



EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN

The Carrier Dove.

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

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Emma Hardinge-Britten.

The following is a partial reproduction of a biographical sketch, which appeared in *The Medium and Daybreak*, of July 16th, 1886. It contains, in addition, an appendix by Mrs. Britten, written expressly for THE CARRIER DOVE:

"From infancy Mrs. Britten manifested the possession of those occult powers which are now classified under the general appellation of "mediumistic." A ghost seeress, somnambulist, improvisatrice in music, a prophetess and clairvoyant, the strange weird child, "Emma Floyd," was as much the terror of her nursery attendants as she was the problem of her parents and all who knew her. It seems probable that hereditary influences were strongly prevalent in this singular child's nature. Descended in a direct line from the renowned "Welsh Wizard," "Owen Glendower," little Emma also partook of the characteristics of her sailor father, a gentleman of phenomenal abilities, wonderful powers of prevision, and other qualities of a high Spiritualistic order.

There were many circumstances in Emma's early life and training, which as a thoughtful woman, she now considers to have been instrumental in preparing her for her present mission. Being deprived of her good father's care at a very tender age, the young girl, like the rest of her family, was compelled to depend upon her own talents for subsistence. Her phenomenal musical endowments, and the possession of a magnificent soprano voice, determined her friends to educate her for the operatic profession. The exercise of her musical powers, and other circumstances incident to her life and character, threw her constantly into the society of persons far above her in rank and educational culture, and thus, as she herself modestly alleges, she derived certain advantages and refining influences which she never could have enjoyed as an humble musical student, and which she now finds have been of incalculable value in preparing her as an instrument for the Spiritual Rostrum.

A fine magnetic subject and the elected Seeress of a Secret Society of Occultists, Mrs. Britten's spiritual training commenced long before the report of the open communion between the natural and spiritual worlds ever reached her ears, or furnished a clue to her strange and exceptional experiences.

It was during the time that the young girl

enjoyed the fairest prospects of achieving eminence as an opera singer, that she found all those prospects blighted by her irrepressible somnambulist tendencies.

During the progress of her studies at Paris, she became impelled to rise from her bed in a profound sleep, climb tremendous heights, traverse the wintry streets, preach, recite, and very commonly to enact fearful scenes, as if engaged in some deep tragedy. At such times the somnambulist would utter wild cries and fearful screams, the result of which was to create so violent an irritation of the vocal chords, that she ultimately lost her beautiful voice, and was compelled to relinquish her operatic pursuits *in toto*. As a last resort, and to save the unfortunate somnambulist from the pulmonary affection under which she labored, Emma and her devoted mother followed the direction of the medical advisers, and took a long voyage.

In pursuance of the plans of life which circumstances imposed upon her, Mrs. Emma Hardinge, or—as she had been known in the dramatic profession—Miss Hardinge, accepted an engagement at the Broadway Theatre, New York, and it was in the very radical change experienced between the gay, fashionable, and fascinating artistic circles of Europe; and the democratic influences of her American life, as it seemed to her, that one of her "many deaths" actually occurred in her first passage across the stormy waves of the Atlantic.

"If, as I affirm," says Mrs. Britten, in some autobiographical notes now in the present writer's possession, "I was indeed destined to die to all that I had deemed fair or desirable in my past experiences, surely I may with equal certainty declare I was born again, and that into a far higher and nobler life, upon the shores of New York, for was it not there that I first became a SPIRITUALIST? And is there not in that avowal the history of a birth, as far in advance of all that earth could give me as the radiant sun of heaven outshines the twinkling lights of the city streets?"

Mrs. Hardinge's Spiritualism was not vouchsafed to her, however, without the payment of many a penalty. Her own occult powers had never, to her apprehension, been connected with the idea of a *human spiritual agency*; in fact, the high Spiritualistic tendencies of her nature, lacking the direction of phenomenal proof or intelligent guidance, had not only predisposed her mind to adhere to the religious faith in which she had been

educated, but militated against the acceptance of any other ideas of the hereafter save those which the Church of England inculcated. Her conversion to the faith of Spiritualism, therefore, was not effected without severe mental struggles, and such an overwhelming amount of phenomenal evidence as completely set at naught all her preconceived opinions and rendered belief irresistible.

It may not be out of place at this point to quote a few passages from Mrs. Hardinge's own exhaustive history of "Modern American Spiritualism," in which she details with much point and felicitous expression her first experience with the "spirit rappings." At page 136 she says:

"As suggested above, my first attendance upon a spirit *seance* was a failure; Mr. Conklin's 'spirits' being too heterodox for my piety, and his table-rockings not conveying to my mind the slightest indication of a *spiritual*—to say nothing of an *angelic*—agency. * * *

"My second essay was scarcely more fortunate. My friend, Mr. Augustus Fenns, of the B— Theatre, had so captivated me with promises of revelations through the amazing fact of *knocks produced by spirits!* that I at length consented to accompany him on a visit to the now celebrated medium, Mrs. Ada Foye, of San Francisco, then Mrs. Coan, of New York.

"The dire misgivings with which I set out were intensified into disgust by Mrs. Coan's cool indifference of manner. Placing a pencil with a card, on which the letters of the alphabet were printed, in my hands, she proceeded with a merry, and, to my apprehension, thoroughly *unspiritual* conversation with my companion, simply bidding me point with my pencil to the alphabet, when the spirits would rap at the letters they desired to indicate. Indignant as I felt at Mrs. Coan's indifference to the *soul welfare* that might be concerned in this *seance*, I was quite convinced in my own shrewd mind that the whole thing was a humbug, and that I was the keen detective destined to expose it. At the moment when my companions were most off their guard, therefore, I seized the little wooden table at which we sat, and resolutely set myself to search for the *springs* which I knew must have caused the loud knockings that were vibrating beneath my hands. Whilst engaged in this polite proceeding, the sounds became transferred to the ground beneath my feet,

and whilst occupied in feeling eagerly along the ground for more concealed springs, the walls, chairs and every portion of the room became alive with tremendous poundings. Compelled at last to own that the sounds were too locomotive to be produced by machinery, I yielded to my companion's advice, and set myself to work to point to the alphabet, whilst Mr. Fenns recorded the letters which spelled out names and sentences.

"Without imitating the silly egotism which prompts too many Spiritualists to inflict upon strangers tests and communications of a character too personal to be of the slightest interest to anyone but the recipients, it is enough to say that, at this one *seance* the names and tokens of identity of nearly all the dear ones that I had ever known and loved were spelled out with lightning rapidity and unflinching precision. Every name was foreign to the two strangers before me. Every message was special only to myself and the buried dead; and yet here, thousands of miles away from the scenes in which alone these invisible communicants could have been known, their names were given, and their messages of personal identity were showered upon me, like the dews of heaven falling from the realms of immortality. * * *

At this, and many succeeding *seances* held with various other mediums, Mrs. Hardinge was informed that she herself was "a great medium, destined to perform a mighty work," etc., and that she "must sit at once for development." The mode in which these instructions were carried out is whimsically enough described in Mrs. Hardinge's "Modern American Spiritualism," although too diffuse for these columns.

It would seem that the curiosity and interest of the young investigator once aroused, she was not to be satisfied without the most crucial evidence pro and con. She therefore visited scores of mediums, public and private; attended circles amongst all classes—now in the *salons* of wealth and fashion and anon amongst the very humblest. "I have heard, seen and conversed with these spirits, in garrets and cellars, amongst all classes, and in every imaginable scene," says Mrs. Britten.

When she herself became developed as a medium, at the desire of her spirit friends she gave her services to the world, sitting free for eighteen months for all who chose to visit her or attend her circles. These latter were held chiefly in a handsome building on Broadway, where Mr. Horace H. Day, a wealthy and prominent "Spiritualist," had established a sort of Spiritualistic Headquarters, under the title of "Society for the Diffusion of Christian Spiritualism." In this building was published and circulated a weekly paper, entitled *The Christian Spiritualist*. In one of the rooms was an extensive free library, in another the generous *entrepreneur* paid Kate Fox, one of the original Fox sisters or "Rochester knockers," to

hold daily *seance*, to which the public were admitted free of charge, whilst Mrs. Emma Hardinge was assigned another apartment, where she too received all who chose to visit her without money and without price, until through every conceivable diversity of gift she became at once one of the most celebrated, popular and reliable of "test mediums." The spirits apprised their mobile and enthusiastic medium, that her marvellous array of powers were to be exercised in other directions than that of giving tests, and that she was only influenced in various forms and modes for the purpose of acquiring practical experience of the different gifts which constitute "Mediumship." What the ultimatum of these remarkable powers and exercises were to be, we shall presently touch upon more at length.

The mode in which "*the spirits*" (as Mrs. Hardinge was at length compelled to acknowledge the power to be which influenced her) succeeded in leading her to perform her mission as a platform orator is of too noteworthy a character to be omitted here. Besides devoting herself as a "test medium" to all comers, Mrs. Hardinge held nightly circles, at which her trance utterances were of such a striking character that she was solicited, almost to the point of persecution, to fill the role of speaker on the Spiritual Platform. This the young girl's English sense of conventional propriety shrank from with absolute terror. Finding herself, however, unable to resist the constant pressure which her circle of Spiritualistic acquaintances put upon her, she determined to break the spell and quit them at once.—For this purpose she secretly advertised for the post of musical governess in a family, hoping by such an employment to escape altogether from her over zealous associates.

The only respondent to her advertisement to whom she was attracted, was General Bullard, of Troy, who was very desirous of securing a musical companion for his young invalid wife. General Bullard called upon Mrs. Hardinge, who was then boarding with her mother in the family of Mrs. E. J. French, a renowned medium and clairvoyant physician of New York. To Mrs. Hardinge's dismay, she found that General Bullard was as warm a Spiritualist as any of her other "*persecutors*," and even whilst she was in the act of explaining to him her motives for wishing to change her surroundings, Mrs. French entered into the room in a deep trance, and addressing the visitor, informed him that he had been impelled to come there by certain of his own spirit friends, and that for the sole purpose of bringing out the recusant medium, Emma Hardinge, on the Spiritual Rostrum. The visitor was delighted, and thus, notwithstanding the deep reluctance and earnest refusals of the party most nearly concerned, she was entangled in the psychological web spun around her, and her new acquaintance

actually succeeded in extorting from her a promise to come to Troy, and fill the rostrum on the following Sunday.

In her own autobiographical sketches, Mrs. Britten says: "The days which intervened before that awful Sunday, were about the most miserable of my life. Committed as I was to do I knew not what, or how, as a sort of preparation for my tremendous task, I proceeded to write out a couple of lectures, and I actually spent two whole days and nights in completing some common-place stuff, purposing to read the same, when I was *forced* on to the Troy platform. On the third day of this work, the spirits said to me: 'What is Emma so busy writing?' 'My beautiful Troy lectures,' I sullenly answered. 'She will not read them,' was the cool reply; 'we shall take away her sight.'

"Beginning to know from experience, what these spirits could do, and would do, I abandoned the prospect of reading, and next tried to commit my poor pages to memory. For the following three days I paced a deserted upper chamber, MSS. in hand, striving vainly to fix the sentences in my mind. 'What does Emma take such long walks for in this weary attic?' at last murmured the mocking voice of one of my invisible tormentors. 'You know well enough,' I savagely responded: 'I am trying to learn these dreadful Troy lectures.' 'We shall take away your memory,' was the final answer, and thus was my last hope shattered. * * * * *

"Oh! that miserable Sunday: shall I ever forget the agony of mind I experienced as I was led into the ante-room, and for the first time that day left alone? I held my Bible firmly in my hand, resolved to read as a last resort certain chapters from it, and then run away—somewhere—anywhere; away from those dreadful Spiritualists.

"Conducted finally to the platform, my last clear remembrance was of a beautiful hymn, beautifully sung by 'The Troy Harmonists,' and then I had a dim perception that I was myself standing outside of myself, and listening with intense admiration to a speech made partly by myself and partly by my dear father; dead—when I was only a very little child, but whose noble form I could plainly see, gesticulating to, and addressing *somehow, my second-self*, which was imitating him, and repeating all the lovely thrilling words he was uttering." * * * * *

From that memorable Sunday, Mrs. Emma Hardinge continued to occupy a position on the Spiritual Rostrum, the high and honorable status of which has never been lowered or impinged upon. The full details of her remarkable career, and the untiring energy with which it has been pursued for over twenty-five years, would read like a romance; but phenomenally wonderful as many of its passages are,

it would be impossible even to enumerate them, in this brief sketch. Suffice it to say, for the first two years of her work, the enthusiastic young convert still gave her services to the world as a test and circle medium, and only ceased these exhaustive practices, when sternly warned by her spirit friends that her valuable platform labors would be completely marred and become worthless if she persisted in "putting the telegraph wires out of order," by permitting the control of the various spirits who desired to communicate through her organism as a "test medium."

During two years of almost unceasing rostrum service in New York and Brooklyn, Mrs. Hardinge organized one of the finest volunteer choirs that has ever graced the American Spiritual Meetings; she also composed all the hymns, anthems and songs, taught the singers, played the harmonium, and then leaving her seat as organist and choir mistress, mounted the rostrum to deliver those burning and thrilling lectures for which her ministrations have been so remarkable.

In obedience to the counsels of her faithful spirit guides, Mrs. Hardinge at length left her now beloved associates in New York; her choir, the singers who almost worshiped her, and her friends, the brave New York veteran Spiritualists, including Judge Edmunds, Drs. Gray, Hallock, Messrs. Partridge, Brittan, and hosts of celebrities,—“now saints in heaven”—who hailed her as the well-beloved “spiritual child of New York,” to go far and wide and carry the white standard of Spiritualism through every State, from Maine to California; through the vast wastes of Australasia, New Zealand and other tropical countries; to speak, write and labor incessantly in Europe and her adopted country, America, crossing the ocean some twenty-six times; these were only some of the *items* of the mission Emma Hardinge had been called upon to enact.

In nearly twenty instances she performed her pioneer work in the face of threatened danger to her life. In her first visits to Montreal, Georgia, Alabama, New Orleans, California, Nevada, and several other places, she was warned that she would be “lynched,” mobbed, or otherwise maltreated, if she dared to fulfill the engagements announced for her. “Go forward!” was ever the charge of her spirit friends; “not a hair of thy head shall be harmed, and we will defend thee against the whole world.” Nobly, faithfully, were these glorious promises fulfilled, and it was in the strength of such guidance and protection that Emma Hardinge, a young, lonely and sensitive woman, sped over the world, and advanced to storm and carry many “a forlorn hope,” never retreating until her work was done, and always leaving the post of duty loaded with honors and crowned with blessings.

Neither has Mrs. Hardinge-Britten's work been limited to the Spiritual Rostrum. For some years she labored indefatigably for the reform and benefit of that unhappy class known as “outcast women,” and had nearly succeeded in obtaining from the New York legislature a grant for the foundation of Country Asylums and Schools for this most helpless class, when her benevolent plans were defeated by the breaking out of the American Civil War. During the unhappy struggle between the North and South, Mrs. Hardinge, who was a devoted partisan of the Union cause, raised by her efforts upwards of \$20,000 for the “Sanitary Fund,” organized for the Union soldiers. For four years she devoted all her week-evening earnings to this cause, and was handsomely credited for raising the above sum by the *New York Herald*.

During the mighty struggle which closed in the second election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, the sudden death of the Rev. Thomas Starr King left the Union cause in California without its most brilliant and renowned orator. At the earnest solicitation, almost at the solemn command, of the Union Party of California, Mrs. Hardinge undertook to “stump the State” as the Campaign Orator for the election of Abraham Lincoln. She delivered thirty-five addresses to thousands and tens of thousands of listeners; dared all the rancour and fury of bitter political opposition, rendered desperate by the war fever of the times, and by her matchless eloquence and disinterested efforts, she won thousands over to her side, the State of California (registered as “doubtful”) returning a majority of 20,000 for Lincoln. And all this noble service, rendered at the hourly risk of her life, Mrs. Hardinge gave, refusing to take a single dollar in compensation. For Hospitals, Asylums, and Charitable enterprises of all kinds, Mrs. Hardinge's clear voice and inspired utterances have ever been freely given. Wretched prisoners have been cheered by her, unnumbered times, and she has ever gratefully thanked the officials of such institutions for permitting her to speak comfort to the hapless inmates.

As to her literary labors, they have been simply endless. Besides writing constantly for all the Spiritual papers, Mrs. Hardinge edited for one year the *New York Christian Spiritualist*, published by Horace H. Day. Her great works: “The History of Modern American Spiritualism,” and “Nineteenth Century Miracles,” have run through more editions than any Spiritualistic books ever issued. Besides these, she has written a charming fictional volume entitled “The Wildfire Club,” a fine and very learned series of essays called “The Faiths, Facts and Frauds of Religious History;” a capital *vade mecum* of Electricity, “The Electric Physi-

cian;” and a vast number of smaller works and tracts on various occult subjects.

After her happy and auspicious marriage with her present honored companion, Dr. Wm. Britten, Mrs. Hardinge-Britten and her husband made a tour around the world, lecturing, writing, working, each indefatigably, as they went. Assisted only by her good husband, Mrs. Britten published also a splendid monthly magazine called “The Western Star,” a work that was unfortunately suspended by the calamitous Boston fires. And thus, until the last few months, when domestic cares and bereavements have pressed upon her all too heavily, Mrs. Britten's untiring pen, like her clear, ringing voice, has been unceasingly devoted to the cause of humanity and spiritual progress.

We pause; not because our theme is exhausted, for the tithe has not yet been touched upon, but we have trespassed overlong upon the pages of a crowded journal, and we must halt. Happy do we feel to know, beyond a peradventure, that all the unfinished records of a wonderful life, redolent of unacknowledged good to mankind, and unrewarded effort to the world, will be found, item by item, inscribed in the archives which never perish, and the ineffaceable types of eternity. * *

The author of these lines is also the author of “Art Magic,” and “Ghost Land,” two books on the occult side of being which Mrs. Britten translated and edited, and which her husband at his own expense published. Those works were both given to the world at a time when Spiritualists seemed to think that the all of life and being in the universe was comprehended in the facts and phenomena of human spirit communion. Perhaps it was for this cause that, whilst a certain portion of the community received those writings with an amount of high appreciation which far exceeded the author's expectation, the majority of the Spiritualists—especially the “authors” of the ranks—loaded the unfortunate editor and publisher with insults, denunciations and contumely, disgraceful to the intelligence of professed “reformers” and “thinkers.”

“Time tries all.” The works so extravagantly blessed and banned, in the course of a few years have become priceless in value, and are even now sought after as the rarest of treasures. They also communicated an impulse to the study of “Occultism,” which has flowered out into the wildest extravagances, so that the folly and imbecility which have been put forth under the much-perverted name of “Occultism,” should cause Mr. and Mrs. Britten to rejoice, that self-styled “Occultists” have forgotten even the very names of those who first impelled the present generation forward to the recognition that such a science as “Occultism” exists.

May past insults and present ingratitude never move thy lofty spirit, or the depths of

thy noble soul, Emma Hardinge-Britten! Trust thou to the anchor that has ever stayed thy tempest-tossed barque of mortal life until now, when it almost nears the eternal port where justice cannot fail. The evening shadows are closing fast around thee! Amidst the deepening gloom, may this humble and imperfect tribute prove a star of promise for the speedy dawn of a better and brighter day. LOUIS DE B—.

APPENDIX.

As the foregoing extracts all speak of the past only, and are taken from a work prepared by my friend, the author of "Art Magic," some years ago, I feel as if I would be lacking in fidelity to the cause which occupies the devotion of my life, as well as to the beloved inhabitants of the higher life, who so nobly and constantly sustain me, were I to omit adding to the above my assurance, that the labors of so many past years in America, and other distant lands, have not been suspended, or in any sense become less active in the promulgation of Spiritualism, since I have been privileged to establish a permanent home in this, my native land. During my last six years' residence in England, with the exception of one year spent in America, and some weeks occupied at the bed side of my beloved mother, now a bright and blessed denizen of the higher life, I have never ceased to lecture twice each Sunday, and many times also in the weeks, for the various Spiritual Societies in the north of England. Unlike America, where each great metropolitan centre is separated by long distances, England crowds up her immense populations and greatly over-grown towns and cities, into a comparatively very small space. This enables spiritual itinerants, like me, to speed off by fast trains on the Saturday night, perform the Sunday's mission, and return home on the Monday, without any considerable sacrifice of the home duties, which every true woman must desire to combine with her public work. Week evening meetings I can generally flit off to, and return the same day, and thus, though the fatigue of constant change and travel is added to my platform labors, I am enabled to distribute service over a large number of places accessible to my home, although I cannot but acknowledge that my spirit is exalted, and my heavy labors lightened by the kind press notices, which abundantly follow my work, and still more by the unbounded kindness—nay, I should say, love—with which vast audiences greet me everywhere, and warm-hearted friends recognize the services I can render them. I cannot think of trespassing on your space, Messrs. Editors, with the notices or personal details of our glorious north country gatherings. It is enough to say, I have been an integral portion of them, up to last Sunday of the week in which I write,

and expect so to continue until the word of command comes from above to stop. If enthusiasm, immense audiences, warm hearts and kind outstretched hands are any testimony that the cause of Spiritualism is flourishing here, and that I, one of its most devoted adherents, have neither fallen away from my allegiance, or my spirit friends from me, then my present work is the living affirmative of both these positions. In conclusion, permit me to say, that I know not when, if ever, the sun of your golden coast may shine on her who was once honored in being the pioneer spiritual lecturer of that land. Still there are sweet and grateful memories welling up in my mind of the pleasant, though arduous scenes of effort I passed through there. I still remember the sunshine, I have forgotten nothing of the shade which I have experienced in San Francisco. Most of the brave old guards who stood by me in my early days of trial have gone, to be "soldiers in the army of the Lord," and of those who have risen up "to fill their honored places," I know but little, and on earth may never know more, but that which I do know is, that the CARRIER DOVE and the *Golden Gate*, two amongst the best and brightest journals that have ever issued from the spiritual press, send their messages of love and their seeds of wisdom through the Golden Ocean Gate broadcast over the world, and therefore I know that when the Angel of the new dispensation numbers up his jewels, California's brave and gifted editors, and California's true and good Spiritualists, will take their places in the lustrous crown of the Eternal. For any further account of the work and workers, amongst whom my life is now passed, I refer to the section on Spiritualism in Great Britain at page 218, "Nineteenth Century Miracles." The flag of Excelsior is waving before us all. East and West let us march bravely on in its upward track—and then—who can doubt that "we shall all meet again in the morning?"

EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN,

The Linden's Humphrey St., Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England.

March 22d, 1887.

Dr. D. J. Stansbury.

The subject of this sketch was born in New Jersey in 1843. He descended on his father's side from good, old, revolutionary stock, his grandfather having fought in the war of the revolution. His mother was a descendant of the Quakers. Inheriting these elements of peace and war, the doctor is a happy combination of both, possessing a very harmonious organization, especially adapted to the control of the higher intelligences, and having the courage to stand by his convictions of right and duty. He has followed the injunctions of his guides until he occupies an exalted position as a medium and teacher of the Spiritual Philosophy. The

doctor says, from his earliest recollections he has had glimpses of the spirit world, and been conscious of invisible attendants since childhood. It was not, however, until after he attained his majority, that he was led to investigate Spiritualism. This explained to him at once many of the mysteries of earlier years and opened the way for his future development. Having once satisfied himself of the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy, the doctor devoted his time and attention to the perfection of his development, spending hundreds of dollars, and traveling thousands of miles, visiting every medium, public or private, within reach, in the pursuit of knowledge. He was for a long time Secretary of the New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists, whose quarterly meetings were at the time among the largest and most influential gatherings of the kind in the country. About this time he married Jeannette W. Ellsworth, a most excellent trance medium, whose psychometric delineations have been real and attested by thousands of investigators. The doctor and his estimable wife were engaged in public mediumship in New York City for about five years, at the expiration of which time she passed on to the higher life, leaving the burden of the work with him, and promising assistance from the celestial spheres which she has faithfully performed, and is still his controlling guide.

After the death of his wife, the doctor, who had become noted as a Psychometrist and Clairvoyant physician, being very skillful in diagnosis, under the direction of his guides; attended a two years' course of lectures in the New York Eclectic Medical College, and graduated with honor at the head of a class of fifty.

During this period he frequently sat with Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, the author and discoverer of the beautiful science of Psychometry, and who, at that time occupied the chair of Professor of Physiology in the faculty of the college. These experiments are among the very pleasant reminiscences of that time.

The Doctor arrived in California about five years ago, locating at San Jose, and began at once to sit for the development of the phase of INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING, which had been promised him, following strictly the directions of his guides, and devoting all possible time he could spare from his large medical practice for that purpose. The development extended over a period of nearly three years, before the independent writing could be obtained for the benefit of the public. During this time the Doctor tested his guides in every possible manner, by asking them to write under various conditions. In this way the writing has been obtained between sealed slates, tied slates, screwed slates, upon single and double slates, and book slates, with a bit of pencil, and without pencils, in nearly all

colors, and in lead pencil, and in various languages. The writing has been obtained on paper placed between the slates, or between the leaves of a book, or securely corked in a bottle, and occasionally inside a watch-case. The answers to ballots frequently appear written inside the ballots, which have been folded and placed between two slates held by the sitter. The writing appears readily, whether held in the light or shade, on the top or beneath the table, with the slates lying upon a shelf, or on the floor, or locked in a drawer, and when riding out in a carriage, as well as in the restaurant while dining with friends. No matter whether one brings his own slates or uses the Doctor's, the writing comes directly the medium places the tips of his fingers on them. When the slates are held on one's head or shoulder the writing is very distinctly heard dotting the i's and crossing the t's, and giving three raps as a signal that the communication is finished. The message is usually in the handwriting of the one communicating. This is especially the case in the signature, which is generally a fac-simile, although the guides are often called upon to write for those who have not the strength, or who do not yet understand the spiritual laws governing the production of the phenomena.

Since his residence in San Francisco, which the Doctor intends making his home, he has, during the past six months, given nearly four thousand private sittings, besides public circles, and developing classes. The Doctor's powers are apparently inexhaustible, sitting frequently for twenty persons during the day, and holding a circle in the evening at which thirty or forty more will each receive a message on the slate. At a parlor seance in Oakland, not long since, the Doctor gave one of his popular seances, at which he held the slates for thirty-five persons inside of two hours' time, and obtained for each one a slate full of writing in answer to ballots placed between the slates.

Besides many private sittings daily, and evening seances, Dr. Stansbury has given public exhibitions of his psychographic power before large audiences, on several occasions, at Washington Hall, Larkin-street Hall, Metropolitan Temple, Hamilton Church and the Odd Fellows' Hall.

The Santa Cruz *Sentinel*, in its report of Spiritual meetings in that city, says:

An attentive audience gathered at the Unity Church on Friday evening at the second of the series of Spiritualistic services. Rev. Mr. Ravlin was the speaker of the evening. The subject was "The Infinity of Truth," and the discourse was most eloquent and profound, and produced a marked impression upon the audience. Mr. Ravlin was followed by Dr. Stansbury, in a test seance, consisting of messages given in response to folded ballots sent up by the audience. These ballots were picked up, one by one, by the Doctor, and held for a moment to his forehead, and occasionally responsive raps indicated an ability and willingness on the part of the invisible agent to give a written message. Some of the messages were written

on paper by a pencil in the Doctor's hand, and others were written on closed slates, held by himself and another party. A few were written while the Doctor held the closed slates upon the head of one and another in the audience. The tests seemed to be perfectly satisfactory to those receiving them.

The most convincing phase of the doctor's mediumship is the ability of his guides to answer test questions, or folded ballots, and in this regard he stands unrivalled. The sitter will write from six to ten questions upon slips of paper all closely folded and separately placed between slates held by the sitter, which will be answered usually in less time than a mortal could do it, if he knew what answer to give. The seances extend from five to thirty minutes and during the time the doctor describes such spirits as he sees about the sitter, giving names and submitting to the control of such spirit-friends as may be able to announce themselves. At the same time the writing can be heard going on between the slates, as well as raps upon the table and in various parts of the room.

