 532 Fourth Street, San Francisco, deafness two years, cured in two weeks; P. McMurray, 83 Brady Street, San Francisco, offensive discharge of the ear, 15 years with a ringing and buzzing noise in the head and ear, cured; Forrest E. Haskin, Eureka, Cal., three curves to his spine and case despaired of by four physicians, cured in six weeks in 1872 and remains permanent; Mrs. W. B. Harp, Modesto, Cal., deafness for a long time, cured one year ago; Mrs. General Adams, 1308 Park Street, Alameda, Cal., excruciating headaches, numbness and general debility, cured in six weeks; Mrs. D. A. Schultz, 607½ Natoma Street, San Francisco, loathsome catarrh, bronchitis and lung trouble which has seriously undermined her health for years, also effects of a sprained ankle which made her a confirmed cripple, all cured in 1871 and remains permanent to this day; H. M. Morris, 705½ Market Street, San Francisco, spinal congestion and sciatic rheumatism, cured; Thomas Ridge, 613 Bush Street, San Francisco, St. Vitus' dance and spinal trouble which twisted his head to one side and perfectly stiff, restored in 1872 and remains permanent; Emil Schuck, 436 Fremont Street, San Francisco, almost constant pain in the side and heart for three years, cured in one month; Captain Dingley, No. 8 Pine Street, dyspepsia and liver complaint, cured—also one of his men was cured of a cancer with one treatment.—*San Francisco Morning Call.*

## A Temperance Sermon.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red."

"Drink no longer water but use a little wine for the stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."

"Give wine unto him that is heavy-hearted and strong drink unto him that is ready to perish."

I submit the above collection to the consideration of those who say there are no contradictions in the Bible, while I preach Temperance, yes, more than that, Total Abstinence, as regards the drinking of alcoholic liquor. Nothing is said about using tobacco, but, though that is a comparatively modern evil, I consider it next in order in its power to enslave the appetite and produce injurious effects on future generations. The bad influence of both is not disputed by many, yet all classes press blindly on, as if drawn into a whirlpool, at each circle taking in a wider sweep. And it is high time the thoughtful ones inquired what is the cause and what the remedy.

To find much of the cause, we must study the laws of heredity; for the cure we must study the subject on all sides, watch every indication of a blaze and smother it.

There are two extreme classes of reformers. One class takes for its text, "Where the carcass is, there the vultures are gathered together," and applies itself diligently to clearing away the carcasses so the vultures will die of starvation. They say if there was no supply of evil things there would be no consumption. The other class says the demand creates the supply. If there was no hungering after evil things none would be furnished to satisfy the hunger, and they command us to "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing," and the manufacture will cease for lack of support. Both classes are in earnest. Which is right? Watch a stream of water which is nearly shut off at some point. The opposite sides seem to be far apart yet are traveling equally fast and toward the same place. When near the obstruction they draw together, joining forces with the middle current which has all the time been aiming straight toward the point of egress.

All three currents are needed, all are component parts of the common stream, but from the nature of things, all could not have been in the same place, but the middle one is the strongest, swiftest, and straightest. My father often said, when any one was inclined to be violently extreme, "Let your moderation be known," and, perhaps by natural inheritance, I am inclined toward much the same view of things, that is, though clear as to what I wish to do, I try not to be so rash as to defeat myself, but am willing others should take either side, if they are progressing toward the same point—the perfection of the human race. We cannot afford to stop and quarrel, spending our substance in useless eddies and whirlpools. Let those who say there would be no supply of sin if no reservoir was built to store it in, tear at the walls with might and main; let those who say the reservoir would fall into ruin if the supply was cut off at the source, proceed to prove their words good; while the middle class, formed by the union of the other two at their nearest point, labor as diligently at their appointed work.

Now let us see how we can use all these forces. To begin at the source, we must secure prohibitory laws as fast as possible. Do you say it cannot be done? Read the histories of the different States that have tried it. Do you say it would do no good? Go to the same history and learn your mistake.