The *Golden Gate* of April 3d, 1886, announces the doctor's *debut* as a public medium, as follows:

A NEW MEDIUM.

We have recently, on two or three occasions, referred to some remarkable manifestations in independent slate-writing, given through the newly-developed mediumship of a prominent San Jose physician, whose name we were not permitted to give to the public. He was not then, nor is he yet, prepared to give himself wholly to the glorious work for which his guides are fitting him. But we are glad to know that the restriction upon his name is now removed, and that very soon we may expect him to take his place in the front rank of the grand army of psychics who are steadily and irresistibly battling for the truth.

Dr. D. J. Stansbury was first developed as an independent slate-writer about six months ago. He had previously possessed excellent spiritual gifts, being both a trance speaker and an automatic or unconscious writer. But now with this new and more convincing phase, he is encouraged to go ahead, and follow the light wherever it may lead him. He is a finely organized, cultured gentleman, thoroughly educated and skilled in the medical profession, but it is evident that the spirits have another use for him, although it is not his intention to wholly abandon the practice of medicine. Indeed, we can see no reason why he should do so. His clearer spiritual insight will naturally help him to a better understanding of the healing art. Thus can he become doubly useful to the world.

Dr. Stansbury, who has been stopping in San Francisco the past week, called at this office last Monday and made an appointment with us to call on the following day and give us an exhibition of his powers. He came as agreed, unattended and without preparation of any kind. He met here, Hon. Amos Adams, R. B. Hall, S. B. Clark, Mrs. Mattie P. Owen and the writer. We furnished four of the half dozen slates used, and Mr. Adams the other two, upon nearly all of which messages were written, and in some instances on both sides. The slates were constantly in sight, or in the hands of some or all of the persons present.

Seating ourselves around a table the messages came quickly, one after another, written between the slates, a dozen or more, giving many familiar names, and some of the most convincing proofs of an unseen occult power we have ever witnessed. Several of the messages were written on slips of paper placed between the slates, along with a small tip of lead pencil.

Nothing could have been fairer or more conclusive.

The writing, as described, was simply an absolute fact. It was done in the full light of day, in the presence of five pairs of watchful eyes, and with not the slightest attempt at concealment, some one of the party, in each instance, holding the slates with him. In fact, the doctor informed us that the writing never comes to him alone, but always in the presence of some other person, whose magnetism seems to be necessary to complete the electric circuit.

We bespeak for this new and remarkable medium a fame that shall yet be world-wide, and second not even to that of Dr. Slade.

The Stygmata, or blood-red writing on the arm, so remarkable in the mediumship of Chas. H. Foster, is of frequent occurrence with this psychic.

Referring to the above, the editor of the *Golden Gate*, under the heading "Charlie Foster's Successor," writes as follows:

We have had occasion of late to refer repeatedly to the mediumship of Dr. D. J. Stansbury of San Jose, who, in addition to other mediumistic gifts, has recently been developed as a remarkable medium for independent slate writing. But as yet the half has not been told. On Wednesday the Doctor dropped into our office, and as we almost immediately reached for a pair of slates close at hand, he thought he might as well take off his overcoat and prepare for business. There were present at the time, besides the doctor, Mrs. A. T. Herrmann, Mr. Hill, the writer and his wife and daughter. After receiving a number of interesting messages upon the slates, Mrs. Owen prepared a circular piece of paper of the size of a watch crystal, and placed the same, together with a minute tip of lead pencil, within the back case of her watch, the case opening and shutting with some difficulty. The watch was then placed upon a slate and held by Mrs. Owen and the doctor, each with one hand just under the corner of the table.

In a few moments raps upon the slate indicated that the writing was done. On opening the case the words "God bless you all—D. D. O." were found written upon the paper. D. D. Owen is a spirit brother of the writer, who is well-versed in spirit chemistry and the laws of control. The test of spirit power was absolutely conclusive.

The writer then held the slates with the medium, the influence being very strong, the slates were placed on the writer's shoulder, when immediately the following message was written:

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am glad to have found a medium whom I can control to continue my work on earth.
CHARLIE FOSTER.

Dr. Stansbury immediately pushed up the sleeve from his left forearm, and there appeared, in distinct raised capital letters, red, and three-fourths of an inch broad, extending midway from the elbow to the wrist, the name of C. Foster, and on the opposite side of the arm the name of H. B. Norton, late Vice-President of the State Normal School.

The seance was certainly one of remarkable interest, given as it was in our office, and under the most satisfactory conditions.

The *Golden Gate*, in speaking of the Doctor's first exhibition at Assembly Hall, says:

A most wonderful exhibition of independent slate writing occurred last Sunday evening at Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, in this city, before upwards of five hundred people.

The medium, Dr. D. J. Stansbury, came on the stage with four slates, a sponge and a towel. He stated that his guides would attempt to obtain the writing and hoped the audience would give him their sympathy, as much depended thereon. The Doctor then exhibited the slates. He had invited Mr. W. R. Colby, a slate-writer, and Mr. W. H. Northway, a short-hand reporter, to examine the slates, which they did, as well as place private marks upon them so they would know they had not been exchanged for

others. The Doctor, having stated the conditions under which his guides had promised the writing, proceeded to clean the slates in the following manner: He poured from the pitcher, on the speaker's desk, a glass of water, part of which he drank, to show, as he said, that there was no chemical substance in the water by which the writing might be produced.

He then wet the sponge, and taking one slate rubbed both sides, and with the towel thoroughly dried the slate, which, after exhibiting to the audience, he laid upon a chair in plain view; he then proceeded to clean another slate in the same manner, putting those two slates together, with a bit of pencil between, held them out at arm's length for the space of three minutes, during which there was low music, and the doctor seemed to be entranced. Upon returning to consciousness the medium handed the slates to the organist, who opened them and read two messages which were written thereon. One was a loving message from a lady to her husband, giving her full name and the name of her sister, whom the message stated was also present. This was recognized by the husband, who acknowledged it to be correct. The other message was from two spirits, signing their names in full, with greetings to old friends, which was instantly recognized by the parties addressed.

The doctor then took up a single slate, and with sponge and towel thoroughly cleansed both sides, slowly performing the operation in full view of the audience, and having exhibited it to all in the front seats, laid a bit of pencil on it, held it out at arm's length, simply covering it with the towel. The doctor was again entranced, and in two minutes the cloth was removed and messages from three different spirits were found written thereon, which, after having been read, were all recognized by friends present.

The doctor then took the remaining two slates and cleansed each separately as before—holding them up to show there was no writing on them, and knocking one against the other to show there were no pads or duplicates—tied them together with a cord—a bit of pencil having been placed between as before—and hung them on the chandelier under the full gaslight, and took a seat about ten feet distant, where he became again deeply entranced. The slates hung motionless for a minute or two, then began to vibrate, turned around and were still. At the expiration of five minutes, Mr. Northway, who had remained on the stage all the time, was requested by the medium to examine the slates, which, upon opening, were found to contain twelve full names of spirits written thereon, which were then read and every one fully recognized by friends and relatives present, some of whom said their friends had promised if possible to give them a test, and four of the persons stated that they had mentally requested the spirits whose names they recognized to go and write on the slates, and two had clairvoyantly seen them do so.

The audience testified their entire appreciation of the medium and his guides by abundant applause as each message was read. The modesty and sincerity of the medium was apparent in every word and act, which, together with the entire absence of all paraphernalia, and the perfect success which attended the exhibition throughout, proclaims that the climax of independent slate-writing in public has been reached, and that San Francisco can produce as good mediums as can be found in the world.

Under date of March 12th, 1887, the *Golden Gate*, speaking of Dr. Stansbury's last appearance at Assembly Hall, says:

Dr. Stansbury came forward and exhibited four slates; at his request, Mr. W. H. Northway and Mr. S. Fred Young took seats on the platform. A pailful of water was next brought in and placed in the centre of the stage, into which the Doctor plunged the slates. In the presence of the committee, and in full view of the audience, two of the slates were taken out of the pail dripping with water, and then thoroughly dried. A bit of pencil was placed between, and the doctor held them out at arm's length: at the expiration of two minutes the slates were opened and a message found upon one of them from a father to his son who was in the audience, and who acknowledged it to be

correctly signed in full, and reading very much as his father would write.

The other slate was then covered with a towel and held as before, when, on removing the cloth, was found a long and characteristic message from one who was immediately recognized by parties in the audience, who declared that they had never seen the medium before.

The remaining two slates were then taken out of the water, dried and examined by the committee and freely exhibited to all in the front seats; they were then tied together by one of the committee and hung upon a wire suspended from the chandelier in full gaslight. The doctor, being seated about ten feet distant, became entranced. At the expiration of about five minutes the slates were taken down, and on one of them there was found to have been written one hundred and ten full names of spirits, over one hundred of which, when read, were acknowledged to be correct by persons in the audience. We have examined this slate and find the names to have been very finely and closely written, and which we pronounce one of the marvels of independent slate-writing.

The following is the report of the committee—(Mr. Northway is a short-hand reporter, and Mr. Young is well known in business circles):

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12, 1887.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—The undersigned hereby certify that they acted as a committee to examine the slates used on the occasion of one of Dr. Stansbury's public seances at Assembly Hall, in this city, held on Sunday evening, March 6, 1887, before an audience of upward of one thousand persons, and we voluntarily testify to the fact of having satisfied ourselves that there was no writing upon the slates, and of having seen them thoroughly washed in the presence of the audience, and one of us privately marked the slates and the other tied them together and hung them to the lighted chandelier, the doctor being seated about ten feet distant. At the expiration of five minutes we took the slates down and found ONE HUNDRED AND TEN names in full to have been written thereon, most of which, when read, were recognized by friends in the audience. Independent writing was also obtained upon other slates, the doctor holding them at arm's length in full view of the audience. Each slate, before the writing, was plunged into a pailful of water in our presence, and freely exhibited to us and to the audience before and after the writing.

[Signed]

W. H. NORTHWAY,
S. F. YOUNG.

Several mediumistic persons in the audience testify to having seen an innumerable company of spirits like a white cloud surrounding the slates. The guides of the medium are supposed to have written the names as fast as the spirits presented themselves. All but six names have been recognized. Some were written at the mental request of their friends in the audience. We consider the above a most satisfactory and convincing exhibition of Dr. Stansbury's mediumship.

A Seance With Dr. Stansbury.

BY THE EDITRESS OF THE CARRIER DOVE.

Since the arrival of Dr. Stansbury, at the Camp-meeting, 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 wisacres can explain the process by which this writing was done, or the intelligence which gave the name, outside of the spiritual hypothesis, 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."

Dr. Stansbury will furnish magnetized slates with special instructions to such as desire to sit for private development.

Reposing confidence in his integrity, and in recognition of his public services as an able exponent of its philosophy and phenomena, the "Incorporated Society of Progressive Spiritualists," have recently ordained Dr. Stansbury a minister of the gospel of Spiritualism, with all the rights and privileges attached to that position, under the laws of the State of California.

Anna Danforth Loucks.

BY HERMAN SNOW.

Among the many striking phases of our Modern Spiritualism are some which go to show that we of this life are by no means the sole recipients of the more important benefits resulting from a close mediumistic relation between the two worlds. It is now well understood by the more experienced in matters of the kind, that there is a mutual exchange of helps between spirits in and out of the earthly body; and many of our most devoted mediums have given largely of their capacities in aid of necessitous ones on the spirit side of life. Of medium-helpers of this kind may be ranked—pre-eminently I think—Mrs. Anna Danforth Loucks, who is well known to many of the earlier and well established Spiritualists of San Francisco vicinity, including the present writer, with whom during a period of about eight years, she was engaged in a series of seances in aid of unfortunate ones upon the borders of the spirit world. This work was under the control and guidance of a band of beneficent spirit workers, who were constantly seeking new methods of advancing their work, and to which Mrs. Loucks had given herself up unreservedly and unselfishly. My own part of the work consisted in acting as the scribe of our seances and otherwise aiding in their harmony and efficiency; also it belonged to me to publish to the world some of the more striking results. A regular record was

kept of our proceedings from which was eventually published our volume "Visions of the Beyond, by a Seer of To-day;" and also, afterwards, there was contributed to the different Spiritualist papers enough to fill another volume of like size had it been deemed best to publish another. It has been from my journal of the seances that I have gathered the materials for this brief sketch of the life work of the medium.

Mrs. Loucks is a native of New Hampshire, and in that state her childhood and youth were passed, her family name being Danforth. Later, she lived much in Boston, but came to California whilst yet in youthful vigor, and here she has lived many years, mostly in San Francisco. She was married here, and for several years enjoyed a happy home-life, until, during the prevalence of one of our virulent epidemics, her husband was suddenly taken away, leaving her sadly alone and dependent. In all the many years since that time, she has given the strength of her life to the specialty of her mediumship, the demands upon her being of so exacting a character that she had but little strength for such other purposes as might have enabled her to earn for herself the means of a comfortable support. But having a strong personal dislike to engaging in any thing like a regularly paid mediumship, and being encouraged in the same direction by her Band, she was induced to depend upon voluntary contributions of friends to support her in her work. These, though at times, liberal and sufficient, yet often failed, so that she sometimes suffered privations and want, all of which she was ready to endure rather than shrink from a work of relief to those in the spirit form, which to her seemed so real and important. She once told me that she would rather live on bread and water than give up this work.

Mrs. Loucks was a medium-seer, that is, she could see clearly spirit forms and scenery, and when conditions were favorable, as was generally the case with us, she could convey to me in clear and compact language, the thoughts of spirits with whom she was *en rapport*. She could also, at the same time, converse with me in answer to my questions, thus enabling me to exchange thoughts with this controlling Band, or with the special objects of our relief; and sometimes such spoken words from one in the bodily form, prove to be of great importance as a starting point of relief. Important symbolic instructions were also sometimes conveyed through this medium, as may be seen in the volume already alluded to. This mediumistic gift seems to have been a native endowment, though something was done for a further development in later life. On two occasions, as a part of seance proceedings, while Mrs. Loucks was still partially in her abnormal condition, the following interesting statement of facts in her earlier mediumistic experiences; given in

her own language, will, I think, be found of special interest to the reader. They are taken almost word for word from my journal, as recorded at the time. It will be seen that, on these occasions, something like a retrospection of the past was gone through with under friendly spirit-guidance:

On the first occasion it was said, "I see myself at my native home among the mountains. I seem to be free from bodily grossness, and able to obey the laws of spirit-gravitation. I move upward, and still upward, until I am above the highest summit. My father is near me aiding and guiding me in my course. A question of choice is presented before me. Shall my course be one of ease and enjoyment, or shall it be one of privation and suffering? I reply, I would have all these if consistent with my highest growth. But the *alternative* is pressed upon me; shall my life be mainly one of brightness, or of shadows, knowing that the latter only can ultimate in the greatest spiritual good? Then give me this, I say; I will bravely endure it all * * * * No, *no* I will not retract, and the good God and his angels shall help me to bear it.

"I am now come down into the valley; all is dark and dismal around me; I cannot see one step before me, but I do not shrink, or lose my faith. I carefully *feel* a way for my footsteps. I thus learn to walk by faith, not by sight.

"At length I am out of the valley, and upon the hill-slope. The clouds part and the soft warm sunlight is shining upon and around me. I am happy, but I yearn for something worthy to occupy my powers.

Treasures of knowledge seem to be before me, so I press forward until I come to the first position in my course. But I am told that this is only arranged to awaken a *desire* for knowledge; I myself have this, so I pass on to higher grades of advancement."

At our second personal and retrospective seance, about eighteen months later, it was said:

"I now see a stream which has been gradually broadening from its source. It looks like the one which flowed by my native home; *it is* that one. It is made to symbolize *my life*. I am to go back and trace some of the threads of that life from its earlier unfoldments.

"I do not see much of special interest in the line I am following, until I was about eight years of age. There, I see myself extremely restless and unsatisfied, especially with my want of opportunities for gaining the mere rudiments of a common school education. But I now see that this deficiency in my early training was not perhaps a loss, for in proportion to the want of external advantages, so were my inward capacities of an intuitive character deepened. A times, a perfect flood of joy would fill my being, and yet I knew not why nor whence it came. Then the tide of my life would flow back to

the other extreme of a restless dissatisfaction. I can now see that all this was of an educational character, stimulating and enlarging my inward growth, and preparing me for the kind of work I had to do, far better than a store of general education, the want of which I was accustomed so deeply to deplore would have done.

"The first remembered use of my vision-seeing was not far from the time of the death of my mother, I being then about twelve years of age. I clearly foresaw her death, even to the very position in which she was afterwards placed in the coffin, the infant child whose birth was her death being laid upon one arm at her side. About a month after, when most of the family were away, she came and partly showed herself to me, but the effect upon me was such that, as I have since been told, she withdrew herself from my vision. The earthly members of our family were greatly troubled when I told them of what had taken place, and said they should not again leave me so nearly alone.

"With my present illumination, I can look back and trace the wisdom-hand that has led me *all* the ways, being now recognized as the ways of wisdom and love, though at the time much has come to me in dark and doubtful forms. My father, who is now near me in his spirit form, says that in such cases we are 'the blind led, but not by the blind.'

"All along my life-course I have had this especial annoyance: I would seem to have a vivid consciousness of the active, inner state of those with whom I come into near relations, and so large a part of such inward life being of an evil or perverted character, I have often been impelled into apparent harsh judgments of those around me, although I have tried hard to curb myself in this tendency. Many a severe reproach have I thus incurred when, as I now see it, I was no more blame-worthy than I am when, with the external eye, I see bodily deformities directly before me.

"Another tendency has greatly troubled me: All great sufferings and sorrows have been so far foreshadowed that I have been made to tremble, and sometimes to cry out in an agony of apprehension, although the exact nature of the coming calamity could not be seen by me. This was especially the case at the time of my husband's transition which came suddenly upon me. Even in that case, the great suffering was whilst I was under a cloud of apprehension foreshadowing the calamity. When it was actually at hand, I was comparatively calm and sustained."

At a later period, while in her normal conversational condition, Mrs. Loucks gave me some of the more interesting particulars of this departure. It seems that she herself took the almost exclusive care of her husband, and was entirely alone with him when the final crisis was reached. As she stood by the bedside, she clearly saw the process of

the separation of the spirit from the material body; and when it was fairly over, her dear one beamed upon her, a genial and loving smile, playfully waving his hand towards her, but did not leave her near presence until he had advised her somewhat in regard to the disposal of the body, and other matters of immediate interest.

Before closing, some effort should be made more clearly to define the peculiarities of this mediumistic work of Mrs. Loucks. It was, I think, different, in at least one important respect, from what had been generally known, even among advanced Spiritualists. All such, from an early date, have been familiar with aiding ignorant and vicious spirits through mediums. But our work was by no means confined to aiding this class, for often individuals of advanced intelligence were made participants in the wise helping influence of our band. In such cases, the efforts were largely of an experimental character, aimed at once to a better understanding of the condition of a natural and easy transition from the earthly to the spirit life, and to a needed relief in certain instances wherein worthy persons had become victims of imperfect knowledge in this respect. Of course, such should be regarded as exceptional cases, the general order of the death transition being natural and of brief duration. Of the nature and action of these occasional obstructions in the passage to the life beyond, but little can be known by any of us, much less be clearly conveyed to others. But perhaps an imperfect conception of special cases in view may be gathered from the following descriptive headings over the condensed accounts of some of our more recent seances published in the Spiritualist papers: "An Esthetic; how he was helped in Spirit Life;" "Fashion's Victim;" "The Marble-Worker, his head crushed beneath a falling column;" "A Negative Innocent;" "The Hypochondriac;" "A Maniac Restored;" "Death by Starvation;" "A Warning to Mesmerisers;" "Killed by Drugs;" "Effects of a Violent Transition;" "A Slave to Drink;" "A Sympathetic Subject;" "The Buried Miner; crushed by the falling rock;" "Release of a Spirit Long Confined in a Stone Burial Case;" "Lost and Starved in the Adirondack Forest;" "The Happy Sleep of an Aged One;" "A Victim of Ante-Natal Ills;" "She Fell from a Swing and Lost Her Physical Body;" "Waiting for the Resurrection Day;" During my entire experience probably some hundreds of cases of a similar character have passed before me, and what has most forcibly struck me has been the constant variety, as well as the novelty and dramatic naturalness of each case. There has been but little repetition, each individual exhibiting characteristics of his own, almost as much so as if a procession of marked individuals in the bodily form had passed in review before me; and, yet there have been certain characteristics in

conduct belonging to these cases generally, and this is what ought to be, since the action of natural law should be uniform on the borders of the two worlds as well as in them. It has been found, for instance, that whenever a dormant or bewildered spirit first enters upon a course of recovery under the influences brought to bear upon him by the methods of one band, it has invariably followed that the thread of natural life has been renewed at the point of the lost earthly lucidity or consciousness. It is very much so in those cases of our earthly life wherein from accidental concussion of the brain the unconsciousness, when at length ended, results in the taking up of the thread of thought or speech at the precise point where it was interrupted by the accident. It is from such points of renewed contact with earthly conditions that the long dormant or bewildered spirit gains a foothold for advancing into the actualities of the spirit life and its open ways of progress.

It was not claimed that the methods of our band are the only means of such deliverances, it was only implied that some such action through an earthly medium is more prompt in its results than that which comes through the natural operation of law as it acts in the spirit spheres. It was said, that without some such action, ages might elapse without a full deliverance, also that what was now being done was not a tithe of what might be done through mediums if rightly employed in this direction. Hence it appears that this especial work was comparatively and necessarily a limited one, and in seeking out the especial subjects of its action, reference was constantly had to those who were naturally best fitted to become useful workers for humanity, when at length being established in the ways of the new life.

My final seance with Mrs. Loucks bears date of April 4, 1884, about three weeks before my permanent return to the East. The proceedings were so appropriate and withal so gratifying to me personally that I make use of some part of my seance as a close to this article. What came directly to me at this seance was in words like these: "It is but little that can be expected in the present condition of our instrument. We had hoped for a more perfect fulfillment of our plans, but finding our medium so bereft of power, we feel obliged to cancel our engagements in rather an abrupt manner.

"Our intercourse in all our past work, has been harmonious and pleasant. To memory's chain it adds a pleasant link. As a faithful scribe, we, on this side, thank you gratefully. Were our instrument in a proper condition, it had been our intention to review our united efforts, but a lack of mental power and a caution not to subject the medium to further exhaustion, precipitates our retreat. "In this leave-taking you will be followed by the good wishes of all who have known you in the office you have occupied." Be

cheerful and courageous to meet whatever lies before you. Inasmuch as you have scattered flowers in the pathway of mortals as well as immortals, so shall you find your own pathway made pleasant and beautiful with flowers when your feet shall stand upon the other shore. Adieu."

Dr. Fell.

CHAPTER XI.

There was much wonderment in the village in regard to the sudden demise of Rose Edwards. There had been several callers at the little shop Sunday afternoon, church-goers chiefly, of whom Rose had not ventured to obtain any information regarding the meeting, knowing of their disapproval, but they had found her sitting comfortably in her arm-chair, looking and appearing brighter than usual; hence their surprise in the morning to learn of her sudden demise.

Dr. Fell had not promised a cure; he had said that it was possible to afford temporary relief, which he had done gratuitously, yet there were not wanting those who cavilled at his treatment in the first place, and now expressed dark hints at her sudden taking off, as if the mysterious doctor was in some magical way concerned therein.

Of his having "smoothed her passage to the grave," in their ignorance they did not know, neither did he at the time. He had intended to call the next day and gratify the poor girl's wistful longing, by a full account of the meeting; and in the little incident of his parting words and acts, had simply obeyed the prompting he had learned to trust, although they often brought him distrust, if not persecution.

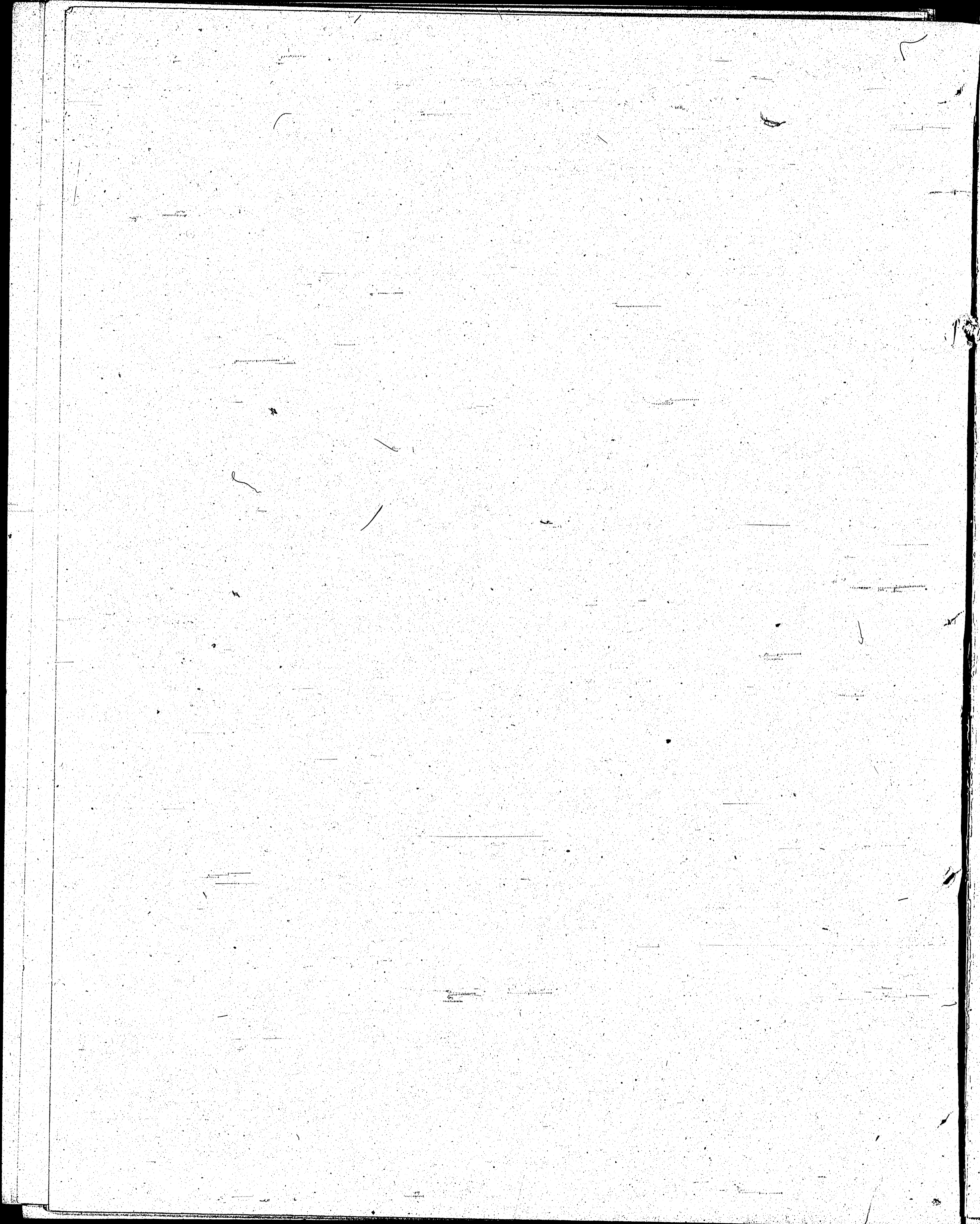
When out under the stars and the serene moon, and from under the plainly felt influences surrounding the invalid, he wondered at the meaning of it all, as much as another might, at least another of his own belief. But when he heard of her death next morning, he understood that some waiting, ministering spirit was the presence that he felt, and the prompter for her easy release.

Ethel Grey was not a little shocked and saddened when she heard the news, and early hastened to offer her services, but the simple preparations had been attended to, a clergyman engaged to officiate at the burial, and then the home of toil would be relieved of its fragile burthen, and life run on in its old grooves again.

Eva had spent too much time with her cousin, at various seasons, to be unfamiliar with country customs, therefore she made herself ready after tea to accompany Ethel to the humble funeral. Her uncle, also, volunteered his escort "as a tribute of respect" for the deceased.



MRS. ANNA D. LOUCKS



Eva felt that the smallest tribute she could pay was to join the slender choir; her trained and cultured voice never having been heard in the village, it was accounted an especial honor to the occasion, some of the cavillers remarking, with evident surprise, that Miss Lynn, of the city of B—had taken part in the services, “and with that mesmeric doctor, too; but then, her cousin, Ethel Grey, was just infatuated, holding spiritual circles at the house and all that sort of thing.” They “wouldn’t have supposed a sensible man, like Mr. Raymond would allow it.” If an astronomer had built an observatory in their midst and had been seen taking observations through his telescope, he would have been looked upon with about equal awe and superstition.

Dr. Fell’s good standing, as a physician, had prevented any open demonstrations of contempt, only the back-biting recorded above, whispered low, or in secret. For himself, and for the dead girl, he felt grateful to Eva for her countenance and support. “Please accept my thanks,” he said, after they had turned away from the open grave, over which the last glorious rays of the sunset were flashing, as a benediction, or a blessing; “we needed just your help;” thus acknowledging his indebtedness.

“You are quiet welcome,” she replied gravely, as they bowed a parting good-night, and went their several ways homeward.

It is notable in almost every life, that for a short period of time, one event will follow closely upon another, and again there will be long spaces of dull, monotonous existence, the arid deserts of life, when one hails almost any occurrence, trivial or sad, that will break in upon, or diversify it. The advantage a city affords is that of occasional variety even in the blankest of lines. In the country one must wait upon nature and circumstance, yet in less than a week there had occurred to Eva three events, marked in their unlikeness, yet linked as in a chain, that would forever remain in her memory.

Among his many patients Dr. Fell might quite forget Rose Edwards; except as recalled by the memory of Miss Lynn’s voice and presence, for to him the poor, pale girl was but the child he called her, needing loving sympathy. But if that tender caress had been witnessed by any but compassionate spirits, how severe would have been the censure. It would have been thought that Rose had died twice over; as if a really broken heart could ever be restored! It is well, maybe, that ministering angels do much of their work beyond the ken of purblind mortals. As in Helen Hunt’s vision of them, they may often feel to veil their faces before our ignorance and presumption, and instead of coming out into the light, our light, when haughtily com-

manded, retire more speedily to their own more congenial, ethereal regions.

Ethel Raymond would miss the girl’s look of gratitude upon the recurring days of her calls upon her, but that would wear away in a short time, and when not engaged in the various duties and pleasures of household, needlework, books, and the little round of society claims, she would turn to some other applicant for bounty and sympathy, any would only think of Rose as “so much better off,” restored to friends and home in the new and happier life.

Monday eve was as quiet and solemn as had been the previous one, a Sabbath hush settling upon the village, where only the recent sad occurrence was recounted. Sad! that the poor, patient, orphaned child should have been called to “come up higher.”

It is indeed sad that mortal man should have failed long ere this to make assurance doubly sure, to verify tradition by actual experience, that he might know, instead of professing to believe, what was the meaning of death, for not even the stoutest-hearted materialist can stand in the presence of the great and universal leveller, and not be sad to tears, if they be tender and sympathetic. As example, mark the pathetic, mournful undertone of the monologue of the great champion of Agnosticism—another term for know-nothingism—over his brother’s grave. Even the orthodox quote it; they who with black horse and hearse, and funeral pall and mourning garments, with slow, measured pace, bowed heads, and weeping eyes, make death the victor, and give to the grave its sting, even they quote the monologue, as the saddest of all sad words of tongue or pen.

Ethel and Eva spent the evening with their books, neither questioning nor questioned, respecting each other’s silent moods, as cultivated people are in the habit of doing, and after two days of mental emotion of a more absorbing and exhausting nature than are the gay scenes of life, they retired early to peaceful slumbers in their moonlighted, rose-scented chamber.

A few low-toned remarks were exchanged in that place of confidences in regard to what, to Ethel, was the occurrence of the day, the sudden death and funeral of Rose, both concurring in the theory of the over-weary nurse, the dress-maker, that the fatigued invalid had dropped asleep, and becoming chilled, her low-life currents had paused suddenly: but Ethel noted that Dr. Fell only sanctioned this assumed decision, with the admission “it may be.”

She did not mention to Eva her detection of something subtle in the words and tone; for she could not have defined it, or said why it seemed to her that there must have been some hidden cause. But to Eva, hereafter, her visit to the grove in the early morning, the peculiar influences of the place, and her chance meeting with the Doctor, as bearer of the solemn tidings,

would have remained vivid in her memory without the tangible evidence of a pencilled poem which she now took from a drawer, where she had tossed it that day, torn from her memorandum, and smoothing its folds sat down on a low hassock to read it.

She scarcely remembered what she had written, so hastily had one verse after another been drawn from the Pyrenéan spring; and so unexpectedly had the draught been arrested by the unintentional intrusion of Dr. Fell.

But a little to her surprise she found the verses complete, needing, perhaps, a slight change here and there, which could be done on the morrow when she copied it; so, after pausing a moment at the casement to take a last look at the moon-lighted world without, she laid her fair head with a restful sigh upon her waiting pillow.

But what of Dr. Fell? A man thrown wholly upon his own resources, bereft of near friends and home, and launched upon the troubled waters of life, needs an oaken oar of resolution, a *lignum-vitae* rudder of principle, as well as a magna-charta of rights and privileges. The oar was the doctor’s by inheritance from stout-hearted ancestors; the chart he had drawn to his own liking; without, perhaps, quite sufficiently considering the inalienable rights and privileges of others, nearest and dearest to him; and this because the “wood-of-life” had a flaw in its grain that disabled it from being a competent rudder.

An admirable, well-built barque, yet like all things finite, owning a well-concealed imperfection in its construction, not observable by the indifferent or spiritually undiscerning, he was not one to reverence mortal man, but had full faith in higher powers, translated existences, who in the next stage of life could see more clearly than when in this “Blindman’s World;” and one or two of these having been personal friends and preceptors, he gave himself to their direction. In this he may not have been wise with the wisdom of the schools in which he had been bred, but if it were a diviner wisdom, his would be the reward.

His home was not much more cheerful than was that of his impecunious patient, poor Rose Edwards; comprising only his office, which was also reception-room, and an adjoining bed-room. He had “where to lay his head,” to be sure, being scarcely sufficiently martyr-like, for that much of improvidence; but this man who had once owned a handsome residence and grounds, retired to his narrow quarters, proposing to himself an evening of rest and reading.

After lighting his untrimmed lamp and seating himself at his office-table where books were within easy reach, he, somehow, seemed to require rest; that “rest for the weary,” which had been the theme of the hymn they sang. A clairvoyant vision, a clairaudient communication was sometimes

vouchsafed him here; they came as angels' visits and vanished as the spectres of a dream. While resting, as he proposed for a few moments, in the passive; but not despondent attitude of the previous evening, he became lost to outward sight, though not to consciousness, when there appeared before him a beautiful vision.

"Rose," he cried, "Rose Edwards!" but, smiling, she retired, as if to avoid mortal touch.

CHAPTER XII.

"The Burden of the Valley of Vision."

The prophets of old seemed to have had many burdens in their valley of vision, as well as the seers of modern times.

And their "valley of vision" came to them often, upon the "housetops," to which they were in the habit of resorting, with twofold object in view; to escape the close atmosphere and confusing influences below, and to be out under the inspiring canopy of the heavens, where, perchance, the "divine afflatus" might the more easily reach them, not consciously for this purpose; but intuitively, their greatest mistake being in considering their inspiration infallible, and ascribing it all directly to "the Lord of Hosts."

Modern seers, in lieu of inaccessible house-tops, have found the atmosphere of hilltops to answer the same purpose, or a better one.

The Catskill mountains, ranging the Hudson river, are far-famed as propitious grounds for celestial interviews, while of late, the Cumberland range of Tennessee, is most noted for its "haunts." Undoubtedly it is solitude and silence that are chiefly requisite.

So it seemed in the brief and comforting vision of Dr. Fell, in his lonely office. He felt that Rose had taken the earliest opportunity to show her gratitude for his kindly, gratuitous care; and her glorified form and face with its radiant smile dwelt with him as an angel's benediction.

The trio did not meet again that week, for at the weekly recurrence of the circle on Thursday evening, which was held alternately at the house of another member, Eva declined attending on the score of keeping her uncle company, a decision Ethel made no effort to change.

"But," she bade Ethel, "do you go and prepare yourself for a detailed report."

"Very well," she replied, "to the best of my ability." And when the bell again summoned the devotees to prayer, Ethel sat in readiness at the front parlor window, to join the friends she knew would pass on their way to the circle.

Eva had made little sacrifice in this decision, for she had a natural shrinking from making herself conspicuous in the matter, feeling instinctively all that it would involve. Besides, she not only enjoyed an evening with her uncle, but felt it was his due;

his own evident appreciation and satisfaction repaying her for any slight sacrifice she had made. Thus when Ethel had departed with a gay "good luck to you both," Eva brought out the chess and checkers, saying:

"Now, Uncle, take your choice, but prepare for a great defeat." He said "he was too tired for chess," knowing that his niece was skilled in that more exclusive game, and feeling that he needed the relaxation of his practical game of checkers.

"As you prefer," she replied, in a less confident tone.

"Uncle," she said suddenly, while she was arranging the board, and before he had laid down his newspaper, with that freedom with which she was accustomed to address him—a greater freedom, by the way, than Ethel ever used—"why do you not join the circles?" She had thought, just then, that in his company, and with his sanction, she would not have hesitated to attend.

He paused for reply, scarcely formulating a suitable one in his mind, then answered by asking another.

"Why, do you wish me to?" that consideration being paramount with him.

"O, no," she said, half reluctantly, "I was only wondering if you disapproved of them."

"They cannot be very bad, eh! or Ethel would have nothing to do with them," he replied interrogatively.

"Bad," repeated Eva, "it was solemn as a funeral," alluding to the one of which he was cognizant.

"The fact is," he said, disposed to be confidential rather than jocose at this hour, "it does seem there must be something in it, but in broad day it all looks so unreal, unnatural."

"Unnatural" as he had learned to estimate natural occurrences.

"But what more natural," reasoned Eva, "than, that our departed friends, if existing at all, should attempt to communicate with us, if only for warning or encouragement?" remembering the sign and symbol of both, that she had received.

"What they get is so unsatisfactory," objected Mr. Grey, with a shake of his head, and the usual objection of the partial and limited investigation, and laying down his paper and spectacles, he took the board upon his lap, and bent his mature masculine intellect to the weighty task of "steering straight for the king-row."

"That may be, at first," was Eva's final remark.

As Dr. Fell walked forth in the morning, after the radiant vision of the night, all nature seemed to beam upon him with the benignant smile of the translated Rose. Truly, these valleys of Gethsemane, with their burdens, have their opposites in the mounts of exaltation, with their transfigurations. This being his appearance in the morning, as he rapidly paced the street with

shining countenance, one inconsequent beholder remarked that he "guessed the mesmerist doctor was glad one poverty-stricken patient was off his hands!"

But if he had not observed the injunction of old, "see that ye tell no one," it would soon have been "noised abroad" that the doctor was "crazy," and even Mr. Grey would have termed the vision "mental hallucination."

When Ethel and her friends reached the dwelling where the circle was appointed, the two or three other members were already there, among whom was Dr. Fell. He was conversing with some one near, and half starting from his seat as the new comers entered, paused as he saw that Ethel was alone, and bowing gravely, sat back and finished his remark. It was evident, she thought, that there was a little disappointment at the non-appearance of the latest acquisition to the comparatively meagre society of the village, and the narrower one of the circle.

Ethel acknowledged his greeting with the shadow of a smile gleaming in her quiet face, the same that showed there at the recognition of a peculiar tone in his well-modulated voice. She was gifted with that spiritual discernment that detects instantly the lightest shades of thought and feeling, which index character, whether greatly to her advantage, or rather happiness, is doubtful.

Soon the circle was formed, the lady of the house being a more officious personage than Ethel, there was small need for the doctor to offer his services, taking his place, for once, as assigned, which was one remove from Ethel. Now it was noticeable that Dr. Fell's manifestations varied according to the proximity of a material or spiritual mind, and for a little time, only the telegraphic signals, the tiny raps, were heard and utilized by different ones for the answering of mental questions.

But the hostess having a call to withdraw for a moment, leaving Ethel to complete the electric chain, thereupon the Doctor became inspired to deliver another discourse, which impressed itself upon her retentive memory. Occasionally retentive only, for the reason that coarsely material objects or subjects made no impression; and when, upon her return, Eva asked for her "report," she merely replied, "Wait till morning," and retired to her chamber, leaving Eva to finish the "draw game" with her father below.

And this is what she read to them next morning before breakfast, having pencilled her impressions the previous night: "There is no other revealed will of God—no other revelation—except such as we see in the heavens above and the earth beneath, in nature."

"God never revealed himself directly to man, though man has arrogated such revelation. Neither did he make unto himself

a peculiar people. That claim was also arrogantly and falsely made by the Jews.

"Their scriptures are plagiarisms from the heathen nations—the Chaldeans, etc. Though there be much of inspiration, of poetry, and valuable moral precepts in them, yet even the songs of David are not altogether original, and the moral precepts of the Jewish scriptures were taught by the philosophers of earlier ages.

"When we consider the glory of the heavens; the countless millions of worlds, which though not visible to the naked eye, are discernible by powerful telescopes, and discover how presumptuous is the claim that the infinite Jehovah has made a special favorite of this little planet, so insignificant as compared with the immense suns and larger planets of other systems, even as measured by the superior worlds of our own—all, doubtless, like this, which at present sustains fourteen hundred millions of people—inhabited by beings similar in character and destiny to our own.

"Thus is proven the fallacy of the doctrine, that 'straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it; while broad is the way that leadeth unto death, and many there be who go in thereat.'

"The 'few,' find happiness, immortality, and the 'many' are condemned to misery, to eternal death! A doctrine promulgated by the selfish and revengeful, who delighted in the miseries of others; a doctrine unworthy the adherence of a moral or righteous person and dishonoring to God.

"All religions have cursed the earth with heathenish superstitions, have been the cause of war and bloodshed, of nameless persecutions and untold misery. They have been a greater curse than blessing."

While Ethel was reading, Eva had noticed a smile gathering upon her uncle's face, which culminated in a hearty laugh as she concluded; and rising, he handed her the "Banner," saying, "There is a better synopsis of your lecture;" and Ethel read with blank amazement. DISCOURSE BY KIMBALL.

TEXT.

"The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the Firmament showeth his handiwork."

(To be continued.)

Woman and Her Position in Society.

BY R. NEELEY.

It is claimed that wherever Christianity goes, woman is advanced. Is Christianity the cause of this? If so, why is it that she has to fight every step of her way? How long had she to knock at the doors of Christian colleges before she was admitted, and how long before she was allowed to preach, or even to teach, and how long will she

have yet to plead her right of citizenship, and why are her rights not recognized and defended? I answer because the genius of Christianity is against them, else why did the apostle Paul forbid her to speak in Church, and give as a reason why she should be in subjection—that she was deceived and in the transgression. If I understand Christianity aright, according to the definition of its great apostle, it holds woman in subjection to man, requires her to be silent in church, and "if she will learn anything," that is to say, if she has any ambition to be somebody and know something, she is allowed the privilege of "asking her husband at home," and she must be satisfied with whatever he is pleased to tell her if he should happen to know anything himself, and think proper to inform her, otherwise she must not insist on learning anything, and then she must honor and obey her husband as Sarah did, calling him Lord. Sarah's example in lying to cover her husband's weakness is a beautiful one for the Christian wife to follow. This is Christianity and the position it assigns to woman, and yet its advocates claim that wherever it goes, woman is elevated. Again I ask, to what does she owe any advancement she is making? The Bible puts her in a subordinate position from Genesis to Revelation, makes her of a rib from the man, puts her first in the transgression, and then curses her with the pains of labor for being deceived, and places her in a condition of silent subjection in which she is to remain as long as Christianity is the religion of the world, and I submit if she is not now pushing her way to freedom against the plainest dictates of the Christian religion as taught by the great apostle Paul.

Woman owes her degradation to the domination of man, and her emancipation will come in the ordinary course of human progress and not by a system of religion which assigns to her a subordinate position.

The problem of good and evil has occupied the attention of mankind from the earliest ages of antiquity, and instead of looking to human weakness for the origin of evil, he imagines some cause or power outside of himself. According to our Bible the serpent tempted Eve, and Eve tempted Adam and is held responsible ever since. It was not so in the Hindoo Sanscrit Scriptures which preceded ours by thousands of years, and were in many respects superior and more in accordance with reason and modern science. There the man led the woman astray, "and when he began to weep for his sin, she said, do not despair, let us rather pray to the author of all things to pardon us; and as she thus spoke, there came a voice from the clouds saying, woman, thou hast sinned through love of thy husband whom I commanded thee to love, and thou hast hoped in me, I pardon thee and him also for thy sake." In these same san-

scrit scriptures it is said that God gave to the man strength, shape and majesty, and to the woman grace, gentleness and beauty, and he proclaimed in earth and in heaven the *equality of the man, and the woman*. Consequently the respect entertained for woman in ancient India amounted to worship, and it was not till their religion was corrupted by the Brahminical priesthood that she was degraded as we now find her in that country. But the Bible degrades her from first to last. Our Scriptures are but a bungling imitation of the Hindoo religion in its corrupted condition, or (which is more likely) taken from the Egyptian religion and that was derived from the Hindoo, making ours an imitation of an imitation, and so far degenerated from the original that the worshipful respect shown to the graceful, gentle, and beautiful companion of man has ceased, and she has become a wretched sufferer for him to rule over. Jesus was woman's friend but Paul leaves her no alternative but to fight her way to freedom, and equal rights, in direct opposition to positive apostolic authority, and the custom of the church founded on said authority. But I feel happy to have lived to see the day that she can go into the pulpit and preach where she is commanded to be silent, and I predict that through her own inherent power, and persistent effort in the natural course of human progress she will yet regain the inalienable God-given rights which she enjoyed before Moses or Paul touched them with unholy hands.

The case of woman is strange and anomalous. Favored as she was in ancient India with equal rights, and worshipful respect, she has degenerated into a mere thing uneducated and her female offspring not even counted among the children of the family, whereas in Christian countries, especially our own, her condition is better than it has ever been since before the days of priestcraft, and she is advancing with a velocity that would make a Luther, a Calvin, or a Knox, dizzy.

Again comes the ever recurring question. Why did she lose prestige in the Orient and regain it in Christendom? Conceding the right of private judgment to the laity by the Protestant reformation was the first step to universal freedom, and the emancipation of woman from the disabilities imposed upon her by a male priesthood under pretense of divine authority, and when she became accustomed to free thought and the exercise of her reason, she learned by degrees to repudiate everything under any pretense, divine or human, which interfered with the exercise of her God-given faculties, and as she advances step by step and man is forced to acknowledge the justness of her cause, it is amusing to hear his apologies for the Bible as that "all that Paul said concerning woman was not inspired," and "much of the Old Testament is 'old wives' fables,'

and will drop out as the tadpole drops its tail," etc., although the whole book has been for many centuries venerated as "the inspired word of God and an unerring rule of faith and practice," and would be still if a certain class of the clergy could have their way. To come right down to facts, priestcraft is at the bottom of woman's trouble. It is a fact which cannot be denied that woman is the finer and more spiritual organization, and therefore she is the best qualified to be leader and teacher in spiritual and religious things. To say that she was made of a rib of man means that she is more refined. But in the early ages of the world the physical took precedence of the spiritual, and man monopolized all power and became priest, and afterward both king and priest, and woman must not then be educated or initiated into any of their mysteries lest she should deprive man of his monopoly of power. She might be queen but not priest (priestess) because that was the strongest lever of power which man possessed. Convince a man that without the instruction and absolution of a priest he cannot be saved and it makes him a helpless dependent, and who does not know how the priesthood has made Europe tremble from the monarch on his throne to the beggar on the street, during the dark ages, and still claims universal dominion as the authorized servants of God. This is the system to which woman owes her deepest degradation, and under which she never can be reconstructed.

One other point is worthy of notice. It is this: Want of exercise produces effeminacy, and withdrawing woman from active duty and shutting her up in harems as was and is yet the custom in the east, for purposes which I need not mention here, but which shows the baseness of man, and of which David and Solomon, and many other Bible celebrities were guilty, has the inevitable tendency to make her a poor good-for-nothing. Nothing tends more to her elevation than education, therefore I say educate, educate, EDUCATE. Let her work and she will soon work out her own salvation.

Now, my dear sister woman, take a brother's advice, and never countenance those awful and unreasonable dogmas which have done so much harm to the world and especially to your sex, but follow the dictates of reason and common-sense. Be more charitable to those of your own sex, and if one is overtaken in a fault, try to raise her but do not crush her. Remember what was said to the woman of India: "Thou hast sinned through love to thy husband whom I commanded thee to love, and thou hast hoped in me, therefore I pardon thee and him also for thy sake." Remember also the words of Jesus: "Hath no man condemned thee * * * neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." That is charity indeed, and worthy of imitation. Dress as becomes the dignity of womanhood, as plain

as you wish, and as rich and comfortable as your circumstances will warrant. It is one of your best rights that you shall not be compelled by custom to follow foolish fashions which render you uncomfortable and injure your health. You have as good a right to solid comfort in dress as your brother man, and it is the last right he will try to deprive you of if you have the courage to exercise it. Gewgaws will never commend you to the respect of right-minded men.

Man and woman were created free and equal, having an equal right to education, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Politically, woman has the same right to choose her rulers as man has, and if she pays taxes, she has the same right to a voice in their distribution, and if she earns money she has an equal right to hold and use it. When you aspire to any special position in life, qualify yourself for it so that the charge of incompetence cannot be brought against you. Your true position is to be the only wife of an only husband, free and equal in all things, provided always that due regard be paid to the position assigned to each by the laws of nature and of sex.

An old tradition says that "Eve was placed at Adam's side, showing that she was his equal. Not at his head, that she might rule over him, nor at his feet that he might trample upon her, but by his side, that all through life, side by side, co-equal with each other, they might go." That this tradition was not put into the Bible instead of the one allowing the husband to rule over the wife, was the fault of the Bible-makers, and your misfortune. But thank God the time has come when no assumption of power, under any pretense whatsoever, can any longer restrain you from getting the rights and privileges to which you are entitled by truth, justice, and your own constitutional qualifications. On the principle that "to whom much is given of them much shall be required," your responsibilities increase with your advantages.

The age of force, when might was right, is being superseded by the age of spiritual development, and you having the more spiritual organization, upon you will largely depend not only your own emancipation but the redemption of the whole human race from the crude, materialistic ideas which have kept them so long in bondage. See then that you exercise your gifts and powers that as mothers you may produce a purer offspring in which the spiritual element shall predominate, and that as teachers you may promulgate those moral and spiritual ideas which are destined to overturn dogmatic theology, priestcraft, and every species of usurpation, and make humanity free and happy.—*The Spiritual Offering.*

Justice is the freedom of those who are equal. Injustice is the freedom of those who are unequal.

The Narrow, Silvery Way.

Suggested by watching the narrow path of light cast by the rising moon across the bay, between Oakland and San Francisco.

It was quiet night in the resting fields,
It was night in the darkening sky,
Where those wondrous worlds seem mere specks of light,
That would fade with a breath or a sigh.

It was glittering night in the quiet streets,
It was night on the glimmering wave,
Ever rising, sinking, with soft, low sobs,
Over many an unmarked grave.

And the sea-gulls' shadowy, silent forms
Seemed a part of the shadowy night,
Which absorbed the quickly receding shore,
Softly shrouding it o'er from our sight.

But the sparkling lamps were like beacons set,
And they showed us the city was there,
With its bloom and verdure, and kindly hearts,
Prompting ever to tenderest care.

Just above the lamps the round moon was hung,
Giving never a wavering ray,
And it gently laid on the darkened waves,
One straight, narrow and silvery way,

Which was ever lengthened without decrease,
While we steamed for the further shore,
As our own good deeds leave a brightened track,
When we're struggling with darkness before.

So we need not fear, as we're carried on
To the city beyond the deep bay,
For the lamps are lit on the other side,
And we're laying the silvery way,

Which will still be there when we journey back,
With its radiance full in our eyes,
In a softened gleam that will bring no pain,
And will leave not a shock when it dies.

LUPA.

A Spiritual Funeral.

MUSIC AND FLOWERS TAKE THE PLACE OF PRAYERS
AND TEARS.

Such was the service conducted over the remains of Mrs. Sarah H. Aspinwall, at 272 West Seventh street, day before yesterday.

They were conducted by the dead woman's husband, and a spirit of contentment rather than sorrow pervaded the assemblage of friends of the deceased.

Mrs. Aspinwall "passed to spirit life" Wednesday evening of last week, after a lingering illness. She and her husband, Dr. S. N. Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, arrived in the city early in March on their way home from Boston. Mrs. Aspinwall, who has been

AN INVALID FOR YEARS,

Was taken worse, confined to her bed, and gradually growing weaker and weaker, she quietly passed away without a struggle. They were Spiritualists, Mr. Aspinwall being President of the first Spiritual Society of Minneapolis, Minn., and author of a Spiritualistic work called "Garnered Sheaves." The funeral took place at 10 A. M. Friday. The remains were placed in a beautiful rosewood casket, ornamented with massive silver handles, and a large silver plate with

the words "At Rest" beautifully engraved and placed across the center. The room, casket, tables and mantel were covered with large bouquets of white roses, pinks, forget-me-nots and lilies, and a large pillow of beautiful pansies was placed at the head. The sound of beautiful

SOFT SWEET MUSIC

Was heard from an adjoining room, rendered by a quartette. Among the pieces sang were: "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Sweet By-and-By," "Home of the Soul," "There is Rest for the Weary" and "Angels Ever Near." When the time arrived for the services to commence, Mr. Aspinwall, who had been sitting at the head of the casket, arose, and, in a distinct yet tremulous voice said: My friends, it was hoped that Miss Hagan, who is the lecturer for the Spiritual Society of this city for the present month, and the only one here, would be present at this time, but having been called away has not returned. I will, therefore, in accordance with the wishes of my dear wife, say to those present that it was her desire to have a quiet funeral. She seemed to know that her spirit was soon to leave its earthly tenement of clay, and gave me in writing these directions: "I desire a quiet funeral, with no tears or prayers—only music and flowers." I have tried to carry out her wishes. We were both Spiritualists, and, like thousands of others, were brought to a knowledge of its truth through grief and suffering. I will relate to you our first-knowledge of its truth: Five years ago this coming June, a bright little boy, our only son, was a member of our home. He left us one day after dinner to go out with his sister, and we never saw him alive afterward. I was then the proprietor of a hotel in the city of Hastings, Minn., and many who were our guests will remember

OUR BRIGHT-EYED LITTLE BOY

Of eight and a half years, who was a general favorite with all. He went out the door with his sister Lizzie. About thirty minutes afterward, while sitting in my office talking with a gentleman, two boys came running in, and, throwing a hat down upon the counter, said: "Mr. Aspinwall, there is Lloyd's hat." I jumped and said: "Where is Lloyd?" They said: "We do not know; guess he is in the river." I ran down to the river dock. Not a soul to be seen. The dark, swift waters of the Mississippi rolled majestically on. Well, by that time it had become generally known, and the bank was lined with people, boats were out and the river dragged until we were satisfied it was useless, and my wife and myself sorrowfully wended our way back to our home, nearly distracted with grief. We had four daughters, but he was our only son, our youngest, our baby, the apple of our eye. Our hearts were bound up in him.