To the second class belonged Jane Grey Swisshelm, of Minnesota, tall straight, vigorous in body and mind,

owning to no weakness, not even the one called feminine vanity, perhaps she could not help feeling contempt for those less strong. She said it was high time temperance reforming stopped attacking the saloons and commenced teaching men to keep away from them; that the idea of prohibition was nonsense. Let us see whether it is or not.

"Thirty years ago the State of Indiana enjoyed the blessings of a prohibition law for one hundred and forty-eight days, when the Supreme Court unchained Satan for an indefinite period." We will search the papers of that date to learn the condition of society during that time. Three days after the law went into effect, the Indianapolis *Sentinel* said, "The new liquor law has knocked police items into a cocked hat." At a later date it says, "During the past fifteen days there has not been a single commitment to the County Jail for the violation of city ordinances, and in the way of arrests by the city police, there is little or nothing doing."

Another paper, called the *Locomotive*, said, "the temperance law has nearly abolished rioting, drunkenness, and rowdying, and the taxpayers are reducing the city expenses." To come down to later times we get the same report from Kansas, Mississippi, Pennsylvania Tennessee, Illinois and Georgia. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." If prohibition does in a great measure prohibit, we need not waste our breath in saying it will not. If it does do good, it is foolish for us to say it will not. Do you say it is an abridgement of personal liberty? So is hanging or imprisonment. Have we not as much right to manacle the criminal maker as the criminal who is often "more sinned against than sinning," by being given a physical system that offers no resistance and a conscience confused by the example of others. I believe many a city boy has the tobacco habit forced on him by being obliged to breathe air filled with the most penetrating part of the poison, and before his lips have touched a cigarette the appetite is fixed. O men, shame on you for thus forcing women and children to breathe your vile breath! If you will not or cannot control yourselves, build a vault like a crematory with a chimney reaching the clouds, and when you feel the craving, enter it, close the door, then let the smoke of your abominations ascend unto high heaven, but do not flaunt the signs of your degradation before the eyes and nostrils of the rest of humanity as though you felt proud of it.

There is great necessity for the cultivation of that strength of character in the young which Mrs. Swisshelm urges so strongly. Men say ancient Ninevah, Persia, Greece and Rome went

into a consumptive decline, because of wealth. I say they did not, but because of lack of self-control. As nations, they grew rich, but a few held the property, while the masses were poor. The stronger, wealthier power grew idle and gave up its time to intemperate eating and drinking, which created a fever in the system tending directly to licentiousness and a total disregard of other's rights. The poverty of the poor, the insufficiency of food, kept up a ferocious craving which vented itself also in crime, and hence the downfall. Money need not be a curse to nation or individual, but it often is because of abuse. I believe many a wife has prayed for continued poverty because she knew that with increased wealth would come many a black bottle and box of cigars, which lack of means has thus far limited in number.

I have been told by a spirit friend that the human body is filled with minute creatures of various forms, that one species lived on alcoholic stimulants, increasing in number and vigor according to the quantity taken, and that they resemble snakes in form and manners. If that is true it is not hard to explain the terrible sights that form part of delirium tremens; with the substance of the brain and eyes filled with the writhing things, they literally "see snakes." I have heard the pitiful promises of one on the borders of that state mixed with wild pleadings for more of the cursed stuff that had worked his ruin, and I cannot hold my peace. Is it right that such men should be the fathers of the next generation? Here, my sisters, is our opportunity. We must be sure, first, that we are in no sense imbibers of the poison, and then make a vow and keep it, that no more children of ours shall have drunken, or even moderate drinking fathers to curse them with inherited thirst and an example that can scarcely be resisted. Feed the children we have on no more mince pie, cake, or coffee containing brandy, create a public sentiment in favor of teaching in the free schools of every State, as they have commenced doing in Vermont, Michigan, and Missouri, the effects of alcohol on the body, never forgetting judicious home training in favor of total abstinence. In time we shall vote also, but let us "prove faithful over a few things that we may be counted worthy to rule over many things." In the words of R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco: "O, for one generation of clean and unpolluted men; men whose veins are not fed with fire; men fit to be the companions of pure women; men fit to be the fathers of children." But to produce such a generation, all must work singly and in combinations. Let no chance to weaken the enemy go unimproved, and let us call things by their