This dear wife never recovered from the

shock. After a few weeks the family physician said to me: "Mr. Aspinwall, I can do nothing for your wife. You will have to do one of three things: Go away with her, send her to an insane asylum, or bury her." I said: "We will go at once." I left my business in the hands of my employees, with my daughter, Sallie, twenty years of age, as general superintendent, and we started for New York, my former home. Among our friends and acquaintances there many were Spiritualists, and they would often say: "Why don't you go to a medium?" We say, oh bosh, don't talk to us of mediums or Spiritualism. We don't want to be humbugged. It is all fraud. We were strong Presbyterians, and our forefathers had been so for many generations before us, and we have been taught to have faith that life was immortal, but to think for ourselves, and have the knowledge that it was so was a terrible thing and a great sin. One evening we took tea with a friend of ours, a Mrs. Bracket, and she said to me: "Mr. Aspinwall, when you go home to your rooms you pass directly by the house of a Mrs. Godwin, who is a good, honest, trance medium. If you will stop and see her and do not get relief, I

WILL NEVER SAY SPIRITUALISM

To you again." I said, "Well, to please you I will stop." We called at the house, rang the bell. A servant came to the door. "Is Mrs. Godwin in?" "She is at tea now; will see you in a few minutes." We took seats in the parlor. Very soon a pleasant, intelligent-looking lady came in and said, "Good evening, I am Mrs. Godwin." I said, "We have called to see if you can tell us anything we don't know." After sitting a few moments she became entranced, and looking over toward us she said, "I see a little boy standing between you with dark eyes, long lashes, brown hair, and I should think about eight or nine years old, and he says his name is Lloyd." The description was perfect, the name correct and the medium a perfect stranger. I was dumb. My wife recovered herself sooner than I and said, "Lloyd, if this is you spell your name as you used to for mamma." The answer at once came, of course. "Make a big L little l-o-y-d," and turning to me said, "Papa, you left Sallie home all alone, didn't you?" I said, "Yes; but how did you know it?" He said, "Why, papa, I am not dead. I am with you and mamma all the time. I am not up there in the grave-yard where you buried me." I neglected to say that I had employed a little steamer to try and find his body, which was found the ninth day some six miles below the city. "I don't want you to mourn for me; I am happy. When I fell in the river it was all dark at first; then it was all flowers and so beautiful and light, and grandpa took me to his home. Not Grandpa Myer, mamma, but Grandpa Aspinwall"—

WHOM HE HAD NEVER SEEN,

And who passed away in 1850—"and he says it is all for the best, as I was not very strong any way, and I can grow up in spirit life and prepare a home for you here. Papa, we can travel as quick as thought. You don't care for an old coat you threw away, do you?" I said, "No." "Well, my body is like an old coat, of no use." He said, "Mamma, I did not mean to disobey you when I went to the river, but I could not help it. Somebody seemed to call me, and I went down and looked off the dock, and got dizzy and fell in." He told us many things of home and what had happened, so that we were really and fully satisfied that we had indeed talked with the spirit of our dear boy, and from that time commenced to investigate Spiritualism, and I am happy to say that there has not been a doubt in our minds, but a knowledge that life is immortal, and that instead of grief at the change called death, it should be a season of rejoicing that the spirit is freed from this mortal or material body, which is subject to all the aches and pains to which flesh is heir. In this casket lie the mortal remains of a true, devoted and loving wife, who, for thirty-three years, has been my almost constant companion, and I know that in spirit she is with me now, and I trust will continue to remain with me to guide my daily walk through life, so that when I shall be called upon to change this mortal for the immortal I may feel that I have lived to do some good for humanity and been the means of showing the light of this great truth to many who are in darkness and despair.

After a few more songs by the quartette and those present the remains were taken to Spring Grove Cemetery, where they will remain for the present. Thus ended a beautiful but rather unusual service.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

What Art Thou?

BY WARREN BOYNTON.

Every picture is composed of light and shade. The shadows are as necessary as the light. There is the real and unreal, the vital and the dormant, the actor and the thing acted upon. The spirit world is the real world, the physical is the shadow of the spiritual. The spiritual world envelops the physical, and permeates it; the spirit of man is an enfoldment of his physical. As the spirit world enfolds the physical world, so the spirit of man envelopes the physical man. Both are invisible to physical sense, but both alike real. Around every physical substance and permeating it, is the spirit or soul of that substance. The spirit or soul of things is all vital and imperishable. The body or physical is not, only as vitalized by spirit. The word soul

does not always mean spirit, neither does the word spirit, always mean an immortalized entity. Sometimes soul is used for quality, potency, etc. Sometimes spirit is used for activity, energy, etc. The "soul," is said, "to be the stature of the man." The spirit is a vitalizing element, intangible, yet powerful in its operations. The spirit is master over the physical, and will subdue all things to itself. Man is not the body that for awhile represents him, but a compound essence, so refined, that it cannot be grasped, weighed or measured, by any substance or power aside from spirit. Man is a picture, but not the real, from which the picture hath been taken. Thou knowest that thou hast a body, which of itself is a grand masterpiece of skill and uses. Thou believest thou hast a soul, or spirit, or both, that quickens thy mortal body, for it is self-evident to thee that thy body hath no power without being vitalized by some other force. Thou mayest know that thou hast a soul, for it can be felt! Yea, it can be seen and heard! Three of thy corporal senses bear thee witness, if thou wilt receive their testimony. Thou hast still another sense, which is called intuition, which will serve thee well, if thou wilt seek unto it. It is of the body, as thy soul is of the body, which is not of the body, but an attendant to, and a vitalizer of that which is otherwise dormant. It is more spiritual than thy other senses. It is the eyes or perceptive ability of thy soul, while encased in mortal habiliments. It is an outflowing and inflowing eternal essence, that without or with thy other senses will reveal and solve thy most profound problems. With the aid of spiritual beings it will reveal to thee the God over all, in all, and through all. By it thou canst demonstrate thy relation to God, and thy immortal existence. Now, I have not told thee all thou art, for humanity hath not yet been completed, is not finished. But thus I can tell thee, that thy conception of God falls far short of what thou mayest be. Therefore I recommend that thou be diligent in the acquirement of knowledge, that thou struggle to develop all thy powers, and thou wilt surprise thyself and others, and at the same time be useful and happy as a result of thy effort.

What Hast Thou Done?

BY WARREN BOYNTON.

The above interrogation was uttered to my inner sense on Sunday, Feb. 20th, 1881, while in a magnetic condition—fully conscious, and the name Isaac T. Hopper, given. I heard it distinctly and apparently audibly. Whether it was given as a subject of further thought, or a censure for delinquency, or a question from one spirit to another in reference to what had been done

to, and for me in aid of my spiritual development or relief of my bodily infirmities. I could not then tell. At all events I considered it suggestive, and soon after felt disposed to write, taking the above question for my text. Since then I have continued to write and now have some ten communications from the same source. The first one is personal, the latter part being prophetic. I thought to withhold it for the present, as it personally concerns myself, and I do not wish to be considered egotistical, but concluded to let it be published.

THE MESSAGE.

What hast thou done in compensation for what the kind visible and invisible beings have done for thee? How opened they thine eyes? When all was dark—disease and want crying loudly upon thee and would not let thee have rest nor peace—when every avenue, every door of relief seemed closed against thee, who opened the door? Who brought thee relief? The spirit world sympathized with thee in thy distress, and messengers of love and ability were commissioned to approach thee, and give thee the needed relief. When bowed down under the weight of materialistic thought, who unburdened thee? Who hath led thee by the hand among and through great and unknown perils? When thy "foot had well-nigh slipped" who set thee on a rock and enlarged thy vision, and warmed thy heart, and "established thy goings?" Spirit hath done this. What hast thou done to or for them, or thy mortal fellow creatures for all these tokens of love? Hast thou gratitude? That is good and acceptable. Canst not thou be the instrument of inciting gratitude in others? "Where much is given, much will be required." Art thou ready now to do and suffer contumely and shame, to demonstrate in thy more or less feeble way the immortality of the soul to others who are struggling as thou hast struggled; seemingly against fate, who are waiting and groaning for deliverance from the galling fetters of creed and ecclesiastical incubus? If so, go. The spirit world gives thee thy commission. Go! They will open a way for thee. They will provide for thy necessities. They will raise up for thee many and true friends. Thou shalt be able by the power given thee to demonstrate eternal life, and start many on the true way to the unfolding of their spirit, who are now under a creed-bound spell. The spirits, through thee, will break that dark spell, and through many chinks and openings in the sectarian wall will penetrate rays of celestial light, that shall bring joy and gladness to many a dark imprisoned soul. Gird on thy armor of truth, my friend. Make straight paths for thy feet so that the lame and halting may not be turned out of the way, or stumble in their path. Be true to the voice of the spirit that speaketh within

thy soul, and thou shalt inherit many blessings, not as a reward but as a result of a true and well ordered life.

I received a spirit communication in 1879, written in the same style as the above, which I supposed was for another person, but I now believe was intended for me, and applied to my case with great force. I herewith present a copy of it to your readers, hoping if the garment fits anyone else as it did me, they will not fail to put it on. I was not fully committed to Spiritualism. I think we are very liable to suppose we are about right when, in fact, we are about wrong.

THE MESSAGE.

Thou art an imprisoned, fettered soul that dare not rend thy chain, or break thy galling manacles; that dare not give utterance to the voices of the spirit around and within thee, that tell thee that thy formal prayers and trying to conform to old theological mummeries are all a mockery. Submit no longer to the galling chains of cant custom and idolatrous theology. Why remain a spiritual dwarf, when thou mightest be a giant in the spiritual ranks. Poor soul. Break thy chains. *Be free.* Let the broad rays of God's sunlight of love encompass thee. Be no longer a slave, and the loves of the angel world will enshroud thee. Then shalt thou be happy.

Amber Letter.

"Six-months pass sometimes between the glimpses I get of friend or neighbor outside my own household."

The above sentence in a letter just received from a woman who has lived for the past ten years on a ranch away out near the Rocky Mountains, has set me thinking very tenderly to-night of lonely women. To be sure, a hermit's life is an endless gala-day compared to the life of one-half the people who live in crowded towns or in thickly-populated neighborhoods, for the loneliness of an existence passed amid uncongenial surroundings transcends any other loneliness this world can bestow. Such destinies need special words of consolation, and are put down "on the list" for future attention. It is for *literally* lonely women I have a word of comfort in my heart just now.

The freedom of the pathless woods, the companionship of birds and bright-eyed denizens of the forest, the constant, sweet and sublime revealings of nature where nature is as yet unfettered by the touch of civilization, the intimate acquaintance with one's own self, which friction with other individualities is apt to bewilder, all may combine to render the life of the hermit one capable of rare exaltations, wondrous upliftings and special revealings of that world to which we believe this existence to be but the tuning-room where our souls are pitched and keyed

for Eternity's full anthem. But not all who live isolated lives can taste the liberty and exaltation of a hermit's condition. Over against the indulgence of any communings with nature, or any chance to become through solitude better acquainted with one's self and one's God, sits that never-slumbering imp who name is Drudgery and whose motive of creation was to grind the fine edge off of life, as a rock in the way will destroy the cunning of a mower's scythe. What chance has a galley-slave to study botany or enjoy the change of constant seasons? About as much as some of the toiling, heart-hungry women of whom I am thinking to-night.

There is always some variety in a man's life which lifts it out of monotony. The wood-chopper, whose strong, vehement strokes lays the forest king low, its bright crown never again to uplift itself joyously in the sun-bright spaces of the air, works hard and goes home tired, but the labor he has accomplished hasn't dulled his faculties nor benumbed his very life currents, as has the unending drudgery of the wife, who has staid within doors all day washing dishes, peeling potatoes, baking bread, patching trousers and nursing babies! For her there remains no stepping off the treadmill of uncongenial toil, no change of scene, until the last, which drops the faded old curtain, extinguishes the glimmering lights, and proclaims the long drama ended. It seems a very pretentious thing to attempt a word of cheer and solace for such lives. God knows they need it, though—a hand stretched out, a song dropped in the night to revive long-fainting hope. When I see, as I sometimes do, a sensitive, delicate nature, with a heart like May sunshine, shedding its brightness in a home and upon hearts as unappreciative as a glacier of the rays that dance and glisten above its frozen bosom, when I see such a soul, created to shine, and cheer and bless, struggling for existence and mated to a life as cold and bloodless as a shoal of shad, I am tempted to wonder if eternal vigilance is not at fault, falls asleep sometimes like a watch on deck, and lets human lives go to pieces on the breakers, that might have outridden all the billows of the sea and sailed triumphant into the port of peace. Everything seems haphazard as to the adjustment of destinies, half the time. The woman who could adorn any sphere gets shunted off on a side track and is unnoticed and forgotten, while some empty-headed sister, whom it would have been a special mercy to have obliterated, flies down the main-track in all the glory of screaming whistle and flying flag.

My dear, the only way to conquer a cast-iron destiny is to yield to it. You will break to pieces if you always are throwing yourself on a rock. Sit down on the "sorrowful stone," now and then; you can't help it. But don't fling yourself headlong

against it. If life knows nothing sweeter than the routine of uncongenial labor; if all the pleasant dreams and hopes of youth remain but as fabrics do when the bright colors are washed away; if ambition and joy and spirit were drowned long ago in that unstayed flood of dish-water which has proved the suicide grave of many a brilliant career; if intention and aim and purpose glimmer only a little now and then from out the murky environments of your life, like wandering fisher-lights at sea, accept the inevitable bravely, like a soldier undergoing hardship, but sure of something better to come.

Do not sit down and cry over those poor old "might-have-beens," like little children shedding tears over last year's dandelion chains. Just accept your hard lot, as trustful children do allotted tasks, content to know that by-and-by shall surely come the play-time, the sunrise and the song. Remember how many otherwise sweet natures lie all about us, spoiled by prosperity, like over-ripe apples in the sun. Perhaps, had God granted you the fulfillment of all hope, you would have become joined to your idols of cloddish nature, with no aspirations above "flesh-pots". If your lot is cast alone, mold the lives of the children God gives you into heroes and gentlewomen as brave and sweet as ever brightened the courts of kings. What need have you to live among boors when God has made of every mother the divine sculptor to create gods and goddesses in flesh? Above all, cultivate the small opportunities you have. Do not let the least corner of your soul lie undeveloped in what sunshine falls in your way. Learn patience through the repeated overthrow of patience, sweetness through trial, and strength through the rude strokes of daily defeats, remembering that we do not grow so much by externals as by the impulses latent within us, and the impulse our own volitions give them. We *can not* be thwarted by any evil that does not find lodgment in our hearts, any more than a lily can be changed into a wild turnip by a lot of little boys pegging putty-balls at it. Nothing can stop us if we are bound to grow toward God. He alone is our judge. To Him alone shall we yield the record of life's troubled day, and I think His very first word, His first smile, will waft away the memory of our loneliness and our tears, as dust is wafted before the sweet summer wind.

—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

Beecher's Belief.

As Henry Ward Beecher was generally regarded as the greatest clergyman of the century, it is interesting to study and understand the views he cherished. Perhaps they were never stated more comprehensively in a short space than in a letter written to a friend in 1883, which we reproduce:

CHICAGO, July 23, 1883.

REV. DR. J. SPENCER KENNARD,

Dear Sir:—I have read your reported sermon, delivered yesterday, with great interest. I have to thank you for your kindness of feeling manifested and the absence of that vigor of orthodoxy which seems to be but a covert form of saying "damn you." But I am not saying this as an expression of surprise. One would have expected this excellent spirit in you; but the point of my gratification is that the time has come for an honest discussion of the views of the old and the new theology. If conducted in Christian spirit good cannot but come out of it. It is hardly to be expected that either side will have a whole victory. But another generation will find itself upon a higher level.

Allow me to say of my own position that I know that I am orthodox and evangelical as to facts and substance of the Christian religion; but equally well I know that I am not orthodox as to the philosophy which has hitherto been applied to those facts. I am a cordial Christian evolutionist. I do not agree, by any means, with all of Spencer—his agnosticism—nor all of Huxley, Tyndall, and their school. They are agnostic. I am not, emphatically. But I am an evolutionist, and that strikes at the root of all mediæval and orthodox modern theology—the fall of man in Adam and the inheritance by his posterity of his guilt, and, by consequence, any such view of atonement as has been constructed on his fabulous disaster. Men have not fallen as a race—men have come up. No great disaster met the race at the start. The creative decree of God was fulfilled, and any theory of atonement must be one which will meet the fact that man was created at the lowest point, and, as I believe, is, as to his physical being, evolved from the animal race below him; but as to his moral and spiritual nature, is a sun of God, a new element having come in in the great movement of evolution at the point of man's appearance.

Man is universally sinful—not by nature, but by a voluntary violation of known laws. In other words, the animal passions of man have proved to be too strong for his moral and spiritual nature. Paul's double man, the "old man" and the "new man," is a grand exposition of the doctrine of sin—especially in the seventh chapter of Romans.

But enough of this. I am not in my preaching attacking orthodoxy. I belong to this wing of the Christian army. But I cannot get my own views out except by a comparison of them to the disadvantage of the standard views. If to any I seem to bring wit and humor to an irreverent use, I can only say I do it because I cannot help it. So things come, so I must express them, but not as a sneer or scoff, though often with impetuous feeling and with open mirth.

My life is drawing to an end. A few more working years only have I left. No one can express the earnestness with which I feel that in the advance of science, which will inevitably sweep away much rubbish from the belief of men; a place may be found for a higher spirituality, for a belief that shall have its roots in science and its top in the sunlight of faith and love. For that I am working and shall work as long as I work at all.

The discussion has begun. God is in it. It must go on. It is one of those great movements which come when God would lift men to a higher level. The root of the whole matter with me is, in a word, this:—Which is the central element of moral government, love or hatred? I say hatred, for in human hands that is what justice has largely amounted to. I hold that they are not coequal. True justice in its primitive form, is simply pain, and this suffering is auxiliary. It is the one undivided force of moral government to which God is bringing the universe.

Forgive my length. I should wish to live in the affection and confidence of my brethren of the ministry. But I cannot for the sake of earning it yield one jot or tittle of loyalty to the kingdom of Love which is coming, and of which I am but as one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." I am affectionately yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It will be noticed that in this letter Beecher repudiates the fall of Adam, and consequently the necessity of an atonement builded upon that hypothesis, and accepts the Darwinian theory of evolution. Rather of a startling attitude for a preacher to assume while asserting his orthodoxy.

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

A Seance With Dr. D. J. Stansbury.

On my way from Portland, Oregon, to my home in Antioch, California, I called at the office of THE CARRIER DOVE and there had the pleasure of meeting with Dr. Stansbury. I wrote out four questions, folded them up and laid them on the table. The medium took one at a time and laid it with a bit of pencil between two slates (folded up as I had left it). He then held one end of the slates and I the other. The following are the questions and the answers.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

1. Sister Sarah: Will you help me in what I wish to accomplish?

LOIS.

Yes, dear Lois, I will be able to assist you in the work. Your loving sister,

SARAH.

2. Will my friends tell me if I shall get my type all right?

LOIS.

You will get your type all right.

Annie D. Cridge: Please tell me when I had better sell that Riverside lot.

LOIS. W.

I would advise you to sell this present season.

ANNIE D. CRIDGE.

4. George: Was the plan of bringing the paper to California made by my spirit friends? If so please name some of them.

LOIS.

The paper was brought to California under spirit direction. Among those who will assist are E. V. Wilson, Wm. Denton, Lucretia Mott and many others.

GEORGE.

And then followed the following message:

L. W.

God bless you, Lois Waisbrooker. I am glad to meet you here. The foundation principles of Spiritualism were good enough for me to live and die by, and have enabled me to reach a high plane in spirit life from which I return to give you good cheer and bid you go forward in the grand work of encouraging the masses to live a better and purer life. Your friend and brother,

E. V. WILSON.

The Sum of It All.

RAY PALMER.

The boy that by addition grows,
And suffers no subtraction,
Who multiplies the thing he knows,
And carries every fraction,
Who well divides his precious time,
The due proportion giving,
To sure success alone will climb,
Interest compound receiving.

Mrs. Logan gives a striking instance of the discrimination made in the pay of government clerks on account of sex. She says: "No lady is allowed the same salary in the higher grades of clerkship, no matter how well she fills the higher salaried desks, and many of them are to-day in those positions, but do not receive the pay. As an illustration, it has happened that in cases of illness or disability of men clerks, their wives performed the duty of their husbands, drawing in their name the salary as if they had performed the work. In one case the wife kept up her husband's desk for three years, during his illness, receiving the \$1,800 per annum, and thereby supporting the family; but from the day of his death, though she continued the same work, her salary was nine hundred."—*The Nonconformist.*

Subscribe for THE CARRIER DOVE.

Our Real Ruler.

This a free country?
Well, may be,
So long as you havn't
A baby.

Young or old, tho' golden
Or gray be
Our heads we're all ruled by
A baby.

Fond and foolish the words that—
We say be
When we bow to that tyrant,
The baby.

The wise man's a fool and
A gaby
And a hobby-horse for his
Own baby.

But, of light in our homes, where'd
A ray be
Without the bright cherub,
The baby?

Then hallowed and blest let
The day be
That brought that dear despot,
The baby!

—*Boston Globe.*

A good answer to the assertion that women take no interest in politics is given in this reply of Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake: A man said to her that women did not inform themselves enough on politics to vote judiciously; that his own daughter was intelligent, but could not tell him the name of the congressman from her district. "What is the congressman's name from my district?" inquired Mrs. Blake. "I don't know for I don't vote in your district." "In what district does your daughter vote?" said Mrs. Blake.

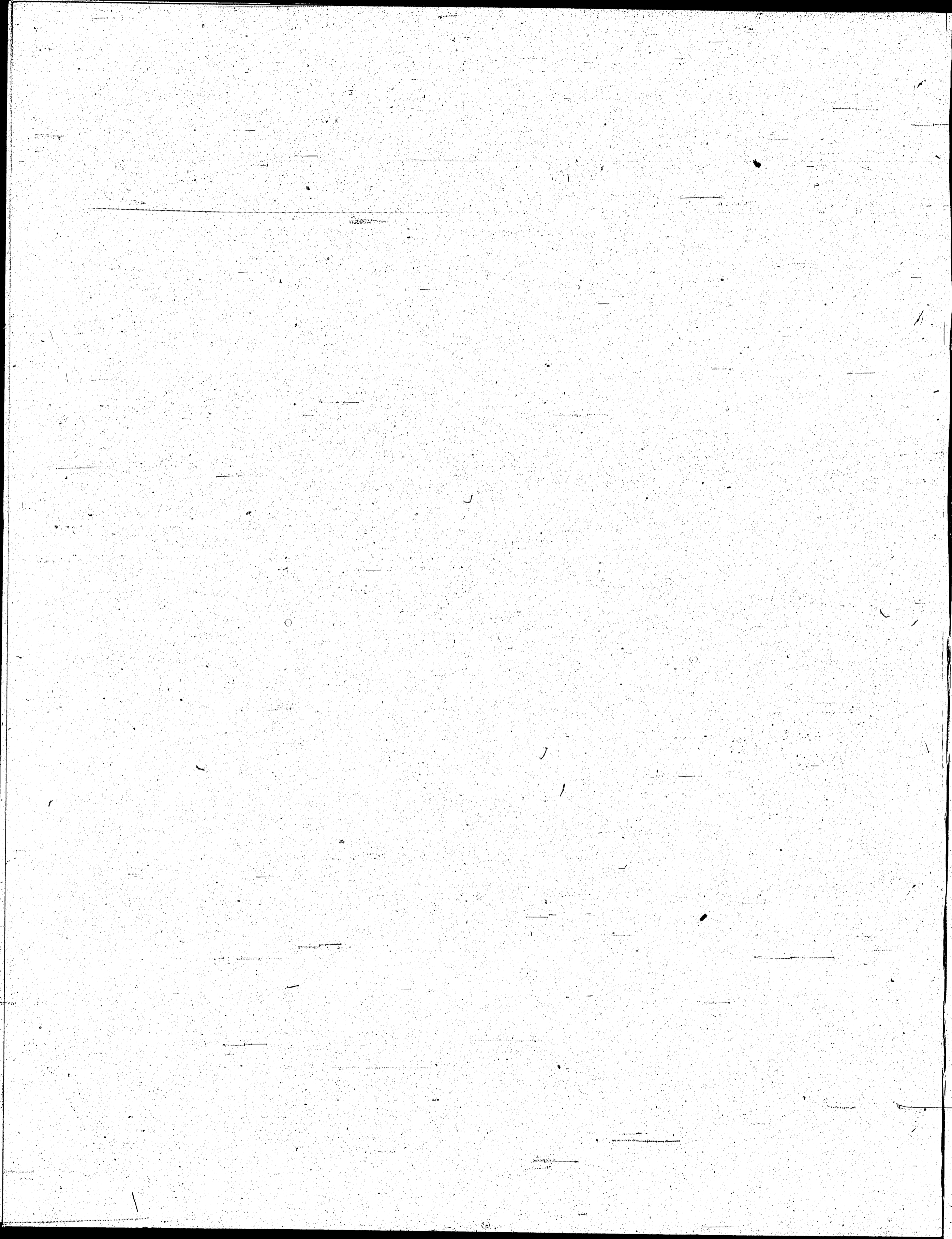
If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are
arrayed,
Look aloft to that friendship which never shall fade.

Miss Grace H. Dodge, the new woman school commissioner of New York, is the moving spirit of the working girls' guilds in that city, which number at least 3,000 members. There are six or eight of the guilds, and all of them have sprung up during the past three years. Their continued organization means growing intelligence where it is needed most, a half-dozen libraries started in as many club-rooms, pleasant places for evening resort, with now and then a lecture and a simple tea, and, last but not least, women physicians regularly employed to give skilled service to all who need it.

It was Freddy's first experience with soda water. Drinking his glass with perhaps undue eagerness, he was aware of a tingling sensation in his nostrils. "How do you like it?" inquired his mother, who had stood treat. Freddy thought a moment, wrinkling his nose as he did so, and then observed, "It tastes like your foot's asleep."



Dr. D. J. Stansbury.



The Pathway of Faith and the Pathway of Reason.

BY THE SPIRIT OF THOMAS PAINE, THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

"Reasoning at every step he treads,
Man oft mistakes his way,
While meaner things, that instinct leads,
Are seldom known to stray."

This, conceived in the thought of the poet, may serve as a clue to much that will be said to-night.

Reason is the light to human understanding; the highest attribute of the intellect of man. Faith is the light from the soul; the highest attribute of the spirit.

Falsely, that which man does for bigotry, or ignorance, or blind belief has been named faith. I reject this definition to-night, and make the basis of that which I shall say the broader interpretation, the higher knowledge that is given in the existence beyond matter.

Under the dominion of the senses, the enlightened human reason seems, for the time, all that man can follow, if he is to judge of what he sees, measure what he thinks. Prepared for action upon the foundation of that judgment he must use his reason; but not only mental philosophy, yet also the higher states of spiritual thought and intuition reveal the fact that man cannot reason correctly unless there are correct premises; that the reason is not creative, but only exists as a substitute for something that is creative; and when that exists his reason may be employed to decide that which he shall do with the knowledge that he gains. Reason does not explore; reason does not prophesy; reason does not go out in advance to gain new truths; reason does not up build from strong foundations that are hidden. Every postulate which reason makes must be stated clearly, and from that the conclusion must be drawn. The premises being correct the conclusions will be so; but reason is just as liable to be mistaken in her conclusions if her premises are false, as the eyes to have no vision if the focus is wrong. Mathematics is pure science, the basis being plain all that follows must be clear also; but mathematics is not truth, is only the mechanism by which forms may be measured, or in which some of the methods of material science may be more clearly stated.

I would have it made clear to your minds to-night, therefore, that from once worshipping at the shrine of Reason, as I supposed reason then to be, I transfer that allegiance to-night to the interpretation of faith which I shall give you. I shall explain that the reason for doing this is, that I find in reason herself no voice of discovery, no power of creation, no genius, no gift that emanates from the highest attributes of man. I find reason employing herself unworthily as well as worthily. I find reason adducing wrong deductions from wrong premises; I find her

persisting in this in many ways. Take, for instance, the reason of the materialist. He argues that because his physical senses, his external perceptions, cannot detect the existence of a Deity that therefore there is no Divine Mind. He does not decide that the universe itself is evidence of a mind, because its mental order is perfect, but concludes that the human mind and human reason may adjudge, that because their perceptions are not adequate to discover this Divinity, therefore, the Divinity is not there. Against this, that which I once supposed to be reason protested; but I find that which protested was not Reason, but Faith, intuitive perception, the voice of the Spirit. That which creates is the universal presence and power in the realm of the universe, and is the perception and intuition in man. This creative voice, this voice that attests the truth; this that without experience or experiment declares it, is the voice of intuition and must come from the Spirit.

I understand now that creeds are not Faith; that when a man follows creed he is not following Faith, but human judgment, and human reason, which shape and mould the external form, the faith of which has probably flown.

The inspiration that comes from heaven is in response to Faith; the creed and dogmatism of human theology is in response to human reason. The man who makes a formula of his faith, or prays according to given rules, or decides that men shall worship God after a certain manner, does not do this from Faith; but he does it from reason. Catechisms, creeds, and external tokens of man's religion are not, therefore, religions themselves, but are only a portion of that which comes afterward. The only foundation, therefore, of the church theocracy is the foundation of human judgment, is based upon human standards, is the result of human government, is the thought or mind of man that takes possession, or endeavors to, of the primal Faith, and makes that bend in service to the outward mind.

The blind bigot, the zealot who follows in a certain rule of creed, he who worships according to a fixed formula, has an educated conscience in that direction. This is not prompted by the voice from within, but is prompted by the teachings and inculcations from without.

I declare the blindness of all theocratic rule, that which has built up churches and dynasties in outward form; that which makes Roman Catholics and Protestants to differ; that which causes the divisions in the various departments of religious thought, I declare all these not to belong to the realm of Faith, but to the realm of human judgment, to such blindness and perversion of reasoning as has led man to suppose that he can supplement the truths of the skies with his own intellectual ordinations.

The reasoning of the materialist is on the same level, he places himself at the head of the universe, and declares that what does not bend to his observation and experiment is not in existence. His experiments in material things must be limited even, his reason based upon those must be very fragmentary; and even mathematics, the most certain and complete of sciences fails by some millions of miles in some of its larger experiments. Man cannot measure anything accurately by his senses, or by his mere external intellect, because the senses are fallacious, they are perverted and oblique; the sight cannot be relied upon because the human vision is not only distorted but limited; every outward sense is in a corresponding degree, limited; man's material perception must, of necessity, in a great degree be incorrect; if he follows his senses, he would believe the earth to be flat, or at most slightly curved upon the surface; he would believe the sun, and moon, and stars to all revolve around the earth; if he followed his senses, distances would be a great deal longer to his limited vision; the distance on the sea, which is so deceptive, would be measured by the sight and would always fail to lead him correctly.

If man judged by his material sensations, it would lead him astray a thousand times; a touch upon the hand in the dark can readily deceive you, and as for hearing, it is the most inaccurate. A man does not for a great scientific experiment rely upon his senses, he relies upon mental power, upon mathematics, upon that which the mind adduces as real and separate from the senses. Experiments in chemistry are frequently not portrayed in a manner that the eye can see them, but the results are attended with conviction owing to the power of the mind to calculate with reference to this experiment. All manifestations of physical power have their apparent side and their real side, and the reason must become accustomed to the real side, which is not the apparent side.

The reason of the ignorant man is what he sees; and hears, and feels; the senses are his standard; the reason of the enlightened man takes another step and direction in the pathway of science, but even that reasoning fails, for along the history of scientific discovery, we have found that the human reason as well as human bigotry, have condemned every step of human progress; not only has the church had its inquisition, but science also has denounced the footsteps of the pioneer. It was the prescience of the mind, the soul illumined mind, that made it possible for astronomy to take its present position in the world. It was not reason, nor yet mathematics wholly, that made Herschel dream of a planet which was afterward revealed to the senses by his discovery.

Science, when it is genius, has the torch

of Faith to light it on to the truth. Faith gives knowledge from within. As Reason is said to be based upon material knowledge, or the knowledge of external evidence that may be weighed, measured in the mental balance; so Faith, that which I denominate Faith to-night, bears the torch of spiritual knowledge. No man or woman in the world can have Faith who has not spiritual knowledge. The Faith that led Columbus across the sea; the Faith that led Herschel through the labyrinth of stars to find the one that should be there, in the great theory of the solar system, and its accurate proportion; the Faith that led to still further discoveries of planets outside of those known to the ancients; the Faith that led to the perfection of steam as the motor power of the world, when the world of Reason scoffed and sneered, and considered it impossible; the Faith, that though the lightning had played around human heads a thousand times, led one dreamer to think of drawing it earthward making it at last the message bearer of the world; the Faith that led others dreaming of knowledge to discover all human attributes beyond the senses, or that has led prophets, and seers in science to declare, years and ages before the time, the principles upon which life is governed; these, and a thousand things, point now to the realm of Faith as being the realm of certainty, while it is only Reason that is groping around in the darkness and shadows of the earth, to find a basis upon which to predicate its conclusions.

Once it was told me, that it was Faith that led our common fore-fathers to commit crimes in the name of religion. Once it was said, and represented to me, that it was Faith that led to the persecution of the Quakers, and the Puritans, until they were banished from the Old World. Once it was said to be Faith that led to the cruelties and tortures that the Huguenots suffered; that through a long line of political crimes it formed the basis for the slaughter of the Innocents, for the inquisition and the murders committed in its name. Once it was represented to me, that it was Faith that put the martyrs to death; that through the Faith of John Calvin the blood of one great man was staining the earth.

It is even now claimed that all these are to be laid at the door of the Faith of mankind. I declare it to be false. It was not Faith but human Reason that put the witches to death, the ignorance and bondage of fear, and the desolation of human judgment and human misinterpretation. It was not Faith but ambition that expelled the Quakers from the Old World, and sent them across the sea on their perilous voyage in pursuit of freedom. It was not Faith but human judgment that led those who followed in the wake of the reformation to persecute the Roman Catholics and put them to death. It was not Faith in the Roman Catholic

Church, but the ambition of Popes and ecumenical councils, that put the victims in the Protestant denomination to death. Priests and kings, and rulers, and worldly powers are responsible, not Faith.

It was Faith that sustained the martyrs, and made their pathway bright and luminous, when with fire, and flame, and scourge, and scaffold, and rack, they were put to torture; then and there was the altar of Faith that led their spirits heavenward under physical persecution, and made the light immortal gleam glorious and fair because of their Faith in God at the last. It was not Faith that put Jesus to death upon the cross; but it was Faith, the knowledge of the soul, that caused Him to say: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I know that it is Faith that leads the patriot forth to fight for his country, even though he knows his body shall be slain, he has Faith in the name of Freedom, and in the name of home and God. I know it is Faith that leads thousands of martyrs to their fiery doom, unquestioningly, knowing that the Hand of Love hath provided a better place. I know it is blindness and human fallacy, and human ambition that have made the pathway of religion, a pathway that is stained with blood.

O, I would rescue from that darkness and degradation heaped upon it; perhaps justly by those who do not understand the meaning of the word, this divine Faith! To Volney, Voltaire, and the dreamers of France, to the thinkers of Europe, and the schools of philosophy that have sprung up to decry the name of Faith, I would say, that as a fair white blossom in the immortal crown, such is the Faith that leads mankind ever onward. I would forever wrest from the Church, and priest, and king, who have misnamed the ignorance of the world Faith, this sacred angel who bears the lily of light unto the conscience of man.

See what reason does oftentimes: a man is accused of murder; the intuition of the whole court is in favor of his innocence: the women discover in his eyes the look of innocence; the whole court are convinced, *a priori*, that he is not guilty; but the evidence comes along, it accumulates, and human Reason must work upon the basis that is offered, and Reason condemns the man whom Faith would have released—and this is obliged to be human justice, for there is no standard other than that which the law of evidence has set down for man to judge his fellowman by—years transpire and the man has been put to death, and the real murderer, in some obscure and far away place, confesses the crime for which the man was hung. Human reason can offer no apology, there is no restitution with which to follow this man into the next world and ask his forgiveness; but human Reason did make the mistake; the faith could not

be relied upon because it was not in the law of evidence. There may be instances where that which is supposed to be Faith is mistaken, where people are governed by impulse and prejudice; but I speak now of that which only can be denominated human Faith, the clear, crystalline light that flashes into the mind from within the soul; I can give no reason for its presence there; I cannot express why it came, nor the method of its coming; and this I say is the light of Faith.

Women are usually more intuitive than men; are endowed with this Faith and spiritual perception more, because their reason has not quenched it; and this accurate perception, this accurate intuition if cultivated and encouraged, would form the basis of a pathway of luminous help, which is light instead of the shadow which has been formed by the fallacies of human institutions of learning.

Within the Church is this Light of Faith; I have found it by searching; I have traced all history and discovered it; I have seen it in the martyrs eyes; I know it to have existed in prophets; it has been revealed by poets, by patriots; those who love humanity must declare that there is Faith in ultimate human goodness. No one can have Faith in God, without believing that all God's creatures ultimately are to be divine, whatever clouds or shadows may intervene. The great and only Gospel of the world is the Gospel of that redeeming Faith.

It is the fear of man that has placed barriers between man and salvation; it is the desolation of human judgment, and the shortcomings of human Reason, which have made him endeavor to limit the sunshine of God's Love; which has made him exaggerate the Nemesis of justice as being that of revenge; has made him mistake the moral law within man for a revengeful God outside of man.

Because men's consciences were not adequate to their own confessions; because man could not bear his own shortcomings, he has been compelled to misinterpret the divine ordinances of the universe, to make them comprehensible to himself and adapted to his state; desiring to be irresponsible where he is responsible, desiring to escape the penalty where he must suffer for his own weaknesses and transgressions, he has placed the moral law of the universe outside of himself. The divinest Faith in the universe declares it to be within. All prophets, and the Messiahs of every nation, have placed the light of the tribunal of man's moral nature within the soul, have made the voice of God there and his altar there.

But for Faith in one another you would all be ruffians to-day. But for the ultimate Faith in humanity you would all be slaves to-day. But for the Faith that keeps the world alive to go forward to higher attainment, no one would dream of liberty; who

would enfranchise the slave; who would endeavor to set nations free from the bondage of tyrants and kings? If there were no Faith that freedom would ultimately rule the world, what is it that has kindled these sacred fires on Freedom's altar? Not the narrow love of family, household, and nation. The love of nation is sometimes made the plea for the larger love of humanity;—but the true patriot loves his country, not for its narrowness, not for its tyranny and arbitrary laws, but because his country represents his kind, and he loves the humanity that is to be released from the thralldom of despotism.

When across from the ancient shrines of Liberty her fair name withdrew, and the Sons of Hermes were blotted out of existence to serve the temporary bondage of the ancient race, even then Freedom kindled her altars anew; from ancient Greece and from ancient Rome, she sped across the inland seas to Western Europe, there again to light her fires; there again to make her torch shine until the nations were lighted to adore her. And when from the Northern countries the great sweeping tide of innovation came, again and again she strove to ignite her altar fires, and from the Reformation, from the knowledge that crowded into scholastic Germany, from the intelligence that spread over Britain, she strove to find a fitting place; she kindled it on Caledonia's Hills, and it was quenched by Albion's sword; she kindled it across the narrow channel that separated her from the Emerald Isle, and there again the torch of Albion consumed the light of Freedom, and the sword pierced her heart; she kindled it many times upon the shores of France, but only in individual minds that gleamed brightly and sent their flame across the seas to find an altar in the Western world; she kindled here again these sacred fires, and the Faith of mankind was not quenched. All through Europe the tangled web was woven; Hungary cried out for liberty; in the midst of many monarchies small republics were formed, that seemed like jewels set within a crown of darkness; and then over the sea the great wide-eyed Faith of the world sped with mighty hand to a new and wonderful birth.

Here, in your land, was the darkened trail of the serpent of human Judgment and human Reason, woven into the fair fabric of Freedom's espousels, the galling chains of human slavery. Who could consent to this if he loved mankind? Faith whispered it is not yet time, and prophesied with that forewarning that always predicts the doom of wrongful doing, that the land was not favored by weaving slavery in her garment, that it would stain the soul with blood. It came true; but Faith is not quenched by this bloodshed; again and again the fires of Freedom will be kindled upon the earth; at last the vestal flame shall arise which will

betoken man's Freedom from the darkness of this doom of human wrong.

Is liberty responsible for that which has been wrought in her name? If so, let us change her name, and use the name of tyranny instead. Is Love responsible for human hatred, malice, and crime? If so, let us tear down that sacred and heavenly name, and in its place plant hatred. Is Faith in that which is highest and divinest, in the God who rules all, and the soul that lives forever, is this responsible for what human ignorance has wrought in its name, and human ambition and cupidity endeavored to perform under its standard? No! I see Faith now, as with eyes of heavenly and inspired vision, she looks up from the darkness of the earth ever steadily toward the altar fires of Heaven. I see her now, bearing her torch afar, calling upon all to follow unto her height, winning all unto the heavenly kingdoms. I declare that no Faith is more exalted than the source of Faith; that no hope which humanity can have is more perfect than the fulfillment that shall one day come, and that Liberty herself, is not more divine than that divinity, which will wear her name when human hearts are free and human lives are released from bondage.

But I renounce forever those misnamed creeds and perversions of human Faith, that taking her name have made the trail of the serpent along the pathway of human life; even as I ignored the interpretation which would make God a God of wrath and revenge, instead of the one Eternal and Divine Love of the universe.

If your minds can have no other rule but Reason, her guidance must be the mechanism by which you judge of human things with human standards; but when Truth comes, she will bear no other torch than the torch of Faith; she will just as likely illumine the life of a little child as the gray-haired sire, or the veteran of human Reason. Truth flows from the lips of little children, and the inspired mind perceives the truth, that the one uninspired must needs have a reason for possessing. As well might you define why you love your wife; why you love your mother, or your child; the attributes are not what you love, but you love the spirit, the soul life that is imaged in the wife, or child, or mother; there is no reasoning that can bear that presence to you or take it from you. No man reasons on the intuitions of his being; they come to him unawares; he may clothe them with the purple and fine lines of human judgment, as, perhaps, an excuse for there being, but when it comes to the test, if the altar fires are not kindled from within, if the light is not there from the soul, and truth is not a perception, then it is not truth, but only the image of it seen in the glass that man calls Reason, and points to it in pride and ostentation as being the truth itself.

I do not decry Reason, I only say it cannot take the place of that which it is not intended to be; and when sight can take the place of that which sees; when the voice can take the place of the thought that is uttered; when the body can take the place of the soul, Reason can take the place of Faith, and not until then.—*The Spiritual Discourse.*

Strange Admonition of Death.

A few days ago, says *The Salt Lake Herald*, we chronicled the death of Miss Athaliah Gilbert, of South Cottonwood. At the time of the announcement there were reports current that some events out of the ordinary were connected with her disease, but at that time there were no means to ascertain the particulars. Yesterday, however, Mr. James Gilbert, the young lady's father, and several other Cottonwood people, were in the city, and from them a reporter learned the facts which follow. All the names mentioned are those of responsible and well-known citizens, and unreal as the narration sounds, there can be no doubt of its authenticity.

The young lady was sixteen years old at the time of her death, and appears to have been possessed of one of those warm, lovable, bright, and even-tempered dispositions, which endear the owner to everyone with whom she comes in contact. Though so young, she took a busy part in all church duties, and in improvement associations and the Sunday-school her name always had a prominent place. Some three or four years ago she formed an intimacy with a youth named John Cunliffe, the son of a neighbor, and despite the tender years of both, they became strongly attached to each other, and provoked no end of comment at their old-fashioned devotion and steadfast affection for one another. This state of affairs continued until she was fifteen years old, when the association was rudely broken by the death of young Cunliffe. He lost his life from the kick of a wild horse about a year ago. When the intelligence was brought to Miss Gilbert, her father says, it gave her a shock from which she never recovered. She almost sank beneath the blow, and at his funeral her paroxysms of grief were so violent that it was feared her reason would depart. In time, however, she resumed her accustomed duties, but it was evident that the blow she had sustained had sunk deep into her life. She seldom roused herself from a deep lethargy of sadness and day by day her color and strength and the freshness of youth seemed to be ebbing away. A few months ago she alarmed her sister by telling her that "John" had visited her chamber and had told her that she must prepare to come to him. She manifested no fear, but, according to her sister, had told him she could not leave her parents,

but he had only said that she must come. Once again, later, she told her sister that he had come to her with the same message, and she had now, evidently, given up desiring to remain, as she told her sister how she wished to be dressed at her burial, and whom she wished to dress her. Soon after that, young Cunliffe's father came to Mr. Gilbert, sorely disturbed, and told him that one morning as he was lying down his son had come to him and stood at the foot of his bed. His father had asked him what it was that he desired, and he replied: "I came to see you, father. I am staying at Gilbert's and I am going back there now. I have been there ever since I left you. Where else should I be?" Mr. Gilbert attempted to reason the old gentleman out of his notion, but he insisted that it was no dream or vision, but that his son had actually visited and spoken to him, and that in broad daylight. In the meantime, Miss Gilbert continued to maintain that her last day was approaching, and no amount of persuasion seemed to shake her belief. One week ago last evening she and her parents were attending a birthday party at a neighbor's. Miss Gilbert was sitting at the lunch table, chatting with some companions, when, without a word of warning, she fell to the floor motionless. Her father and mother raised her, and both said her heart had ceased to beat. Their cries and lamentations and their frenzied attempts to rouse her, they state, rallied her for a few moments, and she was hurriedly conveyed home, where she expired shortly afterward, leaving her friends almost stupefied with grief. Her funeral was one of the largest convocations of mourners ever seen in that locality.

McGlynn and the Church.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

The attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in Dr. McGlynn's case is consistent with the history and constitution of the Catholic Church—perfectly consistent with its ends, its objects and its means—and just as perfectly inconsistent with intellectual liberty and the real civilization of the human race. When a man becomes a Catholic priest, he has been convinced that he ought not to think for himself upon religious questions. He has become convinced that the Church is the only teacher—that he has a right to think only to enforce its teachings. From that moment he is a moral machine. The chief engineer resides at Rome, and he gives his orders through certain assistant engineers until the one is reached who turns the crank, and the machine has nothing to do one way or the other. This machine is paid for giving up his liberty by having machines under him who have also given up theirs. While somebody else turns his crank, he has the pleasure of turning a crank belonging to somebody below him.

Of course, the Catholic Church is supposed to be the only perfect institution on earth. All others are not only imperfect but unnecessary. All others have been made either by man, or by the devil, or by a partnership—and consequently cannot be depended upon for the civilization of man.

The Catholic Church gets its power directly from God, and is the only institution now in the world founded by God. There was never any other, so far as I know, except polygamy and slavery and a crude kind of monarchy—and they have been, for the most part, abolished.

What right has a priest to go into the thinking business? He must kiss the toe of the Pope, and even a corn on that toe has a far better right to think than he. And any one who has bowed to this authority can only regain his independence by open revolt.

The Catholic Church must be true to itself. It must claim everything, and get what it can. It alone is infallible. It alone has all the wisdom of this world. It alone has a right to exist. All other interests are secondary. To be a Catholic is of the first importance. Human liberty is nothing. Wealth, position, food, clothing, reputation, happiness—all these are less than worthless compared with what the Catholic Church promises to the man who will throw all these away.

A priest must preach what his bishop tells him. A bishop must preach what his archbishop tells him. The Pope must preach what he says God tells him.

Dr. McGlynn cannot make a compromise with the Catholic Church. It never compromises when it is in the majority. Now and then a priest, or a member, who wishes to do a little thinking for himself—one who wishes to have a little freedom—says to the Catholic Church, as the rooster did to the horse, "Let us agree not to step on each other's feet;" but the Church never makes the agreement.

I do not mean by this that the Catholic Church is worse than any other. All are alike in this regard. Every sect, no matter how insignificant; every Church, no matter how powerful, asks precisely the same thing from every member—that is to say, a surrender of intellectual freedom. The Catholic Church wants the same as the Baptist, the Presbyterian, and the Methodist—it wants the whole earth. It is ambitious to be the one supreme power. It hopes to see the world upon its knees, with all its tongues thrust out for wafers. It has the arrogance of humility and the ferocity of universal forgiveness. In this respect it resembles every sect. Every religion is a system of slavery.

Of course, the religionists say that they do not believe in persecution; that they do not believe in burning and hanging and whipping, or loading with chains a man simply because he is an Infidel.—They are willing to leave all this with God, knowing that a

being of infinite goodness will inflict all these horrors and tortures upon an honest man who differs with the Church.

In case Dr. McGlynn is deprived of his priestly functions, it is hard to say what effect it will have upon his Church and the labor party in this country.

So long as a man believes that a Church has eternal joy in store for him, so long as he believes that a Church holds within its hand the keys of heaven and hell, it will be hard to make him trade off the hope of everlasting happiness for a few good clothes and a little good food and higher wages here. He finally thinks that, after all, he had better work for less and go a little hungry and be an angel forever.

I hope, however, that a good many people who have been supporting the Catholic Church by giving tithes of the wages of weariness will see, and clearly see, that Catholicism is not their friend; that the Church cannot and will not support them; that on the contrary they must support the Church. I hope they will see that all the prayers have to be paid for, although not one has ever been answered. I hope they will perceive that the Church is on the side of wealth and power, that the miter is the friend of the crown, that the altar is the sworn brother of the throne. I hope they will finally know that the Church cares infinitely more for the money of the millionaire than for the souls of the poor.

Of course, there are thousands of individual exceptions. I am speaking of the Church as an institution, as a corporation—and when I say the Church, I include all Churches. It is said of corporations in general that they have no soul, and it may truthfully be said of the Church that it has less than any other. It lives on alms. It gives nothing for what it gets. It has no sympathy. Beggars never weep over the misfortunes of other beggars.

Nothing could give me more pleasure than to see the Catholic Church on the side of human freedom—nothing more pleasure than to see the Catholics of the world—those who work and weep and toil—sensible enough to know that all the money paid for superstition is worse than lost. I wish they could see that the counting of beads and the saying of prayers and celebrating of masses—and that all the kneelings and censor-swingings and fastings and bell-ringing amount to less than nothing—that all these things tend only to the degradation of mankind. It is hard, I know, to find an antidote for a poison that was mingled with a mother's milk.

The laboring masses, so far as the Catholics are concerned, are filled with awe and wonder and fear about the Church. This fear began to grow while they were being rocked in their cradles, and they still imagine that the Church has some mysterious power; that it is in direct communication

with some infinite personality that could, if it desired, strike them dead, or damn their souls forever. Persons who have no such belief, who care nothing for popes, or priests, or churches, or heavens, or hells, or devils, or gods, have very little idea of the power of fear.

The old dogmas fill the brain with strange monsters. The soul of the orthodox Christian gropes and wanders and crawls in a kind of dungeon, where the strained eyes see fearful shapes and the frightened flesh shrinks from the touch of serpents.

The good part of Christianity—that is to say, kindness, morality—will never go down. The cruel part ought to go down. And by the cruel part I mean the doctrine of eternal punishment—of allowing the good to suffer for the bad—allowing innocence to pay the debt of guilt. So the foolish part of Christianity—that is to say, the miraculous—will go down. The absurd part must perish. But there will be no war about it as there was in France. Nobody believes enough in the foolish part of Christianity now to fight for it. Nobody believes with intensity enough in miracles to shoulder a musket. There is probably not a Christian in New York willing to fight for any story, no matter if the story is so old that it is covered with moss. No mentally brave and intelligent man believes in miracles, and no intelligent man cares whether there was a miracle or not, for the reason that every intelligent man knows that the miraculous has no possible connection with the moral. "Thou shalt not steal" is just as good a commandment if it should turn out that the flood was a drouth. "Thou shalt not murder" is a good and just and righteous law, and whether any particular miracle was ever performed or not has nothing to do with the case. There is no possible relation between these things.

I am on the side not only of the physically oppressed, but of the mentally oppressed. I hate those who put lashes on the body, and I despise those who put the soul in chains. In other words, I am in favor of liberty. I do not wish that any man should be the slave of his fellow-men, or that the human race should be the slaves of any god, real or imaginary. Man has the right to think for himself, to work for himself, to take care of himself, to get bread for himself, to get a home for himself. He has a right to his own opinion about God and heaven and hell; the right to learn any art, or mystery, or trade; the right to work for whom he will, for what he will, and when he will.

The world belongs to the human race. There is to be no war in this country on religious opinions, except a war of words—a conflict of thoughts, of facts; and in that conflict the hosts of superstition will go down. They may not be defeated to-day, nor to-morrow, nor next year, nor during this century, but they are growing weaker day by day.

This priest, McGlynn, has the courage to stand up against the propaganda. What would have been his fate a few years ago? What would have happened to him in Spain, in Portugal, in Italy—in any other country that was Catholic—only a few years ago? Yet he stands here in New York, he refuses to obey God's vicegerent; he freely gives his mind to an archbishop; he holds the holy Inquisition in contempt. He has done a great thing. He is undoubtedly an honest man. He never should have been a Catholic. He has no business in that Church. He has ideas of his own—theories, and seems to be governed by principles. The Catholic Church is not his place. If he remains, he must submit; he must kneel in the humility of abjectness; he must receive on the back of his independence the lashes of the Church. If he remains he must ask the forgiveness of slaves for having been a man. If he refuses to submit, the Church will not have him. He will be driven to take his choice—to remain a member, humiliated, shunned, or go out into the great, free world a citizen of the republic, with the rights, responsibilities and duties of an American citizen.

I believe that Dr. McGlynn is an honest man, and that he really believes in the land theories of Mr. George. I have no confidence in his theories, but I have confidence that he is actuated by the best and noblest motive.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Whence Comes Mind? Its Capacity and Destiny.

BY HON. JOHN A. COLLINS.