right names. If men or women are drunk, do not say they are slightly exhilarated or indulgently laugh at the idiotic performances of a drunken acquaintance nor think it a small thing if a friend of ours takes a glass or two at home or away. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." Words are not strong enough to express my horror of the curse. I would beg of you moderate drinkers, both men and women, who are doing more harm than the drunkards, to regain and keep control of yourselves. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." It may be your turn next. Let us worry the liquor serpent till in rage it bites itself, and then with the tongs of public opinion, seize and cast it into the fire of annihilation, flinging after it the tobacco scorpion. So shall the earth be rid of these venomous reptiles, for ever and ever.

"Tell me I hate the bowl?"

Hate is a feeble word.

I loathe, abhor, my very soul

With strong disgust is stirred."

LUPA.

#### Spiritualism Versus Spirituality.

It is the opinion of the writer that that Spiritualism which is not Spiritualizing we may as well be without. Of what use are our *facts* if they are not of such a nature and we do not make such use of them as to mould us into a more spiritual life? But what do we mean by the term Spiritual? Evidently not what is intended by our brethren of the various churches, for with them to be spiritual-minded is to think much of God and Heaven, to pray often, "and in everything give thanks," to attend all the means of grace, such as church service, class and prayer meetings—to be baptized and receive the sacrament. And, seemingly, many Spiritualists have fallen into the same sad error and think that to frequently seek spirit communication, to try and understand the laws that govern it, to endeavor to obtain a knowledge of life and labor in the spirit-world, and finally, to seek to so live as that ourselves may be continually *en rapport* with our spirit friends, is to be spiritual minded. Again we repeat that all this seems to be a sad mistake. There is need that we emphasize the newer and better definition of Spirituality—that the one who does the most to bless humanity is the most Spiritual. The legend has it that "He who loves his fellow creatures most loves God most of all." And we are confident that this is true. That the only real spiritual life is the life that is devoted to others; and that such a life *is* spiritual be the one who lives it either Spiritualist, Atheist, or Orthodox. Indeed, is not this the one all-important

lesson that the spirit world would teach us? Have they not come to us to light up—to exhalt, and to help us in every way to a higher, happier life? And thus to teach us by their divine example that our principal duty is to thus help one another. Nay, have they not taught us that the *only* road of progress is in the helping of others? And is not this idea of living for others, of self-sacrifice, of self-abnegation, the highest ideal of us all? Do we not in history, poetry, and song, immortalize those who do and suffer the most for humanity's sake?

Spiritualists, know ye once for all that ye can never realize that the spiritual side of life is the real until you thus *live* spiritual, and that you get nearest the spirit world when you get nearest the heart of humanity.

P. A. S.

### The "Mind-Cure."

At a recent meeting in her present course at Cartier Hall, New York City, the guides of Mrs. Richmond, being asked for their opinion on this topic, gave it as here appended. They, to our mind, spoke truly when they said: "All this would die out in a day if there was no spiritual power behind it."—Ed. B. of L.

Q.—What of the "Mind-Cure" from the standpoint of Spiritualism?

A.—The various degrees of the outpourings of the spirit that are in the world to-day perplex the casual observer. One is easily diverted from the spiritual solution of all these things through the different terms employed to describe the methods or state the manner of healing. "Metaphysical healing," or "mind healing," "faith" or "prayer healing" and spiritual healing are one, but they enter different departments of human life.

There are those who may meet you upon the external plane of "metaphysical healing," or "mind-cure," who start aghast at the idea of spirit-healing; but these are not permitted, therefore, to be left out, nor permitted to go out without healing power. You all derive gifts from the spirit without knowing it; when you *know* the fact you are required to recognize their source, but not until then. So "metaphysical" or "mind" healing is one of the different departments or ante-chambers in which the same gift is exercised, but, instead of exercising it through the finger-ends, as the magnetic healer thinks he does, it is exercised through the mind. Whichever is the case, it is no more material and no less so, in its mechanical exercise—the brain is as mechanical as the finger-ends—but it is only an adaptation in another way of the same power.