This subject has strong claims upon our consideration, because proper views upon these matters will conspire to exercise great influence upon our own minds, for good. The complement to this subject is: "What and where is God and the laws that control His government?" These questions are so intimately blended, that it will be difficult to discuss the one, without involving, to a certain extent, the principles of the other, though it is not my design to do so at this time. There are no questions that have engaged and do occupy the attention of the thinking classes, in which there is such an almost infinite variety of opinions, such opposite and conflicting notions, as exist and have existed all along the highway of the ages as they are revealed in the historical records of our race, as that of the mind's origin, its capacity and destiny. At one time, a government enforces on its subjects, by means of the rack, the gibbet and the sword, one class of opinions, and centuries subsequently may prohibit their adoption by similar enforcements. Be the views on these questions what they may, the ecclesiastical institutions which generally mould and control them, enforce them as divinely sacred,

and fail not to denounce it as sacrilege, to question their correctness; they exert every possible influence at their disposal, to discourage, and if possible, to prevent those under their influence, from the free exercise of thought and judgment on these subjects, so important to their growth, stability, and well-being. Till very recently, with, perhaps, a few solitary exceptions, the ecclesiastical institutions of every cultivated people have been the controlling wing of the government, subordinating the social, educational and industrial interests to its own behests. The opinions in regard to the mind's origin, capacity and destiny, were moulded by the leading parties concerned to subserve the interests and maintain the permanency of the prevailing religion. To question their correctness, or to institute enquiries in regard to their reasonableness, and above all, to teach opposing views, was deemed so great an outrage upon God, religion, morality and society, that to give countenance to the disturbers was both a weakness and a crime. By an ingenious device of ecclesiastical leaders, when, through the progress of science, men began to comprehend that the material world was under the control of fixed laws, consented to divorce religion, which embraced these very questions, from material and secular affairs—they were then willing, when they could not control all things, to compromise with science, by giving it the empire of matter, while they should dominate the invisible or spiritual kingdom, because the laws controlling material things were getting to be too well understood to be safely ignored altogether. It was evident to the observing, that matter had fixed laws for its control—laws so inherent in nature as not to be often arrested by the Creative Power. But mind, it was, and is urged, being under the immediate government of the Creative Being, was not under, and could not be governed by natural laws. Thus, mind, being in its origin and essence above and outside of nature, the direct offspring of God, was not and could not be subjected to those fixed laws that control our solar system and the stellar universe. But I think I hear you say: What good is it to inquire into and learn the source of the mind's origin? We can change nothing by all our investigations. To this I would reply: I admit that no inquiry or investigation on our part, or views that we may adopt can change, to the least possible extent, anything that pertains to the laws of the mind. These are as fixed and unalterable as that of the attraction of gravitation. Franklin, when he interrogated the thunder cloud, and received in response a shock from the key, an assurance of its relationship to electricity, designed not to change, but to understand the laws that controlled this element of terror that had been regarded as God's avenging messenger. This

knowledge enabled him to construct lightning rods to protect buildings from its damaging presence. By studying the laws of this ever present but unseen agent, Morse was enabled to subordinate it to the noblest purposes. May not the study of the soul's origin, its capacity and destiny, from a scientific standpoint, reveal to us knowledge that may be applied for our own benefit and to the advancement of our race? There are laws too occult for our understanding, but there are none so sacred as to forbid our desire for their comprehension. This immense domain for human exploration, for the present and for the eternal future, demonstrates the grandeur of man's character and mission, and the great minds which occasionally roll up between the centuries, and flash their light like meteors in the sky, are an earnest of man's capacities, and the future possibilities of all. Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Gallileo, Newton, Locke, Melancthon, Edwards, La-Place, Bowditch, Le Verrier and others, are historical monuments, not only for our admiration, but our imitation. It is a glorious, as well as a consoling thought, that every person born into this world is in the possession of the germs of the undeveloped faculties, which may, at some period in the vast future, transcend in its attainments, these great lights of the world: like an inverted pyramid, spreading outward and upward in its lofty and expansive growth, taking hold on knowledge that carries it, as it were, into the realms of the infinite—I repeat, what man has accomplished, it may be possible for all men to acquire. This opens to us the beauty and glory of that life and future into which we all are soon to enter, when to know and to love shall constitute the two great forces that are to move us onward and upward, into the empire of wisdom and the realms of eternal bliss.

I employ the term *mind* generically, as comprehending the observing, thinking, rational and spiritual—in fact the immortal part of man. Anthropological writers generally, divide the immortal part of man into mind, soul, and spirit, but it occurs to me that these are but different manifestations of the immortal being. The Greeks had their divisions. Psyche, which was located near the heart, was regarded as the soul of the senses; the second, Pneuma, the breath, which pervades the entire being, and gives to it life and motion, and which has been translated by the Church, Spiritus, corresponding to our word spirit, or ghost, and Nous, which had its seat in the head, and was the source of intelligence. Learned writers complicate so much, by their divisions and subdivisions—often of the most fanciful character—and employ very learned terms to designate the precise nature of these various divisions or departments, that the mind becomes confused and greatly bewildered. In the empire of physics, scientists are

earnestly laboring to discover new elements, with about the same zest as is exhibited by astronomers, whose telescopes are continually pointed into space for the discovery of new planets in our system, to add to the three score and more of "elements" that are recorded in the text-books of the schools, but geology and chemistry have developed many facts, or apparent facts at least, that lead many minds of extensive observation and sound judgment, to question the extent of these simples, who believe that the Creative Power is less complex in His economy, and that perhaps time, experience, and more perfect appliances in the laboratory of the chemist may demonstrate that most of these now called "elements" are compounds. It is possible that a more enlarged knowledge of physical science may demonstrate to a human understanding, that the laws that bind our earth together, and hold it in relationship to the sun and the sisterhood of planets in the solar system are very few, and the same in kind, as those that swing our system with others around some remote centre, and this conjoined with others, make their tardy journey around another centre still more remote, and so on indefinitely, till the very mind aches by the contemplation. We employ a variety of terms to express our ideas of attraction; such for instance as gravitation, capillary and cohesion. It is possible that these may be the result of one force under different conditions. Lava rocks, pushed up by subterranean forces, have had by pressure, and other conditions not understood, in places along the line of upheaval, their chemical constituents essentially changed. Conditions familiar to you all will convert water into ice, and essentially a rock. You all know how to alter the conditions to reduce that ice to water, then to vapor and then to steam, and yet chemically these are essentially the same. Introduce new conditions equal to the result desired, and of which you are mostly familiar, and this water, a universal extinguisher of flame, is separated into oxygen and hydrogen—the two gases of which it is composed, one of which is inflammable, and the other, a supporter of combustion, and the two brought together, under proper conditions, are equal to the production of the most intense heat known to the chemist, with the exception of that of electricity. The air we breathe, which bathes our earth with its vitalizing presence, to the depth of more than two scores of miles, is composed of about four parts of nitrogen to one of oxygen. Make these parts equal and we have nitrous oxide or laughing gas. Compound them in the proportion of five parts of oxygen to one of nitrogen, and we have nitric acid, one of the most corrosive substances that exists. This table has in itself the elements of heat, and yet it is cold. It only requires the necessary con-

ditions to produce heat. Governments, however complicated, are moved by one force. Man, the most complicated of all existences known to us, is moved by the direction of one force—his will. Throughout the grand diamorphis of nature, is there not variety in unity? May not the immortal man be one in essence?

I have remarked before, that no thought that we may possess can possibly change the elemental constitution of mind, or modify any one law that controls its operations; these, above, around, and beneath, are all independent of us. But is it not proper, nay more, a duty, for us to do all we can to ascertain whence we come? Science has been to us a loving benefactor. How much it has done to feed and clothe and house us! How much by steamboats and railroads, by the printing press, by the telegraph, and by that grandest of all modern discoveries, photography, has it done to bring the world together into one neighborhood, and to cement mankind by the bonds of friendship and intelligence! How much it has done to raise the veil and reveal to us what was before, the mysterious and the unknown! How much it has done to abolish from among us all fear at the approach of comets; of the total obscuration of the sun or moon, by revealing to us of their coming long before their approach! How much it has done, not only by calming our fears, but by revealing to us the uniformity, harmony, and perfection of nature's laws to exalt our minds, and inspire us with noble aspirations! No longer are the extraordinary phenomena of nature any evidence of the divine displeasure, but the necessary and legitimate results of conditions equal to their production! We have out-grown these conditions of mind, and those who are still influenced by them, excite our pity and awaken our sympathy. We now boldly assert that all fears arising from these phenomena, are the offsprings of weakness, ignorance, and superstition, and having advanced thus far, there are many present, probably, who doubt the propriety of advancing farther for the revelation of her mysteries, especially to interrogate nature in regard to the origin of the human mind, its capacity and destiny. Is it not, I ask, a peculiar characteristic of man, and of man only, of all organized beings, to study into his origin or ancestry? Does it not inspire him with a commendable ambition to maintain a manly bearing, that he may reflect no discredit upon his ancestry when he learns that he is a scion of a noble stock? Is it of no value to us, to ascertain by a knowledge of our parentage and constitution, whether we are rising or sinking in the scale of manhood? Have we not been taught from our childhood to the present hour, that man was by God himself created perfect, and in His own image, but that by disobedience he had fallen, and has now and ever will have the curse of God upon

him, to that extent that all "are conceived in sin, brought forth in iniquity" and go about speaking lies—that man has an evil heart, and constitutionally, by the very law of his moral nature, is as disposed to hate God and His holy government, as are the sparks to fly upward? Man, not the criminal on the scaffold—the thief in the penitentiary—the open violator of laws human and divine, but man, as man, is represented as the child of the devil. If there be anything that would conspire, in its influence, to degrade and debase man; to unfit him for his noble mission on earth; to disqualify him for the duties here to secure the enjoyments of the life beyond the present; to convince him that he cannot advance in virtue, truth and love; to justify himself in his own debasement and degradation, it is most assuredly, a humiliating, loathsome and degrading origin, such as I have described. On the contrary, if man shall be confirmed in the conviction that he is the offspring; the outgrowth of the divine essence of the globe and of the universe; created by, and in harmony with, the perfect and unvarying laws that control all things; that his mission is to constantly advance in knowledge, virtue and love; and that he is the highest manifestation and expression of the divine, will he not be influenced for good, and that continually?

But whence comes mind? The schools have scores of answers to this interrogation. One theory affirms that it is a part of the substance of God himself; another, that it is a part of the great whole; one contends that it is made from all eternity; another, that it was not made at all, but *created*. One declares that it passes from the beast which it inhabits, to the unborn child; another, that God makes it, just when and where it is needed, when it enters the body of the unborn child at a certain period before birth. Some of our good Christian friends, as also excellent people for decades of centuries in the past, have the idea that the unseen world is filled with spirits that desire human habitations as a means of growth and development. I well remember conversing with an esteemed friend, a college professor, some twenty years since, who had a great deal to say about the duty of marriage, to prepare bodies for spirits, already existing, to inhabit; and Brigham Young, I understand, prosecuted his lecherous system by the advocacy of similar views. Materialists contend that that which we denominate mind, has not, and cannot possess an organized and independent existence, but is the result of human organization, and expires, when the vital spark shall leave the body, as the shadow disappears, when the light that produced it shall expire. Are any of these theories satisfactory to your minds? Can you accept any one of them, as your own, and be content to interrogate no farther?

Theories, the offspring of imagination, or those which are the logical deductions from imperfect or imaginary data, are too varying and unsubstantial to challenge our acceptance. We must interrogate nature, and hold our minds free from prejudice or preconceived opinions, cling to her as the ancient mariners hugged the shore, before the discovery of the compass, study her laws, observe her phenomena, and when we know these to be real, genuine facts, lay them carefully aside, ready to be employed in the day of generalization. Geology has opened the great volume that contains a correct and minutely written history of our planet. There, no untruths have been recorded, or alterations or interpolations made to meet the pressing necessities of any order or class. Its alphabet has been mastered, and sentences already translated, which reveal facts amply sufficient to demonstrate how erroneous, not to say absurd, have been the cosmological dogmas of all the established religions throughout the world. The greatest minds among us are poring over the few tattered pages of this great volume, the revelations of which cannot fail to exercise a controlling influence upon men and society. Paleontology, a branch of geology, that treats on the ancient inhabitants of our planet, reveals to us, often, in dim and almost indistinct characters, some history of the early, if not the earliest beings on our globe, and intimates with considerable clearness, that man, instead of being the first to bring death into the world, was the very last. It further intimates, though less clearly, perhaps, that the lowest order of life was neither vegetable nor animal, but probably partaking of the nature of each, and constituted the first denizens upon our planet; that these, the first outgrowth, flourished and disappeared, and became a dressing to enrich the surface for the production and nourishment of an order, a grade higher in the scale of creation, and this, in its turn, flourished and decayed, and so on and upward through the many millions of centuries, one order after another coming and passing away, till at last, when the conditions were all favorable for his entry and support, appeared man, the crowing product of the evolution of evolutions. I frankly admit, that while the links are numerous, they are fragmentary and insufficient to establish an unbroken chain of testimony, to lead the mind, without doubt or cavil, to conclusions such as I have presented, but allow me to suggest that they are sufficient to point us in our inquiries and investigations, in that direction. Our criminal records are filled with the history of convictions on circumstantial evidence alone. Thousands upon thousands of our fellow-beings have been executed, though no human eye witnessed the commission of the crime. Place in the hands of Professor Aggasiz, or Owens, or any other person skilled in comparative anatomy, a

femur, radius, tibia, or an ulna, and he will give you the likeness, which for correctness will be an approximation, at least, if not a true picture, of the stranger animal to which it belonged. Is there any just reason why we should shrink from as full an investigation of this subject as the data we possess will allow?

That there was a time when neither vegetable nor animal life, nor perhaps solid substance had any existence on this planet, is possible, and to the minds of many, very probable. Comets have appeared whose appendages have been estimated to possess miles by the millions, so ethereal and transparent that stars were visible through them, and which contain, it has been boldly asserted the elements when brought in proper conditions, of an indurated or hardened world; in fact, science has intimated that our entire solar system may have been at one time in a gaseous condition, and that the planets and their secondaries are the children of the sun. There are, to say the least, many facts that point in that direction, and go far to sustain this theory of Cosmogony. One fact appears patent, and that is, that our globe with its surrounding essence, was at one period, the great storehouse of undeveloped vegetable and animal life, holding in her embrace, all the elements, in a latent state, necessary for the evolution, at a period when all the conditions should become favorable, of the highest order of animal organization. As these conditions change, do not vegetable and animal organizations change with them? If some subterranean force should heave up the productive plains of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, high up in the regions of perennial congelation, would these new conditions favor the growth of their great favorite, the wild oat and the cereals and fruits that now abound? Would not the oak, the pine and the lichen follow upon the flanks of the new upheaval in the proper line of altitude prescribed by nature's laws? Should Mount Baker, or Hood, whose summits dwell in eternal snows, sink to the level of the plains, would the lichen and pine and oak and other vegetation that now clothe their flanks and summits, flourish as now, or would not new orders in process of time, spring up and flourish; or should proud Chimborazo condescend to come down near the ocean's level, would not his stunted vegetation give place to the orange, the banana, the plaintain and other luscious fruits of the tropics? Will not products follow conditions as certain as day follows night? Will not bodily filth generate disease, and health follow cleanliness? Do not nations possess diseases peculiar to themselves, and is it not because their varied conditions essentially differ? But we are sagely informed that these new vegetable productions spring from seeds embosomed in the soil. If that be so,

it does not remove the difficulty, but drives us farther back into the centuries of the past. I inquire which comes first, the fowl or the egg, the berry of the wheat or the plant that produces this berry for its own perpetuation? Be patient my friends, I shall come to the main question in due time. As I remarked a few moments since, the evidences were numerous, that animals—body, instinct and memory—are of the earth, earthy. Now if it be correct, if it be a fact, that man was last in the order of creation, as the science of Paleontology intimates, how is it that he did not come forth sooner? Nature is not fickle or capricious in her grand economy, but works by order and system. From the lowest up, step by step to the highest, is the invariable order into which an uncontrollable necessity has educated us. It is by this rule that we commence with elements, such as letters and figures, and can rise in literature, mathematics, science and art, only by following this invariable—this iron rule. Homœopathy has taught us one important lesson, if nothing more, and one of great value in the science of medicine. It is also an important fact and may be employed to illustrate the idea of the mind's origin. By a system of manipulations, by long and severe triturations, substances are invested with medical potencies to which they were strangers in their normal condition. Ordinary vegetable charcoal, feeble in medical dynamics, under the skillful hands of the Homœopathist, becomes invested with extraordinary medicinal qualities. This is but a feeble imitation of the grand economy of nature. Has not this refining process been prosecuted on a colossal scale for an infinitude of years? Is there not good reason for the assertion of a distinguished savan, that there is not one particle of the crust of our globe that is not mingled with the remains of organized beings that once dwelt upon it? May we not infer to be true, what some of the wisest of our race have boldly affirmed, and that is, that matter is invested with the latent elements of life, truth and knowledge; that these elements are by a law inhering in them, striving for higher expressions, whose ultimatum is mind?

Animals can be taught many things within the range of their cerebral capacity, and some of them possess the qualities of fidelity, tenderness, memory and cunning in an enlarged degree; often we observe scintillations—something that approximates so closely to reason, that it is difficult to draw the dividing line between instinct and reason. Animals are liberally endowed with the instinctive element. It is equal to all the necessities of their respective natures. The bee, probably, constructed its cells on true geometrical principles, and made honey as perfectly in the morning of its existence, as it does to-day. The beaver, no doubt,

selected the site for his habitation, constructed it, and repaired it when damaged, with as much of mechanical skill, decades of centuries since, as it does to-day. But because these are so richly endowed with the high order of instinct, have we any reasonable grounds to infer that they, or any other animals, below the range of man, possess either undeveloped organs of speech or latent faculties by which they could be developed into intelligent beings? Do these possess the elements of character that inspire them with a desire for, or a love of, knowledge or refinement? Can they be educated into a desire to excel their associates in industry, invention or virtue? Now, if our Mother Earth, in conjunction with the Great Father principle, ether, magnetism or electricity, that is ever present in the earth beneath us, on its surface, and in the immensity of space that bathes all suns and systems by its life-giving presence—I say, if Mother Earth and this ubiquitous essence, can evolve animals from the lowest up to the highest, endow them with instincts necessary for their sustenance and protection, and some of them with qualities so much like reason, that it is with great difficulty that the dividing line between reason and instinct can be drawn, is it not reasonable to infer, that the forces that were able to develop organizations up to a standard so perfect, might be able to advance in its upward march to the development of man with all his qualities? Is this not more rational than any of the present theories, in regard to the origin of the human mind? The grades below us have no necessity for reasoning faculties. They are clothed, they are invested with the instincts necessary to procure the means of sustenance and they are armed with the weapons of warfare and defense. The instincts of man, however, are few and comparatively feeble. Nature has furnished him with no covering of fur or feathers. She has not armed him with weapons for war or defense, but he is supplemented with higher, grander and nobler powers. He can observe, gather facts, balance, compare and weigh them and generalize therefrom. He has within him the faculties, when addressed, to awaken a thirst for knowledge, coupled with intellectual faculties equal to their gratification. He pries into the secrets—the hidden mysteries of nature, and by exploring the realms of the unknown, reveals facts and declares the existence of laws, which in their operations, change the currents of men's thoughts remodels philosophical systems and modifies religions and governments. Is it not probable that man, leaping from the plane of instinct into the lofty realms of reason and aspiration and hope, does this by virtue of the spirit forces that have been developed through all the preceding life evolutions of our earth, and thus becomes individualized, self-centred, self-existent—in one word,

immortal? It occurs to me, that science does not teach the glorious fact of the mind's immortality. Till recently, I think its tendencies have been materialistic. This gloomy, this terribly dreary doctrine has been taught, honestly I have no doubt, in every age, by some of the wisest men and profoundest thinkers, and but for the mediumistic characteristics of a portion of our race, which to a greater or lesser extent, were impressed by the denizens of the spirit world, of the truth of the undying qualities of the human mind, and encouraged to advocate its claims, I have but little doubt that materialism would have been the prevailing opinion of the thinking classes of society.

I remarked just now, that I did not think that science, unaided by revelation, taught the immortality of the human soul. Science teaches us, and human observation, in regard to all the common affairs of life, confirms it, that every organized substance has its birth, growth, decay and death, and what is there in science to controvert this law in regard to the human mind?

When modern science had prepared all the conditions favorable for its rational enforcement, the noises, raps, knocks, lights and apparitions, which have appeared in every age, but till then regarded as omens of ill, the works of the devil and the result of witchcraft, were carefully observed, noted and studied, and already these have resulted in laying the foundation of a Spiritual science, and though in its infancy, it has already elicited a series of facts, in regard to the life of the soul after the death and decay of the body, that no other science can controvert, and no ridicule overwhelm. This science has already demonstrated, by a process as satisfactory as that of the solution of a problem in geometry, to the minds of thousands upon thousands of doubters and sceptics, that the soul survives the death and decay of the body, and maintains its individuality, fully and unimpaired, and when spiritual science shall be honestly interrogated on this question by those who possess the mental and moral characteristics necessary to comprehend its language, it will always give a truthful and affirmative response. In view of this consoling and elevating truth, may we not entertain a lively hope, that in process of time, mankind may, from the revelations yet to be made, come into the possession of a knowledge of those laws, in regard to the capacity and destiny of the soul, that will lead to the evolution of a purely scientific religion, and give us an earnest of "Peace on earth, and good will to men."

With this brief and imperfect consideration of the source and origin of the human mind, and in which I fear I have failed to make myself clearly understood, I now invite your attention to a hasty examination of the next proposition in regular order: What is the capacity of the human mind?

By mind, I mean, as I before remarked, the thinking, aspiring—in fact those faculties of man that survive the death and decay of the body. This, it occurs to me, is a question of vital importance both to the well-being of man and society—among the most important that can be presented for our consideration. In this connection I beg to say that I would by no means convey the impression that we can intelligently grasp the principles of the essence of motion, life or thought, or comprehend by what art ideas are traced on the brain, or made to leap forth by an effort of the human will. These may be entirely above and beyond the reach of mortal ken, and are destined, perhaps, forever to remain locked in the treasury of the Infinite. We know, however, that we *do* live, that we *do* think, and that we *can* and *do* observe the phenomena of motion, of life and of thought. These are, or may be, patent to any one who may have the desire, and is in the possession of necessary capacity to observe them.

This question of man's capacity, embracing as it does the entire range of his intellectual, moral and social capabilities—nay, more, his possibilities, an altogether too broad and comprehensive for general consideration at this stage of the evening. I will, therefore, confine my remarks more particularly to that branch of the subject that relates to the laws that control the human will, and ascertain if it be possible, how far the will is free, and how far it is controlled by the law of necessity. This, it is true, will be considering the mind's capacity negatively, rather than positively. The general idea of the freedom of the will, however, demands this inverse system of reasoning to illustrate what appears to me its absurdity.

It is an indisputable fact that minds differ, both in inclination and capacity—that one mind excels in one department, and another mind in another branch; a third may excel in each, while a fourth may be below the general average. We know that one man is considerate, kind, benevolent and loving, and that another is jealous, revengeful; avaricious and cruel; while another possesses no marked characteristics whatever; and we further know that educational, social and other surroundings, modify or change, to a greater or lesser extent, the peculiarities of every class, and the individuals composing them; and that those persons thus modified or changed, by the law of hereditary descent transmit these peculiar characteristics to their descendants. I doubt very much whether there be any considerable number of thinking and intelligent persons, in any community, who will deny the truth of these several propositions. In fact, society and governments are, in part, constructed upon their truthful existence. I say, in part, because these various conditions are considered modifiers, rather than moulders and con-

trollers of character. "Know thyself," was inscribed on the altars of the Greeks. The greatest of English poets, generations since, asserted that "The greatest study of mankind is man," yet our schools, from the lowest to the highest, have taught other important lessons, to the exclusion of this, the most important of all questions. The children in our public schools are so familiar with physical science; that they can give the distance to the sun, and the distance, motions and density of the planets belonging to our solar system, name every bone and seemingly important muscle, nerve and artery in the human body, and can and do display an amount of valuable knowledge that awakens our astonishment and challenges our admiration, but they have been taught next to nothing in regard to the laws of the mind. The text books in our schools on moral philosophy are superficial and contradictory—a species of semi-ecclesiastical reflectors, and must gradually give place to those which shall, in grasp and scope, enforce principles more in harmony with natural laws and the genius of our age.

It is of the very highest importance to know what are man's intellectual and moral possibilities, and the duties that these require; and when these possibilities, and duties are thoroughly understood by familiarity with the laws that control the human mind, it will then be, comparatively, an easy matter for each intelligent individual to fix his own status. Phrenology has done much to throw light on the science of the human mind. I think it no exaggeration to say that Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, and other writers on this science have done more to enlighten the mind in regard to a knowledge of itself than all the writers on mental and moral philosophy from Plato nearly to the commencement of the present century. This knowledge has been an immense lever for good in the hands of the great reformers of the few past generations. It is the great lever that is to be employed to raise society into the sunlight of charity, toleration, and a higher, purer and more liberal civilization. Every man, up to the base of difference, is a type of every other man. If, therefore, we comprehend the nature and constitution of one mind, we are in the possession of a key that will unlock those of every other mind. This is the groundwork of individual, social and governmental reform. Without this knowledge we are unfitted to properly discharge our duties as citizens, or to fulfill them in any of the departments of society. Let me illustrate: A horse has a capacity for strength, or speed, up to a certain point; if pressed beyond these, the animal sustains injury. Certain kinds of food are adapted to his constitution; if the animal be underfed, or overfed, or fed at improper times, or with improper food, he suffers injury, and the owner, loss. A knowledge of the animal's constitution and capacity becomes a

necessity for his proper and profitable use. An employer or superintendent, in order to maintain friendly relations with his employees should fully understand not only their several qualifications, but also comprehend the nature and kind of work to be done, and how it should be executed. In so far as he shall be deficient in these several conditions, by so far will he be liable to become dissatisfied with the quantity or quality of the work performed by skillful and conscientious laborers, or to be imposed upon by designing and artful employees. To be successful he must be the master of his business. How many school-children—how many students have been broken down in body and mind simply because teacher, tutor or professor was ignorant of the capacities of those under his charge. Now apply this principle to the moral and spiritual department of the mind. Our ecclesiastical organizations have taught us that by and of ourselves we can do—are able to do—certain things; that we can, in spite of the natural tendencies of our moral and spiritual constitutions which we have inherited from our progenitors, and the influences, however vicious, that may surround us, be good and moral if we will. They lay down the maxim that every person should do right, and then if he does not, he merits not only disapprobation, but arbitrary and vindictive punishment. Hence the Church, by virtue of its theology, theories, principles or dogmas, has forced upon society the belief that in moral and spiritual matters the mind is in the possession of an element that it practically demonstrated by the will, which is equal to any temptation, and that, therefore, which is justly holden responsible for its proper exercise.

Now if this proposition be correct, the conclusion which the Church enforces might be legitimate and logical. But I deny most emphatically that man is in the possession of this faculty of the soul in any absolute sense. That all men are endowed by what may be termed a free will, in a limited and restricted sense, I am perfectly willing to admit. One may be so constitutionally endowed with a sense of justice, virtue and right—so invested with high moral resolutions, that he may resist without comparative effort sundry and various temptations to vice and crime of the most enticing, alluring and apparently overpowering character, but which might overcome and overwhelm thousands less constitutionally fortified, in immoral and criminal practices. The grounds about a camp-meeting, or general training, or about an army, such as during the late war—that of the Mississippi or the Potomac, with animals numerously picketed on the hills and plains, may somewhat illustrate my idea of the "free will" of the human mind. In one place you may observe described several very small circles, in another a larger one, others larger still, and a few, perhaps, of very large dimensions.