The "faith" cure is simply a branch of the mind-cure, which takes a religious direction, and in this sense it approaches more nearly the spirit-healer. There are thousands of magnetic healers, and even

mediums, who do not claim or acknowledge their mediumship in their healing. So it proves, whatever your shortcomings may be in different directions, spiritual gifts may be exercised, and they are exercised for the purpose or showing that the gifts need not be consistent with your ideas—nor even show you how they are done. In the theory of the "mind-cure" there is a calling into existence of powers and capacities in individuals that often elevate and make them, for the time being, perhaps, aware of new energies of life. But all this would die out in a day if there was no spiritual power behind it.—*Banner of Light*.

### The Carrier Dove

The June number of the CARRIER DOVE will be warmly welcomed by all our readers, for the reason that it contains an excellent portrait of John Pierpont, the Spirit-Chairman of the *Banner of Light* public Free Circle, and one of Miss M. T. Shelhamer, our very worthy and efficient medium. Each likeness is accompanied with a biographical sketch by Mr. Albert Morton, whose artistic hand also furnishes the portraits. Appended to these is an appreciative sketch of Dr. J. A. Shelhamer, who is designated by Mr. Morton "a conscientious, faithful, powerful worker for the angel-world."

It is unnecessary to say that the above should, as they undoubtedly will, cause this issue of the CARRIER DOVE to be sought for by the many whose lives and hopes have been brightened by messages published in our columns from those of their loved ones who have crossed the shining river and placed their feet, to weary no more, upon the shores of the Summer-Land.

In addition to the above, this edition contains portraits of "Milly," spirit-control of Mrs. Albert Morton, the unsurpassed psychometrist, and prophetic and healing medium, and of Mrs. J. J. Whitney, test and healing medium, now residing in San Francisco; a lecture by Mrs. E. L. Watson, "If Spiritualism is True, What of It?" and the first two chapters of a new serial, by Miss M. T. Shelhamer, entitled, "Crowded Out: a Story for the Times," which promises to be one of the best from her versatile pen. There are also other articles of equal interest to which our limited space prevents further than this reference. Publication office, 854½ Broadway, Oakland, Cal. For sale at this office.—*Banner of Light*.

Mrs. Pollard, of Chicago, Ill., has invented a system by which little children can be taught to read in half the usual time, and with much pleasure to themselves.

### El Dorado.

BY MISS M. T. SHELHAMER

Through all the years of mortal life,  
Amid its turmoil, care, and strife,  
We long to borrow heavenly wings  
And soar to higher, better things.  
We hope each day will bring us more  
Of blessings than we had before;  
While ever in the distance gleams  
Some El Dorado of our dreams.

Across some fancied, mystic foam,  
We hope our ships are coming home,  
Laden with gold without alloy,  
Or happiness, or health, or joy;  
We build our castles in the air,  
And think them stately, grand, and fair;  
We sigh for peace we might have known,  
And seek some pleasure not our own.

Through all our lives some wondrous bliss,  
Some meed of happiness we miss;  
And that which fain we most would clasp,  
Oft, phantom-like, eludes our grasp.  
We ask for something rich and sweet  
To make existence all complete;  
While for the promised land we wait,  
Even outside its pearly gate.

In vain we're told that peace and heaven  
To every soul is freely given—  
That happiness is found within  
The soul of man that's free from sin;  
Yet, ever to our vision rise  
Glimpses of some fair paradise,  
Where safe within its Eden bowers  
Our lives may pass the gladsome hours.

Oh, bright, delusive hopes that die—  
Oh, phantoms that so swiftly fly,  
Oh, discontent that fills the breast  
Bestowing neither peace or rest;  
Through all the ages yet to be,  
Must man be trammelled still by ye?  
Ah no, for in the future gleams  
The *substance* of his shadowy dreams.