Here each animal is holden by a tether, just the length of the radius of the circle described. Each animal is free to the extent of its tether, and no farther. This illustration will feebly present my ideas of man's freedom to act. Some men are naturally endowed with comprehensive minds, indomitable wills and great ambition. Martin Luther, Oliver Cromwell, Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Wm. Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker, and thousands of great men who have made mankind wiser and better for their existence, inherited intellectual, moral and executive qualities, coupled with favorable surrounding influences, that enabled them to range over extensive fields of philosophy and action. Did not the inherited capacities, the educational surroundings, the genius or spirit of the age and the associations and general influences that surrounded him from birth to death all conspire to lead the mind of Channing in a given direction? Were not the objective and subjective forces that adhered to and centered in that masterly mind just equal to the production of Channing, and no other being? Kepler, whose originality, genius, and marvelous powers of generalization was enabled, by the most profound and laborious researches, to extort from Nature her hidden secrets—to comprehend and reveal the three great laws that control the planetary system, and which subsequently enabled the immortal Newton to uncoil the great chain of truths which now constitute the laws of the stellar Universe; Leverrier, whose observations in regard to the perturbations of the planet Uranus was enabled, by his mathematical grasp and correct calculations, to direct his telescope to that point in the heavens where he felt confident an unknown planet was making its century journey around the sun, and by this observation gave another planet to our system; Guttenberg, whose invention of printing awakened from its torpidity the slumbering mentality of Christendom; Luther whose stern sense of justice, moral courage and indomitable will grasped this new power of the press, and by it hurled this awakening mentality at the head of ecclesiastical authority, and in his day gave to the world an earnest of spiritual liberty; Clarkson and Garrison, whose united voices against slavery have secured the emancipation of five millions of people in two of the most influential empires on our globe, and inspired them with a hatred of despotism, and whose example must lead all governments to proclaim universal freedom to all people; Watts, and Arkwright, and Franklin, and Fulton, and Morse, and thousands of others, whose names have been inscribed on the world's great roll of honor were favored with far-reaching and comprehensive minds, and which correspond to my illustration of the "long tether." These men thought and acted as they did because their inherited

qualities and their surroundings influenced their minds in a certain direction, and which, in every step of their existence, moulded them just what they were. I think I hear you say: "Yes, this may be so, perhaps, but I know that I can do as I please. I can go and come when and where I like." Well, let us see how this is. You made an appointment to attend a meeting this evening. But suppose on your way hither a messenger had overtaken and informed you that a horrible accident had transpired that threatened the life of some beloved member of your family, could you have continued on your way? Would you not have been impelled, by an irresistible influence, to retrace your steps with the utmost limit of your speed? Here, then, would be another condition that would enter into and disturb the fulfillment of your promise. Now if some one should raise the cry of "Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!" and the announcement should be made that this building was enveloped in flames, how long do you imagine you would remain in it? Would not this new condition lead your will in a new direction? Would it not imperatively demand your locomotion? Would you disobey its imperious demand to move in the direction of supposed security? You may answer that "These are very extreme cases." I admit that they are. But they nevertheless illustrate the existence of a law that is ubiquitous any potential—a law that permeates every space in the empire of mind. This law is within us and without us, and independent of man. It dominates alike the mother in her nursery, the child at school, the farmer at his plow, the merchant at his desk, the lawyer at his brief, the doctor at the bedside of his patient, the clergyman at the bedside of the sick or the afflicted, the prisoner in his cell, the banker figuring at his per cents., the miser in his devotions over his hoarded coin, the law-makers in their council chambers, the kings upon their thrones. Different influences produce changes in the designs and purposes of every member of our race at every step in his progress from the cradle to the grave, which are as varied and changeable as the colors and forms of the kaleidoscope.

The celebrated Dr. Edwards, in his masterly discourse on the human will, the grandest embodiment of metaphysical reasoning that exists in our language, labored to enforce, by an unbroken chain of reasoning that is unanswerable, that the human will must, from its very nature and constitution, follow the strongest motive. Dr. Priestly, in his work on the law of philosophical necessity, followed the same train of thought with almost equal success.

Physical science, astronomy, for instance, has demonstrated the oneness, the fixity, the unchangeableness, the immutability of the laws that control the planetary system—

in fact, everything that we denominate matter. This gives confidence to astronomical calculation and predictions. By these—mariners upon the deep travel as it were by sight. The idea is rapidly disappearing that Nature has freaks. The seasons come and go, with their seed time and harvest. Man is beginning to learn that in all the productive departments "knowledge is power"—that drainage and deep culture are more sure protections against flood and drought than prayers and solemn fasts. This doctrine of necessity enters largely into the composition of society and governments, and year by year their asperities are modified by its enlarged entrance and acceptance. Our criminal code is based on the existence of this law, at least for the detection and conviction of criminals; but society and governments are negatively poisoned by its rejection, by multiplying temptations to vice and crime, and by the inhuman treatment of those who have been convicted of crime. We plant and nourish whiskey saloons and other appliances of evil, that create poverty and crime by means the most systematic—throw around the weak temptations that are more than a match for their resisting powers, and then punish the unfortunate victims by social and political outlawry. This blending of fixed laws with an indefinite and intangible notion of the existence, by some unaccountable law, of a sovereign "free will," enters to a large extent into the economy of our religions, government, schools, families, prisons, charitable and all other institutions. From these confused blendings we invest the individual with a power that he does not possess, and exact from him in return an obedience to rules that he cannot observe; we press on him the necessity of his attaining to the highest moral standpoint, and yet neglect the proper organization of society, which is the inevitable moulder and maker of the individual.

But I think I hear some of you say: "If this doctrine be allowed to enter as a controlling element in society, men will riot in the gratification of their base and ungovernable passions, and urge this law of necessity in extenuation, which, in its operation, would rather retard than advance society in humanizing thoughts and actions." This inference, I admit, would be reasonable and logical, if the doctrine of man's depravity, his love of evil and hatred of the right, was a natural and controlling element of his moral constitution. But this doctrine I most emphatically deny. This is the dust from the old theologies that clouds the air and renders our vision imperfect. I insist that man is the outgrowth, the fruiting of Nature, created in harmony with her perfect, unvarying, immutable laws. Created on the plane of truth, the natural tendency of his mind is to admire and adore it wherever found. The fact that every order and

society claims that it is founded upon and is in the possession of truth, and employs arguments to establish the fact in addressing the people for proselytism, is an unanswerable argument that truth is the aliment of the mind, the natural food of the soul.

Let us, then, dismiss at once and forever this mysticism that attaches to the mind in the same manner that we have with other natural substances with which we have daily to deal. This is a practical question. It is one that comes home to every individual. This mysticism that has been thrown around the mind's laws, as too sacred for human investigation, has kept the world in ignorance, in poverty, in social degradation, in religious bigotry, intolerance and in slavery. It is expected that the ecclesiastical institutions of the world, and particularly in the civilized world, where they hold, to a large extent, the higher educational institutions within their iron grasp, whose very influence, power and existence depends upon maintaining these mystical views, will vigorously war against those ideas which I have presented, and heap upon both them and their earnest advocates as they have always done, all the bad epithets they can safely employ to intimidate the people from their acceptance and adoption. But their power for evil is growing small. The world does move. Tyranny has had its past, and Freedom will have its future. In but a few Christian countries are the tyrant's axe and the dungeon's gloom longer employed, as formerly, to repress the rising aspirations—the expansion, growth and progress of the human mind. Already much of the fear and anxiety about future torments by a vengeful Divinity have been diminished, if not entirely obliterated, from the minds of millions of intelligent and morally disposed people, and this vast army is being rapidly augmented in numbers and influence as science "goes marching on."

From what has been said we see the great importance of acquiring correct knowledge of man's nature and constitution—of his rights, capacities and duties; we see the value and importance of human institutions as a means of education and civilization. Does it not lead us to feel that the great problem of our age is: to so study man's moral constitution, that his proper relations may be discovered, and then to fit human institutions for man's harmonious development in those relations? Character is the product of society, and not of the individual—the result of feelings and ideas. Man does not give himself feelings or ideas. Could man create his own character, then all men would be perfect, but no man is or can be perfect. But a new and better day is dawning. Let us joyfully hail the twilight of the coming morning.

It occurs to me that in this day and generation, when the mind of the world is giving

evidence of new life, energy and power; when it is beginning to break away from the mysteries and superstitions that have bound it down as by iron chains, and beginning to struggle earnestly and manfully for liberty and light; when the numerous appliances of our civilization for the distribution of light and knowledge are equal to the great occasion, it occurs to me, I repeat, that we have a glorious work to do—a grand mission to perform. We have duties to perform as important and sacred as the discussion of the most important truths touching man's nature and capacity. No truth possesses any value worthy of our attention that cannot be made valuable in the great work of man's progress and elevation. We have commenced the work, and have already accomplished a little. We have abolished in form the system of chattel slavery, the grossest and most barbarous form of human despotism. We have driven that abominable pest—that "sum of all villainies" from among our institutions—blotted out that colossal stain from our national escutcheon; not so much from choice, however, as from a forced necessity to preserve the unity and integrity of our nation; but we still continue to hug to our bosoms the very elements which degrades and disgraces our civilization. We have, it is true, abolished the form of servitude, but to a certain extent we retain the substance of that loathsome vice. Until labor shall be recognized at its proper value; until man shall be able to enjoy the fruits of his toil; until, in fact, he shall be able to live "under his own vine and fig-tree" without being forced to subject his body or mind to incessant, interminable toil to procure the bare necessities of life—there will be something wrong somewhere, some wrong to be righted, some evil to be redressed. So long as in a community like ours we allow poor sewing-women to stitch, stitch, stitch, from early morn till late at night, glad indeed if by means of that perpetual stitching they can bring to themselves and to their children the means by which body and soul can be kept from divorce-ment, there must be something wrong somewhere. So long as our prisons contain men and women perhaps no worse, but not quite so keen, so cunning as those without, who are subjected to a system of brutality by which comparatively innocent minds are brought directly into contact with the most skillful villains, the most hardened wretches on the face of the globe, and when dismissed are a thousand fold worse and more dangerous to society than when they entered their gloomy cells; so long as our social system is such that when these poor outcasts of our civilization shall return from these public penal institutions and we point the finger of scorn at them; when they ask for labor, and we turn the cold shoulder upon them; when they ask us for succor and sympathy, we tell

them we have none for them; when they ask for bread and we give them stones, or worse; so long as these beings, by an unalterable law of human nature, by an unchangeable law of human society, are forced back into crime, there must be something wrong and rotten somewhere in our social system. So long as one class of persons, who neither spin nor weave, are decked in all the glories of the lilies of the valley, while labor, hungry labor, shivering labor, ragged labor is forced to wear itself away by day and hovel in garrets by night; so long as this class of men build palaces for others to live in, produce the elegancies of life for others, while they are deprived of their enjoyment—there is something false in our civilization, and it is for us to find it out and remedy it. It is not for me at this time to say how it is to be done; it is easier to notice evils than to correct them; but I tell you there is something that needs correction, something that can and ought to be corrected, something that needs attention—immediate and thorough.

Spiritualism is the only true consoler. While the Christian mourns and refuses to be comforted when some dear object of his affection is called to the higher life, the Spiritualist knows that those from whom he is severed in earth-life are with him still—invisible to the mortal senses, it may be, but tangible and ever present to the spiritual perceptions. Lifted above material doubt and uncertainty the Spiritualist, whose life is pure and in harmony with the Divine Spirit, may feel "the touch of a vanished hand," and hear "the sound of a voice that is still" to material ears. The Christian hopes; the Spiritualist knows.—*The Harbinger of Light.*

Independent Slate Writing.

The accompanying engraving is an exact copy, slightly reduced in size, of an original slate obtained at a recent sitting with Dr. D. J. Stansbury. There was present, besides the writer, that staunch advocate of free thought Lois Waisbrooker, editor of *Foundation Principles*, who also received at the same sitting the very satisfactory communications published in another column. Should the names and messages appearing on this slate be recognized, we trust those to whom they are given will acknowledge them, as it would be pleasing to all concerned. This sitting had been promised us some time ago but we had never availed ourselves of it until very recently, and now present

The Human Voice.

The voice has a power that demands attention from every living thing upon the face of the earth. Who can define the limit of the voice of man, its compass, its depth, its power to win the affections or drive away in terror man or beast, bird or insect. We know it to be the mightiest oracle under subjection to man. Then why is the agent of the soul, this spirit made audible, so much neglected?

the same opportunities to gain what you have.

The voice is the teacher, the ear the scholar. The ear receives information quicker than any of the other senses.

Is there not something lacking when you cannot hear? When you read, do you not imagine you are hearing it spoken? Do we not retain the thought in our minds better when we hear it spoken, than when we see it? The ear is Nature's receptive agent or vestibule of the mind.

There should be more attention given this branch of education in our public schools. The masses of teachers, as well as people, do not seem to comprehend its benefits and importance.

The quality of the voice portrays the character and general make-up of the speaker. Its cultivation tends to refine and harmonize the rough and uncouth individual, teach him to modulate his voice according to the sentiment expressed, and you have done much toward his refinement.

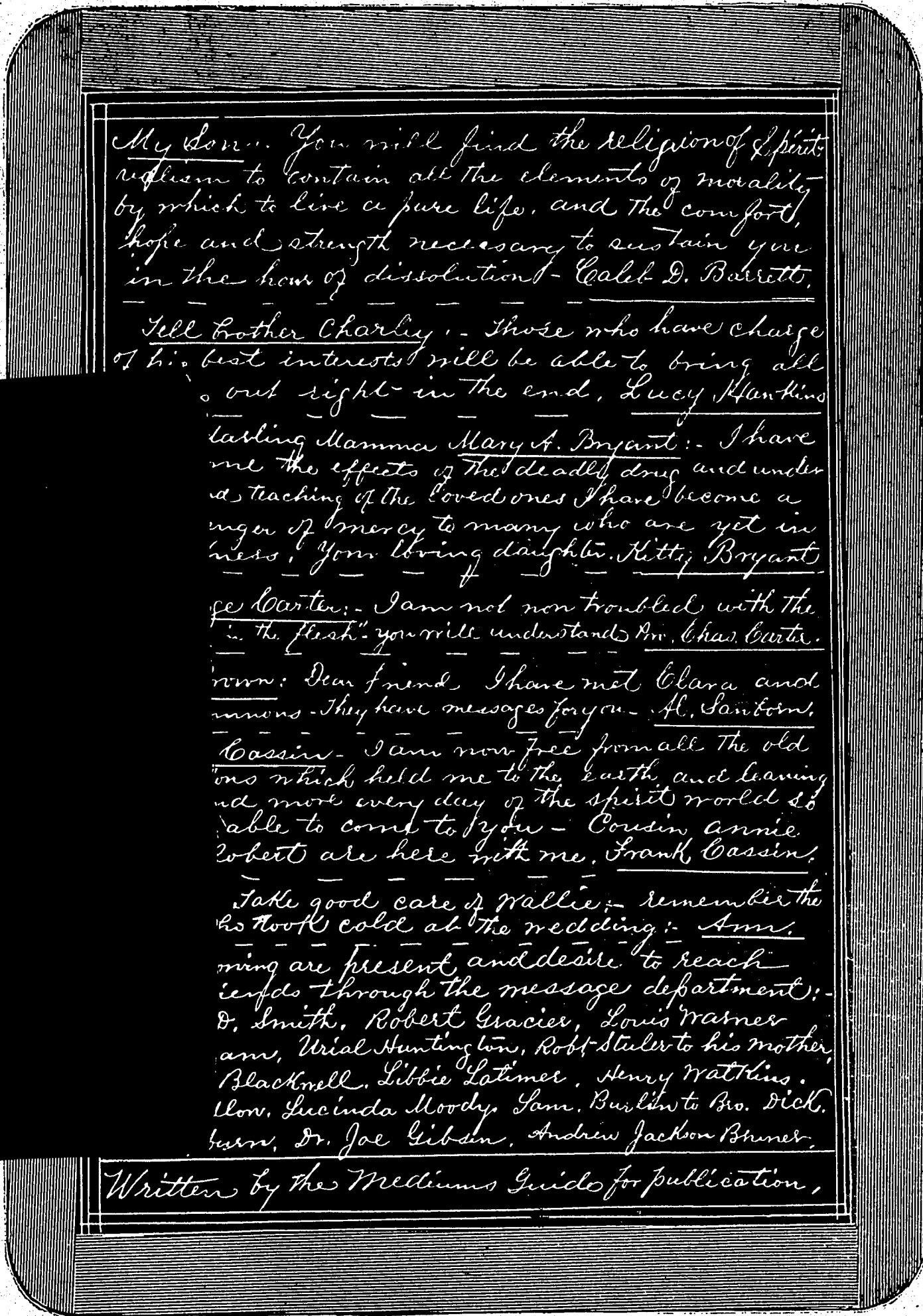
The writer has had much experience in churches, Sabbath-schools, and visiting public schools, and has found very few teachers or preachers that seem to have any idea of good reading. Elocutionists, as a rule, are at fault, because they dwell upon a set of cast-iron rules that was given them by some high-strung Mons. or Signor so-and-so, who have also received their rules from the dark ages of the past.

We are prone to run after some ancient foreigner, rather than to use our own brains. The letter of the law rather than the spirit

seems to be the aim of the people in all directions, whether in religion or politics, or the several branches of study.

Elocution means something more than reciting bits of prose or poetry like a parrot. It is a science and an art. The science is the systematized analysis of the soul's expression by voice and action. The art is the practice of the science.

There are three general principles of speaking and singing: air, muscle and mind.



is woman, lovely or plain, ready to cure, to chide, to guide, to aid, to instruct, to amuse, to rule, to lead, and point the way for halt-

ing man. It is not so much now for the sake of women as for the sake of men that women need the ballot. Men have made a bad mess of governing the world; they have filled it with drinking-saloons and standing armies.

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Why do men and women go to schools, colleges and seminaries? We suppose it is to cultivate the intellect, to train the mind in the science and art of grasping and containing thought. What for? To enable them to carry the tidings and deliver to other minds thoughts which the Spirit of the universe wishes to instill into every mind. Fifteen years at school learning how to store up ideas, and six weeks learning how to deliver that thought to your fellowman who has not

Air becomes breath when inhaled and exhaled through the lungs and air tubes; breath becomes voice, when it causes muscles to vibrate, thus producing sound; when the lips, tongue and teeth, which are the articulating agents, are set in proper motion, then words are produced; arrange these words into sentences, and we have thought vocalized; arrange music to suit the sentiment to be expressed, and you have thought *spiritualized*, or a song. Air must be inhaled by muscular motion and controlled by muscular force. The mind must be properly cultivated to direct the muscular action. The foundation of the speaking voice and the singing voice are the same. But no amount of rules will enable any one who is *incapable* of a mental conception of the sentiment to be expressed.

A voice must have a soul behind it, or it is a failure. If one has not the soul themselves, then let them yield themselves to some other soul or spirit who can make use of the muscular organism.

We would earnestly advise all who are contemplating the yielding of themselves to spirit control to use all possible means to cultivate their muscular organism as well as the mental, to the end that the spirit may convey the thought clearer and more forcibly. The writer has had, is having instructions upon this point, is confident of success in this branch of education. We believe in the *spirit* of matter to be read or sung.

We have arranged a method that is progressive "we have not learned all there is to be learned, we regard all systems as useful. We simply feel we can do better than to depend upon any mouldy theory, or system which deals mechanically instead of spiritually with the soul's instrument of expression, "The Human Voice." G. F. PERKINS,
1020 Market St., S. F.

Death of James G. Anderson.

From the *Richmond Democrat* we learn that James G. Anderson, who had so long, and with such ability filled the position of editor of that paper, had passed on to the higher life, on the morning of the 10th of May, after a brief, but severe illness. The following extract from the notice in that journal is from the pen of a friend who knew him well.

The writer hereof had known the deceased many years and was probably more intimately acquainted with him than any person in Ray county. We knew him in all his various moods—in adversity and in prosperity; and knew him ALWAYS as a sunny-tempered, genial, benevolent gentleman; as an employer he was courteous and kind, never asking an employee to do what he would not do himself. To the poor and

needy his hand and his purse were always open, and no man in Ray county gave more largely to charity according to his means, than Mr. Anderson. There are many weary, world-sick people who can remember when he lightened their burdens with a cheering word and relieved their immediate wants with his cash. To the writer he was more than a brother, and this poor tribute to his worth is written with a heavy heart indeed. On account of his peculiar views in regard to the hereafter Mr. Anderson had many heated controversies, and yet throughout them all he demeaned himself as a gentleman should, never once descending to degrading personalities. His was always a warfare in the open field and never from ambush. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of spirit communion, and who can say he was wrong? He had what he considered indisputable evidence that the spirits of departed loved ones can and do communicate with the living and was earnest and honest in the belief. He died in the belief that one day his spirit would return to cheer his grief-stricken companion and aged and bed-ridden mother.

The heartfelt sympathies of the entire community go out to Mrs. Anderson in this, her hour of greatest trial. The remains were taken to Clarksville, Tuesday night, Mrs. Anderson being accompanied by Sam W. Davis of this office. The remains were interred yesterday in Clarksville's beautiful cemetery, almost within sight and sound of the rolling waves of the grand and beautiful Mississippi river. The funeral services were conducted by Moses Hull, editor of the Des Moines (Iowa) *New Thought*, and a devoted friend of the deceased.

From the *New Thought*, of which Moses Hull is the editor, we learn the growth in spiritual things, made by our ascended brother in the following, which is taken from an extended notice:

Jim was president of the Mississippi Valley Association of Spiritualists. We never knew a man who grew in spiritual things as fast as did Bro. Anderson. Two years ago he came to our camp ground to learn whether there was anything in Spiritualism. He and Mollie returned, in the full knowledge of endless life. Since that time he has spent hundreds of dollars in the cause. His paper the *Richmond Democrat*, has been full of our philosophy. His "Independent Pulpit," contained sermons each week which were marvels of eloquence and Andersonian logic.

Last year, at our camp, he was almost unanimously elected president of the Mississippi Valley Association of Spiritualists. As president, he went to work in earnest. He had just sold his paper and settled up

all his business, as though he expected this sudden call to the other side.

Jim! While we congratulate you on your passage to the other side, we miss you, tears will, unbidden, fill our eyes.

"Thou art gone!
Thou art gone to a land more fair;
And when we have passed through the valley of life,
And are freed from its sorrow, its care and its strife,
We'll meet thee there."

Is It True?

MRS. SCHLESINGER:—I am an investigator of Spiritualism, and occasionally see a copy of your magazine, and as I have always looked with horror upon the idea so often expressed by teachers in the church, to-wit: that God took our children to bring us to himself, I am very sorry to see the same thing in principle cropping out in communications coming from spirits, or so purporting.

I chanced the other day to pick up an old file of the CARRIER DOVE and I find therein a communication claiming to be given by a son to his mother, in which he tells her, if I read it aright, that "the guide" says he was taken from her for the purpose of developing her (the mother's) mediumship. Now, whether I accept a theory or not, in analyzing it I try to look upon it from the standpoint of its advocates, and, as I understand the teachings of Spiritualism, spirits *need* mediums as well as mediums, spirits, and need them for their *own* good, for their *own* benefit as well as that of humanity.

We are told that those who have failed to progress as they should have done while here *must* get further experience of earth life through mediums.

I do not profess to say whether the above is true or not, but if it is the question arises: Did those spirits take that son from earth for their own benefit, and if so was it not a very selfish act? Again: If that son was taken to benefit humanity where is the difference in principle between the son of Mary, to-wit: Jesus, dying for the good of the world, and the son of another woman dying or being killed for the good of the world; and had spirits any more moral right to take that mother's son than the Jews had to kill Jesus?

I want to learn the truth, but my investigations teach me that when people die it is not because Gods or spirits kill them, but because some natural law has been violated either by themselves or others, and if it is morally wrong for me now to kill my neighbor to benefit myself or others, it will be just as wrong for me to do so when I become a spirit, and if such is the teachings of Spiritualism I want none of it.

INVESTIGATOR.

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Where Spiritualism Flourishes.

"Spiritualism seems to flourish better in Boston and San Francisco than in other cities of the Union."—JOSEPH SIMMS, M. D.

Can any one of our readers explain why Spiritualism flourishes better in those cities than elsewhere? There may be various reasons suggested in explanation, all of which are partially correct; but we fear that few will attribute this result to the proper cause. Boston is a spiritual center from which radiates the light of spiritual truth over the entire civilized world. Through what channels is this great light and knowledge diffused? *Through the Spiritualistic press.* For the last thirty years the grand old *Banner of Light* has weekly sent forth its message of truth to the people. It has ably expounded the philosophy of spirit communication, defended mediums against the attacks of ignorance, published the *evidence* upon which is based the philosophy, and given thousands of personal messages from those in spirit life that have been recognized by their earthly friends, and revealed to them, glimpses of a life more glorious than had ever been conceived of by mortals. Besides the *Banner* there have been a number of other "lesser lights" devoted to the same cause which

have helped to enlighten the masses regarding the life to come. *These journals have been the educators and liberators of the people* from the superstitions and creeds of the past, and are the direct causes which have brought about the gratifying results witnessed in that city to-day. Spiritualists generally are deplorably negligent in their support of such journals; and many mediums who owe whatever of fame and success they may have, in large measure to the journals who have brought their work to the notice of the public, and endorsed their manifestations as genuine, after attaining the patronage and notoriety needed, ignore "the ladders which helped them to climb to the sky" and say, "let that paper take care of itself, we do not need its assistance, our *guide* can take care of us." We would like to ask such mediums how long do they think it would have taken for the people to have found out that they had "guides" if the Spiritual journals had not published the fact. How would we know the grand work being done in Boston by the Spiritual workers there if their deeds had not been heralded by their *friends*, the Spiritual journals? The secular press would not have given the facts to the world at all. Our daily experience show that they can not be relied upon to give fair and just reports of our mediums. An unprincipled person can use the columns of such journals to advertise themselves to the exclusion of good, genuine mediums who would scorn to resort to such under-hand methods to establish a reputation. We can say it without a shadow of egotism, that were it not for the CARRIER DOVE and *Golden Gate* of this city, many of our public mediums, who now have a world-wide reputation, would not have been known outside the city limits, their notoriety having been gained through the free advertising they have received in the editorial columns of these popular journals. Yet how many of them do you think, realize and appreciate it? There is a great deal said about the necessity of "sustaining and defending mediums" which is all right, and should be done; but there should also be an effort made to sustain the other equally necessary mediums, the journals devoted to Spiritualism; for each has an important work to do and neither can ignore the other. It will always be found that where Spiritual literature is most freely circulated and read the cause is

most prosperous, the mediums are better appreciated and sustained, and lecture halls better patronized. The report of such work is sent abroad throughout the land and others are encouraged and strengthened to noble effort, and a bond of fraternity established encircling all and extending to the uttermost parts of the earth.

A Sitting with Mrs. Livingstone.

It was our privilege to have a sitting with this wonderful medium on the afternoon of May 24, at which dear ones came and spoke words of love and encouragement until the clouds of care which had temporarily enshrouded us seemed lifted, and heaven's sunshine streamed through the rifts until we felt transfigured and exalted under the benign rays. When the medium first became controlled she sang in a peculiarly sweet and touching manner the spirit message which brought hope and courage, peace and trust. Among those who controlled was a spirit giving the name of Martha Carlyle, who said she died in New Orleans, of yellow fever, in the year 1854.

City Sights.

BY A STROLLER.

Taking a stroll through the city one day, accompanied by some friends who were familiar with its "sights" and had kindly volunteered to "show us around," we saw many curious and strange things which will prove valuable subjects for future use when we can "write them up" properly. One thing which has caused us to do a great deal of thinking, was a fine large church edifice just completed and named St. —; As we stopped to admire the beauty of its architecture we noticed windows with heavy iron grating far from the ground, and wholly inaccessible from without; had there been no such precautions taken, it would have been impossible to have gained admittance through them. What, then, were they so heavily barred and guarded for? Did God require *his house* so well protected, or did He have some unruly angels imprisoned there whom He feared might escape, or might not man alone be responsible? Could it be possible those heavy bars were there to prevent some one within from getting out? Was some poor victim of ignorance and superstition confined within those mas-

sive walls, doomed to a living death in the name of God and religion? We had heard and read of such atrocities when superstition held sway in times past, but did they exist to-day in "the land of the free and the home of the brave," under the stars and stripes of freedom's banner? Who can tell? If it could be positively ascertained that right here in the heart of a great city were incarcerated human beings against their will, who had never sinned against God or man, (unless overmuch faith in the hollow pretense called religion, could be a sin,) what could be done about it? Nothing! Nothing, did you say? Then are we indeed hopelessly and irretrievably slaves to priestcraft, and our boast of "a free country" a miserable mockery, and the sooner such a government, falsely named "of the people and for the people," be reconstructed on a humanitarian basis, the better for all concerned.

Lake Pleasant.

A permanent post-office was opened at this place May 10. Letters and other mail matter addressed to parties, Lake Pleasant, Mass, will reach the proper destination.

Editorial Notes.

The meetings held at Washington Hall under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists have been suspended until the close of the Camp-meeting.

We received a very pleasant call from Mrs. Mattie P. Owen of *The Golden Gate*, from whom we learned that that journal was prospering, and its sphere of usefulness extending and broadening. This is as it should be. Every Spiritualist on this Coast should feel it a duty to sustain our spiritual publications; for we can say it without seeming self-conceit that nowhere in the wide, wide world can be found better representatives of the cause, than *The Golden Gate* and *CARRIER DOVE*.

All the arrangements for the Camp-meeting are now completed and everything seems favorable for a grand, good time. It will be an occasion long to be remembered by all who may be fortunate enough to attend, and all who can should make it a point to be there either during the whole session or a portion of the time at least.

We call attention to the article upon "The *Human Voice*," by Prof. G. F. Perkins of San Francisco. The article gives evidence of thorough study of the science of *voice control*, and also an extensive experience in teaching the same.

Mr. Perkins has visited many cities and towns in the interior of this State for the past two years, and has many fine testimonials of his worth and capabilities from the press, pulpit, and pupils where he has taught.

We add our personal testimony also, having had the privilege of listening to him many times in public, and think we have never seen nor heard one who seemed to have so perfect a control of the vocal organs in singing, dramatic readings, or imitations and personations.

Not only does he possess the knowledge, but has the ability in an eminent degree, of imparting it to others. We have attended his classes in both singing and elocution, and know whereof we speak.

Dr. D. J. Stansbury has left the city for an extensive trip, going north to Oregon, Washington Territory and British Columbia, thence eastward, where he will attend the various camp-meetings, returning home late in the autumn. Previous to his departure the doctor was ordained by the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, "a minister of the gospel of Spiritualism."

Mrs. Emaline Perkins is fast gaining favor among our best people. She held a public meeting in Curtis' Hall, Oakland, Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, and another at eight o'clock under the auspices of the new Spiritual Society. Mrs. Perkins' controls are of a high order. The first part of the meetings was devoted to the answering of questions from the audience. The answers were such as to thoroughly convince skeptics of a superior intelligence.

There is an absence of personal pride and ambition that is commendable in a medium.

Judging from the responses from the great number of tests and communications given, we should say Mrs. Perkins not only gave satisfaction, but there was a great interest in spiritual manifestations, and that too, from a class of people hitherto indifferent to the subject.

The society is to be congratulated on its rapid growth and decided success in

interesting the people. They hold meetings every Sunday evening.

In response to the many urgent requests, Mrs. Perkins will give a circle at the same place next Thursday afternoon, also Saturday evening, and the following Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.

After June 5th Dr. Schlesinger may be found on the camp ground in Oakland, where he will give sittings daily, and evenings by appointment.

We learn with regret of the withdrawal of Mr. A. C. Ladd from *Light for Thinkers*. Since it first started, Mr. Ladd has been its publisher and financial protector: without his aid it could not have attained the prominent position it now holds among spiritual publications. We sincerely hope that Spiritualists will rally to its support and not permit a work upon which has already been expended so much time and money, and which is doing so much for the Cause, especially in the South, to fail for lack of means to carry it forward. We know that G. W. Kates, its present editor and proprietor, is an indefatigable worker, and will do all in his power to make it a success, but he needs and must have the support and co-operation of his friends, which we trust will not be withheld in the hour of need.

Dr. and Mrs. D. J. Stansbury left this city May 25, for an extensive eastern tour, bearing with them the congratulations and best wishes of many sincere friends in which the *DOVE* heartily joins. May they be instrumental in doing much good and spreading the truth wherever they may go.

We desired to call attention to the advertisement of the Pacific Business College, 320 Post-street. We recommend this as a first-class institution at which young ladies and gentlemen can obtain a thorough business education. *No distinction made on account of sex.* Young ladies, there is one place you can go where you will be considered the equals of your possible future husbands. *Patronize it.*

We hope the readers of the *DOVE* will look over our advertisements and patronize those who patronize us. This is but just and right, as few papers could exist without the aid of their generous advertisers.

Mrs. Ada Foye's meetings at Washington Hall have been suspended in deference to the Camp-meeting in Oakland, as she stated before her audience that she "considered it the duty of Spiritualists to not only suspend other meetings during this Convention but that all should attend and give it all the assistance in their power." We consider that these words have "the ring of genuine metal," and should be echoed by every true Spiritualist who has the advancement and general good of the work at heart. Our Camp-meetings are of incalculable benefit to mediums, as the interest there awakened leads thousands to investigate in private, and thus the mediums are sustained, and their respective merits made known to the public. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we chronicle this worthy example of the representative medium of the Pacific Coast.

We regret to learn of the removal to "a fairer clime"—San Diego—of Mrs. A. Smith and her two daughters. This trio of mediums is well known in Oakland and San Francisco, where they have many warm friends. Miss Laura was one of the finest test mediums, two years ago, in this city, from which she has been absent about one year, visiting friends in the East. Upon her recent return to this coast they decided to locate in San Diego. We understand that in addition to her test mediumship, Miss Smith has also developed as a fine speaker, which will make her a valuable acquisition to any place or society. We can say to the Spiritualists of San Diego that our loss of three valued workers will surely prove your infinite gain. Mrs. Smith carries with her not only our best wishes, but also a number of CARRIER Doves for which she is an authorized agent.

When great sorrows come, even the weakest person finds strength to meet them; but the little cares—the small trials that crowd into every-day life which must be met and overcome—they are the ones which develop heroes and heroines.

We learn from Lois Waisbrooker, who stopped with us a few hours on her way home from Portland, Or., that the publication of *Foundation Principles* will be resumed by her at Antioch, in this State, at an early date, and issued thereafter as often as once

a month at least. Every addition to our forces we hail with pleasure, as there is work enough and room enough for all. "Lo! the harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few."

Mrs. M. C. Kasten, so well and favorably known among San Francisco Spiritualists as an eloquent speaker and zealous worker, gave us a call a few days ago. Mrs. Kasten is located in San Diego, where she is meeting with great success as an electrician and magnetic healer. Patients are received in her home where the best of care and attention is guaranteed. During her stay in the city she will treat patients at her rooms No. 314 Bush St.

Mrs. Ada Foye's last appearance before a San Francisco audience, took place May 29th, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy St. A full house greeted her and testified their regret at her departure by the presentation of a series of resolutions which were read by Hon. John A. Collins and enthusiastically adopted by the audience. They would be given in this issue but lack of space prevents, as our columns were filled before the report reached us. However, the meeting was a very great success, and, as usual the tests clear and satisfactory. Mrs. Foye leaves this week for a visit to the East, where, we are sure, she will meet with many kind, appreciative friends as her merits demand, for she stands without a rival as a platform test medium.

Notice.

We have still quite a number of bound volumes of the CARRIER DOVE for 1886, which will be sent to any address upon receipt of \$2.50, or they will be sent as premiums to those sending us subscribers at the following rates: For three subscribers at \$2.50 each, will be given a cloth bound book; and for four subscribers, an elegant book, full leather binding. These books contain fifty-one full-page engravings of prominent Spiritualists and Spirit photographs, also a very valuable collection of biographical sketches, which are a distinctive feature of this journal. Send in your orders at once.

Dr. Schlesinger will give a free sitting to anyone who will subscribe for the *Golden Gate* or CARRIER DOVE. As either of these

valuable journals is well worth the subscription price, we consider this a very liberal offer. The doctor is without an equal in his special and peculiar phase of mediumship, and his tests are convincing and satisfactory to the most skeptical.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays and evenings sittings will be given by appointment.

Important.

The Committee having charge of the decorations at the Camp-meeting, would respectfully solicit donations of flowers, evergreens or potted plants to be used on that occasion. Care will be taken of such plants and at the close of meeting they will be returned to owners. Those who will assist us in this way can send their address to the Committee and the donations will be called for. Small bouquets thankfully received.

Address,

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER,
32 Ellis street, San Francisco.

MRS. C. E. ELIOT,
Henry House, Ninth street, Oakland.
Committee on Decoration.

Dr. Alfred R. Wallace.

The eminent English scientist, Prof. Wallace, who has been giving scientific lectures in this city, will speak at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday evening, June 5th, upon the subject—IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN? This will be the first lecture upon Spiritualism the learned professor has ever delivered, although he has written many able articles in its defense. No one should lose this, the only opportunity of hearing the distinguished gentleman upon this all-important subject.

MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

Through the mediumship of Dr. Louis Schlesinger:

DEAR EDITRESS:—Permit me through your beautiful DOVE to speak a few words of comfort and consolation to my dear ones on earth. My beloved sister Ida was at the home of W. C. Hamilton, and having an opportunity, I made known my presence, and was rejoiced to see that she at once recognized me. I do want to say that if my sisters, Ida and Minnie, would sit together for about an hour every leisure evening, I think in a reasonable length of

time I could give them direct evidence of my presence.

Oh, how I have longed to speak to all my dear ones and to convince them of the grand truth of immortality. I often come to my loved ones and call them by name and use every effort to make myself known, but oh, when I found my labors unavailing how sad and disheartened I felt, but thank the good spirits who aided me, as soon as I saw this medium I improved the chance, and in a few moments my darling sister knew that I was with her and likewise the pretty little girl, Hazel Hamilton. Oh, how the little one did try to make her father and mother realize that she was still with them and her dear little sister and brother. Some time in the future I hope to have the privilege of communicating through this channel again.

Gratefully yours,
HENRY H. HUGHES.

Given through the mediumship of Mme. C. Antonia, by Robert Dale Owen:

When I was still in the body, I often thought, how strange it was, that accident of birth and early training, settled all religious questions, with ordinary men and women, for life.

All think that they are right, and from my present standpoint, it is not a little amusing to observe them. The manner in which millions of people follow different opinions, should make you more anxious to investigate the foundations of all creeds.

I am going to discuss a question, which is thought by most people to be settled beyond discussion. The truth is what all honest men and women are seeking for. No one wishes to believe what is not true. The truth cannot be hurt by discussion. In America most people are Protestants, and live and die in that church. In Italy, France and Spain they are mostly Roman Catholics. In Turkey, Mohammedans, and so on. The Turks, the Roman Catholics, all are sure of their reward, if they have been true and honest in their belief, and lived up to it. Now comes Spiritualism and claims its place as a religion among the old and long established ones. Deeds not creeds, actions not professions, is its motto. Spiritualism believes in no heaven, in no hell, no personal God, no personal devil. Spiritualism is the divine necessity of the present times. It is gaining ground with rapidity among men and women of thought and mind. Spiritualism teaches that the spirit of man, when released from the body, enters at once upon a condition of progressive unfoldment. It affirms that man is responsible for his actions on earth, and that in the future state he maintains a personal and conscious identity.

All the phenomena to which Spiritualism lays claim are precisely of the same nature as those spoken of in the Bible.

Spiritualism will defeat Atheism and Materialism.

Man will look into eternity and see without fear the goal of his immortal soul. The churches never gave him this security. The churches are helpless before the attacks of the unbeliever. Once demonstrate that life is eternal, and you add certainty to faith, resolution to hope, pointing to a new conception of duty, bringing blessings everlasting, for the future; bringing those who have laid down the mortal body, and have become clothed in immortality, to communicate with their beloved still on earth.

When once the intercourse of the world beyond with men is better established, better understood and regulated than it is at present, men and women will grow as they never have before in knowledge, purity and universal love.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. SCHLESINGER, My dear and respected friend:—Your kind favor of March 26th came duly to hand; and I now write a few lines in response. I was glad to know of your removal into the *big* city, as I think that, in a business point of view, it may be well for you, especially as you have secured for yourselves a pleasant and very central position. I am myself quite familiar with that part of the city, and have been since nearly twenty years ago. May an enlarged success attend you! Don't trouble yourself in the least, so far as I am concerned, as to the hastening of the time when a part of your CARRIER DOVE is to be occupied through my activity. I was only a little anxious for an early publication of what was furnished you about Mrs. L. and her work, but almost wholly on her account, as I thought that she might thus be helped to more of that sympathy and aid of our spiritualist public, which she greatly needs, and to which I think, she is entitled. But as she has now come into a personal relationship with your own kindly, and benevolently active heart, I feel better satisfied, and feel that all may yet be well with her.

I was particularly interested in what you wrote me about the necessity of some kind of action among Spiritualists, whereby a *general* provision might be made for the wants of those somewhat similarly situated with Mrs. L. There certainly is a loud call for some action of the kind in all the large centers of our country. Why cannot it begin in San Francisco, where there is so much pecuniary ability lying almost idle in hands which one would suppose *might* be willing to take hold of such a matter? There is quite a number of persons of this kind—I can almost *see* some of them now—living in, and near your city, and I cannot but think, or at least *hope*, that if a movement were rightly begun, it would not be a failure. Suppose you, in the CAR-

RIER DOVE, and the owners of the *Golden Gate*, take the matter in hand? I find that most, if not all religious bodies, have some provision to make the declining years of the aged and destitute of their public workers free from want and undue care. With the Unitarians, with whom I have been, and still *am* (though somewhat loosely connected) they have a funded society incorporated, from the printed regulations of which I quote the following sentences, thinking that some hints may thus be given to induce Spiritualists to go and do likewise.

"This society was organized to afford pecuniary relief to aged and destitute Unitarian ministers. The interest of the invested fund is distributed semi-annually by the executive committee to such persons as are qualified, according to the requirements of the constitution, to receive aid," * * * "the claims of each applicant to be set forth in writing by two of his clerical brethren, etc. * * The names of the beneficiaries are never published." From these detached passages, some idea may be gained of the *Unitarian* way of doing such good acts; is it not possible that a similar care for the welfare of veteran workers in Spiritualism—especially the worthy, self-sacrificing mediums—may be taken? I know that ours is not a compactly organized body, and that, perhaps, it is better that it should never be so, yet, there should surely be a sufficiently close and harmonious sympathy among the most truly *spiritual* of us to justify and induce the formation of societies of beneficent action in such a grand center of our faith as San Francisco has now become. These thoughts are hastily thrown out with no especial intention of their being used excepting by yourself, still if they can be made to do good in any way, let them do it.

Most sincerely and cordially yours,
HERMAN SNOW.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, Dear friend:—Your highly esteemed favor of April 8th came to hand, by being forwarded to Boston last week. We spent two weeks in the "Hub" sight-seeing and hunting for items historical and useful; that is to say, we hope to make them so to future minds. However, one's aim may be ever so good, and yet he may fail of hitting the mark from unseen causes interposing.

I know that you are doing the spiritual cause an immense amount of good, and others feel and know the same. * * *

Mrs. Simms and I visited the State Prison in Boston, and saw Jesse Pomeroy, who was extremely cruel to children ten years ago. He killed two and was considered the demon of Boston. He has gray eyes, brown hair, wide nose, very thick muscular hands and feet, and, in fact, he is a tiger in human form. It is said that his mother attended the slaughter houses ere his birth. The prison chaplain denies this. I am con-

strained to think it is a congenital moral or immoral condition.

I saw several things at spiritual public meetings, which were astonishing. We saw a medium hold his hand in the fire, and also a handkerchief several times, and neither was scorched. I stood close by him, and know it was no deception. Another medium described many spirits and gave their full names, and in nearly every instance they were known and recognized by parties in the hall.

Spiritualism seems to flourish better in Boston and San Francisco than in other cities of this Union. The air and susceptibilities of the two places render it an easy matter for the spirit friends to enter earth's sphere, and commune with mortals.

When I can find some rare items of interest in Europe, where we go in about a month, I will put them in shape for the DOVE, and send them to you. With the best respects of Mrs. Simms and myself to the doctor and yourself.

Very heartily yours,

JOSEPH SIMMS, M. D.

DEAR MRS. SCHLESINGER:—This morning I received the number of THE CARRIER DOVE. I was so glad to get it once more that I am going to make a strong effort to pay what I am owing on back numbers and also for the remainder of this year; somehow the means for so doing must come although I haven't "feathers, ducks, turkeys and chickens" to sell. I see you have published my poem, and that is another surprise as I was not expecting either that or the magazine. And now I must tell you a little circumstance. A few nights ago I dreamed of going to the post-office and getting a letter and thought it was from California but when I opened the envelope, instead of a letter it contained flower seeds. I thought the ones I could see the clearest were "Lady Slipper" seeds, yet some one seemed to tell me there were "Morning Glory" seeds besides. Well, I felt as if it was in some way something from you, and, lo, the little poem I sent had rooted and lived. My circumstances are so unfavorable to perfect development of my mediumship that I do not get thoughts that are given me from the spirits as clearly as I would had I other and better surroundings, and so my writings need much correction. I have thought several times that I would burn the different pieces I had written, and thought to do so with some the other night. Among them was the one I sent you last, but instead I felt impressed to write, and taking that poem I made very nearly the same corrections in it I see you have, which I thank you for doing. After I had revised that poem I felt to write more, and then and there wrote one called "Prophecy."

I will try to be patient, to believe that

what I feel and do now, though in a limited way, will be the key by-and-by that shall unlock and open wide the gate through which I may receive perfectly the spirit messages. I used to get very much of physical demonstrations of spirit power, such as lights moving around my room, heavy footsteps walking about or following me up the stairs, independent voices speaking so I could understand what was said. Have seen faces and spirit forms ere knowing the spirits had left the body, and had quite an experience once in a house that contained an old-fashioned clock that had not run for years. If I could write it up in good shape I believe I could send you some things quite interesting. Now everything or nearly everything given me comes mentally, and whether it will ever amount to much I cannot tell. I almost conclude sometimes that I am like some plants I have seen, that for lack of cultivation became stunted. But there is one thing I am assured of and that is, we cannot die, and that those who have "passed over the river," can and do come back to us. Well, I know I must be tiring your patience all out, and I have written so much about myself I am ashamed, but a stream-dammed up must break through or overflow. When are you going to have your picture taken for the DOVE? I want to see you, and I know many others do. I do think the CARRIER DOVE fills a want long felt in many households; its truths reach into the soul of things and from the soul's source it comes.

Yours with love:

We do not give this lady's name as her letter was not written for publication. It occurred to us that it might prove the "word of encouragement" some one, struggling like herself with adverse surroundings, might need, and also as it contains a personal test in the dream of the letter containing "Morning Glory" seeds, of which the writer could not have known as it is an item of family history.

ED.

Ignorance, Fraud, or What?

EDITRESS DOVE:—In continuing our inquiries of last month we wish to state this: The fact of spirit opposition *is* or *is not* true. If not true, then the position taken by Spiritualists that death does not change the individual character is *not* true; this I cannot admit, neither does any intelligent Spiritualist, and it therefore follows as a direct, logical sequence that there *must be* spirit opposition to open communion between the two states of existence, for like conditions or states of mind must inevitably produce like results. There is opposition here, and as the change called death does not change the character, there is opposition there.

We find in this life that all sorts of tricks are used to win success, to obtain an end.

Once, when somewhat more ignorant than now, I looked upon the Republican party as the embodiment of honor. Did it not destroy the slave power, and did not the men and women who were most active in opposition to slavery quote bible against it, did they not move against it in the name of the Lord? Of course that party was all right.

Alas! I soon learned that all of its members were not all right and I received my first shock as follows: A Republican told me how they secured the election of the leading county officer.

"We saw," he said, that something must be done or the Democrats would win, so we started a lie on our candidate and made it look as though it came from the other side; the lie was so mean a lie, so unlike the man's character, it made the people indignant against the Democrats and we won."

But the Democrats were not to blame in that case, though they would doubtless have done as mean a thing had they seen a chance for success as the result. The point I desire to make is this: spirit opponents are equally cunning and unscrupulous and they use mediums, *such as they select*, to defeat the cause, to throw contempt upon Spiritualism. We know that mediumship is independent of moral character. The worst of men and women (as well as the best of men and women) may be, often are the *best* of mediums, and spirit opponents of Modern Spiritualism *select* and send to the *front*, when they can, just those whose moral characters are calculated to disgust the people.

There are two kinds of mediums; the negatively negative and the positively negative. In other words those who are simply putty or dough, ready to be moulded into any shape that surroundings may determine; to-day they present one shape, to-morrow another. Such mediums are jumping-jacks in the hands of the spirits who can hold them, be it for good or evil. The other class are sensitives with a positive will of their own. They feel, see, act, from what to others, is, to use a common expression, "all Greek" and when they go against the popular tide, they are called angular, yes, and selfish, even when their whole beings may be struggling—travailing in pain, for better conditions for humanity.

Such co-operate with the advance guards of spirit life in the onward march of progress, are not doughy subjects of impression, but the willing channels of the higher powers. "Of course they succeed," says one who thinks that the "higher powers" can do anything, that they are not subject to laws. No, such do not succeed *at first*; this because they must first create the conditions of success. And here I must say what will doubtless seem unjust, but it is nevertheless, true.

Our best, I mean so far as their mediumship is concerned, our most successful mediums, speakers included, are not those who are most fully in accord with the new life, the new order of things that is coming to the planet. Those who succeed the best, all else being equal, are those who are simply tools in the hands of spirits who work to perpetuate the present system of things, or who are in their own individuality a sort of modified Christians. Why? Because the conditions for their success do not have to be prepared; they already exist.

I know that many who might have had success in other channels have not been successful as mediums, but I am not speaking of those who have simply been the tools of selfish spirits—spirits who have little idea of anything beyond the fact that they desire to re-connect with earth, and who have taken advantage of the church teachings of faith and obedience, impressing the same upon the minds of such mediums for their own selfish ends; not of these but of those who act intelligently, making success their object by acting in harmony with present conditions, or refusing to comply with the demands of present conditions, work to secure better conditions for all.

It is of the relative success of these two last named classes that I am speaking, and I repeat, those who are most in harmony with things as they now are, are the most successful. But what is the prevailing spirit of the present system?

This question answered rightly and you will see why there is so much fraud—so little moral stamina, so little back-bone among many mediums and “their spirit guides.” Yes, spirit guides. We are the servants of those whom we give ourselves up to serve, and if we care only for success in the present, we bring to ourselves those who are in sympathy with the present methods of success; and now what those methods are is reflected in the politician’s lie of which we have spoken.

And now a fact to illustrate: I saw in the CARRIER DOVE of May, 1885, a communication from a son to a mother written through her own hand and what was my surprise to find, when in the city last, in a San Francisco paper of date, May 16, (if I mistake not) 1887, that identical message purporting to be given the Sunday evening before at a public meeting of said medium and also that some sixty tests were given at the same meeting, while parties who were present say there were not more than twenty tests given and that what was reported in the paper, though highly favorable to the medium, was not correct as to fact, and some who are interested in Spiritualism were much disturbed from the fact that they had taken friends there who are likely to be repelled thereby, from further investigation.

What do such things mean? The fact of mediumship is not disputed, but the character has not been changed. *Business* methods of success—plenty of *advertising* brings *custom*. Newspapers do not look critically at statements they are paid to publish. Doctors do it. One cure is heralded all through the land—is used again and again, and year after year, while all the failures are covered. It is so in every *kind of business*. It is inseparable from our competitive economic system.

“All is fair in love and war,” is one of the axioms of society morality, and that the whole system is one of war to get what we want, what we love, is too self-evident to be disputed. Now Mrs. Edith, when people in general are so much in love with justice as to be willing to sacrifice present success for the sake of principle, then fraudulent mediums—that is genuine mediums, who will supplement their powers by misrepresentation—will no longer be found.

And further, when we recognize the fact that a medium is not necessarily a channel for the light of the new dispensation any more than a soldier is necessarily a sustainer of the American Flag, then we shall use a little more wisdom than now in dealing with them. LOIS WAISBROOKER, Antioch, Cal.

Two little girls were playing church. One says, “Now we are going to have prayer; you kneel down and be a *real Christian*; I’ll just sit down and put my hand up to my face—I’m going to be one of the *stylish Christians*.”

The Sultan of Morocco is a practical prohibitionist. He recently closed the Moorish tobacco and snuff shops, ordered large quantities of tobacco to be burned, and had a number of Moors stripped and flogged through the streets for smoking contrary to his orders.

Mr. Heuley.

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:

After having suffered for years from nervous exhaustion, general ill health, and when about to resign myself to death, I heard of Mr. Heuley's Celery, Beef & Iron and made a resolution to try it as a last resort. I did so, and after taking 3 bottles my strength returned, and I found I was getting a new hold upon life. I used 3 bottles more, and am a new being, as all my friends know. I feel that Mr. Heuley's Celery, Beef & Iron saved my life, and am more than anxious that everyone suffering from ill health should know it.

Yours truly

CS Milas.

Pass. Agt. Wabash.
19 Montgomery St.

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 vast numbers are acknowledged facts, even among the 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 its 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 cases by permission, of H. E. Wright, Oakland Point, liver and kidney complaint, and intermittent fever, cured; T. J. Newcomb, San Jose, fits and inflammation at the neck of bladder, cured; J. A. Arlington, Virginia, seminal weakness and heart disease, cured; Edward Haberin, 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, 1310 Park street, Alameda, Cal., excruciating headaches, numbness and general debility, cured in six weeks; Mrs. D. A. Schultz, 607 1/2 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; M. H. Morris, 30 Geary st., San Francisco, spinal congestion and sciatic rheumatism, cured; Thomas Ridge, San Francisco, St. Vitus dance and spinal trouble, which had twisted his head to one side and perfectly stiff, restored in 1872, and remains permanent; Emil Schuck, 436 Fremont st., San Francisco, almost constant pain in the side and heart for three years, cured in one month; Captain Dingley, 8 Pine street, dyspepsia and liver complaint, cured—also one of his men was cured of a cancer with one treatment.

No cures published only by permission of the patient. The cures of male and female complaints withheld from publication in professional confidence. Secret vices of youth, blood taints, and all curable chronic diseases treated successfully. Circulars sent free. Patients at a distance can be treated at home by magnetized remedies, which can be sent by express. Write symptoms, age, and sex.

Offices: 113 Stockton street, San Francisco; hours, 9 to 5; evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 12. Examination free.

Parties desiring to consult the doctors will do well to go at once as their stay in San Francisco is limited.

The following named patients have been cured by the electro-magnetic treatment as practiced by Drs. Darrin at 113 Stockton street and can be referred to by letter or in person.

Mrs. G. Cotter, 24 Scott place, S. F., deafness; cured.

Mrs. E. Connell, 1012 Filmore street, S. F., deafness; cured.

Thos. Silk, 630 Filbert street, S. F. deafness, two years; restored.

Mrs. H. T. Woods, 80 years old, 1526 Ellis st., S. F., deafness; cured.

Thomas McGraw, 310 Clay street, S. F., deafness, six months; cured instantly.

Henry Clintz, 1 Fargo place, S. F., deafness, thirty-seven years; cured.

Silas Gates, 605 Pine street, S. F., deafness, two years; cured in ten minutes.

Removing Stains.

A mixture which is excellent for removing grease spots and stains from carpets and clothing is made of two ounces of ammonia, two ounces of white castile soap, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of ether; cut the soap fine, dissolve in one pint of water over the fire; add two quarts of water. This should be mixed with water in the proportion of a teacupful to one ordinary-sized pail of water. Mix thoroughly, and wash soiled garments in it. For removing spots use a sponge or clean flannel cloth, and with a dry cloth rub as dry as possible. Woolen goods may be made to look bright and fresh by being sponged with this.

C. CURTIN,

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Customers purchasing from samples can rely upon being as well served as if they were at the counter in person, as I pay special attention to country orders, and will refund money in all cases where goods purchased from my samples fail to give satisfaction.

In sending for samples, please be explicit as to price, color, etc., as my assortment of goods is so varied that it is sometimes difficult for me to determine the kind of samples to send, unless they are plainly described.

NOTE—The widths given on my sample tickets are the actual widths of the goods.

Goods sent by mail or express on receipt of money or P. O. Order, or by Express C. O. D. Parcels weighing under four pounds can be sent by mail at the rate of one cent per ounce, payable in advance.

In writing an order, please date your letter with your Postoffice and State, and be sure and sign your name, if a lady, sign—Miss or Mrs.—so that I can address my answer properly. State how you wish your goods sent, whether by express or by mail; and if by mail, send money enough to cover postage; if more money is sent than required, the balance will be returned with goods.

With every facility for keeping a varied and extensive assortment of goods, especially adapted to the requirements of a popular trade, I respectfully solicit a continuance of your orders. I cordially invite you to visit my establishment when you are in the city, and whether you wish to purchase or not, you shall be received with polite attention.

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