"Why I Became a Spiritualist," is the title of a series of interesting and instructive articles now being published in *Light in the West*, St. Louis, Mo. Though the name of their author is not given, we are informed they are written by a gentleman prominently known in political and business circles, and held in the highest estimation. In the course of his narrative he describes private seances held with Chas. H. Foster in Washington, D. C., at the commencement of the civil war (1861), the results of which were that, as told him by spirit-intelligences, and by following the advice they gave him, he filled contracts for government work, which performed a very important part in the defence of the Union.

Subscribe for the CARRIER DOVE, only \$2.50 per year.

## "Springflower"

Respectfully inscribed to Prof. Joseph John's superb painting of this Spirit Indian Maiden.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

The artist soul has caught the golden morning;  
Through Time's dull bars th' unfading glory streams;  
The living canvas, 'neath his bright adorning,  
Gives forth a fair creation seen in dreams,  
When spirits, free from matter's crumbling prison,  
Speed forth enfranchised, hand enclasped in hand,  
Where loved of old, to life and light arisen,  
Walk shining fields in Eden's goodly land!

She comes, the forest's pure and radiant maiden,  
Illumed with rays prophetic, and the powers  
Of golden sunlight; with a promise laden,  
That hints a hidden life which death embowers.  
Down from her rounded shoulder droops the vesture,  
Of summer's deep fruition—yet to be  
Rather than that which is; each graceful gesture  
Speaks symbol'd harvest, russet-crowned and free.

But not alone, in sombre, tangled mazes  
Of wilding woods she shines in tender grace,  
And cheers the land which on her presence gazes  
With rich and varied joy; her tender face  
Speaks to the eye, where e'er the hungry spirit  
Gives open entrance to her pollen store  
Of fruitful thought, and wakened souls inherit  
A sweet aroma from the further shore.

Fair index, she, that points the fact eternal,  
That naught but victor hands of conquered self  
Can pluck life's truest good from pastures vernal;  
Th' ambitious clutch and gain but sordid pelf;  
While to the pure in heart alone are given  
The precious flowers that gem the shining meads,  
Where, sunrise-like, the jeweled porch of heaven  
Gleams in the dawn that mortal change succeeds!

With growing strength and firmer hold on matter,  
Toward broader light her pilgrim footstep strays  
Silent, with stealing steps that lightly scatter  
The dew on untrod paths; her lithe form sways  
Soft to the quiv'ring breeze. A glorious creature,  
Her radiant face upturned, with cheeks of bloom,  
An unchecked glee in every beaming feature,  
That speaks a heart where guile finds never room.

Her deep, moist, gleaming eye, with power æsthetic,  
Flashes far-reaching thought for visual ray;  
Thence speeds the arrow from the bow magnetic  
Unerring—to her victor feet as prey,  
The rapturous prize of vernal beauty bringing!  
Behold bright fields and blossoms cheer the earth;  
Trailing arbutus, buttercups are springing—  
Her every impress gives a flow'ret birth.

Within her shade anemones are shining,  
And on the bank, where winds the slow-paced stream,  
The purple Innocence, at ease reclining,  
Lights up the floral way; where joys outgleam  
Her spirit onward moves, exuberant, glowing  
Amid the flush, the wealth of boundless love,  
Her smile, a close-linked sweetness e'er bestowing,  
That speaks to plains below of spheres above.

Her pictured path is decked with sunrise glory.  
She spreads a lover's feast before the eye  
Of souls, who, crushed by mis'ry's whelming story,  
Faint by the way while hope's bright tide rolls by.  
Her loving soul with all their sorrows blending,  
She gives them of her life in flowery forms  
And juices rich and colors far transcending  
The rainbow arch that spans the parted storms!

In wooded dell where mirror waves are wending,  
Reflecting back, amid the blush of earth,  
The blue expanse of heaven above them bending,  
She waiting stands; her glance in artless mirth  
Expectant turned where sweeps the cleaving arrow  
Up to the clouds, so in its keen-edged flight  
Swift swirls aloft the homeward-wheeling sparrow  
When fall the shadows of the closing night.

Soft through her raven locks the winds are playing,  
Upbearing slowly from her parted lips  
Sweet, perfumed utterings, calmly upward straying—  
A meed of joy that knows no dark eclipse.  
She speaks: "Behold, I come all richly laden,  
From realms of light, by subtle force upstayed;  
A simple, natural, and untutored maiden,  
Like poising butterfly in forest glade.

"I bloom in hues the blue, the red, the golden,  
Far-sighted yellow, spring-tide's tender green;  
Earth warmly greets me; I am gladly folden  
To Nature's heart, a robed, tiar'd queen.  
I never seem—I am; all arts dissembling  
My honest soul abhors; sincere, I shine  
A messenger to turn the balance trembling  
In human hearts, from wrong to right divine.

"Armed with love's bow, and thought-shaft keenly fly-  
ing,  
To shoot the swift-winged truth whereon to live,  
Behold I stand by limner's art, defying  
Decay's dim veil. The circling years shall give  
No darkness to this flower of inspiration,  
This Nineteenth century blossom, ripely blown;  
But endless cycles peal the glad ovation,  
To hail the Cause I type to every zone."

Thrice holy Cause, to mourning hearts revealing  
That after life whose hope had e'en grown dim,  
O, let us choose this picture's centered feeling—  
Childlike and humble, walk earth's river brim,  
Till, as the morn mists quit the soaring mountains,  
Our souls to higher realms shall gladly fly,  
Where Iris crowns the Paradisean fountains,  
And human love and joyance never die!

Lead kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from home—  
Lead Thou me on!  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene;—one step enough for me.  
—[Cardinal Newman.

## Friendships' Tribute.

TO MRS. E. L. WATSON, BY MRS. LAVERNA MATHEWS.

What words, dear lady, can I bring  
To greet your listening ear;  
What strain of music can I sing  
That's sweet enough to hear?

If I were but a little flower,  
Close beside your door,  
That I might send my fragrance forth  
For you forevermore.

Or, if a little singing bird,  
I'd love to build my nest  
Where every thought of thine was heard,  
And song of mine expressed,

Would meet and mingle in one strain,  
That all the world might hear;  
In every land to ring again,  
To every listening ear.

I'd catch the tears from sinless girls,  
That flow from loving eyes,  
And weave a coronet of pearls,  
To give you glad surprise.  
With hands of mine upon your brow,  
I'd place the gem unseen,

That seers, who see may surely know  
Where hand of mine had been.

If I were yonder loving star,  
I'd gleam into your eye,  
That I might shine forever where  
Thy spirit windows lie.

I'd clasp with you the hand of those,  
Who loving counsel needs,  
And in the garden of their souls,  
Plant riper, fresher seeds.

O, strike for aye thy tuneful lyre  
In harmony each string,  
Till the sweet strains with angel choir,  
Through Heaven's arches ring.

## Sometime.

Sometime, my child, when all is o'er,  
And memory backward turns  
From some grand height, on fairer shore  
Where love's light ever burns

With no uncertain, flickering say,  
As earthly loves oft do,  
But shining like eternal day,  
Soft, gentle, tender, true.

You'll see how well the guiding hand  
Has led your faltering feet,  
O'er thorny roads to that fair land,  
To rest in places sweet.

You'll see divinest love in all  
These trials so severe;  
And through them hear the angel's call,  
"Come nearer child, come near."

Draw closer to the Heart of Love,  
Whose arms are open wide,  
Seek shelter there; no storms can move  
The soul where love abides.

There, only, is perpetual spring,  
There, only peace is found;  
There, fairest buds is blossoming,  
There, angels hover round." J. S.

June 21, 1886.

THE BANK OFFICIAL.

To gamble, the funds of the bank he drew;  
He robbed the widows and orphans, too;  
With fifty thousand dollars he fled:  
"Another good man's gone wrong," they said.

THE PILFERER.

The night was bitter, the tramp was old;  
He stole a coat to keep out the cold.  
Pursuit soon followed, the chase was brief,  
And the crowd exclaimed: "They've stopped  
the thief!"

For biliousness, constipation and im-  
purities 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 paid.